

The Poetical Works
of
Mrs. Hemans



Felicia Hemans

F. WARNE & CO.

The Poetical Works
of
Mrs. Hemans

With Prefatory Memoir
Notes Etc.



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Prefatory Memoir



THERE is a fashion in poetry as in everything else belonging to civilisation ; and he or she is generally the most popular poet who reflects the spirit of the age, and gives a voice to its general tone of thought. But it is only the *great* writers who survive the fashion and endure the test of centuries, and, as yet, no poetess has thus long retained popularity. We have a goodly list of female singers, from poor Anne Boleyn's pathetic verses to the present day, and some have left pretty poems and lovely songs ; but there has not been one hitherto whose works have retained their place for a century—generally they are little known. Who now speaks of Lady Winchilsea, the Duchess of Newcastle, Elizabeth Carter, Hannah More, or Mrs. Barbauld ?

It is possible that much of the poetry of modern female writers may survive longer ; but time has not yet told us if it will be so. Mrs. Hemans enjoyed during her life the greatest popularity. The celebrated critic of the day, Jeffreys ; the poets Scott and Wordsworth ; Bishops Heber and Whately, united in praising and admiring the taste and elegance of the sweet lyrist of their day. And her popularity was well deserved. She was especially original. It has been said that poetesses reflect the style of the poets of their time—that even Mrs. Browning was “an ultra-sensitive sister of Alfred Tennyson.”¹ But this reflection of contemporary male writers was not found in Mrs. Hemans. Her genius was essentially feminine ; in fact, its delicacy and grace are its chief charms. In the very blaze of Byron's and Shelley's fame, no shadow of their influence fell upon her work ; she reflected no one's light, but won her

¹ See Leigh Hunt's “Men, Women, and Books,” *British Poetesses*, vol. ii, p. 111.

own place in the hearts of her generation. Her songs were set to music and sung in every home, and her volumes of poems were eagerly bought as they were issued from the press.

This extreme popularity waned some time after her death, through the strange and (we think) lamentable change in the tone of modern society. The age that gave birth to the cry of "Women's Rights," to the unfeminine imitators of masculine habits, was not likely to appreciate the voice of the *true* woman that spoke in Felicia Hemans. A reaction is, however, we believe, setting in; her poems are more esteemed again, and we trust that her writings may survive the confusion caused by

"The vexed pulse of this feverish age,"

and once more be the delight of our daughters, exercising on them the old, pure spell.

There can be no doubt, however, that Mrs. Hemans' great popularity had an injurious effect on her work. It was the age of annuals, and their editors were all eager to get contributions from her pen. Familiar reasons may have made her not unwilling to comply with their requests; and though some of these small poems were remarkably beautiful, she undoubtedly wrote too much for her lasting reputation. Yet amongst her short poems are her best. "The Treasures of the Deep," "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," "The Homes of England," "Ivan the Czar," and "Casabianca," are amongst them, and have been in every anthology till they are almost hackneyed. One of the finest of her short poems is "The Spirit's Return" in the "Songs of the Affections." Her name first became known to the general public by the "Welsh Melodies," "Siege of Valencia," and the scattered lyrics that appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Campbell. But she had begun very early to publish her poems—much too early, indeed, for they date from her ninth year. We have given specimens of these early poems at the end of this volume, omitting many of the very childish ones, and even some of a little later period, but still showing the precocious genius of the born poetess. Her more mature poems—but still those of her early youth—"The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," and "Modern Greece," are given there also. The first was praised by Byron. He also thought "Modern Greece" "a good poem," though he remarked "the writer knew nothing of *modern* Greece!" In fact, the poetess regarded the revival of Greece as hopeless, at the very time when she was beginning to struggle against the Turkish yoke. The poem is of, therefore, "Greece," but not *modern* Greece.

Mrs. Hemans' love of nature and her power of describing it were turned by her to the best possible account. The trees, the flowers, the clouds, the sounds and scents of wood and field, supply perpetual images of beauty in her poems, and are always used in connection with some moral teaching or human feeling ; and nothing can exceed the melodious flow of her versification. A general tone of depression, however, runs through most of her poems, and of this Dugald Stewart complained, and once sent a message to her by a friend, expressing his wish that "she would employ her fine talents in giving more consolatory views of the ways of Providence, thus infusing comfort and cheer into the bosoms of her readers in a spirit of Christian philosophy, which he thought would be more consonant with the pious mind and loving heart displayed in every line she wrote, than dwelling on what was painful and depressing, however beautifully and touchingly such subjects might be treated of." This message was faithfully delivered, and almost by return of post Mrs. Hemans (who was then living in Wales) sent to the kind messenger the poem, "Our Daily Paths," for transmission to her friendly critic, with an assurance of the gratitude she felt for the interest he took in her writings, and assigning as a reason for their frequently mournful strain, that "a cloud hung over her life which she could not always rise above."

The allusion is, of course, to her separation from her husband—the mysterious incident which darkened her life and placed her in an utterly false position. "The letter," Mrs. Hughes tells us, "reached Mr. Stewart just as he was stepping into his carriage to leave his country residence, Kinneil House, the property of the Duke of Hamilton, for Edinburgh. . . . The poem was read to him by his daughter on the way to Edinburgh, and he expressed himself in the highest degree charmed and gratified with the result of his suggestions ; and some of the lines which pleased him more particularly were often repeated to him during the few remarkable weeks of his life."

The poem is a very sweet one, yet through it there still runs something of the old sadness which was characteristic of her genius. The fame of Mrs. Hemans had reached Shelley also, and he addressed some very singular letters to her.

There is a remarkable resemblance between Longfellow and Mrs. Hemans. Had he preceded her we should not have been able to say that *she* did not "reflect" the poets of her day ; but in this case the apparent reflection is all the other way, and is striking, allowing for the difference of the masculine intellect. Both took some incident or striking deed or event as the subject of a short poem, which had some implied

moral in it,—the lady's were more ornate, certainly,—and both were musical, and with lines in them that fix themselves on the memory. The likeness is strongest when such an incident is the subject, as "He never smiled again," "Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father," etc. etc., when the style of the English poetess is simplest. Both writers have been amongst the most popular of their age, and have given delight to more than one generation ; for the great public like to be able to understand and sympathise with a poet, and they could do both with these two singers. "Torquemada" may remind us also of the "Forest Sanctuary," which was, we are told, Mrs. Hemans' favourite poem, and in which there are certainly lines of great beauty. The *Auto da fé* is very well described, and there is great pathos in the fading away of the poor young Roman Catholic wife, as she sails away from her native land with the terrible thought that the husband she loves, and who is with her, is lost—a heretic.

The "Records of Woman," which were, as we have said, the most popular of Mrs. Hemans' poems, are extremely beautiful, and very characteristic of the poetess. The sorrow of her own life probably inspired some of the impassioned lines in Arabella Stuart and Properzia Rossi ; but the intention of the work—that of showing the fine traits of constancy, unselfishness, heroism, and devotion existing in woman—is carried out with great ability. We have passionate, despairing love in Arabella Stuart, Properzia Rossi, and Imelda ; patient resignation in the saintly Edith ; maternal love in the "Indian City" and "Pauline" ; unflinching tenderness and forgiveness in the injured Costanza, and that sad, hopeless affection which is portrayed in the "Peasant Girl of the Rhone" ; patriotism and home affections in "Joan of Arc at Rheims."

Only a woman could have written these charming poems, which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Mrs. Hemans wrote several dramatic poems, and two, or, we should say, three dramas. But the "Siege of Valencia," full as it is of poetry, is not suited for representation on the stage. "The Vespers of Palermo" was a more important and finer work, and was performed with success at the Royal Theatre, Edinburgh, in 1823, the prologue being written by Sir Walter Scott. But when performed at Covent Garden it proved a failure, though its poetic merits are great. There is more dramatic power in "De Chatillon," which was written about the same time, but was not published till after the death of its authoress.

The MS. by some strange chance was lost, but the first rough copy was in time found, and was submitted to the opinion of Dr. Moir, the

"Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He commended it highly, considering it the best of Mrs. Hemans' dramas. It contains, we may observe in passing, her fine song, "The Captive Knight," but it has never been acted.

Mrs. Hemans was a good linguist ; she has translated successfully from the Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian. Of these her later translations from Italian literature have been retained.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born at Liverpool, September 25, 1793. Her father—an Irishman—was a merchant there of considerable eminence. Her mother, whose maiden name was Wagner, was of mingled Italian and German descent, and was the daughter of the Imperial and Tuscan Consul at Liverpool. The first seven years of Felicia's life were passed in that busy town ; then the troubles of the Era of Revolutions brought heavy commercial losses on her father, and, resigning his business for a time, he removed his family into Wales, where for the next nine years they resided at Gwrych, near Abergele, in Denbighshire, in a large old mansion close to the sea, shut in by picturesque mountains. In this lovely spot the gifted child imbibed that strong love of nature which tinged her thoughts and is expressed in her poems. She was educated by her mother, a woman of great intellect and varied accomplishments.

The child possessed a wonderful memory, and at six years old was devoted to reading Shakspeare ; she had great musical taste, and learned languages with much facility. Living in a more poetical age than the present, in one also when great events and romantic episodes of war were the current subjects of conversation, her talent manifested itself very early in the production of verses on passing subjects. Her parents very injudiciously published these childish productions, which certainly did not deserve literary notice ; but a reviewer was found who actually wrote a criticism (and a severe one) on them, and the poor child was so pained by it that it caused her an illness. But it is difficult to suppress the taste for writing poetry. Little Felicia rallied from this first check, and the same year wrote the poem entitled "England and Spain," the subject suggested by the interest she took in the Peninsular War, in which her elder brother was serving in the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, under Sir John Moore. Her second brother was in the same regiment. The poem was published and afterwards translated into Spanish. It was certainly a remarkable performance for a girl of fourteen, though of no lasting literary value.

Soon afterwards, when the young writer was only fifteen, Captain

Hemans, of the 4th or King's Own Regiment, came on a visit to the neighbourhood, and was introduced to the Brownes. Felicia was then a very beautiful girl. The soldier fell in love with her, and she returned his affection. But Captain Hemans was soon called upon to embark with his regiment for Spain, and the lovers were for a time parted, Felicia's family hoping, from her extreme youth, that their affection might prove but a passing fancy, for they disapproved of the marriage. The next year the family removed to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph, in Flintshire. Here Felicia studied Spanish and Portuguese, and wrote "The Domestic Affections" and some minor poems, which were published in her maiden name.

Three years after her separation from her lover, Captain Hemans returned to Wales, continued his attentions to Felicia; and the Brownes, finding that both were constant to their first affection, made no further opposition to their marriage. The young pair soon after took up their abode at Daventry, Captain Hemans having been appointed adjutant to the Northamptonshire Militia. Here Mrs. Hemans' first child was born. But the unexpected reduction of the militia corps the following year depriving Captain Hemans of the adjutancy, he and his wife and child returned to Wales, and went to live with Mrs. Hemans' mother at Bronwylfa. Mr. Browne, who had some time previously resumed mercantile pursuits, had gone to Quebec. Here they remained for some years, and here their four younger sons were born.

In 1816 the young wife published the "Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy" and "Modern Greece," the latter marking a distinct step forward in her poetical career, though Byron at once, as we have said, detected in it an ignorance of the actual state of that country.

In 1818 the death of the Princess Charlotte led to the composition of the really fine ode on her death, which was published in *Blackwood's* April number of that year.

In the following year the young poetess gained a Scotch prize for the best poem on the meeting of Wallace and Bruce.

This literary success was followed, it is to be feared, by domestic inquietude; for it was in 1818 that her husband left her, on the plea of his health requiring his residence in the south of Europe. She was at this time the mother of five sons, and already acknowledged as a promising poetess. Her husband never returned to her. But whatever was the cause of the separation, her delicacy and womanly feeling prevented any scandal arising from it, such as blackened the name of Byron. Mrs. Hemans was a woman of true but not demonstrative Christianity. The

self-righteousness of the Pharisee would have been abhorrent to her. She, who could from her popularity and fame as a writer have won the sympathy of all England for her wrongs, was silent, and let a veil of love fall over the weaknesses, wrongdoing, or incompatibility of temper and tastes which widowed her home. Contrasted with the other unhappy wife, Lady Byron, Felicia Hemans shines as a perfect woman—loving, forgiving, tender, and true.

In 1820 Mrs. Hemans made her first literary friend, Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. She also became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, sending to it the only prose writings she ever published—the papers on Foreign Literature. In this year also she published the “Sceptic,” and her “Stanzas to the Memory of George the Third.”

The year 1821 was distinguished by her obtaining the prize of the Royal Society of Literature for “Dartmoor,” a poem written, of course, on a given subject, and about equal to the general class of prize poems. Her “Welsh Melodies” and “Siege of Valencia” appeared in 1822; in 1823, “The Vespers of Palermo”; in 1826, the “Forest Sanctuary.”

In 1827 a great grief fell on Mrs. Hemans. The mother, so long her support and shelter, died at Rhyllon, to which place the family had removed from Bronwylfa in 1824. Her father had died previously at Quebec, whither he had gone on business. Soon after her own health became delicate.

The intervening years had been spent in educating her boys, and writing some of her best lyrics. She became very popular as a writer in America, and received an offer from a Boston publisher to edit a periodical there, which would have been of great pecuniary benefit to her. But of all the writers of whom we have heard or read, Mrs. Hemans had the most home proclivities. Retiring, dreamy, modest, and saddened by her domestic history, she nestled in the shelter of her home, and had no desire to see the lands whose natural features her imagination so vividly reproduced at second hand. Meantime she had made many literary friends, one of the most enthusiastic being Miss Jewsbury, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher. She corresponded with Joanna Baillie, Miss Bowles, Mary Howitt, Miss Mitford, Dean Milman, and Dr. Channing.

In the year following her mother's death, Mrs. Hemans' connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* began. That firm published also her “Records of Woman.” Her “Hymns for Childhood” were published in America in 1827.

In the following year she removed with her family to Wavertree, near

Liverpool, sending her two elder sons at the same time to Rome to the care of their father, who had always been consulted in all matters relating to their training and education. During her residence at Wavertree (which proved very uncongenial to her), she studied music under Zeugheer Hermann, and composed airs for some of her own lyrics. She had played on the harp and piano from her youth, and had great facility in sketching from nature ; in fact, few women have ever possessed the varied gifts of Felicia Hemans—beauty, talent of all kinds, and a fine moral nature.

In 1829 she visited Scotland and Sir Walter Scott, between whom and herself a sincere liking and friendship existed, which continued to the end of his life. In 1830 she visited Wordsworth at Mount Rydal, who also yielded to the spell of her gentleness and genius, and, when the grave had closed over her, paid a poetical tribute to her memory. Here (at Ambleside) she remained in a cottage called "Dove's Nest" with her boys for the summer. She revisited Scotland, and then returned to Wales for the last time.

Wavertree had proved, as we have said, uncongenial to her. The family in Wales had been broken up by the death of her mother, and Mrs. Hemans now thought of making a new home in Ireland, Major Browne, her brother, having been appointed *Commissioner of Police* in Dublin, and being desirous of having his gifted sister near him ; therefore, in the spring of 1831, she embarked for the Irish capital. Here her health improved, and she formed some valuable friendships, notably with the family of Archbishop Whately.

Her "Lyrics and Songs for Music" were first published in Dublin. The "Scenes and Hymns of Life," a volume of religious poems, are the last poems published during her lifetime, and were dedicated to Wordsworth. Mrs. Hemans resided while in Dublin in Upper Pembroke Street, St. Stephen's Green, and Dawson Street, where she remained till the close of her short and brilliant existence. Her health failed some little time before her death, and she was nearly always condemned to keep on her sofa. Still she continued writing. Her illness was cheered by the presence of her brother and his wife, and her sister, Mrs. Hughes ; while Charles and Henry, her two younger sons, rewarded her maternal love by their filial devotion. It was about this time that a stranger sought an interview with her, and gave her the delight of hearing that her poem "The Sceptic" had been the means of converting him to a belief in Christianity. As her mind was at this time deeply imbued with religious feeling, she probably rightly estimated

this fact as the best part of her renown—the fullest reward of her efforts for good.

In the summer of 1834 Mrs. Hemans was attacked by scarlet fever, which left her extremely weak. A cold supervened, caught from having sat too long reading in the gardens of the Dublin Society; was followed by ague and hectic fever, attended by symptoms of dropsy. During an interval of convalescence she paid a visit to her friends the Whatelys, at Redesdale, a country seat of the Archbishop's; but she returned from it much worse, having nearly lost the use of her limbs.

On the 16th of May, 1835, at the age of forty-one, she passed quietly away to the "Better Land," of which she had so touchingly written. She died, as she had wished, in the spring, and was buried in a vault beneath the church of St. Anne's, Dublin.

"With the bright sunshine laughing around, it (death) seems more sad to think of," she says in one of her letters. "Yet, if I could choose when I would wish to die, it should be in the spring—the influence of that season is so strangely depressing to my heart and frame."

Many of our readers will understand and sympathise with this feeling, and recall Keble's exquisite lines :—

Well may I guess and feel
Why autumn should be sad,
But vernal hours should sorrow heal,
Spring should be gay and glad!
Yet as along this violet bank I rove,
The languid sweetness seems to choke my breath;
I sit me down beside the hazel grove,
And sigh, and half could wish my weariness were death

We add, in conclusion, a portion of the exquisite lines in which Wordsworth lamented her death in conjunction with those of his earlier brethren in art :—

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice that asks in whisper,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

Prefatory Memoir

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before ; but why,
Our ripe fruit seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,
For her¹ who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep !

November, 1835.

The Editor has to thank the late Charles Hemans, Esq.—son of the poetess—for a very kind and courteous revision of this memoir and poems, since their original publication.

¹ Felicia Hemans—May 16, 1835.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

MRS. HEMANS

TALES AND HISTORIC SCENES

1819

THE ABENCERRAGE

[The events with which the following tale is interwoven are related in the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*. They occurred in the reign of Abo Abdeli, or Abdali, the last Moorish king of that city, called by the Spaniards El Rey Chico. The conquest of Granada, by Ferdinand and Isabella, is said by some historians to have been greatly facilitated by the Abencerrages, whose defection was the result of the repeated injuries they had received from the king, at the instigation of the Zegris. One of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra is pointed out as the scene where so many of the former celebrated tribe were massacred; and it still retains their name, being called the "Sala de los Abencerrages." Many of the most interesting old Spanish ballads relate to the events of this chivalrous and romantic period.]

CANTO FIRST.

"Le Maure ne se venge pas parce que sa colère dure encore, mais que la vengeance seule peut écarter de sa tête le poids d'infamie dont il est accablé.—Il se venge parce qu'à ses yeux, il n'y a qu'une âme basse qui puisse pardonner les affronts; et il nourrit sa rancune parce qu'il la sentit s'éteindre, il croirait avec elle, avoir perdu une vertu."

SISMONDI.

LONELY and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra! there the feast is
o'er;
And with the murmur of thy fountain-falls
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no
more.

Hushed are the voices that in years gone by
Have mourned, exulted, menaced,
through thy towers;
Within thy pillared courts the grass waves
high,
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy
bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows,
Through tall arcades unmarked the sun-
beam smiles,

And many a tint of softened brilliance
throws
O'er fretted walls and shining peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy fabrics
lone,
So vast, so silent, and so wildly fair,
Some charmed abode of beings all un-
known,
Powerful and viewless, children of the air.

For there no footstep treads th enchanted
ground,
There not a sound the deep repose per-
vades,
Save winds and founts, diffusing freshness
round
Through the light domes and graceful
colonnades.

Far other tones have swelled those courts
along,
In days of romance yet fondly loves to
trace,
The clash of arms, the voice of choral
song,
The revels, combats, of a vanished
race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent call,
Shall rise that race, the chivalrous, the
bold;

Peopling once more each fair forsaken hall
With stately forms, the knights and
chiefs of old.

THE sun declines. Upon Nevada's height
There dwells a mellow flush of rosy light;
Each soaring pinnacle of mountain snow
Smiles in the richness of that parting glow;
And Darro's waves reflect each passing dye
That melts and mingles in th' empurpled
sky.

Fragrance, exhaled from rose and citron
bower,

Blends with the dewy freshness of the hour.
Hushed are the winds, and Nature seems
to sleep

In light and stillness. Wood, and tower,
and steep

Are dyed with tints of glory, only given
To the rich evening of a southern heaven—
Tints of the sun, whose bright farewell is
fraught

With all that art hath dreamt, but never
caught.

Yes! Nature sleeps; but not with her at
rest

The fiery passions of the human breast.

Hark! from the Alhambra's towers what
stormy sound, [around?

Each moment deepening, wildly swells
Those are no tumults of a festal throng,

Not the light zambra* nor the choral song:
The combat rages—'tis the shout of war,

'Tis the loud clash of shield and scimitar.
Within the Hall of Lions,† where the rays

Of eve yet lingering on the fountain blaze;
There, girt and guarded by his Zegri bands,

And stern in wrath, the Moorish monarch
stands: [him wave,

There the strife centres—swords around
There bleed the fallen, there contend the
brave;

While echoing domes return the battle-cry,
"Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant
die!"

And onward rushing, and prevailing still,
Court, hall, and tower the fierce avengers
fill.

But first and bravest of that gallant train,
Where foes are mightiest charging ne'er in
vain;

In his red hand the sabre glancing bright,
His dark eye flashing with a fiercer light,
Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that he
bleeds, [leads;

His Aben-Zurrahs* there young Hamet
While swells his voice that wild acclaim on
high, [die!"

"Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant
Yes! trace the footsteps of the warrior's
wrath,

By helm and corslet shattered in his path,
And by the thickest harvest of the slain,
And by the marble's deepest crimson stain.

Search through the serried fight, where
loudest cries

From triumph, anguish, or despair arise;
And brightest where the shivering falchions
glare, [there.

And where the ground is reddest—he is
Yes! that young arm, amidst the Zegri
host,

Hath well avenged a sire, a brother, lost.

They perished—not as heroes should have
died,

On the red field, in victory's hour of pride,
In all the glow and sunshine of their fame,
And proudly smiling as the death-pang
came. [tear

Oh! had they thus expired, a warrior's
Had flowed, almost in triumph, o'er their
bier. [those

For thus alone the brave should weep for
Who brightly pass in glory to repose.

—Not such their fate: a tyrant's stern
command

Doomed them to fall by some ignoble hand,
As, with the flower of all their high-born
race,

Summoned Abdallah's royal feast to grace,
Fearless in heart, no dream of danger nigh,
They sought the banquet's gilded hall—to
die. [tain's wave

Betrayed, unarmed, they fell—the foun-
Flowed crimson with the life-blood of the
brave:

Till far the fearful tidings of their fate
Through the wide city rang from gate to
gate,

And of that lineage each surviving son
Rushed to the scene where vengeance might
be won.

* Zambra, a Moorish dance.

† The Hall of Lions, the principal one of the
Alhambra, was so called from twelve sculptured
lions which supported an alabaster basin in the
centre.

* The name is thus written in a translation
of an Arabic MS.

For this young Hamet mingles in the
 strife,
 Leader of battle, prodigal of life,
 Urging his followers, till their foes, beset,
 Stand faint and breathless, but undaunted
 yet.
 Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on ! one effort more,
 Yours is the triumph, and the conflict o'er.
 But lo ! descending o'er the darkened hall,
 The twilight-shadows fast and deeply fall,
 Nor yet the strife hath ceased—though
 scarce they know,
 Through that thick gloom, the brother
 from the foe ;
 Till the moon rises with her cloudless ray,
 The peaceful moon, and gives them light
 to slay. [ing train
 —Where lurks Abdallah ? 'Midst his yield-
 They seek the guilty monarch, but in vain.
 He lies not numbered with the valiant dead,
 His champions round him have not vainly
 bled ; [veil,
 But when the twilight spread her shadowy
 And his last warriors found each effort fail,
 In wild despair he fled. A trusted few,
 Kindred in crime, are still in danger true ;
 And o'er the scene of many a martial deed,
 The Vega's* green expanse, his flying foot-
 steps lead.
 He passed the Alhambra's calm and lovely
 bowers,
 Where slept the glistening leaves and
 folded flowers [cave,
 In dew and starlight—there, from grot and
 Gushed in wild music many a sparkling
 wave ; [rose,
 There on each breeze the breath of fragrance
 And all was freshness, beauty, and repose.
 But thou, dark monarch ! in thy bosom
 reign [again.
 Storms that, once roused, shall never sleep
 Oh ! vainly bright is Nature in the course
 Of him who flies from terror or remorse !
 A spell is round him which obscures her
 bloom, [tomb :
 And dims her skies with shadows of the
 There smiles no Paradise on earth so fair
 But guilt will raise avenging phantoms
 there. [roves
 Abdallah heeds not, though the light gale
 Fraught with rich odour, stolen from
 orange-groves ; [that rise,
 Hears not the sounds from wood and brook
 Wild notes of Nature's vesper-melodies ;

Marks not how lovely, on the mountain's
 head, [spread ;
 Moonlight and snow their mingling lustre
 But urges onward, till his weary band,
 Worn with their toil, a moment's pause
 demand.
 He stops, and turning, on Granada's fane
 In silence gazing, fixed awhile remains
 In stern, deep silence,—o'er his feverish
 brow, [blow,
 And burning cheek, pure breezes freshly
 But waft in fitful murmurs, from afar,
 Sounds indistinctly fearful—as of war.
 What meteor bursts with sudden blaze on
 high,
 O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky ?
 Awful it rises, like some Genie-form
 Seen 'midst the redness of the Desert storm,
 Magnificently dread—above, below,
 Spreads the wild splendour of its deepen-
 ing glow. [glare
 Lo ! from the Alhambra's towers the vivid
 Streams through the still transparence of
 the air !
 Avenging crowds have lit the mighty pyre,
 Which feeds that waving pyramid of fire ;
 And dome and minaret, river, wood, and
 height,
 From dim perspective start to ruddy light.

Oh Heaven ! the anguish of Abdallah's
 soul, [trol !
 The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond con-
 Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving fly
 For life—such life as makes it bliss to die !
 On yon green height, the Mosque, but half
 revealed [yield.
 Through cypress-groves, a safe retreat may
 Thither his steps are bent—yet oft he turns,
 Watching that fearful beacon as it burns.
 But paler grow the sinking flames at last,
 Flickering they fade, their crimson light is
 past ;
 And spiry vapours, rising o'er the scene,
 Mark where the terrors of their wrath have
 been. [pile,
 And now his feet have reached that lonely
 Where grief and terror may repose awhile :
 Embowered it stands 'midst wood and cliff
 on high, [nigh.
 Through the grey rocks, a torrent sparkling
 He hails the scene where every care should
 cease, [peace.
 And all—except the heart he brings—is

There is deep stillness in those halls of
 state [late,
 Where the loud cries of conflict rang so

* The Vega, the plain surrounding Granada.

The Abencerrage

Stillness like that, when fierce the Kam
 sin's * blast [passed.
 Hath o'er the dwellings of the Desert
 Fearful the calm—nor voice, nor step, nor
 breath
 Disturbs that scene of beauty and of death :
 Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a sound,
 Save the wild gush of waters—murmuring
 round
 In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,
 Through chambers peopled by the dead
 alone.
 O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage red,
 Breastplate and shield and cloven helm
 are spread [light
 In mingled fragments—glittering to the
 Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet softly
 bright,
 Their streaming lustre tremulously shed,
 And smile in placid beauty o'er the dead :
 O'er features where the fiery spirit's trace
 E'en death itself is powerless to efface ;
 O'er those who flushed with ardent youth
 awoke,
 When glowing morn in bloom and radiance
 broke,
 Nor dreamt how near the dark and frozen
 sleep [weep ;
 Which hears not Glory call, nor Anguish
 In the low silent house, the narrow spot,
 Home of forgetfulness—and soon forgot.

But slowly fade the stars—the night is
 o'er— [more ;
 Morn beams on those who hail her light no
 Slumberers who ne'er shall wake on earth
 again, [vain.
 Mourners, who call the loved, the lost, in
 Yet smiles the day—oh ! not for mortal tear
 Doth Nature deviate from her calm career :
 Nor is the earth less laughing or less fair,
 Though breaking hearts her gladness may
 not share. [glows,
 O'er the cold urn the beam of summer
 O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly
 blows ; [below,
 Bright shines the sun, though all be dark
 And skies arch cloudless o'er a world of
 woe ; [pathway bloom,
 And flowers renewed in spring's green
 Alike to grace the banquet and the tomb.

Within Granada's walls the funeral rite
 Attends that day of loveliness and light ;

* The Kamsin is the burning wind of the
 Desert.

And many a chief, with dirges and with
 tears,
 Is gathered to the brave of other years ;
 And Hamet, as beneath the cypress shade
 His martyred brother and his sire are laid,
 Feels every deep resolve and burning
 thought
 Of ampler vengeance e'en to passion
 wrought.
 Yet is the hour afar—and he must brood
 O'er those dark dreams awhile in solitude.

Tumult and rage are hushed—another
 day
 In still solemnity hath passed away,
 In that deep slumber of exhausted wrath,
 The calm that follows in the tempest's
 path. [fane,
 —And now Abdallah leaves yon peaceful
 His ravaged city traversing again.
 No sound of gladness his approach pre-
 cedees,
 No splendid pageant the procession leads ;
 Where'er he moves the silent streets along,
 Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen throng.
 No voice is heard ; but in each altered eye,
 Once brightly beaming when his steps were
 nigh, [fled
 And in each look of those whose love hath
 From all on earth to slumber with the dead,
 Those by his guilt made desolate and
 thrown
 On the bleak wilderness of life alone :
 In youth's quick glance of scarce-dis-
 sembled rage,
 And the pale mien of calmly-mournful age,
 May well be read a dark and fearful tale
 Of thought that ill the indignant heart can
 veil, [power,
 And passion, like the hushed volcano's
 That waits in stillness its appointed hour.

No more the clarion from Granada's walls,
 Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney calls ;
 No more her graceful daughters, throned
 on high,
 Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant eye :
 Silence and gloom her palaces o'erspread,
 And song is hushed, and pageantry is fled.
 —Weep, fated city ! o'er thy heroes weep—
 Low in the dust the sons of glory sleep !
 Furl'd are their banners in the lonely hall,
 Their trophied shields hang mouldering
 on the wall ; [o'er,
 Wildly their chargers range the pastures
 Their voice in battle shall be heard no more.

The Abencerrage

And they, who still thy tyrant's wrath survive,
 Whom he hath wronged too deeply to forgive,
 That race of lineage high, of worth apostrophe
 The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved—
 Thine Aben-Zurrahs—they no more shall wield
 In thy proud cause the conquering lance and shield :
 Condemned to bid the cherished scenes farewell
 Where the loved ashes of their fathers
 And far o'er foreign plains as exiles roam,
 Their land the desert, and the grave their home.
 Yet there is one shall see that race depart
 In deep though silent agony of heart :
 One whose dark fate must be to mourn alone,
 Unseen her sorrows and their cause un-
 And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to wear
 That smile in which the spirit hath no
 Like the bright beams that shed their fruit-
 less glow
 O'er the cold solitudes of Alpine snow.

Soft, fresh, and silent is the midnight hour,
 And the young Zayda seeks her lonely
 That Zegri maid, within whose gentle mind
 One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.
 That name in vain stern reason would efface :
 Hamet ! 'tis thine, thou foe to all her race !
 And yet not hers in bitterness to prove
 The sleepless pangs of unrequited love—
 Pangs which the rose of wasted youth consume,
 And make the heart of all delight the
 Check the free spirit in its eagle flight,
 And the spring-morn of early genius blight :
 Not such her grief—though now she wakes
 to weep,
 While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews
 of sleep.

A step treads lightly through the citron-
 shade,
 Lightly, but by the rustling leaves be-
 trayed—
 Doth her young hero seek that well-known
 spot,
 Scene of past hours that ne'er may be for-
 'Tis he—but changed that eye, whose
 glance of fire
 Could like a sunbeam hope and joy inspire,

As, luminous with youth, with ardour
 fraught,
 It spoke of glory to the inmost thought ;
 Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath
 fled,
 And in its wild expression may be read
 Stern thoughts and fierce resolves—now
 veiled in shade,
 And now in characters of fire portrayed.
 Changed even his voice—as thus its mourn-
 ful tone
 Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

“Zayda, my doom is fixed—another day
 And the wronged exile shall be far away ;
 Far from the scenes where still his heart
 must be,
 His home of youth, and, more than all—
 Oh ! what a cloud hath gathered o'er my
 lot
 Since last we met on this fair tranquil
 Lovely as then the soft and silent hour,
 And not a rose hath faded from thy bower ;
 But I—my hopes the tempest hath o'er-
 thrown,
 And changed my heart to all but thee
 Farewell high thoughts ! inspiring hopes
 of praise,

Heroic visions of my early days !
 In me the glories of my race must end—
 The exile hath no country to defend !
 Even in life's morn my dreams of pride
 are o'er,
 Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me no
 And one wild feeling in my altered breast
 Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the rest.
 Yet fear not thou—to thee, in good or ill,
 The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful still !
 But when my steps are distant, and my
 name
 Thou hear'st no longer in the song of
 When Time steals on, in silence to efface
 Of early love each pure and sacred trace,
 Causing our sorrows and our hopes to seem
 But as the moonlight pictures of a dream,—
 Still shall thy soul be with me, in the truth
 And all the fervour of affection's youth ?
 If such thy love, one beam of heaven shall
 play
 In lonely beauty o'er thy wanderer's way.”

“Ask not if such my love ! Oh ! trust
 the mind
 To grief so long, so silently resigned !
 Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught
 The pure and lofty constancy of thought,
 Its fleeting trials eager to forget,
 Rise with elastic power o'er each regret !

The Abencerrage

Fostered in tears, *our* young affections
grew,

And I have learned to suffer and be true.
Deem not my love a frail ephemeral flower,
Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy
shower;

No! 'tis the child of tempests, and defies,
And meets unchanged, the anger of the
skies!

Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic heart,
That ne'er to meet in happier days, we
part.

We part! and even this agonising hour,
When love first feels his own o'erwhelm-
ing power,

Shall soon to memory's fixed and tearful eye
Seem almost happiness—for thou wert
nigh!

Yes! when this heart in solitude shall bleed,
As days to days all wearily succeed,
When doomed to weep in loneliness, 'twill
be [thee!]

Almost like rapture to have wept with
—But thou, my Hamet, thou canst yet
bestow

All that of joy my blighted lot can know.
Oh! be thou still the high-souled and the
brave,

To whom my first and fondest vows I gave!
In thy proud fame's untarnished beauty
still

The lofty visions of my youth fulfil.
So shall it soothe me, 'midst my heart's
despair, [there!]

To hold undimmed one glorious image

“Zayda, my best-beloved! my words
too well,

Too soon, thy bright illusions must dispel;
Yet must my soul to thee unveiled be
shown, [known.

And all its dreams and all its passions
Thou shalt not be deceived—for pure as
heaven [given.

Is thy young love, in faith and fervour
I said my heart was changed—and would
thy thought

Explore the ruin by thy kindred wrought,
In fancy trace the land whose towers and
fanes,

Crushed by the earthquake, strew its
ravaged plains;

And such that heart—where desolation's
hand [grand!

Hath blighted all that once was fair or
But Vengeance, fixed upon her burning
throne,

Sits 'midst the wreck in silence and alone;

And I, in stern devotion at her shrine,
Each softer feeling, but my love resign.

—Yes! they whose spirits all my thoughts
control, [soul;

Who hold dread converse with my thrilling
They, the betrayed, the sacrificed, the
brave, [grave,

Who fill a blood-stained and untimely
Must be avenged! and pity and remorse
In that stern cause are banished from my
course.

Zayda! thou tremblest—and thy gentle
breast [rest;

Shrinks from the passions that destroy my
Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy hour,
Pass brightly o'er my soul with softening
power,

And, oft recalled, thy voice beguile my lot,
Like some sweet lay, once heard, and ne'er
forgot.

—But the night wanes—the hours too
swiftly fly,

The bitter moment of farewell draws nigh;
Yet, loved one! weep not thus—in joy or
pain,

Oh! trust thy Hamet, we shall meet again!
Yes, we shall meet! and haply smile at
last

On all the clouds and conflicts of the past.
On that fair vision teach thy thoughts to
dwell, [farewell!]

Nor deem these mingling tears our last

Is the voice hushed, whose loved express-
ive tone [alone!

Thrilled to her heart—and doth she weep
Alone she weeps; that hour of parting o'er,
When shall the pang it leaves be felt no
more? [fair,

The gale breathes light, and fans her bosom
Showering the dewy rose-leaves o'er her
hair;

But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving power
In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fragrant
flower, [delight,

To wake once more that calm, serene
The soul's young bloom, which passion's
breath could blight—

The smiling stillness of life's morning hour,
Ere yet the day-star burns in all his power.

Meanwhile, through groves of deep-
luxurious shade,

In the rich foliage of the South arrayed,
Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush of day,
Bends to the Vale of Tombs his pensive way.

Fair is that scene where palm and cypress
wave

On high o'er many an *Aben-Zurrah's* grave.

The Abencerrage

Lonely and fair, its fresh and glittering
leaves [weaves,
With the young myrtle there the laurel
To canopy the dead; nor waiting there
Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to the air,
Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of plaintive
stream—

Wild music, soothing to the mourner's
dream. [o'er,
There sleep the chiefs of old—their combats
The voice of glory thrills their hearts no
more. [blows;

Unheard by them the awakening clarion
The sons of war at length in peace repose.
No martial note is in the gale that sighs
Where proud their trophied sepulchres
arise, [brightest bloom—

'Mid founts, and shades, and flowers of
As in his native vale some shepherd's tomb.

There, where the trees their thickest
foliage spread

Dark o'er that silent Valley of the Dead,
Where two fair pillars rise, embowered
and lone,

Not yet with ivy clad, with moss o'ergrown,
Young Hamet kneels—while thus his vows
are poured,

The fearful vows that consecrate his sword :
—"Spirit of him who first within my mind
Each loftier aim, each nobler thought
enshrined,

And taught my steps the line of life to trace
Left by the glorious fathers of my race,
Hear thou my voice!—for thine is with
me still;

In every dream its tones my bosom thrill,
In the deep calm of midnight they are near,
'Midst busy throngs they vibrate on my ear,
Still murmuring *Vengeance!*—nor in vain
the call :

Few, few shall triumph in a hero's fall !
Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,
Within my heart there lives one only aim ;
There, till the oppressor for thy fate atone,
Concentrating every thought, it reigns alone.
I will not weep—revenge, not grief must be,
And blood, not tears, an offering meet for
thee ; [come,

But the dark hour of stern delight will
And thou shalt triumph, warrior ! in thy
tomb. [away,

"Thou, too, my brother ! thou art passed
Without thy fame, in life's fair dawning
day. [shine

Son of the brave ! of thee no trace will
In the proud annals of thy lofty line ;
Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in the lays
That hold communion with the after-days.

Yet, by the wreaths thou mightst have
nobly won, [sun,—
Hadst thou but lived till rose thy noontide
By glory lost, I swear ! by hope betrayed,
Thy fate shall amply, dearly be repaid :
War with thy foes I deem a holy strife,
And to avenge thy death devote my life.
—I hear ye my vows, O spirits of the slain !
Hear, and be with me on the battle-plain !
At noon, at midnight, still around me bide,
Rise on my dreams, and tell me how ye
died !"

CANTO SECOND.

"Oh ! ben provide il Cielo
Ch' Uom per delitti mai lieto non sia."
ALFIERI.

FAIR land ! of chivalry the old domain—
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain !
Though not for thee with classic shores to
vie [eye ;

In charms that fix the enthusiast's pensive
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly
fraught

With all that wakes the glow of lofty
thought ;

Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose
ancient name [fame.

High deeds have raised to mingle with their
Those scenes are peaceful now : the citron
blows,

Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave
repose.

No sound of battle swells on Douro's shore,
And banners wave on Ebro's banks no
more. [tread

But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly
Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead ?
Blest be that soil ! where England's heroes
share [there ;

The grave of chiefs, for ages slumbering
Whose names are glorious in romantic days,
The wild sweet chronicles of elder days—
By goatherd lone and rude serrano sung,
The cypress dells and vine-clad rocks
among. [tale

How oft those rocks have echoed to the
Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles' vale ;
Of him, renowned in old heroic lore,
First of the brave, the gallant Campeador ;
Of those, the famed in song, who proudly
died

When Rio Verde rolled a crimson tide :

The Abencerrage

Or that high name, by Garcilaso's might
On the Green Vega won in single fight ! *

Round fair Granada, deepening from afar,
O'er that Green Vega rose the din of war.
At morn or eve no more the sunbeams shone
O'er a calm scene, in pastoral beauty lone;
On helm and corslet tremulous they glanced,
On shield and spear in quivering lustre dandced.
Far as the sight by clear Xenil could rove,
Tents rose around, and banners glanced above;
And steeds in gorgeous trappings, armour
With gold, reflecting every tint of light,
And many a floating plume and blazoned shield
Diffused romantic splendour o'er the field.
There swell those sounds that bid the life-blood start
Swift to the mantling cheek and beating
The clang of echoing steel, the charger's neigh,
The measured tread of hosts in war's array;
And oh! that music, whose exulting breath
Speaks but of glory on the road to death;
In whose wild voice there dwells inspiring power
To wake the stormy joy of danger's hour;
To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain,
Rouse from despondence, and support in pain;
And 'midst the deepening tumults of the strife,
Teach every pulse to thrill with more than life.
—High o'er the camp, in many a brodered
Floats to the wind a standard rich with gold:
There, imaged on the Cross, *His* form
Who drank for man the bitter cup of tears—
His form, whose word recalled the spirit fled,
Now borne by hosts to guide them o'er the
O'er yon fair walls to plant the Cross on high,
Spain hath sent forth her flower of
Fired with that ardour which in days of yore
To Syrian plains the bold Crusaders bore—
Elate with lofty hope, with martial zeal,
They come, the gallant children of Castile;

* Garcilaso de la Vega derived his surname from vanquishing a Moor in single combat on the Vega of Granada.

The proud, the calmly dignified:—and there

Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien repair,
And those who guide the fiery steed of war
From yon rich province of the western star.*

But thou, conspicuous 'midst the glittering scene,
Stern grandeur stamped upon thy princely mien;
Known by the foreign garb, the silvery vest,
The snow-white charger, and the azure
Young Aben-Zurrah! 'midst that host of foes,
Why shines *thy* helm, thy Moorish lance? Disclose!
Why rise the tents where dwell thy kindred
O son of Afric! 'midst the sons of Spain?
Hast thou with these thy nation's fall conspired,
Apostate chief! by hope of vengeance
How art thou changed! still first in every fight,
Hamet the Moor! Castile's devoted knight!
There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,
But not the light that shone in days gone by;
There is wild ardour in thy look and tone,
But not the soul's expression once thine own,
Nor aught like peace within. Yet who shall
What secret thoughts thine inmost heart may sway?
No eye but Heaven's may pierce that curbed breast,
Whose joys and griefs alike are unexpressed.

There hath been combat on the tented
The Vega's turf is red with many a stain;
And, rent and trampled, banner, crest, and shield
Tell of a fierce and well-contested field.
But all is peaceful now: the west is bright
With the rich splendour of departing light;
Mulhacen's peak, † half lost amidst the sky,
Glow like a purple evening cloud on high,
And tints, that mock the pencil's art, o'er-spread
The eternal snow that crowns Veleta's
While the warm sunset o'er the landscape throws
A solemn beauty and a deep repose.

* The Arabic signification of *Andalusia*.

† Highest summit of the Sierra Nevada.

‡ The Picacho de Veleta, a high peak of the Sierra Nevada.

The Abencerrage

Closed are the toils and tumults of the day
And Hamet wanders from the camp away,
In silent musings rapt :—the slaughtered
brave [wave.

Lie thickly strewn by Darro's rippling
Soft fall the dews—but other drops have
dyed [side,

The scented shrubs that fringe the river
Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life retired,
The wounded sought a shelter—and ex-
pired.

Lonely, and lost in thoughts of other days,
By the bright windings of the stream he
strays, [scene,

Till, more remote from battle's ravaged
All is repose and solitude serene.

There 'neath an olive's ancient shade re-
clined, [wind,

Whose rustling foliage waves in evening's
The harassed warrior, yielding to the
power, [hour,

The mild sweet influence of the tranquil
Feels by degrees a long forgotten calm
Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted balm ;
His wrongs, his woes, his dark and dubious
lot.

The past, the future, are awhile forgot ;
And Hope, scarce owned, yet stealing o'er
his breast, [blest !"
Half dares to whisper, " Thou shalt yet be

Such his vague musings—but a plaintive
sound round ;

Breaks on the deep and solemn stillness
A low, half-stifled moan, that seems to rise
From life and death's contending agonies.
He turns: Who shares with him that
lonely shade?

—A youthful warrior on his deathbed laid,
All rent and stained his broidered Moorish
vest.

The corslet shattered on his bleeding
breast;

In his cold hand the broken falchion
strained,

With life's last force convulsively retained ;
His plumage soiled with dust, with crimson
dyed,

And the red lance in fragments by his side :
He lies forsaken—pillowed on his shield,
His helmet raised, his lineaments revealed.
Pale is that quivering lip, and vanished
now

The light once throned on that commanding brow ;

And o'er that fading eye, still upward cast,
The shades of death are gathering dark
and fast.

Yet, as yon rising moon her light serene
Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs
between, [retrace,

Too well can Hamet's conscious heart
Though changed thus fearfully, that pallid
face,

Whose every feature to his soul conveys
Some bitter thought of long departed days.
—"Oh! is it thus," he cries, "we meet at
last?"

Friend of my soul in years for ever past !
Hath fate but led me hither to behold
The last dread struggle, ere that heart is
cold,—

Receive thy latest agonising breath,
And with vain pity soothe the pangs of
death ! [mains,

Yet let me bear thee hence—while life re-
Even though thus feebly circling through
thy veins, [revive ;

Some healing balm thy sense may still
Hope is not lost—and Osmyn yet may live!
And blest were he whose timely care should
save

A heart so noble, even from glory's grave."

Roused by those accents, from his lowly
bed

The dying warrior faintly lifts his head ;
O'er Hamet's mien, with vague uncertain
gaze, [strays :

His doubtful glance awhile bewildered
Till by degrees a smile of proud disdain
Lights up those features late convulsed
with pain ;

A quivering radiance flashes from his eye,
That seems too pure, too full of soul, to die;
And the mind's grandeur, in its parting
hour.

Looks from that brow with more than
wonted power.

—“Away!” he cries, in accents of command, [hand.

And proudly waves his cold and trembling
'Apostate, hence ! my soul shall soon be
free—

Even now it soars, disdaining aid from thee.
Tis not for thee to close the fading eyes
Of him who faithful to his country dies ;
Not for *thy* hand to raise the drooping
head

of him who sinks to rest on glory's bed.
soon shall these pangs be closed, this con-
flict o'er, [soar.

and worlds be mine where thou canst never
be thine, existence with a blighted name,
mine the bright death which seals a
warrior's fame!"

The glow hath vanished from his cheek
 —his eye
 Hath lost that beam of parting energy;
 Frozen and fixed it seems—his brow is
 chill; [still.
 One struggle more—that noble heart is
 Departed warrior! were thy mortal throes,
 Were thy last pangs, ere nature found
 repose,
 More keen, more bitter, than the even-
 om'd dart [heart?
 Thy dying words have left in Hamet's
 Thy pangs were transient; *his* shall sleep
 no more,
 Till life's delicious dream itself be o'er;
 But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy grave
 Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.
 Oh, what a change that little hour hath
 wrought
 In the high spirit and unbending thought!
 Yet, from himself each keen regret to hide,
 Still Hamet struggles with indignant pride;
 While his soul rises, gathering all his force,
 To meet the fearful conflict with Remorse.
 —To thee, at length, whose artless love
 hath been
 His own, unchanged, through many a
 stormy scene—
 Zayda! to thee his heart for refuge flies;
 Thou still art faithful to affection's ties.
 Yes! let the world upbraid, let foes con-
 temn,
 Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly stem;
 And soon thy smile and soft consoling voice
 Shall bid his troubled soul again rejoice.

WITHIN Granada's walls are hearts and
 hands
 Whose aid in secret Hamet yet commands;
 Nor hard the task, at some propitious hour,
 To win his silent way to Zayda's bower.
 When night and peace are brooding o'er
 the world, [furled,
 When mute the clarions, and the banners
 That hour is come—and, o'er the arms he
 bears, [wears:
 A wandering Fakir's garb the chieftain
 Disguise that ill from piercing eye could
 hide
 The lofty port and glance of martial pride;
 But night befriends—through path obscure
 he passed,
 And hailed the lone and lovely scene at last;
 Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the fair
 alcove, [grove:
 The sparkling fountain, and the orange

Calm in the moonlight smiles the still
 retreat,
 As formed alone for happy hearts to meet.
 For happy hearts?—not such as hers, who
 there [hair;
 Bends o'er her lute with dark unbraided
 That maid of Zegri race, whose eyes,
 whose mien, [been.
 Tell that despair her bosom's guest hath
 So lost in thought she seems, the warrior's
 feet
 Unheard approach her solitary seat,
 Till his known accents every sense restore—
 "My own loved Zayda! do we meet once
 more?" [prise,
 She starts, she turns—the lightning of sur-
 Of sudden rapture, flashes from her eyes;
 But that is fleeting—it is past—and now
 Far other meaning darkens o'er her brow:
 Changed is her aspect, and her tone severe—
 "Hence, Aben-Zurrah! death surrounds
 thee here!"

"Zayda! what means that glance, un-
 like thine own?
 What mean those words, and that un-
 wonted tone?
 I will not deem thee changed—but in thy
 face,
 It is not joy, it is not love, I trace!
 It was not thus in other days we met:
 Hath time, hath absence, taught thee to
 forget? [dispel:
 Oh! speak once more—these rising doubts
 One smile of tenderness, and all is well!"

"Not thus we met in other days!—oh,
 no! [foe.
 Thou wert not, warrior! then thy country's
 Those days are past—we ne'er shall meet
 again
 With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as
 then.
 But *thy* dark soul no gentler feelings sway,
 Leader of hostile bands! away, away!
 On in thy path of triumph and of power,
 Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted
 flower."

"And *thou*, too, changed! thine early
 vow forgot!
 This, this alone, was wanting to my lot!
 Exiled and scorned, of every tie bereft,
 Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was
 left;
 And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering
 beam, [dream,
 Thou! the good angel of each brighter

Wert all the barrenness of life possessed
To wake one soft affection in my breast !
That vision ended, fate hath naught in
store

Of joy or sorrow e'er to touch me more.
Go, Zegri maid ! to scenes of sunshine fly,
From the stern pupil of adversity !
And now to hope, to confidence adieu !
If thou art faithless, who shall e'er be true ?"

"Hamet ! oh, wrong me not ! I too
could speak [cheek,
Of sorrows—trace them on my faded
In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form,
That tell the heart hath nursed a canker-
worm ! [there,

But words were idle—read my sufferings
Where grief is stamped on all that once
was fair.

—Oh, wert thou still what once I fondly
deemed,

All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit
seemed,

My love had been devotion—till in death
Thy name had trembled on my latest
breath.

But not the chief who leads a lawless band
To crush the altars of his native land ;
The apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace
Hath stained the trophies of a glorious
race ;

Not *him* I loved—but one whose youthful
name

Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.
Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonour's
cloud [shroud,

O'er that young name had gathered as a
I then had mourned thee proudly, and my
grief

In its own loftiness had found relief ;
A noble sorrow, cherished to the last,
When every meaner woe had long been
past.

Yes ! let affection weep—no common tear
She sheds when bending o'er a hero's bier.
Let nature mourn the dead—a grief like
this, [bliss !"

To pangs that rend my bosom, had been

"High-minded maid ! the time admits
not now

To plead my cause, to vindicate my vow.
That vow, too dread, too solemn to recall,
Hath urged me onward, haply to my fall.
Yet this believe—no meaner aim inspires
My soul, no dream of power ambition fires.
No ! every hope of power, of triumph, fled,
Behold me but the avenger of the dead !

One whose changed heart no tie, no
kindred knows,

And in thy love alone hath sought repose.
Zayda ! wilt *thou* his stern accuser be ?

False to his country, he is true to thee !

Oh, hear me yet !—if Hamet e'er was dear,
By our first vows, our young affection,
hear !

Soon must this fair and royal city fall,
Soon shall the Cross be planted on her wall ;
Then who can tell what tides of blood may
flow,

While her fanes echo to the shrieks of woe ?
Fly, fly with me, and let me bear thee far
From horrors thronging in the path of war :
Fly, and repose in safety—till the blast
Hath made a desert in its course—and
passed !"

"Thou that wilt triumph when the hour
is come, [doom,
Hastened by thee to seal thy country's
With *thee* from scenes of death shall Zayda
fly [die !

To peace and safety ?—Woman, too, can
And die exulting, though unknown to fame,
In all the stainless beauty of her name !
Be mine, unmurmuring, undismayed, to
share

The fate my kindred and my sire must bear.
And deem thou not my feeble heart shall
fail, [assail.

When the clouds gather and the blasts
Thou hast but known me ere the trying hour
Called into life my spirit's latent power ;
But I have energies that idly slept,
While withering o'er my silent woes I wept ;
And now, when hope and happiness are
fled,

My soul is firm—for what remains to dread ?
Who shall have power to suffer and to bear,
If strength and courage dwell not with
Despair ?

[again,
"Hamet ! farewell—retrace thy path
To join thy brethren on the tented plain.
There wave and wood in mingling mur-
murs tell

How in far other cause thy fathers fell !
Yes ! on that soil hath Glory's footstep
been,

Names unforgotten consecrate the scene !
Dwell not the souls of heroes round thee
there, [air ?

Whose voices call thee in the whispering
Unheard, in vain they call—their fallen son
Hath stained the name those mighty spirits
won,

The Abencerrage

And to the hatred of the brave and free
Bequeathed his own, through ages yet to
be!"

Still as she spoke, th' enthusiast's kind-
ling eye
Was lighted up with inborn majesty,
While her fair form and youthful features
caught

All the proud grandeur of heroic thought,
Severely beauteous. Awe-struck and
amazed,

In silent trance awhile the warrior gazed,
As on some lofty vision—for she seemed
One all-inspired—each look with glory
beamed;

While, brightly bursting through its clouds
Her soul at once in all its light arose.

Oh! ne'er had Hamet deemed there dwelt
enshrined

In form so fragile that unconquered mind;
And fixed, as by some high enchantment,
there

He stood—till wonder yielded to despair.

"The dream is vanished—daughter of
my foes!

Reft of each hope the lonely wanderer goes.
Thy words have pierced his soul; yet deem
thou not

Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er
forgot!

Oh, formed for happier love, heroic maid!
In grief sublime, in danger undismayed,
Farewell, and be thou blest!—all words
were vain

From him who ne'er may view that form
Him whose sole thought resembling bliss
must be,

He *hath* been loved, once fondly loved by

And is the warrior gone?—doth Zayda
hear

His parting footstep, and without a tear?
Thou weep'st not, lofty maid!—yet who
can tell

What secret pangs within thy heart may
They feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,
Who best each feeling's agony control.

Yes! we may judge the measure of the grief
Which finds in misery's eloquence relief;
But who shall pierce those depths of silent
woe

Whence breathes no language, whence no
tears may flow?

The pangs that many a noble breast hath
proved,

Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved?

He, He alone, the inmost heart who knows,
Views all its weakness, pities all its throes;
He who hath mercy when mankind con-
temn,

Beholding anguish—all unknown to them.

FAIR City! thou that 'midst thy stately
fanes

And gilded minarets, towering o'er the
In Eastern grandeur proudly dost arise
Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies;
While streams that bear thee treasures in
their wave,*

The citron-groves and myrtle-gardens
lave:

Mourn, for thy doom is fixed—the days of
Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness are near!
Within, around thee, are the trophied
graves

Of kings and chiefs—their children shall
Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,
But there a race that reared them not shall
dwell:

For 'midst thy councils discord still pre-
sides,

Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch
guides—

Last of a line whose regal spirit flown
Hath to their offspring but bequeathed a
throne,

Without one generous thought, or feeling
To teach his soul how kings should live
and die.

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,
The hearts of warriors echo to its call.

Whose are those tones, with power electric
fraught

To reach the source of pure exalted thought?
—See, on a fortress tower, with beckoning
hand,

A form, majestic as a prophet, stand!
His mien is all impassioned, and his eye
Filled with a light whose fountain is on
high;

Wild on the gale his silvery tresses flow,
And inspiration beams upon his brow;
While, thronging round him, breathless
thousands gaze

As on some mighty seer of elder days.

* Granada stands upon two hills, separated
by the Darro. The Xenil runs under the walls.
The Darro is said to carry with its streams small
particles of gold, and the Xenil of silver.

"Saw ye the banners of Castile displayed,
The helmets glittering, and the line arrayed?
Heard ye the march of steel-clad hosts?"
he cries;
"Children of conquerors! in your strength
O high-born tribes! O names unstained
by fear!
Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis,* hear!
Be every feud forgotten, and your hands
Dyed with no blood but that of hostile
bands.
Wake, princes of the land! the hour is
And the red sabre must decide your doom.
Where is that spirit which prevailed of
yore,
When Tarik's band o'erspread the western
When the long combat raged on Xeres'
plain,
And Afric's techir † swelled through yield-
Is the lance broken, is the shield decayed,
The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart dis-
mayed?
Shall no high spirit of ascendant worth
Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth?
To guard the regions where our fathers'
blood
Hath bathed each plain, and mingled with
Where long their dust hath blended with
the soil
Won by their swords, made fertile by their
—O ye Sierras of eternal snow!
Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes
flow;
Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain! ye saw
In many a fierce and unforgotten fight—
Shall ye behold their lost degenerate race
Dwell 'midst your scenes in fetters and
disgrace,
With each memorial of the past around,
Each mighty monument of days renowned?
May this indignant heart ere then be cold,
This frame be gathered to its kindred
mould,
And the last life-drop circling through my
veins
Have tinged a soil untainted yet by chains!
—And yet one struggle ere our doom is
sealed,
One mighty effort, one deciding field!
If vain each hope, we still have choice to be
In life the fettered, or in death the free!"

Still while he speaks each gallant heart
beats high,
And ardour flashes from each kindling eye;
Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired, have
caught
The glow of lofty hope and daring thought;
And all is hushed around—as every sense
Dwelt on the tones of that wild eloquence.
But when his voice had ceased, the im-
petuous cry
Of eager thousands burst at once on high;
Rampart, and rock, and fortress ring
around,
And fair Alhambra's inmost halls resound:
"Lead us, O chieftain! lead us to the
strife,
To fame in death, or liberty in life!"
—O zeal of noble hearts! in vain displayed;
Now, while the burning spirit of the brave
Is roused to energies that yet might save,
Even now, enthusiasts! while ye rush to
claim
Your glorious trial on the field of fame,
Your King hath yielded! Valour's dream
is o'er;
Power, wealth, and freedom are your own
no more;
And for your children's portion, but re-
That bitter heritage—the stranger's chains.

CANTO THIRD.

*"Fermossi al fin il cor che balza tanto."
HIPPOLITO PINDEMONTE.*

HEROES of elder days! untaught to yield,
Who bled for Spain on many an ancient
field;
Ye that around the Oaken Cross* of yore
Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's shore,
And with your spirit, ne'er to be subdued,
Hallowed the wild Cantabrian solitude,
Rejoice!—for Spain, arising in her strength,
Hath burst the remnant of their yoke at
length;
And they, in turn, the cup of woe must
And bathe their fetters with their tears in
vain.

* Tribes of the Moors of Granada, all of
high distinction.

† The shout of onset used by the Saracens in
battle.

* The oaken cross, carried by Pelagius in
battle.

And thou, the warrior born in happy hour,
Valencia's lord, whose name alone was
power, [by,

Theme of a thousand songs in days gone
Conqueror of kings! exult, O Cid, on high;
For still 'twas thine to guard thy country's
weal,

In life, in death, the watcher for Castile!
Thou, in that hour when Mauritania's
bands [ing lands,

Rushed from their palmy groves and burn-
E'en in the realm of spirits didst retain
A patriot's vigilance, remembering Spain!
Then at deep midnight rose the mighty
sound, [found,†

By Leon heard in shuddering awe pro-
As through her echoing streets, in dread
array, [way—

Beings once mortal held their viewless
Voices from worlds we know not—and the
tread

Of marching hosts, the armies of the dead,
Thou and thy buried chieftains—from the
grave

Then did thy summons rouse a king to save,
And join thy warriors with unearthy might
To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.

Those days are past—the Crescent on
thy shore, [more.

O Realm of Evening! ‡ sets, to rise no
What banner streams afar from Vela's
tower?

The Cross, bright ensign of Iberia's power!
What the glad shout of each exulting voice?

"Castile and Aragon! rejoice, rejoice!"
Yielding free entrance to victorious foes,

The Moorish city sees her gates unclose,
And Spain's proud host, with pennon,
shield, and lance, [advance,

Through her long streets in knightly garb
—Oh! ne'er in lofty dreams hath fancy's eye

Dwelt on a scene of statelier pageantry,
At joust or tourney, theme of poet's lore,
High masque or solemn festival of yore.

* In the "Chronicles of the Cid," Ruy Dias
is frequently so styled.

† When the Miramamolín brought over from
Africa an immense host against Alfonso VIII.,
the Cid, it is said, came from the grave, and
called up also Ferrando the Great to fight for
Spain; and by the aid of the dead heroes the
great battle of Navas de Tolosa was won over
the Moors.

‡ The name of Andalusia, the *Region of
Evening, or of the West*, was applied by the
Arabs to the whole Peninsula, as well as to the
Southern Province.

The gilded cupolas, that proudly rise,
O'erarched by cloudless and cerulean
skies; [towers,

Tall minarets, shining mosques, barbaric
Fountains and palaces, and cypress bowers:
And they, the splendid and triumphant
throng,

With helmets glittering as they move along,
With broided scarf and gem-bestudded
mail, [gale;

And graceful plumage streaming on the
Shields gold-embossed, and pennons float-
ing far,

And all the gorgeous blazonry of war,
All brightened by the rich transparent hues
That southern suns o'er heaven and earth
diffuse—

Blend in onescene of glory, formed to throw
O'er memory's page a never-fading glow.
And there, too, foremost midst the con-
quering brave,

Your azure plumes, O Aben-Zurrahs! wave,
There Hamet moves; the chief whose
lofty port [court;

Seems nor reproach to shun, nor praise to
Calm, stern, collected—yet within his
breast

Is there no pang, no struggle, uncon-
fessed?

If such there be, it still must dwell unseen,
Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn yet exulting
sound

Of the deep anthem floating far around?
The choral voices, to the skies that raise

The full majestic harmony of praise?
Lo! where, surrounded by their princely
train, [Spain,

They come, the sovereigns of rejoicing
Borne on their trophied car—lo! bursting
thence

A blaze of chivalrous magnificence!
Onward their slow and stately course they
bend [ascend,

To where the Alhambra's ancient towers
Reared and adorned by Moorish kings of
yore,

Whose lost descendants there shall dwell
no more.

—They reach those towers: irregularly
vast, [cast.

And rude they seem, in mould barbaric
They enter: to their wondering sight is
given

A Genii palace—an Arabian heaven!
A scene by magic raised, so strange, so fair,
Its forms and colour seem alike of air.

Here, by sweet orange-boughs half shaded
o'er,

The deep clear bath reveals its marble floor.
Its margin fringed with flowers, whose
glowing hues

The calm transparence of its waves suffuse.
There round the court, where Moorish
arches bend,

Aërial columns, richly decked, ascend ;
Unlike the models of each classic race,
Of Doric grandeur or Corinthian grace,
But answering well each vision that portrays
Arabian splendour to the poet's gaze.

Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all—a mingling
glow

Of rainbow-tints, above, around, below ;
Bright streaming from the many tintured
veins

Of precious marble, and the vivid stains
Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,
In gay festoons and fairy knots displayed.
On through th' enchanted realm, that only
seems [dreams,

Meet for the radiant creatures of our
The royal conquerors pass—while still
their sight [delight.

On some new wonder dwells with fresh
Here the eye roves through slender colon-
nades,

O'er bowery terraces and myrtle shades ;
Dark olive-woods beyond, and far on high
The vast Sierra mingling with the sky.

There, scattering far around their diamond
spray,

Clear streams from fountains of alabaster play,
Through pillared halls, where, exquisitely
wrought,

Rich arabesques, with glittering foliage
fraught, [scene

Surmount each fretted arch, and lend the
A wild, romantic, Oriental mien :

While many a verse, from Eastern bards
of old,

Borders the walls in characters of gold.
Here Moslem luxury, in her own domain,

Hath held for ages her voluptuous reign,
Midst gorgeous domes, where soon shall
silence brood,

And all be lone—a splendid solitude.
Now wake their echoes to a thousand songs,

From mingling voices of exulting throngs ;
Tambour, and flute, and atabal* are there,

And joyous clarions pealing on the air ;
While every hall resounds, "Granada won !

Granada ! for Castile and Aragon !"

II.

'Tis night. From dome and tower, in
dazzling maze,

The festal lamps innumerable blaze ;
Through long arcades their quivering lustre
gleams,

From every lattice tremulously streams,
Midst orange-gardens plays on fount and
rill,

And gilds the waves of Darro and Xenil.
Red flame the torches on each minaret's
height,

And shines each street an avenue of light ;
And midnight feasts are held, and music's
voice [rejoice.

Through the long night still summons to
Yet there, while all would seem to heedless
eye

One blaze of pomp, one burst of revelry,
Are hearts unsoothed by those delusive
hours, [with flowers ;

Galled by the chain, though decked awhile
Stern passions working in the indignant
breast, [pressed,

Deep pangs untold, high feelings unex-
Heroic spirits, unsubmitting yet—
Vengeance, and keen remorse, and vain
regret.

From yon proud height, whose olive-
shaded brow

Commands the wide luxuriant plains
below,

Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely scene,
Anguish and shame contending in his
mien?

He who, of heroes and of kings the son,
Hath lived to lose what'er his fathers won ;
Whose doubts and fears his people's fate
hath sealed,

Wavering alike in council and in field ;
Weak, timid ruler of the wise and brave,

Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.
Far from these vine-clad hills and azure
skies,

To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies ;
Yet pauses on his way to weep in vain

O'er all he never must behold again.
Fair spreads the scene around—for him too
fair ; [despair.

Each glowing charm but deepens his
The Vega's meads, the city's glittering
spires,

The old majestic palace of his sires ;
The gay pavilions and retired alcoves,

Bosomed in citron and pomegranate
groves ;

* Atabal, a kind of Moorish drum.

Tower-crested rocks, and streams that
 wind in light,
 All in one moment bursting on his sight,
 Speak to his soul of glory's vanished years,
 And wake the source of unavailing tears.
 —Weep'st thou, Abdallah! Thoudost well
 to weep, [keep!]
 O feeble heart! o'er all thou couldst not
 Well do a woman's tears befit the eye
 Of him who knew not as a man to die.

The gale sighs mournfully through
 Zayda's bower : [flower.
 The hand is gone that nursed each infant
 No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,
 Mute are the echoes of their marble walls,
 No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,
 But all is hushed, and void, and desolate.
 There, through each tower and solitary
 shade,
 In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid.
 Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,
 Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown ;
 And through the scenes she loved, unheeded
 flows [repose.
 The stream whose music lulled her to
 —But oh! to him, whose self-accusing
 thought
 Whispers 'twas *he* that desolation wrought ;
 He who his country and his faith betrayed,
 And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid ;
 A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,
 Each wave low rippling tells a mournful
 tale ;
 And as the shrubs, untended, unconfined,
 In wild exuberance rustle to the wind,
 Each leaf hath language to his startled
 sense, [her hence !"
 And seems to murmur—"Thou hast driven
 And well he feels to trace her flight were
 vain— [again?
 Where hath lost love been once recalled
 In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,
 His name can rouse no feeling now—but
 scorn.

O bitter hour! when first the shuddering
 heart
 Wakes to behold the void within—and
 start!
 To feel its own abandonment, and brood
 O'er the chill bosom's depths of solitude.
 The stormy passions that in Hamet's breast
 Have swayed so long, so fiercely, are at
 rest.
 The avenger's task is closed :—he finds
 too late [fate.
 It hath not changed his feelings, but his

His was a lofty spirit, turned aside
 From its bright path by woes, and wrongs,
 and pride,
 And onward, in its new tumultuous course,
 Borne with too rapid and intense a force
 To pause one moment in the dread career,
 And ask—if such could beits native sphere?
 Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,
 Their fears and hopes excite his soul no
 more
 The feverish energies of passion close,
 And his heart sinks in desolate repose,
 Turn sickening from the world, yet shrink
 not less
 From its own deep and utter loneliness.

THERE is a sound of voices on the air,
 A flash of armour to the sunbeam's glare,
 'Midst the wild Alpuxarras—there, on
 high, [the sky,
 Where mountain-snows are mingling with
 A few brave tribes, with spirits yet unbroke,
 Have fled indignant from the Spaniard's
 yoke. [alone,
 O ye dread scenes! where Nature dwells
 Severely glorious: on her craggy throne ;
 Ye citadels of rock! gigantic forms,
 Veiled by the mists and girdled by the
 storms— [caves!
 Ravines, and glens, and deep resounding
 That hold communion with the torrent-
 waves ; [snows!
 And ye, the unstained and everlasting
 That dwell above in bright and still repose ;
 To you, in every clime, in every age,
 Far from the tyrant's or the conqueror's
 rage, [keep
 Hath Freedom led her sons—untired to
 Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.
 She, like the mountain-eagle, still delight
 To gaze exulting from unconquered
 heights,
 And build her eyrie in defiance proud,
 To dare the wind, and mingle with the
 cloud.

Now her deep voice, the soul's awakener,
 swells, [dells,
 Wild Alpuxarras, through your inmost
 There, the dark glens and lonely rocks
 among,
 As at the clarion's call, her children throng.
 She with enduring strength has nerved each
 frame, [flame,
 And made each heart, the temple of her

Her own resisting spirit, which shall glow
Unquenchably, surviving all below.

There high-born maids, that moved upon
the earth

More like bright creatures of ærial birth,
Nurslings of palaces, have fled to share
The fate of brothers and of sires; to bear,
All undismayed, privation and distress,
And smile, the roses of the wilderness:
And mothers with their infants, there to
dwell

In the deep forest or the cavern cell,
And rear their offspring 'midst the rocks,
to be,

If now no more the mighty, still the free.
And 'midst that band are veterans, o'er
whose head

Sorrows and years their mingled snows
have shed.

They saw thy glory, they have wept thy fall,
O royal city! and the wreck of all

They loved and hallowed most:—doth
aught remain

For these to prove of happiness or pain?
Life's cup is drained—earth fades before
their eye;

Their task is closing—they have but to die.
Ask ye why fled they hither?—that their
doom

Might be, to sink unfettered to the tomb.
And youth, in all its pride of strength, is
there,

And buoyancy of spirit, formed to dare
And suffer all things—fallen on evil days,
Yet darting o'er the world an ardent gaze,
As on the arena where its powers may find
Full scope to strive for glory with mankind.
Such are the tenants of the mountain-hold,
The high in heart, unconquered, uncon-
trolled;

By day, the huntsmen of the wild—by
night,

Unwearing guardians of the watch-fire's
light, [caught

They from their bleak majestic home have
A sterner tone of unsubmitting thought,
While all around them bids the soul arise
To blend with Nature's dread sublimities.

But these are lofty dreams, and must
not be

Where tyranny is near. The bended knee,
The eye whose glance no inborn grandeur
fires,

And the tamed heart, are tributes she
requires;

Nor must the dwellers of the rock look down
On regal conquerors and defy their frown.

What warrior-band is toiling to explore
The mountain-pass, with pine-wood sha-
dowed o'er? [recess,

Startling with martial sounds each rude
Where the deep echo slept in loneliness?
These are the sons of Spain!—Your foes
are near,

O exiles of the wild Sierra! hear!
Hear! wake! arise! and from your inmost
caves

Pour like the torrent in its might of waves!

Who leads the invaders on? His
features bear

The deep-worn traces of a calm despair;
Yet his dark brow is haughty, and his eye
Speaks of a soul that asks not sympathy.

'Tis he! 'tis he again! the apostate chief;
He comes in all the sternness of his grief.
He comes, but changed in heart, no more
to wield

Falchions for proud Castile in battle-field:
Against his country's children—though
he leads

Castilian bands again to hostile deeds,
His hope is but from ceaseless pangs to fly,
To rush upon the Moslem spears, and die.
So shall remorse and love the heart release,
Which dares not dream of joy, but sighs
for peace.

The mountain-echoes are awake—a sound
Of strife is ringing through the rocks
around—

Within the steep defile that winds between
Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark terrific scene,
Where Moorish exile and Castilian knight
Are wildly mingling in the serried fight.
Red flows the foaming streamlet of the
glen,

Whose bright transparence ne'er was
stained till then;

While swell the war-note and the clash of
spears

To the bleak dwellings of the mountaineers,
Where thy sad daughters, lost Granada!
wait

In dread suspense the tidings of their fate.
But he—whose spirit, panting for its rest,
Would fain each sword concentrate in his
breast—

Who, where a spear is pointed, or a lance
Aimed at another's breast, would still
advance—

Courts death in vain; each weapon glances
by,

As if for him 'twere bliss too great to die.
Yes, Aben-Zurrah! there are deeper woes
Reserved for thee ere nature's last repose

Thou know'st not yet what vengeance fate
 can wreak,
 Nor all the heart can suffer ere it break.
 Doubtful and long the strife, and bravely
 fell
 The sons of battle in that narrow dell;
 Youth in its light of beauty there hath
 passed,
 And age, the weary, found repose at last;
 TiH, few and faint, the Moslem tribes recoil,
 Borne down by numbers and o'erpowered
 by toil.
 Dispersed, disheartened, through the pass
 they fly,
 Pierce the deep wood, or mount the cliff
 on high;
 While Hamet's band in wonder gaze, nor
 dare [despair.
 Track o'er their dizzy path the footsteps of

Yet he, to whom each danger hath
 become
 A dark delight, and every wild a home,
 Still urges onward—undismayed to tread
 Where life's fond lovers would recoil with
 dread.
 But fear is for the happy. *They* may shrink
 From the steep precipice or torrent's
 brink— [doom
 They to whom earth is paradise: their
 Lends no stern courage to approach the
 tomb.
 Not such his lot, who, schooled by fate
 severe,
 Were but too blest if aught remained to
 fear. [throw
 Up the rude crags, whose giant masses
 Eternal shadows o'er the glen below;
 And by the fall, whose many-tinctured
 spray
 Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,
 He holds his venturesome track:—supported
 now
 By some o'erhanging pine or ilex bough;
 Now by some jutting stone, that seems to
 dwell
 Half in mid-air, as balanced by a spell.
 Now hath his footstep gained the summit's
 head,
 A level span, with emerald verdure spread,
 A fairy circle—there the heath-flowers rise,
 And the rock-rose unnoticed blooms and
 dies: [tide
 And brightly plays the stream, ere yet its
 In foam and thunder cleave the mountain-
 side.
 But all is wild beyond—and Hamet's eye
 Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity.

That dell beneath, where e'en at noon of
 day
 Earth's chartered guest, the sunbeam,
 scarce can stray;
 Around, untrodden woods; and far above,
 Where mortal footstep ne'er may hope to
 rove, [dyes
 Bare granite cliffs, whose fixed inherent
 Rival the tints that float o'er summer skies;
 And the pure glittering snow-realm, yet
 more high,
 That seems a part of heaven's eternity.

There is no track of man where Hamet
 stands,
 Pathless the scene as Lybia's desert sands;
 Yet on the calm still air a sound is heard
 Of distant voices, and the gathering-word
 Of Islam's tribes, now faint and fainter
 grown,
 Now but the lingering echo of a tone.
 That sound, whose cadence dies upon his
 ear,
 He follows, reckless if his bands are near.
 On by the rushing stream his way he bends,
 And through the mountain's forest-zone
 ascends;
 Piercing the still and solitary shades
 Of ancient pine and dark luxuriant glades,
 Eternal twilight's reign. Those mazes
 past, [last,
 The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes at
 And the lone wanderer now hath reached
 the source
 Whence the wave gushes, foaming on its
 course.
 But there he pauses—for the lonely scene
 Towers in such dread magnificence of mien,
 And, mingled oft with some wild eagle's
 cry,
 From rock-built eyrie rushing to the sky,
 So deep the solemn and majestic sound
 Of forests, and of waters murmuring
 round— [gets
 That, rapt in wondering awe, his heart for-
 Its fleeting struggles and its vain regrets.
 —What earthly feelings unabashed can
 dwell [swell
 In Nature's mighty presence?—'midst the
 Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,
 And frown of rocks, and pomp of waving
 woods? [press,
 These their own grandeur on the soul inn-
 And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a lofty cave
 Rears its broad arch beside the rushing
 wave;

Shadowed by giant oaks, and rude and lone,
It seems the temple of some power unknown,

Where earthly being may not dare intrude
To pierce the secrets of the solitude.
Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail
Is rising, wild and solemn, on the gale.
Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet! at the tone?
Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's moan—
As some loved sound that long from earth
had fled,

The unforgotten accents of the dead?
E'en thus it rose,—and, springing from his
trance,

His eager footsteps to the sound advance.
He mounts the cliffs, he gains the cavern
floor; [o'er:

Its dark green moss with blood is sprinkled
He rushes on—and lo! where Zayda rends
Her locks, as o'er her slaughtered sire she
bends,

Lost in despair—yet, as a step draws nigh,
Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,
She lifts her head, and, all-subdued by
grief, [chief;
Views with a wild sad smile the once-loved
While rove her thoughts unconscious of
the past,

And every woe forgetting—but the last.

“Com'st thou to weep with me?—for I
am left

Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.

Low lies the warrior on his blood-stained
bier; [hear.

His child may call, but he no more shall
He sleeps—but never shall those eyes un-
close: [pose;

’Twas not my voice that lulled him to re-
Nor can it break his slumbers. Dost thou
mourn? [torn?

And is thy heart, like mine, with anguish
Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall
know, [flow!”

That o'er his grave my tears with Hamet's

But scarce her voice had breathed that
well-known name,

When, swiftly rushing o'er her spirit, came
Each dark remembrance—by affliction's
power

Awhile effaced in that o'erwhelming hour,
To wake with tentold strength. ’Twas
then her eye

Resumed its light, her mien its majesty,
And o'er her wasted cheek a burning glow
Spreads, while her lips' indignant accents
flow.

“Away! I dream. Oh, how hath sor-
row's might

Bowed down my soul, and quenched its
native light—

That I should thus forget! and bid *thy* tear
With mine be mingled o'er a father's bier!
Did he not perish, haply by thy hand,
In the last combat with thy ruthless band?
The morn beheld that conflict of despair:—
’Twas then he fell—he fell!—and thou
wert there!

Thou! who thy country's children hast
pursued [rude.

To their last refuge 'midst these mountains
Was it for this I loved thee? Thou hast
taught

My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought!
’Twill soon be past. I bow to Heaven's
decree, [thee.”

Which bade each pang be ministered by

“I had not deemed that aught remained
below

For me to prove of yet untasted woe;
But thus to meet thee, Zayda! can impart
One more, one keener agony of heart.
Oh, hear me yet!—I would have died to
save

My foe, but still thy father, from the grave;
But in the fierce confusion of the strife,
In my own stern despair and scorn of life,
Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught,
Save that to perish there in vain I sought.
—And let me share thy sorrows! Hadst
thou known

All I have felt in silence and alone,
Even *thou* mightst then relent, and deem,
at last,

A grief like mine might expiate all the past.
But oh! for thee, the loved and precious
flower,

So fondly reared in luxury's guarded bower,
From every danger, every storm secured,
How hast *thou* suffered! what hast thou
endured!

Daughter of palaces! and can it be
That this bleak desert is a home for thee!
These rocks *thy* dwelling; thou who
shouldst have known

Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone!
Oh, yet forgive!—be all my guilt forgot,
Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot!”

“That lot is fixed—’twere fruitless to
repine:

Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.
I may forgive; but not at will the heart
Can bid its dark remembrances depart.

No, Hamet! no!—too deeply are these
traced; [effaced!
Yet the hour comes when all shall be
Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda
keep
Her lonely vigils o'er the grave to weep.
E'en now, prophetic of my early doom,
Speaks to my soul a presage of the tomb!
And ne'er in vain did hopeless mourner feel
That deep foreboding o'er the bosom steal.
Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side
Of him for whom I lived, and would have
died: [orphan lot,
Till then, one thought shall soothe my
In pain and peril—I forsook him not.
—And now, farewell! Behold the summer
day
Is passing like the dreams of life away.
Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw
nigh,
With the last rites his bier to sanctify.
Oh, yet in time, away!—'twere not my
prayer [spare!
Could move their hearts a foe like thee to
This hour they come—and dost thou scorn
to fly?
Save me that one last pang to see thee die!"

Even while she speaks is heard their
echoing tread;
Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.
They reach the cave—they enter: slow their
pace, [er's face;
And calm deep sadness marks each mourn-
And all is hushed, till he who seems to wait
In silent stern devotedness his fate,
Hath met their glance—then grief to fury
turns; [burns,
Each mien is changed, each eye indignant
And voices rise, and swords have left their
sheath; [death!
Blood must atone for blood, and death for
They close around him: lofty still his mien,
His cheek unaltered, and his brow serene.
Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda's cry;
Fruitless her prayer, unmarked her agony.
But as his foremost foes their weapons
bend
Against the life he seeks not to defend,
Wildly she darts between—each feeling
past, [last.
Save strong affection, which prevails at
Oh, not in vain its daring—for the blow
Aimed at his heart hath bade her life-blood
flow;
And she hath sunk a martyr on the breast
Where in that hour her head may calmly
rest—

For he is saved! Behold the Zegri band,
Pale with dismay and grief, around her
stand:
While, every thought of hate and ven-
geance o'er, [more.
They weep for her who soon shall weep no
She, she alone is calm:—a fading smile,
Like sunset, passes o'er her cheek the while,
And in her eye, ere yet it closes, dwell
Those last faint rays, the parting soul's
farewell. [proved
—"Now is the conflict past; and I have
How well, how deeply thou hast been
beloved! [hide
Yes! in an hour like this 'twere vain to
The heart so long and so severely tried:
Still to thy name that heart hath fondly
thrilled, [filled.
But sterner duties called—and were 'ful-
And I am blest! to every holier tie
My life was faithful,—and for thee I die!
Nor shall the love so purified be vain;
Severed on earth, we yet shall meet again.
Farewell!—And ye, at Zayda's dying
prayer, [spare!
Spare him, my kindred tribe! forgive and
Oh! be his guilt forgotten in his woes,
While I beside my sire in peace repose."

Now fades her cheek, her voice hath
sunk, and death
Sits in her eye and struggles in her breath.
One pang—'tis past: her task on earth is
done,
And the pure spirit to its rest hath flown.
But he for whom she died—oh! who may
paint [faint?
The grief to which all other woes were
There is no power in language to impart
The deeper pangs, the ordeals of the heart,
By the dread Searcher of the soul surveyed:
These have no words—nor are by words
portrayed.

IV.

A DIRGE is rising on the mountain air,
Whose fitful swells in plaintive murmurs
bear
Far o'er the Alpuxarras—wild its tone,
And rocks and caverns echo—*Thou art
gone.*

"Daughter of heroes! thou art gone
To share his tomb who gave thee birth:
Peace to the lovely spirit flown!
It was not formed for earth.
Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,
Which brightly passed and left no trace.

'But calmly sleep!—for thou art free,
And hands unchained thy tomb shall
raise.
Sleep! they are closed at length for thee,
Life's few and evil days!
Nor shalt thou watch, with tearful eye,
The lingering death of liberty.

"Flower of the Desert! thou thy bloom
Didst early to the storm resign:
We bear it still—and dark *their* doom,
Who cannot weep for thine!
For us, whose every hope is fled,
The time is past to mourn the dead.

"The days have been, when o'er thy bier
Far other strains than these had flowed:
Now, as a home from grief and fear,
We hail thy dark abode!
We, who but linger to bequeath
Our sons the choice of chains or death.

"Thou art with those, the free, the brave,
The mighty of departed years;
And for the slumberers of the grave
Our fate hath left no tears.
Thou loved and lost! to weep were vain
For thee, who ne'er shalt weep again.

"Have we not seen despoiled by foes
The land our fathers won of yore?
And is there yet a pang for those
Who gaze on *thine* no more?
Oh, that like them 'twere ours to rest!
Daughter of heroes! thou art blest."

A few short years, and in the lonely cave
Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is Hamet's
grave,
Severed in life, united in the tomb—
Such, of the hearts that loved so well, the
doom. [moan;
Their dirge, of woods and waves the eternal
Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks alone.
And oft beside the midnight watch-fire's
blaze,
Amidst those rocks, in long-departed days,
(When freedom fled, to hold, sequestered
there,
The stern and lofty councils of despair,)
Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the wild,
Who the lone hours with mournful strains
beguiled,
Hath taught his mountain-home the tale
of those
Who thus have suffered, and who thus re-
pose.

THE WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS

[In the reign of Otho III., Emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul Crescentius, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the Popes. The Consul was besieged by Otho, in the Mole of Hadrian, which long afterwards continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations; and, pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans. Stephanian, his widow, concealing her affliction and her resentment for the insults to which she had been exposed, secretly resolved to revenge her husband and herself. On the return of Otho from a pilgrimage to Mount Gargano, which perhaps a feeling of remorse had induced him to undertake, she found means to be introduced to him and to gain his confidence: and a poison administered by her was soon afterwards the cause of his painful death.]

"L'orage peut briser en un moment les fleurs qui tiennent encore la tête levée."—MADAME DE STAEL.

PART FIRST.

I.

'MIDST Tivoli's luxuriant glades,
Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,
Where dwelt in days departed long
The sons of battle and of song,
No tree, no shrub, its foliage rears
But o'er the wrecks of other years,
Temples and domes, which long have been
The soil of that enchanted scene.

There the wild fig-tree and the vine
O'er Hadrian's mouldering Villa twine;
The cypress, in funeral grace,
Usurps the vanished column's place;
O'er fallen shrine and ruined frieze
The wallflower rustles in the breeze;
Acanthus-leaves the marble hide
They once adorned in sculptured
pride;
And Nature hath resumed her throne
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,
 Pride of Ilissus and of Nile,
 To Anio's banks the image lent
 Of each imperial monument? *
 Now Athens weeps her shattered fanes,
 Thy temples, Egypt! strew thy plains;
 And the proud fabrics Hadrian reared
 From Tiber's vale have disappeared.
 We need no prescient sibyl there
 The doom of grandeur to declare.
 Each stone, where weeds and ivy climb,
 Reveals some oracle of Time;
 Each relic utters Fate's decree—
 The future as the past shall be.
 Halls of the dead! in Tiber's vale,
 Who now shall tell your lofty tale—
 Who trace the high patrician's dome,
 The bard's retreat, the hero's home—
 When moss-clad wrecks alone record
 There dwelt the world's departed lord,
 In scenes where verdure's rich array
 Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,
 And sunshine on each glowing hill
 'Midst ruins finds a dwelling still?

Sunk is thy palace—but thy Tomb,
 Hadrian! hath shared a prouder doom,†
 Though vanished with the days of old
 Its pillars of Corinthian mould;
 Though the fair forms of sculpture wrought,
 Each bodying some immortal thought,
 Which o'er that temple of the dead
 Serene but solemn beauty shed,
 Have found, like glory's self, a grave
 In time's abyss or Tiber's wave;
 Yet dreams more lofty and more fair
 Than art's bold hand hath imaged e'er—
 High thoughts of many a mighty mind
 Expanding when all else declined,
 In twilight years, when only they
 Recalled the radiance passed away,
 Have made that ancient pile their home,
 Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

There he, who strove in evil days
 Again to kindle glory's rays,
 Whose spirit sought a path of light
 For those dim ages far too bright—
 Crescentius—long maintained the strife
 Which closed but with its martyr's life,
 And left the imperial tomb a name,
 A heritage of holier fame.

* The gardens and buildings of Hadrian's Villa were copies of the most celebrated scenes and edifices in his dominions.

† The Mausoleum of Hadrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was converted into a fortress by Belisarius.

There closed De Brescia's * mission high,
 From thence the patriot came to die;
 And thou, whose Roman soul the last
 Spoke with the voice of ages past,
 Whose thoughts so long from earth had fled
 To mingle with the glorious dead,
 That 'midst the world's degenerate race
 They vainly sought a dwelling-place,
 Within that house of death didst brood
 O'er visions to thy ruin, wooed.
 Yet, worthier of a brighter lot,
 Rienzi! be thy faults forgot.
 For thou, when all around thee lay
 Chained in the slumbers of decay—
 So sunk each heart, that mortal eye
 Had scarce a *tear* for liberty—
 Alone, amidst the darkness there,
 Couldst gaze on Rome—yet not despair!

'Tis morn—and nature's richest dyes
 Are floating o'er Italian skies;
 Tints of transparent lustre shine
 Along the snow-clad Apennine;
 The clouds have left Soracte's height,
 And yellow Tiber winds in light,
 Where tombs and fallen fanes have strewed
 The wide Compagna's solitude.
 'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace
 Those relics of a vanished race;
 Yet, o'er the ravaged path of time—
 Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,
 Where nature still, though empires fall,
 Holds her triumphant festival—
 Even Desolation wears a smile,
 Where skies and sunbeams laugh the while;
 And heaven's own light, earth's richest
 bloom,
 Arrays the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent tower
 Breathes the pure freshness of the hour;
 She, whose rich flow of raven hair
 Streams wildly on the morning air,
 Heeds not how fair the scene below,
 Robed in Italia's brightest glow.
 Though throned 'midst Latium's classic
 plains
 The Eternal City's towers and fanes,
 And they, the Pleiades of earth,
 The seven proud hills of Empire's birth,
 Lie spread beneath; not now her glance
 Roves o'er that vast sublime expanse.

* Arnold de Brescia was put to death by Hadrian IV.; he was the champion of Roman liberty.

Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis thrown
On Hadrian's massy tomb alone.
[There, from the storm when Freedom fled,
His faithful few Crescentius led;
While she, his anxious bride, who now
Bends o'er the scene her youthful brow,
Sought refuge in the hallowed fane,
Which then could shelter, not in vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,
And liberty shall weep no more.
At length imperial Otho's voice
Bids her devoted sons rejoice;
And he, who battled to restore
The glories and the rights of yore,
Whose accents, like the clarion's sound,
Could burst the dead repose around,
Again his native Rome shall see
The sceptred city of the free!
And young Stephanía waits the hour
When leaves her lord his fortress-tower,
Her ardent heart with joy elate,
That seems beyond the reach of fate;
Her mien, like creature from above,
All vivified with hope and love.

Fair is her form, and in her eye
Lives all the soul of Italy;
A meaning lofty and inspired,
As by her native day-star fired;
Such wild and high expression, fraught
With glances of impassioned thought,
As fancy sheds in visions bright
O'er priestess of the God of Light;
And the dark locks that lend her face
A youthful and luxuriant grace,
Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling dyes
Seem from the fire within to rise,
But deepened by the burning heaven
To her own land of sunbeams given.
Italian art that fervid glow
Would o'er ideal beauty throw,
And with such ardent life express
Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness,—
Dreams which, surviving Empire's fall,
The shade of glory still recall.

But see!—the banner of the brave
O'er Hadrian's tomb hath ceased to wave.
'Tis lowered—and now Stephanía's eye
Can well the martial train descry,
Who, issuing from that ancient dome,
Pour through the crowded streets of Rome.
Now from her watch-tower on the height,
With step as fabled wood-nymph's light,
She flies—and swift her way pursues
Through the lone convent's avenues.

Dark cypress groves, and fields o'erspread
With records of the conquering dead,
And paths which track a glowing waste,
She traverses in breathless haste;
And by the tombs where dust is shrined
Once tenanted by loftiest mind,
Still passing on, hath reached the gate
Of Rome, the proud, the desolate!
Thronged are the streets, and, still renewed,
Rush on the gathering multitude.
—Is it their high-souled chief to greet
That thus the Roman thousands meet?
With names that bid their thoughts ascend,
Crescentius! thine in song to blend;
And of triumphal days gone by
Recall the inspiring pageantry?
—There is an air of breathless dread,
An eager glance, a hurrying tread;
And now a fearful silence round,
And now a fitful murmuring sound,
'Midst the pale crowds, that almost seem
Phantoms of some tumultuous dream.
Quick is each step, and wild each mien,
Portentous of some awful scene.
Bride of Crescentius! as the throng
Bore thee with whelming force along,
How did thine anxious heart beat high,
Till rose suspense to agony!—
Too brief suspense, that soon shall close,
And leave thy heart to deeper woes.

Who 'midst yon guarded precincts
stands,
With fearless mien but fettered hands?
The ministers of death are nigh,
Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye;
And in his glance there lives a mind
Which was not formed for chains to bind,
But cast in such heroic mould
As theirs, the ascendant ones of old.
Crescentius! freedom's daring son,
Is this the guerdon thou hast won?
Oh, worthy to have lived and died
In the bright days of Latium's pride!
Thus must the beam of glory close
O'er the same hills again that beat,
When at thy voice, to burst the yoke,
The soul of Rome indignant woke?
Vain dream! the sacred shields are gone,*
Sunk is the crowning city's throne:
The illusions, that around her cast
Their guardian spells, have long been past.
Thy life hath been a shot-star's ray
Shed on her midnight of decay;

* The *Ancilia*, or sacred bucklers, which were kept in the temple of Mars, and were considered the Palladium of the city.

Thy death at freedom's ruined shrine
Must rivet every chain—but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye
Now fixed upon the deep blue sky,
Now on those wrecks of ages fled
Around in desolation spread—
Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,
Recording triumphs passed away;
Works of the mighty and the free,
Whose steps on earth no more shall be,
Though their bright course hath left a trace
Nor years nor sorrow can efface.
Why changes now the patriot's mien,
Erewhile so loftily serene?
Thus can approaching death control
The might of that commanding soul?
No!—Heard ye not that thrilling cry
Which told of bitterest agony?
He heard it, and at once, subdued,
Hath sunk the hero's fortitude.
He heard it, and his heart too well
Whence rose that voice of woe can tell;
And 'midst the gazing throngs around
One well-known form his glance hath
found;
One fondly loving and beloved,
In grief, in peril, faithful proved.
Yes! in the wildness of despair,
She, his devoted bride, is there.
Pale, breathless, through the crowd she
flies,
The light of frenzy in her eyes:
But ere her arms can clasp the form
Which life ere long must cease to warm,
Ere on his agonising breast
Her heart can heave, her head can rest,
Checked in her course by ruthless hands,
Mute, motionless, at once she stands;
With bloodless cheek and vacant glance,
Frozen and fixed in horror's trance;
Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,
And thought o'erwhelmed, and feeling
dead;
And the light waving of her hair,
And veil, far floating on the air,
Alone, in that dread moment, show
She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,
The patriot's heart shall throb no more;
But *hers*—so vainly formed to prove
The pure devotedness of love,
And draw from fond affection's eye
All thought sublime, all feeling high;
When consciousness again shall wake,
Hath now no refuge but to break.

The spirit long inured to pain
May smile at fate in calm disdain,
Survive its darkest hour, and rise
In more majestic energies.
But in the glow of vernal pride,
If each warm hope *at once* hath died,
Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower,
A broken gem, whose inborn light
Is scattered—ne'er to reunite.

PART SECOND.

HAST thou a scene that is not spread
With records of thy glory fled?
A monument that doth not tell
The tale of liberty's farewell,
Italia? Thou art but a grave
Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,
And nature gives her treasures birth
O'er all that hath been great on earth.
Yet smile thy heavens as once they smiled
When thou wert freedom's favoured child:
Though fane and tomb alike are low,
Time hath not dimmed thy sunbeam's
glow;
And, robed in that exulting ray,
Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay—
Oh, yet, though by thy sorrow bent,
In nature's pomp magnificent;
What marvel if, when all was lost,
Still on thy bright enchanted coast,
Though many an omen warned him thence,
Lingered the lord of eloquence,*
Still gazing on the lovely sky,
Whose radiance wooed him—but to die!
Like him, *who* would not linger there,
Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are fair?
Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could dwell,
Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell?
Hath not thy pure and genial air
Balm for all sadness but despair?

No! there are pangs whose deep-worn
trace
Not all thy magic can efface!
Hearts by unkindness wrung may learn
The world and all its gifts to spurn;
Time may steal on with silent tread,
And dry the tear that mourns the dead;
May change fond love, subdue regret,
And teach even vengeance to forget;
But thou, Remorse! there is no charm
Thy sting, avenger, to disarm!

* Cicero.

Vain are bright suns and laughing skies
To soothe thy victim's agonies ;
The heart once made thy burning throne
Still, while it beats, is thine alone.
—In vain for Otho's joyless eye
Smile the fair scenes of Italy,
As through her landscapes' rich array
The imperial pilgrim bends his way.
Thy form, Crescentius ! on his sight
Rises when nature laughs in light,
Glides round him at the midnight hour,
Is present in his festal bower,
With awful voice and frowning mien,
By all but him unheard, unseen.
Oh ! thus to shadows of the grave
Be every tyrant still a slave !

Where, through Gargano's woody dells,
O'er bending oaks the north wind swells,
A sainted hermit's lowly tomb
Is bosomed in umbrageous gloom,
In shades that saw him live and die
Beneath their waving canopy.
'Twas his, as legends tell, to share
The converse of immortals there ;
Around that dweller of the wild
There " bright appearances " have smiled,
And angel-wings at eve have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs between.
And oft from that secluded bower
Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer hour,
A swell of viewless harps, a sound
Of warbled anthems pealing round.
Oh, none but voices of the sky
Might wake that thrilling harmony,
Whose tones, whose very echoes made
An Eden of the lonely shade !
Years have gone by ; the hermit sleeps
Amidst Gargano's wood and steep ;
Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown
And veiled his low sepulchral stone :
Yet still the spot is holy, still
Celestial footsteps haunt the hill ;
And oft the awe-struck mountaineer
Ærial vesper hymns may hear
Around those forest-precincts float,
Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.
Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint
To that rude shrine's departed saint,
And deem that spirits of the blest
There shed sweet influence o'er her
breast,

—And thither Otho now repairs,
To soothe his soul with vows and prayers ;
And if for him, on holy ground,
The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,
'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed
Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,

She dwells, remote from heedless eye,
With Nature's lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search !—his troubled
breast

Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest ;
The weary pilgrimage is o'er,
The hopes that cheered it are no more.
Then sinks his soul, and day by day
Youth's buoyant energies decay.
The light of health his eye hath flown,
The glow that tinged his cheek is gone.
Joyless as one on whom is laid
Some baleful spell that bids him fade,
Extending its mysterious power
O'er every scene, o'er every hour :
Even thus he withers ; and to him
Italia's brilliant skies are dim.
He withers—in that glorious clime
Where Nature laughs in scorn of Time ;
And suns, that shed on all below
Their full and vivifying glow,
From him alone their power withhold,
And leave his heart in darkness cold.
Earth blooms around him, heaven is fair—
He only seems to perish there.

—Yet sometimes will a transient smile
Play o'er his faded cheek awhile,
When breathes his minstrel boy a strain
Of power to lull all earthly pain ;
So wildly sweet, its notes might seem
The ethereal music of a dream,
A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,
Deep thrilling power in every tone !
Sweet is that lay, and yet its flow
Hath language only given to woe ;
And if at times its wakening swell
Some tale of glory seems to tell,
Soon the proud notes of triumph die,
Lost in a dirge's harmony.
Oh ! many a pang the heart hath proved,
Hath deeply suffered, fondly loved,
Ere the sad strain could catch from thence
Such deep impassioned eloquence !

Yes ! gaze on him, that minstrel boy—
He is no child of hope and joy.
Though few his years, yet have they been
Such as leave traces on the mien,
And o'er the roses of our prime
Breathe other blights than those of time.
Yet seems his spirit wild and proud,
By grief unsoftened and unbowed.
Oh ! there are sorrows which impart
A sternness foreign to the heart,
And, rushing with an earthquake's power,
That makes a desert in an hour,

Rouse the dread passions in their course,
 As tempests wake the billow's force !
 'Tis sad, on youthful Guido's face
 The stamp of woes like these to trace.
 Oh ! where can ruins awe mankind,
 Dark as the ruins of the mind ?
 —His mien is lofty, but his gaze
 Too well a wandering soul betrays ;
 His full dark eye at times is bright
 With strange and momentary light,
 Whose quick uncertain flashes throw
 O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow :
 And oft his features and his air
 A shade of troubled mystery wear,
 A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
 With some unfathomable thought :
 Whate'er that thought, still unexpressed
 Dwells the sad secret in his breast ;
 The pride his haughty brow reveals
 All other passion well conceals.
 He breathes each wounded feeling's tone
 In music's eloquence alone ;
 His soul's deep voice is only poured
 Through his full song and swelling chord.

He seeks no friend, but shuns the train
 Of courtiers with a proud disdain ;
 And, save when Otho bids his lay
 Its half unearthly power essay
 In hall or bower the heart to thrill,
 His haunts are wild and lonely still.
 Far distant from the heedless throng,
 He roves old Tiber's banks along,
 Where Empire's desolate remains
 Lie scattered o'er the silent plains ;
 Or, lingering 'midst each ruined shrine
 That strews the desert Palatine,
 With mournful yet commanding mien,
 Like the sad Genius of the scene,
 Entranced in awful thought, appears
 To commune with departed years.
 Or at the dead of night, when Rome
 Seems of heroic shades the home ;
 When Tiber's murmuring voice recalls
 The mighty to their ancient halls ;
 When hushed is every meaner sound,
 And the deep moonlight-calm around
 Leaves to the solemn scene alone
 The majesty of ages flown,
 A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,
 He wanders through the sacred gloom,
 And 'midst those dwellings of decay
 At times will breathe so sad a lay,
 So wild a grandeur in each tone,
 'Tis like a dirge for empires gone !

Awake thy pealing harp again,
 But breathe a more exulting strain.

Young Guido ! for a while forgot
 Be the dark secrets of thy lot ;
 And rouse the inspiring soul of song
 To speed the banquet's hour along !—
 The feast is spread, and music's call
 Is echoing through the royal hall,
 And banners wave and trophies shine
 O'er stately guests in glittering line ;
 And Otho seeks awhile to chase
 The thoughts he never can erase,
 And bid the voice, whose murmurs deep
 Rise like a spirit on his sleep,
 The still small voice of conscience, die,
 Lost in the din of revelry.
 On his pale brow dejection lowers,
 But that shall yield to festal hours ;
 A gloom is in his faded eye,
 But that from music's power shall fly ;
 His wasted cheek is wan with care,
 But mirth shall spread fresh crimson there.
 Wake, Guido ! wake thy numbers high,
 Strike the bold chord exultingly ;
 And pour upon the enraptured ear
 Such strains as warriors love to hear !
 Let the rich mantling goblet flow,
 And banish aught resembling woe ;
 And if a thought intrude, of power
 To mar the bright convivial hour,
 Still must its influence lurk unseen,
 And cloud the heart—but not the mien.

Away, vain dream ! On Otho's brow,
 Still darker lower the shadows now :
 Changed are his features, now o'erspread
 With the cold paleness of the dead ;
 Now crimsoned with a hectic dye,
 The burning flush of agony !
 His lip is quivering, and his breast
 Heaves with convulsive pangs oppressed ;
 Now his dim eye seems fixed and glazed,
 And now to heaven in anguish raised ;
 And as, with unavailing aid,
 Around him throng his guests dismayed,
 He sinks—while scarce his struggling
 breath

Hath power to falter—"This is death !"

Then rushed that haughty child of song,
 Dark Guido, through the awe-struck
 throng.
 Filled with a strange delirious light,
 His kindling eye shone wildly bright ;
 And on the sufferer's mien awhile
 Gazing with stern vindictive smile,
 A feverish glow of triumph dyed
 His burning cheek, while thus he cried :—
 "Yes ! these are death-pangs—on thy brow
 Is set the seal of vengeance now !

Oh ! well was mixed the deadly draught,
And long and deeply hast thou quaffed ;
And bitter as thy pangs may be,
'They are but guerdons meet from me !
Yet these are but a moment's throes—
Howe'er intense, they soon shall close.
Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting breath—
My life hath been a lingering death,
Since one dark hour of woe and crime,
A blood-spot on the page of time !

"Deem'st thou my mind of reason
void?

It is not frenzied—but destroyed !
Ay ! view the wreck with shuddering
thought—

That work of ruin thou hast wrought !
The secret of thy doom to tell
My name alone suffices well—
Stephania ! once a hero's bride !
Otho ! thou know'st the rest : *he died*.
Yes ! trusting to a monarch's word,
The Roman fell, untried, unheard.
And thou, whose every pledge was vain,
How couldst *thou* trust in aught again ?

"He died, and I was changed—my soul
A lonely wanderer, spurned control.
From peace, and light, and glory hurled,
The outcast of a purer world,
I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,
And lived for one dread task alone.
The task is closed, fulfilled the vow—
The hand of death is on thee now.
Betrayed ! in thy turn betrayed,
The debt of blood shall soon be paid.
Thine hour is come. The time hath been
My heart had shrunk from such a scene :
That feeling long is past—my fate
Hath made me stern as desolate.

"Ye that around me shuddering stand,
Ye chiefs and princes of the land !
Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom ?
Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb !
He sleeps unhonoured—yet be mine
To share his low neglected shrine.
His soul with freedom finds a home,
His grave is that of glory—Rome !
Are not the great of old with her,
The city of the sepulchre ?
Lead me to death ! and let me share
The slumbers of the mighty there !"

The day departs—that fearful day
Fades in calm loveliness away.
From purple heavens its lingering beam
Seems melting into Tiber's stream,
And softly tints each Roman hill
With glowing light, as clear and still
As if, unstained by crime or woe,
Its hours had passed in silent flow.
The day sets calmly—it hath been
Marked with a strange and awful scene ;
One guilty bosom throbs no more,
And Otho's pangs and life are o'er.
And thou, ere yet another sun
His burning race hath brightly run,
Released from anguish by thy foes,
Daughter of Rome ! shalt find repose.
Yes ! on thy country's lovely sky
Fix yet once more thy parting eye.
A few short hours—and all shall be
The silent and the past for thee.
Oh ! thus with tempests of a day
We struggle and we pass away,
Like the wild billows as they sweep,
Leaving no vestige on the deep !
And o'er thy dark and lowly bed
The sons of future days shall tread.
The pangs, the conflicts of thy lot
By them unknown, by thee forgot.

THE LAST BANQUET OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

["Antony concluding that he could not die more honourably than in battle, determined to attack Cæsar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. His friends were affected, and wept to hear him talk thus; which when he perceived, he encouraged them by assurances that his expectations of a glorious victory were at least equal to those of an honourable death. . . . At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city—a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day—on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him."]—PLUTARCH.]

THY foes had girt thee with their dread
array,

O stately Alexandria!—yet the sound
Of mirth and music, at the close of day,
Swelled from thy splendid fabrics far
around [hall

O'er camp and wave. Within the royal
In gay magnificence the feast was spread;
And, brightly streaming from the pictured
wall, [shed

A thousand lamps their trembling lustre
O'er many a column, rich with precious
dyes, [burning skies.
That tinge the marble's vein 'neath Afric's

And soft and clear that wavering radiance
played

O'er sculptured forms that round the
pillared scene

Calm and majestic rose, by art arrayed
In godlike beauty, awfully serene.

Oh! how unlike the troubled guests,
reclined [face

Round that luxurious board! in every
Someshadow from the tempest of the mind,
Rising by fits, the searching eye might
trace, [not mirth,

Though vainly masked in smiles which are
But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the
woes of earth.

Their brows are bound with wreaths, whose
transient bloom [rose

May still survive the wearers—and the
Perchance may scarce be withered, when
the tomb

Receives the mighty to its dark repose!
The day must dawn on battle, and may set
In death—but fill the mantling wine-cup
high!

Despair is fearless, and the Fates even yet
Lend her one hour for parting revelry.

They who the empire of the world pos-
sessed

Would taste its joy again, ere all exchanged
for rest.

Its joys! oh, mark yon proud Triumvir's
mien, [care!

And read their annals on that brow of
'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his steps
have been: [despair.

Earth's brightest pathway led him to
Trust not the glance that fain would yet
inspire

The buoyant energies of days gone by;
There is delusion in its meteor-fire,

And all within is shame, is agony!
Away! the tears in bitterness may flow,
But there are smiles which bear a stamp
of deeper woe.

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy fame,
O lost devoted Roman! yet thy brow,
To that ascendant and undying name,
Pleads with stern loftiness thy right e'en
now.

Thy glory is departed, but hath left
A lingering light around thee—in decay
Not less than kingly—though of all bereft,
'Thou seem'st as empire had not passed
away."

Supreme in ruin! teaching hearts elate
A deep prophetic dread of still mysterious
fate!

But thou, enchantress queen! whose love
hath made
His desolation—thou art by his side,

The Last Banquet of Antony and Cleopatra 29

In all thy sovereignty of charms arrayed,
To meet the storm with still uncon-
quered pride.

Imperial being! e'en though many a stain
Of error be upon thee, there is power
In thy commanding nature, which shall
reign [hour];

O'er the stern genius of misfortune's
And the dark beauty of thy troubled eye
Even now is all illumed with wild sublimity.

Thine aspect, all impassioned, wears a
light

Inspiring and inspired—thy cheek a dye,
Which rises not from joy, but yet is bright
With the deep glow of feverish energy.
Proud Siren of the Nile! thy glance is
fraught

With an immortal fire: in every beam
It darts, there kindles some heroic thought,
But wild and awful as a sibyl's dream.
For thou with death hast communed to
attain [from the chain].
Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom

And the stern courage by such musings lent,
Daughter of Afric! o'er thy beauty
throws

The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent
With all the majesty of mighty woes.
While he, so fondly, fatally adored,
Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee yet,
Till scarce the soul that once exulting
soared

Can deem the day-star of its glory set;
Scarce his charmed heart believes that
power can be [by thee].
In sovereign fate, o'er him thus fondly loved

But there is sadness in the eyes around,
Which mark that ruined leader, and
survey [profound]

His changeful mien, whence oft the gloom
Strange triumph chases haughtily away,
"Fill the bright goblet, warrior guests!"
he cries; [deep!]

"Quaff, ere we part, the generous nectar
Ere sunset gild once more the western skies,
Your chief in cold forgetfulness may
sleep,

While sounds of revel float o'er shore and
sea, [not for me].
And the red bowl again is crowned—but

"Yet weep not thus. The struggle is not
o'er,

O victors of Philippi! Many a field

Hath yielded palms to us: one effort more!
By one stern conflict must our doom
be sealed.

Forget not, Romans! o'er a subject world
How royally your eagle's wing hath
spread,

Though, from his cyrie of dominion hurled,
Now bursts the tempest on his crested
head.

Yet sovereign still, if banished from the sky,
The sun's indignant bird, he must not
droop—but die."

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the dead of
night— [deep;]

Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and
From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry
light [of sleep].

The moon looks cloudless o'er a world
For those who wait the morn's awakening
beams,

The battle-signal to decide their doom,
Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled
dreams;— [tomb;]

Rest that shall soon be calmer in the
Dreams dark and ominous, but there to
cease, [and peace].
When sleep the lords of war in solitude

Wake, slumberers! wake! Hark! heard
ye not a sound [still]

Of gathering tumult?—Near and nearer
Its murmur swells. Above, below, around,
Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused
and shrill.

Wake, Alexandria! through thy streets the
tread

Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note
Of pipe, and lyre, and trumpet, wild and
dread,

Is heard upon the midnight air to float;
And voices clamorous as in frenzied mirth,
Mingle their thousand tones, which are not
of the earth.

These are no mortal sounds! Their thrill-
ing strain [more high;]

Hath more mysterious power, and birth
And the deep horror chilling every vein
Owns them of stern terrific augury.

Beings of worlds unknown! ye pass away,
O ye invisible and awful throng!

Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay
To Caesar's camp exulting move along.
Thy gods forsake thee, Antony! The sky
By that dread sign reveals thy doom—

"Despair and die!"

ALARIC IN ITALY

[After describing the conquest of Greece and Italy by the German and Scythian hordes united under the command of Alaric, and narrating how they were foiled by a tempest in the first attempt at the invasion of Sicily, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* thus proceeds:—"The whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."—Vol. v. p. 319.]

HEARD ye the Gothic trumpet's blast,
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?
His steps have tracked that glorious clime,
The birthplace of heroic time;
But he, in Northern deserts bred,
Spared not the living for the dead,
Nor heard the voice whose pleading cries
From temple and from tomb arise.
He passed—the light of burning fanes
Hath been his torch o'er Grecian plains;
And woke they not—the brave, the free,
To guard their own Thermopylæ!
And left they not their silent dwelling,
When Scythia's note of war was swelling?
No! where the bold Three Hundred slept,
Sad Freedom battled not—but wept!
For nerveless then the Spartan's hand,
And Thebes could rouse no Sacred Band;
Nor one high soul from slumber broke
When Athens owned the northern yoke.

But was there none for *thee* to dare
The conflict, scorning to despair,
O City of the seven proud hills!
Whose name even yet the spirit thrills,
As doth a clarion's battle-call?
Didst thou, too, ancient empress, fall?
Did no Camillus from the chain
Ransom thy Capitol again?
Oh, who shall tell the days to be
No patriot rose to bleed for thee!

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast,
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?
That fearful sound, at midnight deep,
Bursts on the Eternal City's sleep.*

* "At the hour of midnight the Salarian Gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet."—GIBBON.

How woke the mighty? She whose wil
So long had bid the world be still,
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye
The ascendant star of destiny!
She woke—to view the dread array
Of Scythians rushing to their prey,
To hear her streets resound the cries
Poured from a thousand agonies.
While the strange light of flames, that gave
A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,
Bursting in that terrific hour
From fane and palace, dome and tower,
Revealed the throngs, for aid divine
Clinging to many a worshipped shrine,
Fierce fitful radiance wildly shed
O'er spear and sword, with carnage red,
Shone o'er the suppliant and the flying,
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! Alas, that e'er
Should tears alone thy wrongs declare!
The time hath been when *thy* distress
Had roused up empires for redress.
Now, her long race of glory run,
Without a combat Rome is won,
And from her plundered temples forth
Rush the fierce children of the North,
To share beneath more genial skies
Each joy their own rude clime denies.
—Ye who on bright Campania's shore
Bade your fair villas rise of yore,
With all their graceful colonnades
And crystal baths and myrtle shades
Along the blue Hesperian deep,
Whose glassy waves in sunshine sleep—
Beneath your olive and your vine
Far other inmates now recline;
And the tall plane, whose roots ye fed
With rich libations duly shed,
O'er guests, unlike your vanished friends,
Its bowery canopy extends.

For them the southern heaven is glowing,
 The bright Falernian nectar flowing;
 For them the marble halls unfold,
 Where nobler beings dwelt of old,
 Whose children for barbarian lords
 Touch the sweet lyre's resounding chords,
 Or wreaths of Pæstan roses twine
 To crown the sons of Elbe and Rhine.
 Yet, though luxurious they repose
 Beneath Corinthian porticoes,
 While round them into being start
 The marvels of triumphant art,
 Oh! not for them hath genius given
 To Parian stone the fire of heaven,
 Enshrining in the forms he wrought
 A bright eternity of thought.
 In vain the natives of the skies
 In breathing marble round them rise,
 And sculptured nymphs of fount or glade
 People the dark-green laurel shade.
 Cold are the conqueror's heart and eye
 To visions of divinity;
 And rude his hand which dares deface
 The models of immortal grace.

Arouse ye from your soft delights!
 Chieftains! the war-note's call invites;
 And other lands must yet be won,
 And other deeds of havoc done.
 Warriors! your flowery bondage break;
 Sons of the stormy North! awake.
 The barks are launching from the steep,
 Soon shall the Isle of Ceres* weep,
 And Afric's burning winds afar
 Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war.
 Where shall his race of victory close?
 When shall the ravaged earth repose?
 But hark! what wildly mingling cries
 From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise?
 Why swells dread Alaric's name on air?
 A sterner conqueror hath been there!
 A conqueror—yet his paths are peace,
 He comes to bring the world's release,
 He of the sword that knows no sheath,
 The avenger, the deliverer—Death!

Is, then, that daring spirit fled?
 Doth Alaric slumber with the dead?
 Tamed are the warrior's pride and strength,
 And he and earth are calm at length.
 The land where heaven unclouded shines?
 Where sleep the sunbeams on the vines;

The land by conquest made his own,
 Can yield him now—a grave alone.
 But his—her lord, from Alp to sea—
 No common sepulchre shall be!
 Oh! make his tomb where mortal eye
 Its buried wealth may ne'er descry,
 Where mortal foot may never tread
 Above a victor-monarch's bed.
 Let not his royal dust be hid
 'Neath star-aspiring pyramid;
 Nor bid the gathered mound arise
 To bear his memory to the skies.
 Years roll away—oblivion claims
 Her triumph o'er heroic names;
 And hands profane disturb the clay
 That once was fired with glory's ray;
 And Avarice from their secret gloom
 Drags even the treasures of the tomb.
 But thou, O leader of the free!
 That general doom awaits not thee:
 Thou, where no steps may e'er intrude,
 Shalt rest in regal solitude,
 Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,
 The Awakener's final trumpet sound.
 —Turn ye the waters from their course,
 Bid nature yield to human force,
 And hollow in the torrent's bed
 A chamber for the mighty dead.
 The work is done—the captive's hand
 Hath well obeyed his lord's command.
 Within that royal tomb are cast
 The richest trophies of the past,
 The wealth of many a stately dome,
 The gold and gems of plundered Rome.
 And when the midnight stars are beaming,
 And ocean waves in stillness gleaming,
 Stern in their grief, his warriors bear
 The Chastener of the Nations there;
 To rest at length from victory's toil,
 Alone, with all an empire's spoil!

Then the freed current's rushing wave
 Rolls o'er the secret of the grave;
 Then streams the martyr-captives' blood
 To crimson that sepulchral flood,
 Whose conscious tide alone shall keep
 The mystery in its bosom deep.
 Time hath passed on since then—and swept
 From earth the urns where heroes slept;
 Temples of gods and domes of kings
 Are mouldering with forgotten things;
 Yet shall not ages e'er molest
 The viewless home of Alaric's rest:
 Still rolls, like them, the unfailing river,
 The guardian of his dust for ever.

* Sicily.

THE WIFE OF ASDRUBAL

["This governor, who had braved death when it was at a distance, and protested that the sun should never see him survive Carthage—this fierce Asdrubal was so mean spirited as to come alone, and privately throw himself at the conqueror's feet. The general, pleased to see his proud rival humbled, granted his life, and kept him to grace his triumph. The Carthaginians in the citadel no sooner understood that their commander had abandoned the place, than they threw open the gates, and put the proconsul in possession of Byrsa. The Romans had now no enemy to contend with but the nine hundred deserters, who, being reduced to despair, retired into the temple of Esculapius, which was a second citadel within the first: there the proconsul attacked them; and these unhappy wretches, finding there was no way to escape, set fire to the temple. spread, they retreated from one part to another, till they got to the roof of the temple. Asdrubal's wife appeared in her best apparel, as if the day of her death had been a day of triumph; and, after having uttered the most bitter imprecations against her husband, whom she saw standing below with Emilianus,—'Base coward!' said she, 'the mean things thou hast done to save thy life shall not avail thee; thou shalt die this instant, at least in thy two children.' Having thus spoken, she drew out a dagger, stabbed them both, and while they were yet struggling for life, threw them from the top of the temple, and leaped down after them into the flames."—*Ancient Universal History.*]

THE sun sets brightly—but a ruddier glow
O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage
throw;

Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire
In lurid splendour from her domes aspire;
Swayed by the wind, they wave—while
glares the sky

As when the desert's red simoom is nigh;
The sculptured altar and the pillared hall
Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they
fall;

Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams,
Rock, wave, and isle are crimsoned by its
beams;

While captive thousands, bound in Roman
Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes;
And shouts of triumph, echoing far around,
Swell from the victors' tents, with ivy
crowned.*

But mark! from yon fair temple's loftiest
What towering form bursts wildly on the
sight,

All regal in magnificent attire,
And sternly beauteous in terrific ire?
She might be deemed a Pythia in the hour
Of dread communion and delirious power;
A being more than earthly, in whose eye
There dwells a strange and fierce ascend-
ancy.

The flames are gathering round—intensely
bright,

Full on her features glares their meteor-
But a wild courage sits triumphant there,
The stormy grandeur of a proud despair;

* It was a Roman custom to adorn the tents
of victors with ivy.

A daring spirit, in its woes elate,
Mightier than death, untameable by fate.
The dark profusion of her locks unbound,
Waves like a warrior's floating plumage
round;

Flushed is her cheek, inspired her haughty
mien,

She seems the avenging goddess of the
scene.

Are those *her* infants, that with suppliant
Cling round her, shrinking as the flame
draws nigh,

Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous
And fain would rush for shelter to her
breast?

Is that a mother's glance, where stern dis-
And passion, awfully vindictive, reign?

Fixed is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands
Ignobly safe amidst the conquering bands;
On him who left her to that burning tomb,
Alone to share her children's martyrdom;
Who, when his country perished, fled the
strife,

And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.
"Live, traitor, live!" she cries, "since
dear to thee,

I'en in thy fetters, can existence be!
Scorned and dishonoured live!—with
blasted name,

The Roman's triumph not to grace, but
shame.

O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain
With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain!
Still may the manes of thy children rise
To chase calm slumber from thy wearied
eyes;

Still may their voices on the haunted air
 In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,
 'Till vain remorse thy withered heart consume,
 Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb!
 E'en now my sons shall die—and thou,
 their sire,
 In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.
 Think'st thou I love them not?—"I was
 thine to fly—
 'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die.

Behold their fate!—the arms that cannot
 save [grave."
 Have been their cradle, and shall be their
 Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams,
 Swift from her children's hearts the life-
 blood streams; [breast
 With frantic laugh she clasps them to the
 Whose woes and passions soon shall be
 at rest; [high,
 Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on
 Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to
 mortal eye.

HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE

[From *Maccabees*, book ii. chapter 3, v. 21. "Then it would have pitied a man to see the falling down of the multitude of all sorts, and the fear of the high priest, being in such an agony.—22. They then called upon the Almighty Lord to keep the things committed of trust safe and sure, for those that had committed them.—23. Nevertheless Heliodorus executed that which was decreed.—24. Now as he was there present himself with his guard about the treasury, the Lord of Spirits, and the Prince of all Power, caused a great apparition, so that all that presumed to come in with him were astonished at the power of God, and fainted, and were sore afraid.—25. For there appeared unto them an horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely, and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold.—26. Moreover two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes.—27. And he fell down, and was compassed with many stripes.—28. Thus his guard, and he himself, fell into a litter.—29. Thus his train and with all his guard into the said treasury, they carried out, being unable to help himself with his weapons: and manifestly they acknowledged the power of God.—29. For he by the hand of God was cast down, and lay speechless without all hope of life."]

A SOUND of woe in Salem!—mournful cries
 Rose from her dwellings—youthful
 cheeks were pale,
 Tears flowing fast from dim and aged eyes,
 And voices mingling in tumultuous wail;
 Hands raised to heaven in agony of prayer,
 And powerless wrath, and terror, and despair.
 Thy daughters, Judah! weeping, laid aside
 The regal splendour of their fair array,
 With the rude sackcloth girt their beauty's
 pride, [wild dismay;
 And thronged the streets in hurrying,
 While knelt thy priests before *His* awful
 shrine, [thine.
 Who made, of old, renown and empire
 But on the spoiler moves—the temple's gate,
 The bright, the beautiful, his guards un-
 fold;
 And all the scene reveals its solemn state,
 Its courts and pillars, rich with scul-
 pured gold;

And man, with eye unhallowed, views the
 abode,
 The severed spot, the dwelling-place of
 God.
 Where art Thou, Mighty Presence! that of
 yore
 Wert wont between the cherubim to rest,
 Veiled in a cloud of glory, shadowing o'er
 Thy sanctuary the chosen and the blest?
 Thou! that didst make fair Sion's ark
 Thy throne,
 And call the oracle's recess Thine own!
 Angel of God! that through the Assyrian
 host,
 Clothed with the darkness of the mid-
 night hour,
 To tame the proud, to hush the invader's
 boast, [power,
 Didst pass triumphant in avenging
 Till burst the day-spring on the silent scene,
 And death alone revealed where thou hadst
 been.

Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener ! in thy
might,

To guard thine ancient and majestic hill,
Where oft from heaven the full Shechinah's
light [fill !

Hath streamed the house of holiness to
Oh ! yet once more defend thy loved do-
main,
Eternal One ! Deliverer ! rise again !

Fearless of thee, the plunderer, undismayed,
Hastes on, the sacred chambers to ex-
plore [laid,

Where the bright treasures of the fane are
The orphan's portion, and the widow's
store ; [coured die,

What recks *his* heart though age unsuc-
And want consume the cheek of infancy ?

Away, intruders !—hark ! a mighty sound !
Behold, a burst of light !—away, away !
A fearful glory fills the temple round,
A vision bright in terrible array !
And lo ! a steed of no terrestrial frame,
His path a whirlwind, and his breath a
flame !

His neck is clothed with thunder—and his
mane [eye

Seems waving fire—the kindling of his
Is as a meteor—ardent with disdain

His glance—his gesture, fierce in ma-
jesty ! [to bear

Instinct with light he seems, and formed
Some dread archangel through the fields
of air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,
Throned on that burning charger ? bright
his form,

Yet in its brightness awful to behold,
And girt with all the terrors of the storm !

Lightning is on his helmet's crest—and
fear [severe.

Shrinks from the splendour of his brow

And by his side two radiant warriors stand,
All-armed, and kingly in commanding
grace—

Oh ! more than kingly—godlike !—sternly
grand ;

Their port indignant, and each dazzling
face

Beams with the beauty to immortals given,
Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart—each knee
is bowed [fight,

In trembling awe—but, as to fields of
The unearthly war-steed, rushing through
the crowd,

Bursts on their leader in terrific might ;
And the stern angels of that dread abode
Pursue its plunderer with the scourge of
God.

Darkness—thick darkness !—low on earth
he lies,

Rash Heliodorus—motionless and pale—
Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his shrouded
eyes

Mists, as of death, suspend their shadowy
veil ; [train,

And thus the oppressor, by his fear-struck
Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns—the warriors of the sky
Have passed, with all their dreadful
pomp, away ;

Then wakes the timbrel, swells the song on
high,

Triumphant as in Judah's elder day ;
Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill ;

Salem, exult ! thy God is with thee still.

NIGHT-SCENE IN GENOA

FROM SISMONDI'S "REPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES."

[“ En même temps que les Gênois poursuivaient avec ardeur la guerre contre Pise ils étoient déchirés eux-mêmes par une discorde civile.

“ Les consuls de l'année 1169, pour rétablir la paix dans leur patrie, au milieu des factions sourdes à leur voix et plus puissantes qu'eux, furent obligés d'ourdir en quelque sorte une conspiration. Ils commencèrent par s'assurer secrètement des dispositions pacifiques de plusieurs des citoyens, qui cependant étoient entraînés dans les émeutes par leur parenté avec les chefs de faction ; puis se concertant avec le vénérable vieillard, Hugues, leur archevêque, ils firent, long-temps avant le lever du soleil, appeler au son des cloches les citoyens au parlement ; ils se flattoient que la surprise et l'alarme de cette convocation inattendue, au milieu de l'obscurité de la nuit, rendroit l'assemblée et plus complète et plus docile. Les citoyens, en accourant au parlement

général, virent, au milieu de la place publique, le vieil archevêque, entouré de son clergé en habit de cérémonies, et portant des torches allumées, tandis que les reliques de Saint Jean Baptiste, le protecteur de Gênes, étoient exposées devant lui, et que les citoyens les plus respectables portoient à leurs mains des croix suppliantes. Dès que l'assemblée fut formée, le vieillard se leva, et de sa voix cassée il conjura les chefs de parti, au nom du Dieu de paix, au nom du salut de leurs âmes, au nom de leur patrie et de la liberté, dont leurs discordes entraîneroient la ruine, de jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de leurs querelles, et la paix à venir.

“Les hérauts, dès qu'il eut fini de parler, s'avancèrent aussitôt vers Roland Avogado, le chef de l'une des factions, qui étoit présent à l'assemblée, et, secondés par les acclamations de tout le peuple, et par les prières de ses parens eux-mêmes, ils le sommèrent de se conformer au vœu des consuls et de la nation.

“Roland, à leur approche, déchira ses habits, et, s'asseyant par terre en versant des larmes, il appela à haute voix les morts qu'il avoit juré de venger, et qui ne lui permettoient pas de pardonner leurs vieilles offenses. Comme on ne pouvoit le déterminer à s'avancer, les consuls eux-mêmes, l'archevêque et le clergé, s'approchèrent de lui, et, renouvelant leurs prières, ils l'entraînèrent enfin, et lui firent jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de ses inimitiés passées.

“Les chefs du parti contraire, Foulques de Castro, et Ingo de Volta, n'étoient pas présents à l'assemblée, mais le peuple et le clergé se portèrent en foule à leurs maisons; ils les trouvèrent déjà ébranlés par ce qu'ils venoient d'apprendre, et, profitant de leur émotion, ils leur firent jurer une réconciliation sincère, et donner le baiser de paix aux chefs de la faction opposée. Alors les cloches de la ville sonnèrent en témoignage d'allégresse, et l'archevêque de retour sur la place publique entonna un Te Deum avec tout le peuple, en honneur du Dieu de paix qui avoit sauvé leur patrie.”—*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.]

IN Genoa, when the sunset gave
Its last warm purple to the wave,
No sound of war, no voice of fear,
Was heard, announcing danger near :
Though deadliest foes were those whose
 hate
But slumbered till its hour of fate,
Yet calmly, at the twilight's close,
Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reigned around,
All sudden woke the alarm-bell's sound,
Full swelling, while the hollow breeze
Bore its dread summons o'er the seas.
Then, Genoa, from their slumber started
Thy sons, the free, the fearless-hearted ;
Then mingled with the awakening peal
Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.
Arm, warriors, arm ! for danger calls,
Arise to guard your native walls !
With breathless haste the gathering throng
Hurry the echoing streets along ;
Through darkness rushing to the scene
Where their bold counsels still convene.
—But there a blaze of torches bright
Pours its red radiance on the night,
O'er fane, and dome, and column playing,
With every fitful night-wind swaying :
Now floating o'er each tall arcade,
Around the pillared scene displayed,
In light relieved by depth of shade :
And now with ruddy meteor-glare,
Full streaming on the silvery hair
And the bright cross of him who stands
Rearing that sign with suppliant hands,
Girt with his consecrated train,
The hallowed servants of the fane.

Of life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression holy, deep, resigned,
The calm sublimity of mind.
Years o'er his snowy head have passed,
And left him of his race the last ;
Alone on earth—yet still his mien
Is bright with majesty serene ;
And those high hopes, whose guiding
 star

Shines from the eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye,
Whose fount is immortality,
And o'er his features poured a ray
Of glory, not to pass away.
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone,
On earth by nought but pity's tie
Detained a moment from on high !
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One, from all passion purified,
E'en now half mingled with the sky
And all prepared—oh ! not to die
But, like the prophet, to aspire,
In heaven's triumphal car of fire.
He speaks—and from the throngs around
Is heard not e'en a whispered sound ;
Awe-struck each heart, and fixed each
 glance,
They stand as in a spell-bound trance :
He speaks—oh ! who can hear nor own
The might of each prevailing tone ?

“Chieftains and warriors ! ye, so long
Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,
Whose fierce and far-transmitted hate
Hath made your country desolate ;

Now by the love ye bear her name,
By that pure spark of holy flame
On freedom's altar brightly burning,
But, once extinguished, ne'er returning;
By all your hopes of bliss to come,
When bursts the bondage of the tomb;
By Him, the God who bade us live
To aid each other, and forgive—
I call upon ye to resign
Your discords at your country's shrine,
Each ancient feud in peace atone,
Wield your keen sword for her alone,
And swear, upon the cross, to cast
Oblivion's mantle o'er the past."

No voice replies. The holy bands
Advance to where yon chieftain stands,
With folded arms, and brow of gloom
O'ershadowed by his floating plume.
To him they lift the cross—in vain:
He turns—oh! say not with disdain,
But with a mien of haughty grief,
That seeks not, e'en from Heaven, relief.
He rends his robes—he sternly speaks—
Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks.

"Father! not thus the wounds may close,
Inflicted by eternal foes.
Deemest thou *thy* mandate can efface
The dread volcano's burning trace?
Or bid the earthquake's ravaged scene
Be smiling as it once hath been?
No! for the deeds the sword hath done
Forgiveness is not lightly won;
The words by hatred spoke may not
Be as a summer breeze forgot!
'Tis vain—we deem the war-feud's rage
A portion of our heritage.
Leaders, now slumbering with their fame,
Bequeathed us that undying flame;
Hearts that have long been still and cold
Yet rule us from their silent mould;
And voices, heard on earth no more,
Speak to our spirits as of yore.
Talk not of mercy—blood alone
The stain of bloodshed may atone;
Nought else can pay that mighty debt,
The dead forbid us to forget."

He pauses—from the patriarch's brow
There beams more lofty grandeur now;
His reverend form, his aged hand
Assume a gesture of command,
His voice is awful, and his eye
Filled with prophetic majesty.

"The dead!—and deemest thou *they* [retain
Aught of terrestrial passion's stain?

Of guilt incurred in days gone by,
Aught but the fearful penalty?
And sayest thou, mortal! blood alone
For deeds of slaughter may atone?
There *hath* been blood—by Him 'twas shed
To expiate every crime who bled;
The absolving God who died to save,
And rose in victory from the grave!
And by that stainless offering given
Alike for all on earth to Heaven;
By that inevitable hour [power,
When death shall vanquish pride and
And each departing passion's force
Concentrate all in late remorse;
And by the day when doom shall be
Passed on earth's millions, and on thee—
The doom that shall not be repealed,
Once uttered, and for ever sealed—
I summon thee, O child of clay!
To cast thy darker thoughts away,
And meet thy foes in peace and love,
As thou wouldst join the blest above."

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling
Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing;
Oh! not in vain the pleading cries
Of anxious thousands round him rise;
He yields—devotion's mingled sense
Of faith and fear, and penitence,
Pervading all his soul, he bows
To offer on the cross his vows,
And that best incense to the skies,
Each evil passion's sacrifice.

[flowing,
Then tears from warriors' eyes were
High hearts with soft emotions glowing;
Stern foes as long-loved brothers greeting,
And ardent throngs in transport meeting;
And eager footsteps forward pressing,
And accents loud in joyous blessing;
And when their first wild tumults cease,
A thousand voices echo "Peace!"

Twilight's dim mist hath rolled away,
And the rich Orient burns with day;
Then as to greet the sunbeam's birth,
Rises the choral hymn of earth, [ing,
The exulting strain through Genoa swell-
Of peace and holy rapture telling.

Far float the sounds o'er vale and steep,
The seaman hears them on the deep,
So mellowed by the gale, they seem
As the wild music of a dream.
But not on mortal ear alone
Peals the triumphant anthem's tone;
For beings of a purer sphere
Bend with celestial joy to hear.

THE TROUBADOUR AND RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

["Not only the place of Richard's confinement" (when thrown into prison by the Duke of Austria), "if we believe the literary history of the times, but even the circumstance of his captivity, was carefully concealed by his vindictive enemies: and both might have remained unknown but for the grateful attachment of a Provençal bard, or minstrel, named Blondel, who had shared that prince's friendship and tasted his bounty. Having travelled over all the European continent to learn the destiny of his beloved patron, Blondel accidentally got intelligence of a certain castle in Germany, where a prisoner of distinction was confined, and guarded with great vigilance. Persuaded by a secret impulse that this prisoner was the King of England, the minstrel repaired to the place; but the gates of the castle were shut against him, and he could obtain no information relative to the name or quality of the unhappy person it secured. In this extremity, he bethought himself of an expedient for making the desired discovery. He chanted, with a loud voice, some verses of a song which had been composed partly by himself, partly by Richard; and to his unspeakable joy, on making a pause, he heard it re-echoed and continued by the royal captive.—*Hist. Troubadours.*) To this discovery the English monarch is said to have eventually owed his release."—See *RUSSEL'S Modern Europe*, vol. i. p. 369.]

THE Troubadour o'er many a plain
Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain.
O'er many a rugged mountain-scene
And forest wild his track hath been;
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky
He hath sung the songs of chivalry;
His voice hath swelled on the Alpine breeze,
And rung through the snowy Pyrenees;
From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave,
He hath sought his prince, the loved, the
brave;
And yet, if still on earth thou art,
Oh, monarch of the lion-heart!
The faithful spirit, which distress
But heightens to devotedness,
By toil and trial vanquished not,
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reached a mountain hung with
vine,
And woods that wave o'er the lovely Rhine;
The feudal towers that crest its height
rown in unconquerable might;
Dark is their aspect of sullen state—
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate—
Who bid the wearied pilgrim rest,
At the chieftain's board a welcome guest.
Ainly rich evening's parting smile
Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile,
But 'midst bright sunshine lowers on high,
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky.
Out these the halls where a child of song
While may speed the hours along;
Their echoes should repeat alone
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,

Or the Wild Huntsman's bugle-blast,
When his phantom train are hurrying past.
—The weary minstrel paused—his eye
Roved o'er the scene despondingly:
Within the lengthening shadow, cast
By the fortress towers and ramparts vast,
Lingering he gazed. The rocks around
Sublime in savage grandeur frowned.
Proud guardians of the regal flood,
In giant strength the mountains stood—
By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,
Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.
Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow,
But the Rhine all shadowy rolled below;
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,
But the woods beyond waved dark and
wild;
Nor pastoral pipe nor convent's bell
Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell;
But all was lonely, silent, rude,
A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark! that solemn stillness breaking,
The Troubadour's wild song is waking.
Full oft that song in days gone by
Hath cheered the sons of chivalry:
It hath swelled o'er Judah's mountains
lone,
Hermon! thy echoes have learned its
tone;
On the Great Plain* its notes have rung,
The leagued Crusaders' tents among;
'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who won
The palm in the field of Ascalon;
And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine
Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

* A custom in feudal times, as a token that
angers were invited to enter the castle, and
take of hospitality.

* The plain of Esdræion.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

'THINE hour is come, and the stake is set."

The Soldan cried to the captive knight ;
"And the sons of the Prophet in throngs
are met
To gaze on the fearful sight.

"But be our faith by thy lips professed,
The faith of Mecca's shrine,
Cast down the red cross that marks thy vest,
And life shall yet be thine."

I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,
And gazed with undaunted eye ;
I have borne the bright cross through fire
and flood,
And think'st thou I fear to die ?

"I have stood where thousands, by Salem's
towers,
Have fallen for the name Divine ;
And the faith that cheered *their* closing
hours
Shall be the light of mine."

"Thus wilt thou die in the pride of health,
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom ?
Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,
Or torture and the tomb."

"I have been where the crown of thorns
was twined,
For a dying Saviour's brow ;
Hesprung the treasures that lure mankind,
And I reject them now !"

"Art thou the son of a noble line,
In a land that is fair and blest ;
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive !
pine,
Again on its shores to rest ?

'Thine own is the choice to hail once more
The soil of thy father's birth,

Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are
o'er,
Forgotten in foreign earth."

"Oh ! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise
In the country of my love ;
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,
There's a brighter clime above !"

The bard hath paused—for another tone
Blends with the music of his own ;
And his heart beats high with hope again,
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain.

"ARE there none within thy father's hall,
Far o'er the wide blue main,
Young Christian ! left to deplore thy fall,
With sorrow deep and vain ?"

"There are hearts that still, through all
the past,
Unchanging have loved me well ;
There are eyes whose tears were streaming
fast
When I bade my home farewell.

"Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier
Than the apostate's living stain ;
There's a land where those who loved
when here
Shall meet to love again."

[lost,
'Tis he ! thy prince—long sought, long
The leader of the red-cross host !
'Tis he !—to none thy joy betray,
Young Troubadour ! away, away !
Away to the island of the brave,
The gem on the bosom of the wave ;
Arouse the sons of the noble soil
To win their Lion from the toil
And free the wassail-cup shall flow,
Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow ;
The festal board shall be richly crowned,
While knights and chieftains revel round,
And a thousand harps with joy shall ring
When merry England hails her King.

THE DEATH OF CONRADIN

[*"La défaite de Conradin ne devait mettre une terme ni à ses malheurs, ni au vengeance du roi (Charles d'Anjou). L'amour du peuple pour l'héritier légitime du trône avait éclaté d'une manière effrayante ; il pouvait causer de nouvelles révolutions, si Conradin demeurait en vie ; et Charles revêtant sa défiance et sa cruauté des formes de la justice, résolut de faire périr sur l'échafaud le dernier rejeton de la maison de Souabe, l'unique espérance de sa parti. Un seul juge, Provençal et sujet de Charles, dont les historiens n'ont pas voulu conserver le nom, osa voter pour la mort, d'autres se renfermèrent dans un timide et coupable silence ; et Charles, sur l'autorité de ce seul juge, fit prononcer par Robert de Bari, protonotaire du royaume, la sentence de mort contre*

Conradin et tous ses compagnons. Cette sentence fut communiquée à Conradin comme il jouait aux échecs ; on lui laissa peu de temps pour se préparer à son exécution ; et le 26 d'Octobre il fut conduit, avec tous ses amis, sur la Place du Marché de Naples, le long du rivage de la mer. Charles était présent, avec toute sa cour, et un foule immense entourait le roi vainqueur et le roi condamné. Conradin était entre les mains des bourreaux ; il détacha lui-même son manteau, et s'étant mis à genoux pour prier, il se releva en s'écriant : 'O ma mère ! quelle profonde douleur te causera la nouvelle qu'on va te porter de moi !' Puis il tourna les yeux sur la foule qui l'entourait ; il vit les larmes, il entendit les sanglots de son peuple ; alors, détachant son gant, il jeta au milieu de ses sujets ce gage d'un combat de vengeance, et rendit sa tête au bourreau. Après lui, sur le même échafaud, Charles fit trancher la tête au Duc d'Autriche, aux Comtes Gerard, et Galvano Donosatico de Pise. Par un raffinement de cruauté, Charles voulut que le premier, fils du second, précédât son père et mourût entre ses bras. Les cadavres d'après ses ordres, furent exclus d'une terre sainte, et inhumés sans pompe sur le rivage de la mer. Charles II., cependant, fit dans la suite, bâtir sur le même lieu une église de Carmelites comme pour apaiser ces ombres irritées."—SISMONDI.]

No cloud to dim the splendour of the day
Which breaks o'er Naples and her lovely bay,

And lights that brilliant sea and magic
With every tint that charmed the great of yore—

The imperial ones of earth, who proudly
Their marble domes e'en ocean's realm invade.

That race is gone, but glorious Nature here
Maintains unchanged her own sublime career,

And bids these regions of the sun display
Bright hues, surviving empires passed away.

The beam of heaven expands—its kindling
Reveals each charm of many a fairy isle,
Whose image floats, in softer colouring dressed,
With all its rocks and vines, on ocean's breast.

Misenum's cape hath caught the vivid ray,
On Roman streamers there no more to play ;
Still, as of old, unalterably bright,
Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's height,
With all Italia's sunshine to illumine
The hallowed canopy of Virgil's tomb.

Campania's plains rejoice in light, and spread

Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty dead ;
In glittering to thine own transparent skies,

Thy palaces, exulting Naples ! rise ;
Hail far on high Vesuvius rears his peak,
Crowded and dark with many a lava streak.

O ye bright shores of Circe and the Muse !
With all nature's and all fiction's hues,
I shall explore your regions, and declare
No poet * erred to paint Elysium there ?
I up his spirit, wanderer ! bid him guide
My steps those siren-haunted seas beside ;

And all the scene a lovelier light shall wear,
And spells more potent shall pervade the air.

What though his dust be scattered, and his
Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn,
Still dwell the beings of his verse around,
Hovering in beauty o'er the enchanted ground ;

His lays are murmured in each breeze that
Soft o'er the sunny waves and orange-groves ;

His memory's charm is spread o'er shore
The soul, the genius of Parthenope ;
Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-clad hill

The purple radiance of Elysium still.

Yet that fair soil and calm resplendent sky
Have witnessed many a dark reality.

Oft o'er those bright blue seas the gale hath borne

The sighs of exiles never to return.
There with the whisper of Campania's gale
Hath mingled oft Affection's funeral wail,
Mourning for buried heroes—while to her
That glowing land was but their sepulchre.

And there, of old, the dread mysterious moan

Swelled from strange voices of no mortal
And that wild trumpet, whose unearthly note

Was heard at midnight o'er the hills to float
Around the spot where Agrippina died,
Denouncing vengeance on the Matricide. *

Passed are those ages—yet another crime,

Another woe, must stain the Elysian clime.
There stands a scaffold on the sunny shore—

It must be crimsoned ere the day is o'er !

* Nero ; who thought he heard horrid cries from Agrippina's tomb, and a mournful sound of trumpets from the hills.

* Virgil.

There is a throne in regal pomp arrayed—
A scene of death from thence must be surveyed.

Marked ye the rushing throngs? Each
Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale;
But the deep workings of the indignant
breast, [mien is pale,
[pressed;

Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all sup-
The burning tear awhile must check its
course,

The avenging thought concentrate all its
force;

For tyranny is near, and will not brook
Aught but submission in each guarded look.

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and with
mien

Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene;
And in his eye a keen suspicious glance
Of jealous pride and restless vigilance,
Behold the conqueror! Vainly in his face
Of gentler feeling hope would seek a trace.
Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which hath
lent

Its haughty stamp to each dark lineament:
And pleading Mercy, in the sternness there,
May read at once her sentence—to despair!

But thou, fair boy! the beautiful, the
brave, [grave,

Thus passing from the dungeon to the
While all is yet around thee which can give
A charm to earth, and make it bliss to live;
Thou on whose form hath dwelt a mother's
eye, [die

Till the deep love that not with thee shall
Hath grown too full for utterance—can it
be!

And is this pomp of death prepared for thee,
Young, royal Conradin! who shouldst have
known

Of life as yet the sunny smile alone!
Oh! who can view thee, in the pride and
bloom

Of youth, arrayed so richly for the tomb,
Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost soul,
Emotions tyranny may ne'er control?
Bright victim! to Ambition's altar led,
Crowned with all flowers that heaven on
earth can shed,

Who, from the oppressor towering in his
pride,

May hope for mercy—if to thee denied?
There is dead silence on the breathless
throne,

Dead silence all the peopled shore along,
As on the captive moves—the only sound,
To break that calm so fearfully profound,

The low sweet murmur of the rippling wave,
Soft as it glides the smiling shore to lave;
While on that shore, his own fair heritage,
The youthful martyr to a tyrant's rage,
Is passing to his fate. The eyes are dim,
Which gaze, through tears that dare not
flow, on him.

He mounts the scaffold—doth his footstep
fail? [pale?

Doth his lip quiver? doth his cheek turn
Oh! it may be forgiven him if a thought

Cling to that world, for him with beauty
fraught, [meed,

To all the hopes that promised glory's
And all the affections that with him shall
bleed! [rose

If, in his life's young dayspring, while the
Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly glows,
One human fear convulse his parting breath,
And shrink from all the bitterness of death!

But no! the spirit of his royal race
Sits brightly on his brow: that youthful face
Beams with heroic beauty, and his eye
Is eloquent with injured majesty.

He kneels—but not to man; his heart shall
own

Such deep submission to his God alone!
And who can tell with what sustaining
power [hour?

That God may visit him in fate's dread
How the still voice, which answers every
moan, [is gone!

May speak of hope—when hope on earth

That solemn pause is o'er. The youth
hath given [heaven.

One glance of parting love to earth and
The sun rejoices in the unclouded sky,

Life all around him glows—and he must
die! [throws

Yet 'midst his people, undismayed, he
The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes;

Vengeance that, like their own volcano's
fire, [expire.

May sleep suppressed awhile—but not
One softer image rises o'er his breast,

One fond regret, and all shall be at rest!
"Alas for thee, my mother! who shall bear

To thy sad heart the tidings of despair,
When thy lost child is gone!" That thought
can thrill [still.

His soul with pangs one moment mores hall
The lifted axe is glittering in the sun—

It falls—the race of Conradin is run!
Yet from the blood which flows that shore

to stain, [vain!

A voice shall cry to Heaven—and not in

Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous throne,
In proud supremacy of guilt alone,
Charles of Anjou!—but that dread voice
shall be
A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee!

The scene of death is closed—the throngs depart,
A deep stern lesson graved on every heart.
No pomp, no funeral rites, no streaming eyes,
High-minded boy! may grace thine obsequies.

O vainly royal and beloved! thy grave,
Unsanctified, is bathed by ocean's wave;
Marked by no stone, a rude, neglected spot,
Unhonoured, unadorned—but *unforgotten*:
For thy deep wrongs in tameless hearts
shall live,
Now mutely suffering—never to forgive!

The sunset fades from purple heavens away—
A bark hath anchored in the unruffled bay:

Thence on the beach descends a female form,
Her mien with hope and tearful transport warm;
But life hath left sad traces on her cheek,
And her soft eyes a chastened heart bespeak,
Inured to woes—yet what were all the past?
She sank not feebly 'neath affliction's blast,
While one bright hope remained: who now shall tell
The uncrowned, the widowed, how her loved one fell?
To clasp her child, to ransom and to save,
The mother came—and she hath found his grave!
And by that grave, transfixed in speechless grief,
Whose deathlike trance denies a tear's relief,
Awhile she kneels—till roused at length to know,
To feel the might, the fulness of her woe.
On the still air a voice of anguish wild,
A mother's cry is heard—"My Conradin,
my child!"

1819

WALLACE'S INVOCATION TO BRUCE

A PRIZE POEM

"Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!"

THE morn rose bright on scenes renowned,
Wild Caledonia's classic ground,
Where the bold sons of other days
Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,
And fell—but not till Carron's tide
With Roman blood was darkly dyed.
The morn rose bright—and heard the cry
Sent by exulting hosts on high,
And saw the white-cross banner float,
(While rung each clansman's gathering note.)
O'er the dark plumes and serried spears
Of Scotland's daring Mountaineers;
As all elate with hope, they stood
To buy their freedom with their blood.

The sunset shone—to guide the flying,
And beam a farewell to the dying!
The summer moon, on Falkirk's field,
Streams upon eyes in slumber sealed;

B

Deep slumber—not to pass away
When breaks another morning's ray,
Nor vanish, when the trumpet's voice
Bids ardent hearts again rejoice:
What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's
breath,
May chase the still cold sleep of death?
Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stained
plaid,
Low are her mountain-warriors laid;
They fell on that proud soil, whose mould
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,
And, guarded by the free and brave,
Yielded the Roman—but a grave!
Nobly they fell—yet with them died
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride.
Vainly they fell—that martyr-host—
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.
Blest are the slain! *they* calmly sleep,
Nor hear their bleeding country weep;

The shouts of England's triumph telling,
Reach not their dark and silent dwelling;
And those, surviving to bequeath
Their sons the choice of chains or death,
May give the slumberer's lowly bier
An envying glance—but not a tear.

But thou, the fearless and the free,
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie!
No vassal-spirit, formed to bow
When storms are gathering, clouds thy
brow,

No shade of fear, or weak despair,
Blends with indignant sorrow there!
The ray which streams on yon red field,
O'er Scotland's cloven helm and shield,
Glitters not *there* alone, to shed
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead;
But, where smooth Carron's rippling wave
Flows near that death-bed of the brave,
Illuming all the midnight scene,
Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.
But other beams, O Patriot! shine
In each commanding glance of thine,
And other light hath filled thine eye
With inspiration's majesty,
Caught from th' immortal flame divine,
Which makes thine inmost heart a shrine!
Thy voice a prophet's tone hath won,
The grandeur Freedom lends her son;
Thy bearing, a resistless power,
The ruling genius of the hour.
And he, yon Chief, with mien of pride,
Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,
Whose haughty gesture fain would seek
To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek,
Feels his reluctant mind controlled
By thine of more heroic mould:
Though, struggling all in vain to war
With that high mind's ascendant star,
He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,
Would mock the name of Liberty.

Hear ye the Patriot's awful voice?—
“Proud Victor! in thy fame rejoice!
Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,
The harvest of thy battle-plain,
And bathed thy sword in blood, whose
spot

Eternity shall cancel not?
Rejoice!—with sounds of wild lament,
O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent,
With dying moan, and dirge's wail,
Thy ravaged country bids thee hail!
Rejoice!—while yet exulting cries
From England's conquering host arise,
And strains of choral triumph tell
Her Royal Slave hath fought too well!

Oh! dark the clouds of woe that rest
Brooding o'er Scotland's mountain-crest!
Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,
O'er martyred chiefs her daughters mourn,
And not a breeze, but wafts the sound
Of wailing through the land around.
Yet deem not thou, till life depart,
High hope shall leave the Patriot's heart,
Or courage, to the storm inured,
Or stern resolve, by woes matured,
Oppose, to Fate's severest hour,
Less than unconquerable power!
No! though the orbs of heaven expire,
Thine, Freedom! is a quenchless fire;
And woe to him whose might would
dare

The energies of *thy* despair!
No!—when thy chain, O Bruce! is cast
O'er thy land's chartered mountain-blast,
Then in my yielding soul shall die
The glorious faith of Liberty!”

“Wild hopes! o'er dreamer's mind that
rise!”

With haughty laugh the Conqueror cries,
(Yet his dark cheek is flushed with shame,
And his eye filled with troubled flame;)
“Vain, brief illusions! doomed to fly
England's red path of victory!
Is not her sword unmatched in might?
Her course, a torrent in the fight?
The terror of her name gone forth
Wide o'er the regions of the north?
Far hence, 'midst other heaths and snows,
Must Freedom's footstep now repose.
And thou—in lofty dreams elate,
Enthusiast! strive no more with Fate!
‘Tis vain—the land is lost and won—
Sheathed be the sword—its task is done.
Where are the chiefs that stood with thee:
First in the battles of the free?
The firm in heart, in spirit high?
They sought yon fatal field to die.
Each step of Edward's conquering host
Hath left a grave on Scotland's coast.”

“Vassal of England, yes! a grave
Where sleep the faithful and the brave.
And who the glory would resign,
Of death like theirs, for life like thine?
They slumber—and the stranger's tread
May spurn thy country's noble dead;
Yet, on the land they loved so well,
Still shall their burning spirit dwell,
Their deeds shall hallow Minstrel's theme;
Their image rise on warrior's dream,
Their names be inspiration's breath,
Kindling high hope and scorn of death..

Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,
 The flame that shall avenge their doom !
 This is no land for chains—away !
 O'er softer climes let tyrants sway !
 Think'st thou the mountain and the storm
 Their hardy sons for bondage form ?
 Doth our stern wintry blast instill
 Submission to a despot's will ?
 No ! *we* were cast in other mould
 Than theirs by lawless power controlled ;
 The nurture of our bitter sky
 Calls forth resisting energy ;
 And the wild fastnesses are ours,
 The rocks, with their eternal towers ;
 The soul to struggle and to dare,
 Is mingled with our northern air,
 And dust beneath our soil is lying
Of those who died for fame undying.
 Tread'st thou that soil ! and can it be,
 No loftier thought is roused in thee ?
 Doth no high feeling proudly start
 From slumber in thine inmost heart ?
 No secret voice thy bosom thrill,
 For thine own Scotland pleading still ?
 Oh ! wake thee yet—indignant claim
 A nobler fate, a purer fame,
 And cast to earth thy fetters riven,
 And take thine offered crown from heaven !
 Wake ! in that high majestic lot,
 Lay the dark past be all forgot,
 And Scotland shall forgive the field,
 Where with her blood thy shame was
 sealed.
 'E'en I—though on that fatal plain
 Lies my heart's brother with the slain,
 Though reft of his heroic worth,
 My spirit dwells alone on earth ;
 And when all other grief is past,
 Must *this* be cherished to the last—
 Till lead thy battles, guard thy throne,
 With faith unspotted as his own,
 Or in thy noon of fame recall
'Twas he the guilt that wrought his
 fall."

Still dost thou hear in stern disdain ?
 Freedom's warning accents vain ?
 O ! royal Bruce ! within thy breast
 Akes each high thought, too long sup-
 pressed ;
 And thy heart's noblest feelings live,
 Sent in that suppliant word—"Forgive !"
 Forgive the wrongs to Scotland done !
 Allace ! thy fairest palm is won,
 And, kindling at my country's shrine,
 Thy soul hath caught a spark from thine.
 I deem not in the proudest hour
 Triumph and exulting power—

Deem not the light of peace could find
 A home within my troubled mind.
 Conflicts, by mortal eye unseen,
 Dark, silent, secret, there have been,
 Known but to Him whose glance can
 trace

Thought to its deepest dwelling-place !
 —'Tis past—and on my native shore
 I tread, a rebel son no more,
 Too blest, if yet my lot may be
 In glory's path to follow thee ;
 If tears, by late repentance poured,
 May lave the blood-stains from my
 sword !"

Far other tears, O Wallace ! rise
 From the heart's fountain to thine eyes.
 Bright, holy, and unchecked they spring,
 While thy voice falters, "Hail ! my King !"
 Be every wrong, by memory traced,
 In this full tide of joy effaced !
 Hail ! and rejoice !—thy race shall claim
 A heritage of deathless fame,
 And Scotland shall arise, at length,
 Majestic in triumphant strength,
 An eagle of the rock, that won
 A way through tempests to the sun !
 Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,
 The prophet-spirit of thy land :
 By torrent-wave, in desert vast,
 Those visions o'er my thought have
 passed ;

Where mountain-vapours darkly roll,
 That spirit hath possessed my soul !
 And shadowy forms have met mine eye,
 The beings of futurity !
 And a deep voice of years to be,
 Hath told that Scotland shall be free !
 He comes ! exult, thou Sire of Kings !
 From thee the chief, th' avenger springs !
 Far o'er the land he comes to save,
 His banners in their glory wave,
 And Albyn's thousand harps awake
 On hill and heath, by stream and lake,
 To swell the strains, that far around
 Bid the proud name of Bruce resound.
 And I—but wherefore now recall
 The whispered omens of my fall ?
 They come not in mysterious gloom,
 —There is no bondage in the tomb !
 O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,
 And earth alone for man hath chains !
 What though I perish ere the hour
 When Scotland's vengeance wakes in
 power !

If shed for her, my blood shall stain
 The field or scaffold not in vain.
 Its voice, to efforts more sublime,
 Shall rouse the spirit of her clime,

And in the noontide of her lot,
My country shall forget me not ! "

Art thou forgot? and hath thy worth
Without its glory passed from earth?
—Rest with the brave, whose names belong
To the high sanctity of song,
Chartered our reverence to control,
And traced in sunbeams on the soul;
Thine, Wallace! while the heart has still
One pulse a generous thought can thrill,
While youth's warm tears are yet the meed
Of martyr's death, or hero's deed,
Shall brightly live, from age to age
Thy country's proudest heritage!
Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling,
Thy deeds her mountain-winds are telling,
Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,
Thy step hath hallowed rock and cave;
And cold the wanderer's heart must be,
That holds no converse there with thee!

Yet, Scotland! to thy champion's shade
Still are thy grateful rites delayed;

From lands of old renown, o'erspread
With proud memorials of the dead,
The trophied urn, the breathing bust,
The pillar, guarding noble dust,
The shrine where heart and genius high
Have laboured for eternity;
The stranger comes—his eye explores
The wilds of thy majestic shores,
Yet vainly seeks one votive stone
Raised to the hero all thine own.

Land of bright deeds and minstrel-lore!
Withhold that guerdon now no more.
On some bold height, of awful form,
Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,
Sublimely mingling with the skies,
Bid the proud Cenotaph arise!
Not to record the name that thrills
Thy soul, the watchword of thy hills;
Not to assert, with needless claim,
The bright *for ever* of its fame;
But, in the ages yet untold,
When *ours* shall be the days of old,
To rouse high hearts, and speak thy pride
In him, for thee who lived and died.

1820

THE SCEPTIC

[“ Leur raison, qu'ils prennent pour guide, ne présente à leur esprit que des conjectures et des embarras; les absurdités où ils tombent en niant la Religion deviennent plus insoutenables que les vérités dont la hauteur les étonne; et pour ne vouloir pas croire des mystères incompréhensibles, ils suivent l'une après l'autre d'incompréhensibles erreurs.”—BOSSUET, *Oraisons funèbres*.]

WHEN the young Eagle, with exulting eye,
Has learned to dare the splendour of the sky,

And leave the Alps beneath him in his course,

To bathe his crest in morn's empyreal
Will his free wing, from that majestic height,

Descend to follow some wild meteor's
Which far below, with evanescent fire,

Shines to delude, and dazzles to expire?
No! still through clouds he wins his upward way,

And proudly claims his heritage of day!
—And shall the spirit, on whose ardent gaze

The Day-spring from on high hath poured
its blaze,

Turn from that pure effulgence to the beam
Of earth-born light, that sheds a treacherous gleam,

Luring the wanderer from the star of faith,
To the deep valley of the shades of death?

What bright exchange, what treasure shall
be given, [Heaven?

For the high birth-right of its hope in
If lost the gem which empires could not buy,

What yet remains?—a dark eternity!

Is earth still Eden?—might a Seraph
guest,

Still, 'midst its chosen bowers delighted
rest?

Is all so cloudless and so calm below,
Weseeke no fairer scenes than *life* can show?

That the cold Sceptic, in his pride elate,
Rejects the promise of a brighter state,

And leaves the rock, no tempest shall dis-
place, [base?

To rear his dwelling on the quicksand's
Votary of doubt! then join the festal throng,

Bask in the sunbeam, listen to the song,



Spread the rich board, and fill the wine-
cup high,
And bind the wreath ere yet the roses die !
"Tis well—thine eye is yet undimmed by
time, [prime ;
And thy heart bounds, exulting in its
Smile then unmoved at Wisdom's warning
voice,
And in the glory of thy strength, rejoice !

But life hath sterner tasks ; e'en youth's
brief hours
Survive the beauty of their loveliest flowers ;
The founts of joy, where pilgrims rest from
toil,
Are few and distant on the desert soil ;
The soul's pure flame the breath of storms
must fan, [Man !
And pain and sorrow claim their nursling—
Earth's noblest sons the bitter cup have
shared— [pared ?
Proud child of reason ! how art *thou* pre-
Vened years, with silent might, thy frame
have bowed,
and o'er thy spirit cast their wintry cloud,
Vill Memory soothe thee on thy bed of
pain,
With the bright images of pleasure's train ?

Yes ! as the sight of some far-distant
shore,
Whose well-known scenes his foot shall
tread no more,
Would cheer the seaman, by the eddying
wave [grave !
Drawn, vainly struggling, to th' unfathomed
hall Hope, the faithful cherub, hear thy
call, [for all ?
He who, like heaven's own sunbeam, smiles
/ill *she* speak comfort ?—Thou hast shorn
her plume, [tomb,
hat might have raised thee far above the
nd hushed the only voice whose angel tone
sothes when all melodies of joy are flown !

For she was born beyond the stars to
soar,
nd kindling at the source of life, adore ;
hou couldst not, mortal ! rivet to the
earth
er eye, whose beam is of celestial birth ;
e dwells with those who leave her pinion
free, [thee.
nd sheds the dews of heaven on all but

Yet few there are so lonely, so bereft,
it some true heart, that beats to theirs, is
left ;

And haply one whose strong affection's
power,
Unchanged, may triumph through misfor-
tune's hour, [head,
Still with fond care supports thy languid
And keeps unwearied vigils by thy bed.

But thou ! whose thoughts have no blest
home above, [Love ?
Captive of earth ! and canst thou dare to
To nurse such feelings as delight to rest
Within that hallowed shrine—a parent's
breast ;
To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,
On one frail idol—destined but to die ;
Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of
light,
Where severed souls, made perfect, re-
unite ?
Then tremble ! cling to every passing joy,
Twined with the life a moment may de-
stroy !
If there be sorrow in a parting tear,
Still let "*for ever*" vibrate on thine ear !
If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath
flown,
Find more than anguish in the thought—
'tis gone !

Go ! to a voice such magic influence
give,
Thou canst not lose its melody, and live ;
And make an eye the load-star of thy soul,
And let a glance the springs of thought
control ;
Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight ;
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy
trust,
Lean on the willow, idolise the dust !
Then, when thy treasure best repays thy
care, [spair !
Think on that dread "*for ever*," and de-

And oh ! no strange, unwonted storm
there needs
To wreck at once thy fragile ark of reeds.
Watch well its course—explore with
anxious eye
Each little cloud that floats along the sky :
Is the blue canopy serenely fair ?
Yet may the thunderbolt unseen be there,
And the bark sink, when peace and sun-
shine sleep
On the smooth bosom of the waveless deep !
Yes ! ere a sound, a sign, announce thy fate,
May the blow fall which makes thee deso-
late !

Not always Heaven's destroying angel
shrouds

His awful form in tempests and in clouds ;
He fills the summer air with latent power,
He hides his venom in the scented flower,
He steals upon thee in the Zephyr's breath,
And festal garlands veil the shafts of death !

Where art thou *then*, who thus didst
rashly cast

Thine all upon the mercy of the blast,
And vainly hope the tree of life to find
Rooted in sands that flit before the wind ?
Is not that earth thy spirit loved so well,
It wished not in a brighter sphere to dwell,
Become a desert *now*, a vale of gloom,
O'ershadowed with the midnight of the
tomb ?

Where shalt thou turn ?—it is not thine to
raise

To yon pure heaven thy calm confiding
gaze—

No gleam reflected from that realm of rest
Steals on the darkness of thy troubled
breast,

Not for thine eye shall Faith divinely shed
Her glory round the image of the dead ;
And if, when slumber's lonely couch is
prest,

The form departed be thy spirit's guest,
It bears no light from purer worlds to this ;
Thy future lends not e'en a dream of bliss.

But who shall dare the Gate of Life to
close,

Or say, *thus far* the stream of mercy flows ?
That fount unsealed, whose boundless
waves embrace

Each distant isle, and visit every race,
Pours from the throne of God its current
free,

Nor yet denies th' immortal draught to thee.
Oh ! while the doom impends, not yet de-
creed,

While yet th' Atoner hath not ceased to
plead—

While still, suspended by a single hair,
The sharp bright sword hangs quivering
in the air,

Bow down thy heart to Him who will not
break

The bruised reed ; e'en yet, awake, awake !
Patient, because Eternal.* He may hear
Thy prayer of agony with pitying ear,

And send His chastening spirit from above,
O'er the deep chaos of thy soul to move.

But seek thou mercy through His name
alone, [shown ;
To whose unequalled sorrows none was
Through Him who here in mortal garb
abode,

As man to suffer, and to heal, as God ;
And, born the sons of utmost time to bless,
Endured all scorn, and aided all distress.

Call thou on Him—for He, in human
form, [the storm.

Hath walked the waves of Life, and stilled
He, when her hour of lingering grace was
past,

O'er Salem wept, relenting to the last,
Wept with such tears as Judah's monarch
poured

O'er his lost child, ungrateful, yet deplored ;
And, offering guiltless blood that guilt
might live, [give !

Taught from His Cross the lesson to for-

Call thou on Him—His prayer e'en then
arose,

Breathed in unpitied anguish for His foes.
And haste ! ere bursts the lightning from
on high,

Fly to the City of thy Refuge, fly ! *
So shall th' Avenger turn his steps away,
And sheath his falchion, baffled of its prey.

Yet must long days roll on, ere peace
shall brood, [dued ;

As the soft Halcyon, o'er thy heart sub-
Ere yet the Dove of Heaven descend, to
shed

Inspiring influence o'er thy fallen head.
—He who hath pined in dungeons, 'midst
the shade

Of such deep night as man for man hath
made,

Through lingering years ; if called at length
to be,

Once more, by nature's boundless charter,
free, [shun,

Shrinks feebly back, the blaze of noon to
Fainting at day, and blasted by the sun.

* "Then ye shall appoint you cities, to be
cities of refuge for you ; that the slayer may flee
thither which killeth any person at unawares.—
And they shall be unto you cities of refuge from
the avenger."—*Numbers*, chap. xxxv.

* "He is patient, because He is eternal."—
St. AUGUSTINE.

Thus, when the captive soul hath long remained
In its own dread abyss of darkness chained,
If the Deliverer, in His might, at last,
Its fetters, born of earth, to earth should cast,
The beam of truth o'erpowers its dazzled sight,
Trembling it sinks, and finds no joy in light.
But this will pass away—that spark of mind,
Within thy frame unquenchably enshrined,
Shall live to triumph in its brightening ray,
Born to be fostered with ethereal day.
Then wilt thou bless the hour when o'er thee passed,
On wing of flame, the purifying blast,
And sorrow's voice, through paths before untrod, [God!
Like Sinai's trumpet, called thee to thy

But hop'st thou, in thy panoply of pride,
Heaven's messenger, Affliction, to deride?
In thine own strength unaided to defy,
With Stoic smile, the arrows of the sky?
Torn by the vulture, fettered to the rock,
Still, Demigod! the tempest wilt thou mock?
Alas! the tower that crests the mountain's brow
A thousand years may awe the vale below,
Yet not the less be shattered on its height
By one dread moment of the earthquake's might!
A thousand pangs thy bosom may have borne,
In silent fortitude, or haughty scorn,
Till comes the one, the master-anguish, sent
To break the mighty heart that ne'er was bent.

Oh! what is nature's strength? The vacant eye,
Thy mind deserted, hath a dread reply!
The wild delirious laughter of despair,
The mirth of frenzy—seek an answer there!
Turn not away, though pity's cheek grow pale,
Lose not thine ear against their awful tale.
Hear tell thee Reason, wandering from the ray
Of Faith, the blazing pillar of her way,
In the mid-darkness of the stormy wave,
How sook the struggling soul she could not save!
Weep not, sad moralist! o'er desert plains,
Sorrowed with the wrecks of grandeur—
Mouldering fanes,

Arches of triumph, long with weeds o'er-grown,
And regal cities, now the serpent's own:
Earth has more awful ruins—one lost mind,
Whose star is quenched, hath lessons for mankind
Of deeper import than each prostrate dome
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome.

But who with eye unshrinking shall explore
That waste, illumed by reason's beam no more?
Who pierce the deep, mysterious clouds that roll
Around the shattered temple of the soul,
Curtained with midnight? Low its columns lie,
And dark the chambers of its imagery;*
Sunk are its idols now—and God alone
May rear the fabric by their fall o'er-thrown. [bare,
Yet from its inmost shrine, by storms laid
Is heard an oracle that cries—"Beware!"
Child of the dust! but ransomed of the skies! [dies!
One breath of Heaven—and thus thy glory
Haste, ere the hour of doom, draw nigh to Him
Who dwells above between the cherubim!

Spirit dethroned! and checked in mid career,
Son of the morning! exiled from thy sphere,
Tell us thy tale.—Perchance thy race was run
With Science in the chariot of the sun;
Free as the winds the paths of space to sweep, [deep,
Traverse the untrodden kingdoms of the
And search the laws that nature's springs control, [whole!
There tracing all—save Him who guides the

Haply thine eye its ardent glance had cast
Through the dim shades, the portals of the past; [fed
By the bright lamp of thought thy care had
From the far beacon lights of ages fled,
The depths of time exploring, to retrace
The glorious march of many a vanished race?

* "Every man in the chambers of his imagery."—*Ezekiel*. chap. viii.

Or did thy power pervade the living lyre,
Till its deep chords became instinct with
fire, [high,
Silenced all meaner notes, and swelled on
Full and alone, their mighty harmony ;
While woke each passion from its cell
profound,
And nations started at th' electric sound ?

Lord of the Ascendant ! what avails it
now, [brow ?
Though bright the laurels waved upon thy
What though thy name through distant
empires heard, [word ?
Bade the heart bound, as doth a battle-
Was it for *this* thy still unwearied eye
Kept vigil with the watch-fires of the sky,
To make the secrets of all ages thine,
And commune with majestic thoughts
that shine [thy mind
O'er Time's long shadowy pathway ?—hath
Severed its lone dominions from mankind,
For *this* to woo their homage ? Thou hast
sought [fraught ;
All—save the wisdom with salvation
Won every wreath—but that which will
not die ;
Nor aught neglected—save eternity !

And did all fail thee, in the hour of wrath,
When burst th' o'erwhelming vials on thy
path, [then,
Could not the voice of Fame inspire thee
O spirit ! sceptred by the sons of men,
With an Immortal's courage, to sustain
The transient agonies of earthly pain ?

—One, one there was, all-powerful to have
saved
When the loud fury of the billow raved ;
But Him thou knew'st not—and the light
He lent
Hath vanished from its ruined tenement,
But left thee breathing, moving, lingering
yet,
A thing we shrink from—vainly to forget !

—Lift the dread veil no further—hide, oh !
hide
The bleeding form, the couch of suicide !
The dagger, grasped in death—the brow,
the eye,
Lifeless, yet stamped with rage and agony ;
The soul's dark traces left in many a line
Graved on *his* mien, who died—"and
made no sign !" [brain
Approach not, gaze not—lest thy fevered
Too deep that image of despair retain.

Angels of slumber ! o'er the midnight hour
Let not such visions claim unhallowed
power,
Lest the mind sink with terror, and above
See but the Avenger's arm, forget the
Atoner's love !

O Thou ! the unseen, the all-seeing !—
Thou whose ways,
Mantled with darkness, mock all finite
gaze, [hand,
Before whose eyes the creatures of Thy
Seraph and man, alike in weakness stand ;
And countless ages, trampling into clay
Earth's empires on their march, are but a
day ; [—Thou,
Father of worlds unknown, unnumbered !
With whom all time is one eternal *now*,
Who know'st no past nor future—Thou
whose breath [death,
Goes forth, and bears to myriads life or
Look on us ! guide us !—wanderers of a sea
Wild and obscure, what are we, reft of
'Thee ?
A thousand rocks, deep hid, elude our sight,
A star may set—and we are lost in night ;
A breeze may waft us to the whirlpool's
brink,
A treacherous song allure us—and we sink !

Oh ! by *His* love, who, veiling God-
head's light,
To moments circumscribed the Infinite,
And Heaven and Earth disdained not to ally
By that dread union—Man with Deity ;
Immortal tears o'er mortal woes Whoshed,
And, ere He raised them, wept above the
dead ;
Save, or we perish ! Let Thy word control
The earthquakes of that universe—the soul ;
Pervade the depths of passion—speak
once more
The mighty mandate, guard of every shore,
" Here shall thy waves be stayed," in grief,
in pain, [tain ;
The fearful poise of reason's sphere main-
Thou, by whom suns are balanced !—thus
secure
In Thee shall Faith and Fortitude endure ;
Conscious of Thee, unfaltering shall the just
Look upward still, in high and holy trust,
And, by affliction guided to Thy shrine,
The first, last thoughts of suffering hearts
be Thine.

And oh ! be near when, clothed with
conquering power, [hour :
The King of Terrors claims his own dread

When, on the edge of that unknown abyss
Which darkly parts us from the realm of
bliss,

Awestruck alike the timid and the brave,
Alike subdued the monarch and the slave,
Must drink the cup of trembling *—when
we see [Thee,

Nought in the universe but Death and
Forsake us not—if still, when life was
young, [sprung,

Faith to Thy bosom, as her home, hath
If Hope's retreat hath been, through all
the past,

The shadow by the Rock of Ages cast,
Father, forsake us not!—when tortures
urge [verge,

The shrinking soul to that mysterious
When from Thy justice to Thy love we fly,
On nature's conflict look with pitying eye,
Bid the strong wind, the fire, the earth-
quake cease, [—Peace! †

Come in the small still voice, and whisper

For oh! 'tis awful! He that hath beheld
The parting spirit, by its fears repelled,
ling in weak terror to its earthly chain,
and from the dizzy brink recoil, in vain;
He that hath seen the last convulsive throes
Dissolve the union formed and closed in
woe, [pride

Vell knows that hour is awful.—In the
Of youth and health, by sufferings yet
untried, [twere sweet

We talk of Death as something which
In Glory's arms exultingly to meet;
A closing triumph, a majestic scene,
Where gazing nations watch the hero's
mien,

as, undismayed amidst the tears of all,
He folds his mantle, regally to fall!

Hush, fond enthusiast!—still, obscure,
and lone,
'et not less terrible because unknown,
is the last hour of thousands—they retire
from life's thronged path, unnoticed to
expire.

* "Thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup
of trembling, and wrung them out."—*Isaiah*,
chap. ii.

† "And behold the Lord passed by, and a
great and strong wind rent the mountains, and
broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but
the Lord was not in the wind: and after the
wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in
the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire;
but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the
fire a still small voice."—*Kings*, book i. chap. xix.

As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
Some trembling insect's little world of
cares, [on

Descends in silence—while around waves
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!
Such is man's doom—and, ere an hour be
flown— [own.

Start not, thou trifler!—such may be thine

But, as life's current in its ebb draws near—
The shadowy gulf, there wakes a thought
of fear,

A thrilling thought, which, haply mocked
before,

We fain would stifle—but it sleeps no more!
'There are, who fly its murmurs 'midst the
throng,

That join the masque of revelry and song,
Yet still Death's image, by its power
restored,

Frowns 'midst the roses of the festal board,
And when deep shades o'er earth and
ocean brood,

And the heart owns the might of solitude,
Is its low whisper heard—a note profound,
But wild and startling as the trumpet-
sound,

That bursts, with sudden blast, the dead
repose

Of some proud city, stormed by midnight
foes.

Oh! vainly reason's scornful voice would
prove [ing love,

That life had nought to claim such linger-
And ask if e'er the captive, half unchained,
Clung to the links which yet his step re-
strained?

In vain philosophy, with tranquil pride,
Would mock the feelings she perchance
can hide,

Call up the countless armies of the dead,
Point to the pathway beaten by their tread,
And say—"What wouldst thou? Shall
the fixed decree,

Made for creation, be reversed for thee?"
—Poor, feeble aid!—proud Stoic! ask not
why,

It is enough that nature shrinks to die!
Enough that horror, which thy words up-
braid,

Is her dread penalty, and must be paid!
—Search thy deep wisdom, solve the scarce
defined

And mystic questions of the parting mind,
Half checked, half uttered,—tell her, what
shall burst,

Inwhelming grandeur, on her vision first,

When freed from mortal films?—what
viewless world [tutled?
Shall first receive her wing, but half un-
What awful and unbodied beings guide
Her timid flight through regions yet un-
tried?
Say, if at once, her final doom to hear,
Before her God the trembler must appear,
Or wait that day of terror, when the sea
Shall yield its hidden dead, and heaven
and earth shall flee.

Hast thou no answer? Then deride no
more [explore
The thoughts that shrink, yet cease not to
The unknown, the unseen, the future—
though the heart,
As at unearthly sounds, before them start,
Though the frame shudder, and the spirits
sigh,
They have their source in immortality!
Whence, then, shall strength, which
reason's aid denies,
An equal to the mortal conflict rise?
When, on the swift pale horse, whose light-
ning pace,
Where'er we fly, still wins the dreadful
race, [aid
The mighty rider comes—oh, whence shall
Be drawn, to meet his rushing, undis-
mayed? [hast drained
—Whence, but from Thee, Messiah!—Thou
The bitter cup, till not the dregs remained.
To Thee the struggle and the pangs were
known, [own!
The mystic horror—all became Thine

But did no hand celestial succour bring,
Till scorn and anguish haply lost their
sting?
Came not the Archangel, in the final hour,
To arm Thee with invulnerable power?
No, Son of God! upon Thy sacred head
The shafts of wrath their tenfold fury shed,
From man averted—and Thy path on high
Passed through the strait of fiercest agony:
For thus th' Eternal, with propitious eyes,
Received the last, the almighty sacrifice!

But wake! be glad, ye nations! from
the tomb,
Is won the victory, and is fled the gloom!
The vale of death in conquest hath been
trod: [God;
Break forth in joy, ye ransomed! saith your
Swell ye the raptures of the song afar,
And hail with harps your bright and Morn-
ing Star.

He rose! the everlasting gates of day
Received the King of Glory on His way!
The Hope, the Comforter of those who
wept, [slept,
And the first-fruits of them in Him that
He rose, He triumphed! He will yet
sustain
Frail nature sinking in the strife of pain.
Aided by Him, around the martyr's frame,
When fiercely blazed a living shroud of
flame,
Hath the firm soul exulted, and the voice
Raised the victorious hymn, and cried,
Rejoice!
Aided by Him, though none the bed at-
tend, [friend,
Where the lone sufferer dies without a
He whom the busy world shall miss no more
Than morn one dewdrop from her count-
less store, [heart,
Earth's most neglected child, with trusting
Called to the hope of glory, shall depart!

And say, cold Sophist! if by thee bereft
Of that high hope, to misery what were left?
But for the vision of the days to be,
But for the Comforter despised by thee,
Should we not wither at the Chastener's
look, [rebuke,
Should we not sink beneath our God's
When o'er our heads the desolating blast,
Fraught with inscrutable decrees, hath
passed, [prey,
And the stern power who seeks the noblest
Hath called our fairest and our best away?
Should we not madden when our eyes
behold

All that we loved in marble stillness cold,
No more responsive to our smile or sigh,
Fixed—frozen—silent—all mortality?
But for the promise, all shall yet be well,
Would not the spirit in its pangs rebel,
Beneath such clouds as darkened, when
the hand
Of wrath lay heavy on our prostrate land,
And thou,* just lent thy gladdened isles
to bless, [liness,
Then snatched from earth with all thy love—
With all a nation's blessings on thy head,
O England's flower! wert gathered to the
dead? [heart,
But thou didst teach us. Thou to every
Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself impart!
When fled the hope through all thy pangs
which smiled, [child,
When thy young bosom, o'er thy lifeless

* The Princess Charlotte of Wales.

Yearned with vain longing—still thy
 patient eye,
 To its last light, beamed holy constancy.
 Torn from a lot in cloudless sunshine cast,
 Amidst those agonies—thy first and last,
 Thy pale lip, quivering with convulsive
 throes, [repose;
 Breathed not a plaint—and settled in
 While bowed thy royal head to Him
 whose power
 Spoke in the fiat of that midnight hour,
 Who from the brightest vision of a throne,
 Love, glory, empire, claimed thee for His
 own, [coast,
 And spread such terror o'er the sea-girt
 As blasted Israel when her Ark was lost!

"It is the will of God!"—yet, yet we
 hear [career.
 The words which closed thy beautiful
 Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest
 abode, [God!"
 But for that thought—"It is the will of
 Who shall arraign th' Eternal's dark
 decree,
 If not one murmur then escaped from thee?
 Oh! still, though vanishing without a trace,
 Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,
 Still may thy memory bloom our vales
 among, [song!
 Hallowed by freedom and enshrined in
 Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell
 Bright on the isles which loved thy name
 so well,
 E'en as an angel, with presiding care,
 To wake and guard thine own high virtues
 there!

For lo! the hour when storm-presaging
 skies
 Call on the watchers of the land to rise,
 To set the sign of fire on every height,*
 And o'er the mountains rear, with patriot
 might,
 Prepared, if summoned, in its cause to die,
 The banner of our faith, the Cross of
 victory!

* And set up a sign of fire."—*Jeremiah*,
 chap. vi.

By this hath England conquered—field
 and flood
 Have owned her sovereignty—alone she
 stood, [were thrown,
 When chains o'er all the sceptred earth
 In high and holy singleness, alone,
 But mighty in her God—and shall she now
 Forget before the Omnipotent to bow?
 From the bright fountain of her glory turn,
 Or bid strange fire upon His altars burn?
 No! severed land, 'midst rocks and billows
 rude,
 Throned in thy majesty of solitude,
 Still in the deep asylum of thy breast
 Shall the pure elements of greatness rest,
 Virtue and faith, the tutelary powers,
 Thy hearths that hallow, and defend thy
 towers!

Still, where thy hamlet-vales, O chosen
 isle!
 In the soft beauty of their verdure smile,
 Where yew and elm o'ershade the lowly
 fanes, [mains,
 That guard the peasant's records and re-
 May the blest echoes of the Sabbath-bell
 Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands swell;
 And from each cottage-dwelling of thy
 glades, [deepening shades,
 When starlight glimmers through the
 Devotion's voice in choral hymns arise,
 And bear the land's warm incense to the
 skies.

There may the mother, as with anxious joy
 To Heaven her lessons consecrate her boy,
 Teach his young accent still the immortal
 lays
 Of Zion's bards, in inspiration's days,
 When Angels, whispering through the
 cedar's shade,
 Prophetic tones to Judah's harp conveyed;
 And as, her soul all glisten'd in her eyes,
 She bids the prayer of infancy arise,
 Tell of His name, who left His throne on
 high,
 Earth's lowliest lot to bear and sanctify,
 His love divine, by keenest anguish tried,
 And fondly say—"My child, for thee He
 died!"

1821

DARTMOOR

A PRIZE POEM

"Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime!
Thy handmaid Art shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore."—CAMPBELL.

"May ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
That can perceive, not less than heretofore,
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
Of pious sentiment, diffused afar, the charm
And human charity, and social love."—WORDSWORTH.

AMIDST the peopled and the regal Isle,
Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty,
smile;

Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,
And send on every breeze a voice of power;
Hath Desolation reared herself a throne,
And marked a pathless region for her
own?—

Yes! though thy turf no stain of carnage
When bled the noble hearts of many a shore,
Though not a hostile step thy heath-flowers
bent,

When empires tottered, and the earth was
Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind
Had stilled life's busy murmurs on the wind,
And, flushed with power in daring Pride's
excess,

Stamped on thy soil the curse of barrenness,
For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,
In vain the sunbeam and the shower are
given;

Wild DARTMOOR! thou that, 'midst thy
Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
As a dark cloud on Summer's clear blue sky,
A mourner, circled with festivity!

For all beyond is life!—the rolling sea,
The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach
not thee.

Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare,
But man has left his lingering traces
there?—

E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless
Where noon, with attributes of midnight,
reigns,

In gloom and silence, fearfully profound,
As of a world unawaked to soul or sound;

Though the sad wanderer of the burning
zone

Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
And naught of life be near; his camel's tread
Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!

Some column, reared by long-forgotten
hands,

Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—
Some mouldering shrine still consecrates
the scene,

And tells that Glory's footstep there hath
There hath the Spirit of the Mighty passed,
Not without record; though the desert
blast,

Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept
The proud creations, reared to brave decay.
But thou, lone region! whose unnoticed
name

No lofty deeds have mingled with their
Who shall unfold *thine* annals?—who shall
tell

If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
In those far ages, which have left no trace,
No sunbeam on the pathway of their race?

Though haply in the unrecorded days
Of kings and chiefs, who passed without
their praise,

Thou mightst have reared the valiant and
In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the
wild,

Still rise the cairns, of yore, all rudely piled,
But hallowed by that instinct, which reveres
Things fraught with characters of elder
years.

And such are these. Long centuries have
 flown, [throne,
 Bowed many a crest, and shattered many a
 Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,
 With what they hide—their shrined and
 treasured dust.

Men traverse Alps and Oceans to behold
 Earth's glorious works fast mingling with
 her mould;

But still these nameless chroniclers of death,
 'Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled
 heath,

Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
 The same sepulchral mien, and almost
 share

Th' eternity of nature, with the forms
 Of the crowned hills beyond, the dwellings
 of the storms.

[heap

Yet what avails it, if each moss-grown
 Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,
 Guarding the dust which slumbers well
 beneath [season's breath?
 (Nor needs such care) from each cold
 Where is the voice to tell *their* tale who rest,
 Thus rudely pillowed, on the desert's
 breast?

Doth the sword sleep beside them?—Hath
 there been

A sound of battle 'midst the silent scene
 Where now the flocks repose? did the
 scythed car

Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war?
 And rise these piles in memory of the slain,
 And the red combat of the mountain-plain?

It may be thus: the vestiges of strife,
 Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,
 And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell
 How by its stroke perchance the mighty fell,
 To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,
 The chieftain's power—they had no bard,
 and died. [sphere,

But other scenes, from their untroubled
 Th' eternal stars of night have witnessed
 here. [stone,*

There stands an altar of unsculptured
 Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone,
 Propped on its granite pillars, whence the
 rains

And pure bright dews have laved the
 crimson stains

* On the east of Dartmoor are some Druidical remains, one of which is a cromlech, whose three rough pillars of granite support a ponderous flat stone and form a kind of large irregular tripod.

Left by dark rites of blood: for here, of
 yore,

When the bleak waste a robe of forest wore,
 And many a crested oak, which now lies low,
 Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe;
 Here, at dim midnight, through the haunted
 shade, [played,

On Druid harps the quivering moonbeam
 And spells were breathed, that filled the
 deepening gloom

With the pale shadowy people of the tomb.
 Or haply torches waving through the night,
 Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every
 height,

Like battle-signals, whose unearthly gleams
 Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills and
 streams

A savage grandeur; while the starry skies
 Rung with the peal of mystic harmonies,
 As the loud harp its deep-toned hymns sent
 forth [of the North.

To the storm-ruling powers, the war-gods

But wilder sounds were there: th' im-
 ploring cry,

That woke the forest's echo in reply,
 But not the heart's!—Unmoved the wizard
 train

Stood round their human victim, and in
 vain [glance

His prayer for mercy rose; in vain his
 Looked up, appealing to the blue expanse,
 Where, in their calm immortal beauty,
 shone [fainter moan,

Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and
 Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,
 Till, drop by drop, life's current ebbed
 away;

Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,
 And the pale moon gleamed paler on the
 dead.

Have such things been, and here?—where
 stillness dwells

'Midst the rude barrows and the moorland
 swells, [time

Thus undisturbed?—Oh! long the gulf of
 Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of
 crime,

And earth no vestige of their path retains,
 Saves such as these, which strew her loneliest
 plains [doom,

With records of man's conflicts and his
 His spirit and his dust—the altar and the
 tomb.

But ages rolled away: and England
 stood, [flood,

With her proud banner streaming o'er the

And with a lofty calmness in her eye,
 And regal in collected majesty,
 To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze
 Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue
 seas; [drank
 And other lands, redeemed and joyous,
 The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank
 On the red fields they won; whose wild
 flowers wave
 Now, in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.

"Twas then the captives of Britannia's
 war*
 Here, for their lovely southern climes afar,
 In bondage pined; the spell-deluded
 through [long
 Dragged at Ambition's chariot wheels so
 To die—because a despot could not clasp
 A sceptre, fitted to his boundless grasp!

Yes! they whose march had rocked the
 ancient thrones [tones
 And temples of the world; the deepening
 Of whose advancing trumpet, from repose
 Had startled nations, wakening to their
 woes,
 Were prisoners here.—And there were
 some whose dreams
 Were of sweet homes, by chainless moun-
 tain streams, [strain
 And of the vine-clad hills, and many a
 And festal melody of Loire or Seine,
 And of those mothers who had watched
 and wept,
 When on the field the unsheltered con-
 script slept,
 Bathed with the midnight dews. And
 some were there,
 Of sterner spirits, hardened by despair;
 Who, in their dark imaginings, again
 Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,
 Drank in their victim's shriek, as music's
 breath,
 And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death!

And there was mirth, too!—strange and
 savage mirth,
 More fearful far than all the woes of earth!
 The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that
 spring [thing,
 From minds for which there is no sacred
 And transient bursts of fierce, exulting
 glee—
 The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree!

* The French prisoners were confined in a
 dépôt on Dartmoor.

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were
 worn,
 If, from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,
 Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show;
 Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—
 woe.

Yct, was this all?—Amidst the dungeon-
 gloom, [doom,
 The void, the stillness, of the Captive's
 Were there no deeper thoughts?—And
 that dark power, [hour,
 To whom guilt owes one late, but dreadful
 The mighty debt through years of crime
 delayed,
 But, as the grave's, inevitably paid;
 Came *he* not thither, in his burning force,
 The Lord, the tamer of dark souls—
 Remorse?

[and sky,
 Yes! as the night calls forth from sea
 From breeze and wood, a solemn harmony,
 Lost, when the swift, triumphant wheels
 of day, [way:
 In light and sound, are hurrying on their
 Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,
 The voice which sleeps, but never dies,
 might start,
 Called up by solitude, each nerve to thrill
 With accents heard not, save when all is
 still.

The voice, inaudible, when Havoc's train
 Crushed the red vintage of devoted Spain;
 Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop rung,
 And the broad light of conflagration sprung
 From the South's marble cities;—hushed,
 'midst cries
 That told the heavens of mortal agonies;
 But gathering silent strength, to wake, at
 last,
 In concentrated thunders of the past!

And there, perchance, some long-bewil-
 dered mind,
 Torn from its lowly sphere, its path confined
 Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,
 Where nature cast its lot 'midst peasant-
 men; [blent
 Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce ruler
 The earthquake-power of each wild ele-
 ment,
 To lend the tide which bore his throne on
 high
 One impulse more of desperate energy;
 Might, when the billow's awful rush was
 o'er, [beat shore,
 Which tossed its wreck upon the storm-

Von from its wanderings past, by suffering
tried,
searched by remorse, by anguish purified,
have fixed at length its troubled hopes
and fears
In the far world, seen brightest through
our tears.
And, in that hour of triumph or despair,
Whose secrets all must learn—but none
declare, [sense
When, of the things to come, a deeper
ills the dim eye of trembling penitence,
have turned to Him, whose bow is in the
cloud,
round life's limits gathering, as a shroud;
'he fearful mysteries of the heart who
knows,
and, by the tempest, calls it to repose.

Who visited that death-bed?—Who can
tell [dwell,
s brief sad tale, on which the soul might
and learn immortal lessons?—Who beheld
'he struggling hope, by shame, by doubt
repelled—
'he agony of prayer—the bursting tears—
'he dark remembrances of guilty years,
crowding upon the spirit in their might?—
le, through the storm who looked, and
there was light!

[tuous breast,
That scene is closed!—that wild, tumult-
With all its pangs and passions, is at rest!
le too is fallen, the master-power of strife;
Who woke those passions to delirious life;
and days, prepared a brighter course to
run,
Infold their buoyant pinions to the sun!

It is a glorious hour when Spring goes
forth [North,
'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy
and with one radiant glance, one magic
breath, [death;
Vakes all things lovely from the sleep of
While the glad voices of a thousand
streams,
bursting their bondage, triumph in her
beams!

[the mind,
But *Peace* hath nobler changes! O'er
he warm and living spirit of mankind,
'er nfluence breathes, and bids the
blighted heart
'o life and hope from desolation start!
he with a look dissolves the captive's chain,
eopleing with beauty widowed homes
again;

Around the mother, in her closing years,
Gathering her sons once more, and from
the tears
Of the dim past, but winning purer light.
To make the present more serenely bright.

Nor rests that influence here. From
clime to clime,
In silence gliding with the stream of time,
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a
breeze [seas;
With healing on its wings, o'er isles and
And, as Heaven's breath called forth, with
genial power, [flower;
From the dry wand, the almond's living
So doth its deep-felt charm in secret move.
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love;
While round its pathway nature softly
glows,
And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

Yes! let the waste lift up the exulting
voice!
Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice!
And thou, lone moor! where no blithe-
reaper's song
E'er lightly sped the summer hours along,
Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain-
source
Rushing in joy, make music on their course!
Thou, whose sole records of existence mark.
The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark,
And of some nameless combat; Hope's-
bright eye
Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy.
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast!
Yet shall thy cottage-smoke, at dewy morn,
Rise, in blue wreaths, above the flowering
thorn,
And, 'midst thy hamlet-shades, the em-
bosomed spire
Catch from deep-kindling heavens their
earliest fire.

Thee too that hour shall bless, the balmy
close
Of labour's day, the herald of repose,
Which gathers hearts in peace; while
social mirth [hearth;
Basks in the blaze of each free village-
While peasant-songs are on the joyous
gales,
And merry England's voice floats up from
all her vales.
Yet are there sweeter sounds; and thou
shalt hear [dear,
Such as to Heaven's immortal hosts are-

Oh ! if there still be melody on earth,
 Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew
 birth, [trod,
 When angel-steps their paths rejoicing
 And the air trembled with the breath of
 God ;

It lives in those soft accents, to the sky
 Borne from the lips of stainless infancy,
 When holy strains, from life's pure fount
 which sprung, [tongue.
 Breathed with deep reverence, falter on its

And such shall be *thy* music, when the
 cells, [dwells,
 Where guilt, the child of hopeless misery,
 (And, to wild strength by desperation
 wrought, [thought,)
 In silence broods o'er many a fearful
 Resound to pity's voice ; and childhood
 thence, [cence,
 Ere the cold blight hath reached its inno-
 cence that soft rose-bloom of the soul be fled,
 Which vice but breathes on, and its hues
 are dead ;

Shall at the call press forward, to be made
 A glorious offering, meet for Him who said,
 " Mercy, not sacrifice ! " and when, of old,
 Clouds of rich incense from His altars rolled,
 Dispersed the smoke of perfumes, and laid
 bare [there !
 The heart's deep folds, to read its homage

When some crowned conqueror, o'er a
 trampled world,
 His banner, shadowing nations, hath un-
 furled,

And, like those visitations which deform
 Nature for centuries, hath made the storm
 His pathway to Dominion's lonely sphere,
 Silence behind—before him, flight and fear ;
 When kingdoms rock beneath his rushing
 wheels,

Till each fair isle the mighty impulse feels,
 And earth is moulded but by one proud will,
 And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are
 still ;

Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay
 The earthquake homage on its baleful
 way ?

Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains
 O'er burning cities and forsaken plains ?
 And shall no harmony of softer close
 Attend the stream of mercy as it flows,
 And, mingling with the murmur of its wave,
 Bless the green shores its gentle currents
 lave ?

Oh ! there are loftier themes, for him
 whose eyes
 Have searched the depths of life's realities,
 Than the red battle, or the trophied car,
 Wheeling the monarch-victor fast and far ;
 There are more noble strains than those
 which swell
 The triumphs Ruin may suffice to tell !

Ye Prophet-bards, who sat in elder days
 Beneath the palms of Judah ! ye whose
 lays

With torrent rapture, from their source on
 high,

Burst in the strength of immortality !

Oh ! not alone, those haunted groves
 among,

Of conquering hosts, of empires crushed,
 ye sung ;

But of that Spirit, destined to explore,
 With the bright Day-spring, every distant
 shore,

To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,
 To make the home of peace in hearts that
 bleed ;

With beams of hope to pierce the dun-
 geon's gloom,
 And pour eternal star-light o'er the tomb.

And blessed and hallowed be its haunts !
 for there [despair !—

Hath man's high soul been rescued from
 There hath th' immortal spark for heaven
 been nursed,— [burst,

There from the rock the springs of life have
 Quenched and pure ! and holy thoughts,
 that rise, [thies—

Warm from the source of human sym-
 pathy—Where'er its path of radiance may be
 traced,

Shall find their temple in the silent waste.

WELSH MELODIES

1832

THE HARP OF WALES

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS, INSCRIBED TO THE WELSH LITERARY SOCIETY

HARP of the mountain-land ! sound forth again
 As when the foaming Hirlas horn was crowned,
 And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,
 And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round :
 Wake with the spirit and the power of yore !
 Harp of the ancient hills ! be heard once more !

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Roman came
 O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars :
 Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame ;
 The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores :
 All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
 Ring out, thou harp ! he could not silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Saxon passed,
 His banners floated on Eryri's gales ;
 But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
 E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales !
Thine was the voice that cheered the brave and free ;
 They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years !—They saw the valiant fall,
 The rank weeds gathering round the chieftain's board,
 The hearth left lonely in the ruined hall—
 Yet power was *thine*—a gift in every chord !
 Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
 Thou noble harp ! thy tones are not to cease !

DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS

By the dread and viewless powers
 Whom the storms and seas obey,
 From the Dark Isle's* mystic bowers,
 Romans ! o'er the deep away !
 Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom
 O'er our shadowy coast which broods ?
 By the altar and the tomb,
 Shun these haunted solitudes !

Know ye Mona's awful spells ?
 She the rolling orbs can stay !
 She the mighty grave compels
 Back to yield its fettered prey !
 Fear ye not the lightning-stroke ?
 Mark ye not the fiery sky ?
 Hence !—around our central oak
 Gods are gathering—Romans, fly !

* *Ynys Dywyll*, or the Dark Island—an ancient name for Anglesey.

THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN*

WHERE are they, those green fairy islands, reposing
 In sunlight and beauty on ocean's calm breast?
 What spirit, the things which are hidden disclosing,
 Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of rest?
 Oh! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages,
 The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith;
 But the land hath been sad for her warriors and sages,
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed is Death.

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory,
 Who steered for those distant green spots on the wave?
 To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,
 In the fields of their country they found not a grave.
 Perchance they repose where the summer-breeze gathers
 From the flowers of each vale immortality's breath;
 But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers—
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed is Death.

THE SEA-SONG OF GAFRAN

WATCH ye well! The moon is shrouded
 On her bright throne;
 Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,
 Waves make wild moan.
 'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,
 And gay songs and wine-cups flowing;
 But of winds, in darkness blowing,
 O'er seas unknown!

In the dwellings of our fathers,
 Round the glad blaze,
 Now the festive circle gathers
 With harps and lays;
 Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,
 Steps are bounding, bards are singing,
 —Ay, the hour to all is bringing
 Peace, joy, or praise.

Save to us, our night-watch keeping,
 Storm-winds to brave,
 While the very sea-bird sleeping
 Rests in its cave!
 Think of us when hearts are beaming,
 Think of us when mead is streaming,
 Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming
 On the dark wave!

*The "Green Islands of Ocean," or "Green Spots of the Floods," called in the *Triads* "Gwerddonon Llŷon," (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales,) were supposed to be the abode of the Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this paradise of their own. Gafra, a distinguished British chieftain of the fifth century, went on a voyage with his family to discover these islands; but they were never heard of afterwards. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madoc, were called the three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain.—*Vide* W. O. FUGHEE'S *Cambrian Biography*; also *Cambro-Briton*, vol. i. p. 124.

THE HIRLAS HORN

FILL high the blue hirlas,* that shines like the wave,
 When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea :
 And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,
 The dragons of battle, the sons of the free !
 To those from whose spears, in the shock of the fight,
 A beam, like heaven's lightning, flashed over the field ;
 To those who came rushing as storms in their night,
 Who have shivered the helmet, and cloven the shield ;
 The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,
 When lances were red from the harvest of war.

Fill high the blue hirlas ! O cup-bearer, fill
 For the lords of the field in their festival's hour,
 And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill
 That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its power.
 Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth horn
 Of honour and mirth, for the conflict is o'er :
 And round let the golden-tipped hirlas be borne
 To the lion-defenders of Gwynedd's fair shore,
 Who rushed to the field where the glory was won,
 As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

Fill higher the hirlas ! forgetting not those
 Who shared its bright draught in the days that are fled !
 Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,
 Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead !
 While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
 While regal Eryri with snow shall be crowned—
 So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,
 And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound.
 The free winds of Maelor † shall swell with their name,
 And Owain's rich hirlas be filled to their fame.

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night ;
 I weep, for the grave has extinguished its light ;
 The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,
 The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more !

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,
 The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill !
 Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,
 Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been.

* Hirlas, from *hir*, long, and *glas*, blue or azure.

† Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division.

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
 No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there :
 Oh ! where are the warriors who circled its board ?—
 The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was poured !

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
 Since he is departed whose smile made it bright !
 I mourn ; but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
 The pathway is short to the grave of my chief !

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN

loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant ; and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons, is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies and other Poems of Llywarch Hen*.]

THE bright hours return, and the blue sky is ringing
 With song, and the hills are all mantled with bloom ;
 But fairer than aught which the summer is bringing,
 The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb !
 Oh ! why should I live to hear music resounding,
 Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave ?
 Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps resounding ?
 —My sons ! they but clothe the green turf of your grave !

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I linger,
 My spirit all wrapt in the past as a dream !
 Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,
 Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad beam ;
 Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping !
 —O grave ! why refuse to the aged thy bed,
 When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,
 When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead !

Fair were ye, my sons ! and all kingly your bearing,
 As on to the fields of your glory ye trode !
 Each prince of my race the bright golden chain wearing,
 Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the sod ! *
 I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,
 Which rouses ye not, O my lovely ! my brave !
 When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds are bounding,
 I turn from heaven's light, for it smiles on your grave !

* The golden chain, as a badge of honour, worn by heroes, is frequently alluded to in the *Lambdrys* of the ancient British bards.

GRUFYDD'S FEAST

[“Gruffydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd, Powys* the *Deheubarth*, Glamorgan, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors; with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song; thus patronising the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honourable gifts.”—*Cambrian Biography*.]

LET the yellow mead shine for the sons of the brave,
By the bright festal torches around us that wave !
Set open the gates of the prince's wide hall,
And hang up the chief's ruddy spear on the wall !
There is peace in the land we have battled to save :
Then spread ye the feast, bid the wine-cup foam high,
That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

Let the horn whose loud blast gave the signal for fight,
With the bee's sunny nectar now sparkle in light ;
Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be crowned,
For the strong hearts in combat that leaped at its sound !
Like the billows' dark swell was the path of their might,
Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-cup on high,
That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

And wake ye the children of song from their dreams,
On Maelor's wild hills and by Dyfed's fair streams !
Bid them haste with those strains of the lofty and free,
Which shall float down the waves of long ages to be.
Sheath the sword which hath given them unperishing theme,
And pour the bright mead : let the wine-cup foam high,
That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA

WHEN the last flush of eve is dying
On boundless lakes afar that shine ;
When winds amidst the palms are sighing,
And fragrance breathes from every pine :
When stars through cypress boughs are gleaming,
And fireflies wander bright and free,
Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,
My thoughts, wild Cambria ! dwell with thee !
Alone o'er green savannas roving,
Where some broad stream in silence flows,
Or through the eternal forests moving,
One only home my spirit knows !
Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted !
To thee on sleep's light wing I fly ;
But happier could the weary-hearted
Look on his own blue hills and die !

THE FAIR ISLE*

FOR THE MELODY CALLED THE "WELSH GROUND"

[The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh Princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country; and, while it was preparing for battle or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbennaeth Prydain*, the Monarchy of Britain. It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the Prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained.—See JONES' *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.]

SONS of the Fair Isle! forget not the time
 Ere spoilers had breathed the free air of your clime:
 All that its eagles behold in their flight
 Was yours, from the deep of each storm-mantled height,
 Though from your race that proud birthright be torn,
 Unquenched is the spirit for monarchy born.

Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,
 The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

Ages may roll ere your children regain
 The land for which heroes have perished in vain;
 Yet in the sound of your names shall be power,
 Around her still gathering till glory's full hour.
 Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,
 Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep.

CHORUS.

Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,
 Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY

[A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the Ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect:—

" Their God they shall worship,
 Their language they shall retain,
 Their land they shall lose,
 Except wild Wales."]

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
 O Cambria! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin, sung:
 " The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
 The clouds which mantle things unseen away before me roll,
 A light the depths revealing hath o'er my spirit passed,
 A rushing sound from days to be, swells fitful in the blast,
 And tells me that for ever shall live the lofty tongue
 To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand was strung.

* Ynys Prydain was the ancient Welsh name of Britain, and signifies *fair or beautiful isle*.

"Green island of the mighty ! * I see thine ancient race
Driven from their father's realm to make the rocks their dwelling-place;
I see from Uthyr's † kingdom the sceptre pass away,
And many a line of bards and chiefs and princely men decay.
But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign forms,
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er the storms,
So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty tongue
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand was strung ! "

OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR-SONG

Saw ye the blazing star ? ‡
The heavens look down on freedom's war,
And light her torch on high !
Bright on the dragon's crest §
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,
When warriors meet to die !

Let earth's pale tyrants read despair
And vengeance in its flame ;
Hail ye, my bards ! the omen fair
Of conquest and of fame,
And swell the rushing mountain air
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,
Marked ye how each majestic height
Burned in its awful beams ?
Red shone the eternal snows,
And all the land, as bright it rose,
Was full of glorious dreams !

O eagles of the battle, rise !
The hope of Gwynedd wakes !
It is your banner in the skies
Through each dark cloud which breaks,
And mantles with triumphal dyes
Your thousand hills and lakes !

A sound is on the breeze,
A murmur as of swelling seas !
The Saxon on his way !
Lo ! spear and shield and lance,
From Deva's waves with lightning glance,
Reflected to the day !

But who the torrent-wave compeis
A conqueror's chain to bear ?
Let those who wake the soul that dwells
On our free winds, beware !
The greenest and the loveliest dells
May be the lion's lair !

Of us *they* told the seers,
And monarch bards of elder years,
Who walked on earth as powers !
And in their burning strains,
A spell of might and mystery reigns,
To guard our mountain-towers !

—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay : ||
Before his gifted sight,
The march of ages passed away
With hero-footsteps bright,
But proudest in that long array,
Was Glyndwr's path of light !

PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL

Why lingers my gaze where the last hues of day
On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep ?
Too fair is the sight for a wanderer, whose way
Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep !

* *Ynys y Cedeirn*, or Isle of the Mighty—an ancient name given to Britain.

† Uthyr Pendragon, king of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.

‡ The year 1402 was ushered in with a comet or blazing star, which the bards interpreted as an omen favourable to Glyndwr.

§ Owen Glyndwr styled himself the *Dragon* ; a name he assumed in imitation of Uthyr, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearance of a star with a dragon beneath, which Uthyr used as his badge ; and on that account it became a favourite one with the Welsh.—PENNANT.

|| Merlin, or Merddin Emrys, is said to have composed his prophecies on the future lot of the Britons amongst the mountains of Snowdon. Many of these were applied by Glyndwr (Glen-dower) to his own cause, and assisted him greatly in animating the spirit of his followers.

Fall, shadows of twilight ! and veil the green shore,
That the heart of the mighty may waver no more !

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land
Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne ?
Be hushed, be forgotten ! for ne'er shall the hand
Of minstrel with melody greet my return.
—No ! no !—let your echoes still float on the breeze,
And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas !

'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth
Unto bosoms that shrink when their trial is nigh ;
Away ! we will bear over ocean and earth
A name and a spirit that never shall die.
My course to the winds, to the stars, I resign ;
But my soul's quenchless fire, O my country ! is thine.

CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH

[Caswallon (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons (as recorded in the *Triads*), for the purpose of opposing Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause of triumph ; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating that event by feasting and public rejoicing.—See the *Cambrian Biography*.]

FROM the glowing southern regions,
Where the sun-god makes his dwelling,
Came the Roman's crested legions
O'er the deep, round Britain swelling.
The wave grew dazzling as he passed,
With light from spear and helmet cast ;
And sounds in every rushing blast
Of a conqueror's march were telling.

But his eagle's royal pinion,
Bowling earth beneath its glory,
Could not shadow with dominion
Our wild seas and mountains hoary !

Back from their cloudy realm it flies,
To float in light through softer skies ;
Oh ! chainless winds of heaven arise !
Bear a vanquished world the story !

Lords of earth ! to Rome returning,
Tell how Britain combat wages,
How Caswallon's soul is burning
When the storm of battle rages !
And ye that shrine high deeds in song,
O holy and immortal throng !
The brightness of his name prolong,
As a torch to stream through ages !

HOWEL'S SONG

[Howel ab Einion Llygliw was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.]

PRESS on, my steed ! I hear the swell
Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,
Sweet floating from the holy dell
O'er woods and waters round.

Perchance the maid I love, e'en now,
From Dinas Brân's majestic brow,
Looks o'er the fairy world below,
And listens to the sound !

I feel her presence on the scene !
 The summer air is more serene,
 The deep woods wave in richer green,
 The wave more gently flows !
 O fair as Ocean's curling foam !
 Lo ! with the balmy hour I come—
 The hour that brings the wanderer home,
 The weary to repose !

Haste ! on each mountain's darkening crest
 The glow hath died, the shadows rest,
 The twilight star on Deva's breast
 Gleams tremulously bright ;
 Speed for Myfanwy's bower on high !
 Though scorn may wound me from her eye,
 Oh ! better by the sun to die,
 Than live in rayless night !

THE MOUNTAIN FIRES

["The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November eve, is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Eived*, or new-year."—*Cambro-Briton*.]

When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.]

LIGHT the hills ! till heaven is glowing
 As with some red meteor's rays !
 Winds of night, though rudely blowing,
 Shall but fan the beacon-blaze.
 Light the hills ! till flames are streaming
 From Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,*
 To the waves round Mona gleaming,
 Where the Roman tracked the deep !

Now each rock, the mist's high dwelling,
 Towers in reddening light sublime ;
 Heap the flames ! around them telling
 Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Be the mountain watch-fires heightened,
 Pile them to the stormy sky !
 Till each torrent-wave is brightened,
 Kindling as it rushes by.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,
 Many a solemn vigil kept,
 When, in ages long departed,
 O'er the noble dead they wept.
 In the winds we hear their voices—
 "Sons ! though yours a brighter lot,
 When the mountain-land rejoices,
 Be her mighty unforgotten !"

ERYRI WEN

["Snowdon was held as sacred by the Ancient Britons, as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our Princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon."—*PENNANT*.]

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch hill,
 With heaven's own azure crowned !
 Who called thee—what thou shalt be still,
 White Snowdon !—holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told
 Of the dread power enshrined
 Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,
 And on thy rushing wind !

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,
 It filled thy chainless air,

Deep thoughts of majesty and might
 For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled ! the awful spell
 Yet holds unbroken sway,
 As when on that wild rock it fell
 Where Merddin Emrys lay !

Though from their stormy haunts of yore
 Thine eagles long have flown,
 As proud a flight the soul shall soar
 Yet from thy mountain-throne !

* Yr Wyddfa, the Welsh name of Snowdon, said to mean the *conspicuous place*, or *object*.

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams!	Eryri! † temple of the bard!
And make the snows thy crest!	And fortress of the free!
The sunlight of immortal dreams	'Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,
Around thee still shall rest.*	Their spirit dwells with thee!

CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR SUPPOSED MASSACRE BY EDWARD I‡

RAISE ye the sword! let the death-stroke be given;
Oh! swift may it fall as the lightning of heaven!
So shall our spirits be free as our strains—
The children of song may not languish in chains!

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest?
Are heroes reposing in death on her breast?
Red with their blood do her mountain-streams flow,
And think ye that still we would linger below?

Rest, ye brave dead! 'midst the hills of your sires,
Oh! who would not slumber when freedom expires?
Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain—
The children of song may not breathe in the chain!

THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY

"All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield."—MILTON.

THE hall of harps is lone to-night,
And cold the chieftain's hearth:
It hath no mead, it hath no light;
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor,
Whence the free step is gone;
The pilgrim turns him from the door,
Where minstrel-blood hath stained the
threshold stone.

"And I, too, go: my wound is deep;
My brethren long have died;
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with sleep,
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone
of pride!

"Bear it where, on his battle-plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain—
Say to him—Saxon, think not *all* is won.

"Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,
The minstrel's chainless hand:
Dreamer! that numberest with the dead
The burning spirit of the mountain-land!

"Think'st thou, because the song hath
ceased,
The soul of song is flown?
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,
It lived beside the ruddy hearth alone?

"No! by our wrongs, and by our blood!
We leave it pure and free;
Though hushed awhile, that sounding
flood
Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

"We leave it 'midst our country's woe—
The birthright of her breast;
We leave it as we leave the snow,
Bright and eternal on Eryri's crest.

* There is a curious tradition respecting a large stone on the ascent of Snowdon, called the *Maen du Yr Arddu*—the black stone of Arddu. It is said that if two persons were to sleep a night on this stone, in the morning one would find himself endowed with the gift of poetry, and the other would become insane.—See WILLIAMS' *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*.

† Eryri, Welsh name for the Snowdon mountains.

‡ This sanguinary deed is not attested by any historian of credit.

<p>"We leave it with our fame to dwell Upon our children's breath; Our voice in theirs through time shall swell— [death." The bard hath gifts of prophecy from</p>	<p>He dies; but yet the mountains stand, Yet sweeps the torrent's tide; And this is yet <i>Aneurin's</i> * land— Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride!</p>
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THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

[It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an excavation resembling a couch; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow, would be found in the morning either dead, in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.]

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
 The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
 Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
 The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud.
 'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
 Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan;
 Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming;
 And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me;
 Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw,
 Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,
 And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.
 I viewed the dread beings around us that hover,
 Though veiled by the mists of mortality's breath;
 And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,
 For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them—the powers of the wind and the ocean,
 The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms;
 Like the sweep of the white rolling wave was their motion—
 I *felt* their dim presence, but knew not their forms!
 I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—
 The dead were around me that night on the hill:
 From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they darted,
 There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies—but my spirit
 Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour;
 And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
 A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power!
 Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
 And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun;—
 But oh! what new glory all nature invested,
 When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won!

* Aneurin, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.

1823

THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA

A DRAMATIC POEM

" Juicio ha dado esta no vista hazaña
Del valor que en los siglos venideros
Tendrán los Hijos de la fuerte España,
Hijos de tal padres herederos.

Hallò sola en Numancia todo quanto
Debe con justo titulo cantarse,
Y lo que puede dar materia al canto."

Numancia de CERVANTES.

THE history of Spain records two instances of the severe and self-devoting heroism which forms the subject of the following dramatic poem. The first of these occurred at the siege of Tarifa, which was defended in 1294 for Sancho, King of Castile, during the rebellion of his brother Don Juan, by Guzman, surnamed the Good.* The second is related of Alonso Lopez de Texeda, who, until his garrison had been utterly disabled by pestilence, maintained the city of Zamora for the children of Don Pedro the Cruel, against the forces of Henrique of Trastamara.†

Impressive as were the circumstances which distinguished both these memorable sieges, it appeared to the author of the following pages that a deeper interest, as well as a stronger colour of nationality, might be imparted to the scenes in which she has feebly attempted "to describe high passions and high actions," by connecting a religious feeling with the patriotism and high-minded loyalty which has thus been proved "faithful unto death," and by surrounding her ideal *dramatis personæ* with recollections derived from the heroic legends of Spanish chivalry. She has, for this reason, employed the agency of imaginary characters, and fixed upon "Valencia del Cid" as the scene to give them

"A local habitation and a name."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALVAR GONZALEZ	.	.	.	<i>Governor of Valencia.</i>
ALPHONSO	}	.	.	<i>His Sons.</i>
CARLOS		.	.	
HERNANDEZ	.	.	.	<i>A Priest.</i>
ABDULLAH	.	.	.	<i>{ A Moorish Prince, Chief of the Army besieging Valencia.</i>
GARCIAS	.	.	.	<i>A Spanish Knight.</i>
ELMINA	.	.	.	<i>Wife to Gonzales.</i>
XIMENA	.	.	.	<i>Her Daughter.</i>
THERESA	.	.	.	<i>An Attendant.</i>

Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants, etc.

* See Quintana's *Vidas de Espanoles celebres*, p. 53.

† See the Preface to Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*.

SCENE—*Room in a Palace of Valencia.*

XIMENA *singing to a lute.*

BALLAD.

" THOU hast not been with a festal throng,
At the pouring of the wine ;
Men bear not from the Hall of Song
A mien so dark as thine !
There's blood upon thy shield,
There's dust upon thy plume,—
Thou hast brought, from some disastrous field,
'That brow of wrath and gloom !"

" And is there blood upon my shield ?—
Maiden ! it well may be !
We have sent the streams from our battle-field
All darkened to the sea !
We have given the founts a stain
'Midst their woods of ancient pine ,
And the ground is wet—but not with rain,
Deep-dyed—but not with wine !

" The ground is wet—but not with rain—
We have been in war array,
And the noblest blood of Christian Spain
Hath bathed her soil to-day.
I have seen the strong man die,
And the stripling meet his fate,
Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,
In the Roncesvalles' Strait.

" In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
There are helms and lances cleft ;
And they that moved at morn elate
On a bed of heath are left.
There's many a fair young face,
Which the war-steed hath gone o'er ;
At many a board there is kept a place
For those that come no more !"

" Alas ! for love,—for woman's breast,
If woe like this must be !
Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle crest,
And a white plume waving free ?
With his proud quick-flashing eye,
And his mien of knightly state ?
Doth he come from where the swords flashed high,
In the Roncesvalles' Strait ?"

" In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
I saw and marked him well ;
For nobly on his steed he sate,
When the pride of manhood fell !—
But it is not *youth* which turns
From the field of spears again ;
For the boy's high heart too wildly burns
Till it rests amidst the slain !"

"Thou canst not say that *he* lies low—
 The lovely and the brave!
 Oh! none could look on his joyous brow,
 And think upon the grave!
 Dark, dark perchance the day
 Hath been with valour's fate,
 But *he* is on his homeward way
 From the Roncesvalles' Strait!"

"There is dust upon his joyous brow,
 And o'er his graceful head;
 And the war-horse will not wake him now,
 Though it bruise his greensward bed!
 I have seen the stripling die,
 And the strong man meet his fate,
 Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait!"

ELMINA enters.

Elm. Your songs are not as those of other days,
 Mine own Ximena!—Where is now the young
 And buoyant spirit of the morn, which once
 Breathed in your spring-like melodies, and woke
 Joy's echo from all hearts?

Xim. My mother, this

Is not the free air of our mountain-wilds,
 And these are not the halls, wherein my voice
 First poured those gladdening strains.

Elm. Alas! thy heart
 (I see it well) doth sicken for the pure,
 Free-wandering breezes of the joyous hills,
 Where thy young brothers, o'er the rock and heath,
 Bound in glad boyhood, e'en as torrent-streams
 Leap brightly from the heights. Had we not been
 Within these walls thus suddenly begirt,
 Thou shouldst have tracked ere now, with step as light,
 Their wild wood-paths.

Xim. I would not but have shared
 These hours of woe and peril, though the deep
 And solemn feelings wakening at their voice
 Claim all the wrought-up spirit to themselves,
 And will not blend with mirth. The storm doth hush
 All floating whispery sounds, all bird-notes wild
 O' the summer-forest, filling earth and heaven
 With its own awful music.—And 'tis well!
 Should not a hero's child be trained to hear
 The trumpet's blast unstartled, and to look
 In the fixed face of Death without dismay?

Elm. Woe! woe! that aught so gentle and so young
 Should thus be called to stand i' the tempest's path,
 And bear the token and the hue of death
 On a bright soul so soon! I had not shrunk
 From mine own lot; but thou, my child, shouldst move
 As a light breeze of heaven, through summer-bowers,
 And not o'er foaming billows. We are fallen
 On dark and evil days!

Xim. Ay, days that wake
 All to their tasks!—Youth may not loiter now

In the green walks of spring ; and womanhood
Is summoned unto conflicts, heretofore
The lot of warrior-souls. Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts ;
Not amidst joy.

Elm. Hast thou some secret woe
That thus thou speak'st ?

Xim. What sorrow should be mine,
Unknown to thee ?

Elm. Alas ! the baleful air
Wherewith the pestilence in darkness walks
Through the devoted city, like a blight
Amidst the rose-tints of thy cheek hath fallen,
And wrought an early withering !—Thou hast crossed
The paths of Death, and ministered to those
O'er whom his shadow rested, till thine eye
Hath changed its glancing sunbeam for a still
Deep, solemn radiance, and thy brow hath caught
A wild and high expression, which at times
Fades unto desolate calmness, most unlike
What youth's bright mien should wear. My gentle child !
I look on thee in fear !

Xim. Thou hast no cause
To fear for me. When the wild clash of steel,
And the deep tambour, and the heavy step
Of armed men, break on our morning dreams ;
When, hour by hour, the noble and the brave
Are falling round us, and we deem it much
To give them funeral rites, and call them blest
If the good sword, in its own stormy hour,
Hath done its work upon them, ere disease
Hath chilled their fiery blood ;—it is no time
For the light mien wherewith, in happier hours,
We trod the woodland mazes, when young leaves
Were whispering in the gale.—My father comes—
Oh ! speak of me no more ! I would not shade
His princely aspect with a thought less high
Than his proud duties claim.

GONZALEZ enters.

Elm. My noble lord !
Welcome from this day's toil !—It is the hour
Whose shadows, as they deepen, bring repose
Unto all weary men ; and wilt not thou
Free thy nailed bosom from the corslet's weight,
To rest at fall of eve ?

Gon. There may be rest
For the tired peasant, when the vesper-bell
Doth send him to his cabin, and beneath
His vine and olive he may sit at eve,
Watching his children's sport : but unto *him*
Who keeps the watch-place on the mountain height,
When Heaven lets loose the storms that chasten realms
—Who speaks of rest ?

Xim. My father, shall I fill
The wine-cup for thy lips, or bring the lute
Whose sounds thou lovest ?

Gon. If there be strains of power
To rouse a spirit which in triumphant scorn
May cast off nature's feebleness, and hold
Its proud career unshackled, dashing down
Tears and fond thoughts to earth—give voice to those;
I have need of such, Ximena!—we must hear
No melting music now.

Xim. I know all high
Heroic ditties of the elder time,
Sung by the mountain-Christians, in the holds
Of th' everlasting hills, whose snows yet bear
The print of Freedom's step; and all wild strains
Wherein the dark serranos * teach the rocks
And the pine forests deeply to resound
The praise of later champions. Wouldst thou hear
The war-song of thine ancestor, the Cid?

Gon. Ay, speak of him; for in that name is power,
Such as might rescue kingdoms! Speak of him!
We are his children! They that can look back
I' th' annals of their house on such a name,
How should they take Dishonour by the hand,
And o'er the threshold of their father's halls
First lead her as a guest?

Elm. Oh, why is this?
How my heart sinks!

Gon. It must not fail thee yet,
Daughter of heroes!—thine inheritance
Is strength to meet all conflicts. Thou canst number
In thy long line of glorious ancestry
Men, the bright offering of whose blood hath made
The ground it bathed e'en as an altar, whence
High thoughts shall rise for ever. Bore they not,
'Midst flame and sword, their witness of the Cross,
With its victorious inspiration girt
As with a conqueror's robe, till th' infidel,
O'erawed, shrank back before them?—Ay, the earth
Doth call them martyrs, but *their* agonies
Were of a moment, tortures whose brief aim
Was to destroy, within whose powers and scope
Lay nought but dust.—And earth doth call them *martyrs*!
Why, Heaven but claimed their blood, their lives, and *not*
The things which grow as tendrils round their hearts;
No, not their children!

Elm. Mean'st thou?—know'st thou aught?—
I cannot utter it—My sons! my sons!
Is it of them?—Oh! wouldst thou speak of them?

Gon. A mother's heart divineth but too well!

Elm. Speak, I adjure thee!—I can bear it all.—
Where are my children?

Gon. In the Moorish camp
Whose lines have girt the city.

Xim. But they live?

—All is not lost, my mother!

Elm. Say, they live.

Gon. Elmina, still they live.

* "Serranos," mountaineers.

Elm. But captives I!—They
Whom my fond heart had imaged to itself
Bounding from cliff to cliff amidst the wilds,
Where the rock-eagle seemed not more secure
In its rejoicing freedom!—And my boys
Are captives with the Moor!—Oh! how was this?

Gon. Alas! our brave Alphonso, in the pride
Of boyish daring, left our mountain-halls,
With his young brother, eager to behold
The face of noble war. Thence on their way
Were the rash wanderers captured.

Elm. 'Tis enough.—
And when shall they be ransomed?

Gon. There is asked
A ransom far too high.

Elm. What! have we wealth
Which might redeem a monarch, and our sons
The while wear fetters?—Take thou all for them,
And we will cast our worthless grandeur from us,
As 'twere a cumbrous robe!—Why, *thou* art one
To whose high nature pomp hath ever been
But as the plumage to a warrior's helm,
Worn or thrown off as lightly. And for me,
Thou knowest not how serenely I could take
The peasant's lot upon me, so my heart,
Amidst its deep affections undisturbed,
May dwell in silence.

Xim. Father! doubt thou not
But we will bind ourselves to poverty
With glad devotedness, if this, but this,
May win them back. Distrust us not, my father;
We can bear all things.

Gon. Can ye bear disgrace?

Xim. We were not *born* for this.

Gon. No, thou sayest well!
Hold to that lofty faith.—My wife, my child!
Hath earth no treasures richer than the gems
Torn from her secret caverns?—If by them
Chains may be riven, then let the captive spring
Rejoicing to the light!—But he, for whom
Freedom and life may but be worn with shame,
Hath nought to do, save fearlessly to fix
His steadfast look on the majestic heavens,
And proudly die!

Elm. Gonzalez, *who* must die?

Gon. (*hurriedly*). They on whose lives a fearful price is set,
But to be paid by treason!—Is't enough?
Or must I yet seek words?

Elm. That look saith more!
Thou canst not mean—

Gon. I do! why dwells there not
Power in a glance to speak it? they must die!
They—must their names be told—*Our sons* must die,
Unless I yield the city!

Xim. Oh! look up!
My mother, sink not thus!—Until the grave
Shut from our sight its victims, there is hope.

Elm. (*in a low voice*). Whose knell was in the breeze? [not theirs] No. no

Whose was the blessed voice that spoke of hope?
—And there *is* hope!—I will not be subdued—
I will not hear a whisper of despair!
For Nature is all-powerful, and her breath
Moves like a quickening spirit o'er the depths
Within a father's heart.—Thou too, Gonzalez,
Wilt tell me there is hope?

Gon. (solemnly). Hope but in Him
Who bade the patriarch lay his fair young son
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice, and when
The bright steel quivered in the father's hand,
Just raised to strike, sent forth His awful voice
Through the still clouds, and on the breathless air,
Commanding to withhold!—Earth has no hope:
It rests with Him.

Elm. Thou canst not tell me this!
Thou father of my sons; within whose hands
Doth lie thy children's fate.

Gon. If there have been
Men in whose bosoms Nature's voice hath made
Its accents as the solitary sound
Of an o'erpowering torrent, silencing
Th' austere and yet divine remonstrances
Whispered by faith and honour, lift thy hands,
And, to that Heaven which arms the brave with strength
Pray, that the father of thy sons may ne'er
Be thus found wanting!

Elm. Then their doom is sealed?—
Thou wilt not save thy children?

Gon. Hast thou cause,
Wife of my youth! to deem it lies within
The bounds of possible things, that I should link
My name to that word—*traitor*?—They that sleep
On their proud battle-fields, thy sires and mine,
Died not for this!

Elm. Oh, cold and hard of heart!
Thou shouldst be born for empire, since thy soul
Thus lightly from all human bonds can free
Its haughty flight!—Men! men! too much is yours
Of vantage: ye, that with a sound, a breath,
A shadow, thus can fill the desolate space
Of rooted up affections, o'er whose void
Our yearning hearts must wither! So it is,
Dominion must be won!—Nay, leave me not—
My heart is bursting, and I *must* be heard!
Heaven hath given power to mortal agony
As to the elements in their hour of might
And mastery o'er creation!—Who shall dare
To mock that fearful strength?—I *must* be heard!
Give me my sons!

Gon. That they may live to hide
With covering hands th' indignant flush of shame
On their young brows, when men shall speak of him
They called their father!—Was the oath, whereby,
On th' altar of my faith, I bound myself,
With an unswerving spirit to maintain
This free and Christian city for my God
And for my king, a writing traced on sand?

That passionate tears should wash it from the earth,
 Or e'en the life-drops of a bleeding heart
 Efface it, as a billow sweeps away
 The last light vessel's wake?—Then never more
 Let man's deep vows be trusted!—though enforced
 By all th' appeals of high remembrances,
 And silent claims o' the sepulchres, wherein
 His fathers with their stainless glory sleep,
 On their good swords! Thinkst thou / feel no pangs?
 He that hath given me sons, doth know the heart
 Whose treasure He recalls.—Of this no more.
 'Tis vain. I tell thee that th' inviolate cross
 Still, from our ancient temples, must look up
 Through the blue heavens of Spain, though at its foot
 I perish, with my race. Thou *darest* not ask
 That I, the son of warriors—men who died
 To fix it on that proud supremacy—
 Should tear the sign of our victorious faith
 From its high place of sunbeams, for the Moor
 In impious joy to trample!

Elm. Scorn me not

In mine extreme of misery!—Thou art strong—
 Thy heart is not as mine.—My brain grows wild;
 I know not what I ask!—And yet 'twere but
 Anticipating fate—since it must fall,
 That cross *must* fall at last! There is no power,
 No hope within this city of the grave,
 To keep its place on high. Her sultry air
 Breathes heavily of death; her warriors sink
 Beneath their ancient banners, ere the Moor
 Hath bent his bow against them; for the shaft
 Of pestilence flies more swiftly to its mark
 Than the arrow of the desert. Even the skies
 O'erhang the desolate splendour of her domes
 With an ill omen's aspect, shaping forth,
 From the dull clouds, wild menacing forms and signs
 Foreboding ruin. *Man* might be withstood,
 But who shall cope with famine and disease,
 When leagued with armed foes?—Where now the aid,
 Where the long-promised lances of Castile?—
 We are forsaken, in our utmost need,
 By Heaven and earth forsaken!

Gon. If this be,
 (And yet I will not deem it,) we must fall
 As men that in severe devotedness
 Have chosen their part, and bound themselves to death,
 Through high conviction that their suffering land,
 By the free blood of martyrdom alone,
 Shall call deliverance down.

Elm. Oh! I have stood
 Beside thee through the beating storms of life,
 With the true heart of unrepining love,
 As the poor peasant's mate doth cheerily,
 In the parched vineyard, or the harvest-field,
 Bearing her part, sustain with him the heat
 And burden of the day;—but now the hour,
 The heavy hour is come, when human strength
 Sinks down, a toil-worn pilgrim, in the dust,

Owning that woe is mightier !—Spare me yet
This bitter cup, my husband !—Let not her,
The mother of the lovely, sit and mourn
In her unpeopled home, a broken stem,
O'er its fallen roses dying !

Gon. Urge me not,
Thou that through all sharp conflicts hast been found
Worthy a brave man's love, oh ! urge me not
To guilt, which through the midst of blinding tears,
In its own hues thou seest not !—Death may scarce
Bring aught like this !

Elm. All, all thy gentle race,
The beautiful beings that around thee grew,
Creatures of sunshine ! Wilt thou doom them all ?
She, too, thy daughter—doth her smile unmarred
Pass from thee, with its radiance, day by day ?
Shadows are gathering round her—seest thou not
The misty dimness of the spoiler's breath
Hangs o'er her beauty, and the face which made
The summer of our hearts, now doth but send,
With every glance, deep bodings through the soul,
Telling of early fate.

Gon. I see a change
Far nobler on her brow !—She is as one
Who, at the trumpet's sudden call, hath risen
From the gay banquet, and in scorn cast down
The wine-cup, and the garland, and the lute
Of festal hours, for the good spear and helm,
Beseeming sterner tasks.—Her eye hath lost
The beam which laughed upon th' awakening heart,
E'en as morn breaks o'er earth. But far within
Its full dark orb, a light hath sprung, whose source
Lies deeper in the soul.—And let the torch
Which but illumed the glittering pageant fade !
The altar-flame, i' the sanctuary's recess,
Burns quenchless, being of heaven !—She hath put on
Courage, and faith, and generous constancy,
E'en as a breastplate.—Ay, men look on her,
As she goes forth serenely to her tasks,
Binding the warrior's wounds, and bearing fresh,
Cool draughts to fevered lips ; they look on her
Thus moving in her beautiful array
Of gentle fortitude, and bless the fair
Majestic vision, and un murmuring turn
Unto their heavy toils.

Elm. And seest thou not,
In that high faith and strong collectedness,
A fearful inspiration ?—*They* have cause
To tremble, who behold the unearthly light
Of high, and, it may be, prophetic thought,
Investing youth with grandeur !—From the grave
It rises, on whose shadowy brink thy child
Waits but a father's hand to snatch her back
Into the laughing sunshine.—Kneel with me,
Ximena, kneel beside me, and implore
That which a deeper, more prevailing voice
Than ours doth ask, and will not be denied,—
His children's lives !

Xim. Alas ! this may not be,
Mother :—I cannot.

[*Exit XIMENA*]

Gon. My heroic child :—
A terrible sacrifice thou claim'st, O God,
From creatures in whose agonising hearts
Nature is strong as death !

Elm. Is't thus in thine ?
Away !—what time is given thee to resolve
On—what I cannot utter !—Speak, thou knowest
Too well what I would say.

Gon. Until—ask not !
The time is brief.

Elm. Thou saidst—I heard not right—

Gon. The time is brief.

Elm. What ! must we burst all ties
Wherewith the thrilling chords of life are twined ;
And, for this task's fulfilment, can it be
That man, in his cold heartlessness, hath dared
To number and to mete us forth the sands
Of hours—nay, moments ?—Why, the sentenced wretch,
He on whose soul there rests a brother's blood
Poured forth in slumber, is allowed more time
To wean his turbulent passions from the world
His presence doth pollute !—It is not thus !
We must have time to school us.

Gon. We have but
To bow the head in silence, when Heaven's voice
Calls back the things we love.

Elm. Love ! love !—there are soft smiles and gentle words,
And there are faces, skilful to put on
The look we trust in—and 'tis mockery all !
—A faithless mist, a desert-vapour, wearing
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
The thirst that semblance kindled !—There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.—It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright, glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well.—And this is love !
This is *man's* love !—What marvel !—*You* ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of ycur heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell ; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath !—*You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim, weary eye ; not *yours* the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as Heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening !—*You* ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sang him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance ; pressed your lip to his,
When fever parched it ; hushed his wayward cries,

With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love !—
 No ! these are *woman's* tasks !—In these her youth,
 And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
 Steal from her all unmark'd !—My boys ! my boys !
 Hath vain affection borne with all for this ?
 —Why were ye given me ?

Gon. Is there strength in man
 Thus to endure ?—That thou couldst read, through all
 Its depths of silent agony, the heart
 Thy voice of woe doth rend !

Elm. Thy heart !—*thy* heart !—Away ! it feels not *now* !
 But an hour comes to tame the mighty man
 Unto the infant's weakness ; nor shall Heaven
 Spare you that bitter chastening !—May you live
 To be alone, when loneliness doth seem
 Most heavy to sustain !—For me, my voice
 Of prayer and fruitless weeping shall be soon
 With all forgotten sounds ; my quiet place
 Low with my lovely ones, and we shall sleep,
 Though kings lead armies o'er us, we shall sleep,
 Wrapt in earth's covering mantle !—You the while
 Shall sit within your vast, forsaken halls,
 And hear the wild and melancholy winds
 Moan through their drooping banners, never more
 To wave above your race. Ay, then call up
 Shadows—dim phantoms from ancestral tombs,
 But all—all *glorious*—conquerors, chieftains, kings—
 To people that cold void !—And when the strength
 From your right arm hath melted, when the blast
 Of the shrill clarion gives your heart no more
 A fiery waking ; if at last you pine
 For the glad voices, and the bounding steps,
 Once through your home re-echoing, and the clasp
 Of twining arms, and all the joyous light
 Of eyes that laughed with youth, and made your board
 A place of sunshine ;—when those days are come,
 Then, in your utter desolation, turn
 To the cold world, the smiling, faithless world,
 Which hath swept past you long, and bid it quench
 Your soul's deep thirst with *fame* ! immortal *fame* !
 Fame to the sick of heart !—a gorgeous robe,
 A crown of victory, unto him that dies
 I' the burning waste, for water !

Gon. This from *thee* !
 Now the last drop of bitterness is poured.
 Elmina—I forgive thee !

[Exit ELMINA.]

Aid me, Heaven !
 From whom alone is power !—Oh ! Thou hast set
 Duties, so stern of aspect, in my path,
 They almost, to my startled gaze, assume
 The hue of things less hallowed ! Men have sunk
 Unblamed beneath such trials !—Doth not He
 Who made us know the limits of our strength ?
 My wife ! my sons !—Away ! I must not pause
 To give my heart one moment's mastery thus !

[Exit GONZALEZ.]

SCENE—*The Aisle of a Gothic Church.*

HERNANDEZ, GARCIA, and others.

Her. The rites are closed. Now, valiant men, depart,
Each to his place—I may not say, of rest;
Your faithful vigils for your sons may win
What must not be your own. Ye are as those
Who sow, in peril and in care, the seed
Of the fair tree, beneath whose stately shade
They may not sit. But blessed be they who toil
For after-days!—All high and holy thoughts
Be with you, warriors, through the lingering hours
Of the night-watch!

Gar. Ay, father! we have need
Of high and holy thoughts, wherewith to fence
Our hearts against despair. Yet have I been
From youth a son of war. The stars have looked
A thousand times upon my couch of heath,
Spread 'midst the wild sierras, by some stream
Whose dark-red waves looked e'en as though their source
Lay not in rocky caverns, but the veins
Of noble hearts; while many a knightly crest
Rolled with them to the deep. And in the years
Of my long exile and captivity,
With the fierce Arab, I have watched beneath
The still, pale shadow of some lonely palm,
At midnight, in the desert; while the wind
Swelled with the lion's roar, and heavily
The fearfulness and might of solitude
Pressed on my weary heart.

Her. (*thoughtfully*). Thou little know'st
Of what is solitude!—I tell thee, those
For whom—in earth's remotest nook—how'er
Divided from their path by chain on chain
Of mighty mountains, and the amplitude
Of rolling seas—there beats one human heart,
There breathes one being unto whom their name
Comes with a thrilling and a gladdening sound
Heard o'er the din of life, are not alone!
Not on the deep, nor in the wild, alone;
For there is that on earth with which they hold
A brotherhood of soul!—Call *him* alone,
Who stands shut out from this!—And let not those
Whose homes are bright with sunshine and with love,
Put on the insolence of happiness,
Glorying in that proud lot!—A lonely hour
Is on its way to each, to all; for Death
Knows no companionship.

Gar. I have looked on Death
In field, and storm, and flood. But never yet
Hath aught weighed down my spirit to a mood
Of sadness, dreaming o'er dark auguries,
Like this, our watch by midnight. Fearful things
Are gathering round us. Death upon the earth,
Omens in heaven!—The summer skies put forth
No clear, bright stars above us, but at times,
Catching some comet's fiery hue of wrath,

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Marshal their clouds to armies, traversing
 Heaven with the rush of meteor-steeds, the array
 Of spears and banners, tossing like the pines
 Of Pyrenean forests, when the storm
 Doth sweep the mountains.

Her. Ay, last night I too
 Kept vigil, gazing on the angry heavens;
 And I beheld the meeting and the shock
Of those wild hosts i' the air, when, as they closed,
A red and sultry mist, like that which mantles
The thunder's path, fell o'er them. Then were flung
 Through the dull glare, broad cloudy banners forth,
 And chariots seemed to whirl, and steeds to sink,
 Bearing down crested warriors. But all this
 Was dim and shadowy;—then swift darkness rushed
 Down on the unearthly battle, as the deep
 Swept o'er the Egyptian's armament—I looked—
 And all that fiery field of plumes and spears
 Was blotted from heaven's face!—I looked again—
 And from the brooding mass of cloud leaped forth
 One meteor-sword, which o'er the reddening sea
 Shook with strange motion, such as earthquakes give
 Unto a rocking citadel!—I beheld,
 And yet my spirit sank not.

Gar. Neither deem
 That mine hath blenched.—But these are sights and sounds
 To awe the firmest.—Knowest thou what we hear
 At midnight from the walls?—Were't but the deep
 Barbaric horn, or Moorish tambour's peal,
 Thence might the warrior's heart catch impulses,
 Quickening its fiery currents. But our ears
 Are pierced by other tones. We hear the knell
 For brave men in their noon of strength cut down.
 And the shrill wail of woman, and the dirge
 Faint swelling through the streets. Then e'en the air
 Hath strange and fitful murmurs of lament,
 As if the viewless watchers of the land
 Sighed on its hollow breezes!—To my soul,
 The torrent-rush of battle, with its din
 Of trampling steeds and ringing panoply,
 Were, after these faint sounds of drooping woe,
 As the free sky's glad music unto him
 Who leaves a couch of sickness.

Her. (with solemnity). If to plunge
 In the mid-waves of combat, as they bear
 Chargers and spearmen onwards; and to make
 A reckless bosom's front the buoyant main
 On that wild current, for ten thousand arrows;
 If *thus* to dare were valour's noblest aim,
 Lightly might fame be won!—but there are things
 Which ask a spirit of more exalted pitch,
 And courage tempered with a holier fire!
 Well mayst thou say, that these are fearful times,
 Therefore be firm, be patient!—There is strength,
 And a fierce instinct, e'en in common souls,
 To bear up manhood with a stormy joy,
 When red swords meet in lightning!—But our task
 Is more, and nobler!—We have to endure,

And to keep watch, and to arouse a land,
And to defend an altar!—If we fall,
So that our blood make but the millionth part
Of Spain's great ransom, we may count it joy
To die upon her bosom, and beneath
The banner of her faith!—Think but on this,
And gird your hearts with silent fortitude,
Suffering, yet hoping all things—Fare ye well.

Gar. Father, farewell. [*Exeunt GARCIAS and his followers.*]

Her. These men have earthly ties
And bondage on their natures!—To the cause
Of God, and Spain's revenge, they bring but half
Their energies and hopes. But he whom Heaven
Hath called to be the awakener of a land,
Should have his soul's affections all absorbed
In that majestic purpose, and press on
To its fulfilment, as a mountain-born
And mighty stream, with all its vassal-rills,
Sweeps proudly to the ocean, pausing not
To dally with the flowers.

Hark! What quick step
Comes hurrying through the gloom at this dead hour?

ELMINA enters.

Elm. Are not all hours as one to misery?—Why
Should *she* take note of time, for whom the day
And night have lost their blessed attributes
Of sunshine and repose?

Her. I know thy griefs;
But there are trials for the noble heart
Wherein its own deep fountains must supply
All it can hope of comfort. Pity's voice
Comes with vain sweetness to the unheeding ear
Of anguish, e'en as music heard afar
On the green shore, by him who perishes
Midst rocks and eddying waters.

Elm. Think thou not
I sought thee but for pity. I am come
For that which grief is privileged to demand
With an imperious claim, from all whose form,
Whose human form, doth seal them unto suffering!
Father! I ask thine aid.

Her. There is no aid
For thee or for thy children, but with Him
Whose presence is around us in the cloud,
As in the shining and the glorious light.

Elm. There is no aid!—Art thou a man of God?
Art thou a man of sorrow?—(for the world
Doth call thee such)—and hast thou not been taught
By God and sorrow—mighty as they are,
To own the claims of misery?

Her. Is there power
With me to save thy sons?—Implore of Heaven!

Elm. Doth not Heaven work its purposes by man?
I tell thee, *thou* canst save them!—Art thou not
Gonzalez' counsellor?—Unto him thy words
Are e'en as oracles—

Her. And therefore?—Speak!
 The noble daughter of Pelayo's line
 Hath nought to ask, unworthy of the name
 Which is a nation's heritage.—Dost thou shrink?
Elm. Have pity on me, father!—I must speak
That, from the thought of which, but yesterday,
I had recoiled in scorn!—But this is past.
 Oh! we grow humble in our agonies,
 And to the dust—their birth-place—bow the heads
 That wore the crown of glory!—I am weak—
 My chastening is far more than I can bear.
Her. These are no times for weakness. On our hills
 The ancient cedars, in their gathered might,
 Are battling with the tempest; and the flower
 Which cannot meet its driving blast must die.—
 But thou hast drawn thy nurture from a stem
 Unwont to bend or break.—Lift thy proud head,
 Daughter of Spain!—What wouldst thou with thy lord?
Elm. Look not upon me thus!—I have no power
 To tell thee. Take thy keen disdainful eye
 Off from my soul!—What! am I sunk to this?
 I, whose blood sprung from heroes!—How my sons
 Will scorn the mother that would bring disgrace
 On their majestic line!—My sons! my sons!—
 Now is all else forgotten!—I had once
 A babe that in the early spring-time lay
 Sickening upon my bosom, till at last,
 When earth's young flowers were opening to the sun,
 Death sunk on his meek eyelid, and I deemed
 All sorrow light to mine!—But now the fate
 Of all my children seems to brood above me
 In the dark thunder-clouds!—Oh! I have power
 And voice unfaltering now to speak my prayer,
 And my last lingering hope, that thou shouldst win
 The father to relent, to save his sons!

Her. By yielding up the city?

Elm. Rather say,
 By meeting that which gathers close upon us
 Perchance one day the sooner!—Is't not so?
 Must we not yield at last?—How long shall man
 Array his single breast against disease
 And famine, and the sword?

Her. How long?—While He,
 Who shadows forth His power more gloriously
 In the high deeds and sufferings of the soul,
 Than in the circling heavens with all their stars,
 Or the far-sounding deep, doth send abroad
 A spirit, which takes affliction for its mate,
 In the good casue, with solemn joy!—How long?—
 And who art *thou*, that, in the littleness
 Of thine own selfish purpose, wouldst set bounds
 To the free current of all noble thought
 And generous action, bidding its bright waves
 Be stayed, and flow no further?—But the Power
 Whose interdict is laid on seas and orbs,
 To chain them in from wandering, hath assigned
 No limits unto that which man's high strength
 Shall, through its aid, achieve!

Elm. Oh ! there are times
When *all* that hopeless courage can achieve
But sheds a mournful beauty o'er the fate
Of those who die in vain.

Her. Who dies in vain
Upon his country's war-fields, and within
The shadow of her altars?—Feeble heart !
I tell thee that the voice of noble blood,
Thus poured for faith and freedom, hath a tone
Which, from the night of ages, from the gulf
Of death, shall burst, and make its high appeal
Sound unto earth and heaven ! Ay, let the land,
Whose sons, through centuries of woe, have striven,
And perished by her temples, sink awhile,
Borne down in conflict !—But immortal seed
Deep, by heroic suffering, hath been sown
On all her ancient hills ; and generous hope
Knows that the soil, in its good time, shall yet
Bring forth a glorious harvest !—Earth receives
Not one red drop, from faithful hearts, in vain.
Elm. Then it must be !—And ye will make those lives,
Those young, bright lives, an offering—to retard
Our doom one day !

Her. The mantle of that day
May wrap the fate of Spain !

Elm. What led me here ?
Why did I turn to *thee* in my despair ?
Love hath no ties upon thee ; what had I
To hope from *thee*, thou lone and childless man ?
Go to thy silent home !—there no young voice
Shall bid thee welcome, no light footstep spring
Forth at the sound of thine !—What knows thy heart ?
Her. Woman ! how dar'st thou taunt me with my woes ?
Thy children too shall perish, and I say
It shall be well !—Why tak'st thou thought for them ?
Wearing thy heart, and wasting down thy life
Unto it dregs, and making night thy time
Of care yet more intense, and casting health,
Unprized, to melt away, i' th' bitter cup
Thou minglest for thyself?—Why, what hath earth
To pay thee back for this?—Shall they not live,
(If the sword spare them now,) to prove how soon
All love may be forgotten?—Years of thought,
Long faithful watchings, looks of tenderness,
That changed not, though to change be this world's law—
Shall they not flush thy cheek with shame, whose blood
Marks, e'en like branding iron?—to thy sick heart
Make death a want, as sleep to weariness ?
Doth not all hope end thus?—or e'en at best,
Will they not leave thee?—far from thee seek room
For th' overflowings of their fiery souls,
On life's wide ocean?—Give the bounding steed,
Or the winged bark to youth, that his free course
May be o'er hills and seas : and weep thou not
In thy forsaken home, for the bright world
Lies all before him, and be sure he wastes
No thought on thee !

Elm. Not so ! it is not so !

Thou dost but torture me!—*My* sons are kind,
And brave, and gentle.

Her. Others too have worn
The semblance of all good. Nay, stay thee yet;
I will be calm, and thou shalt learn how earth,
The fruitful in all agonies, hath woes
Which far outweigh thine own.

Elm. It may not be!

Whose grief is like a mother's for her sons?

Her. *My* son lay stretched upon his battle-bier,
And there were hands wrung o'er him, which had caught
Their hue from his young blood!

Elm. What tale is this?

Her. Read you no records in this mien, of things
Whose traces on man's aspect are not such
As the breeze leaves on water?—Lofty birth,
War, peril, power?—Affliction's hand is strong,
If it erase the haughty characters
They grave so deep!—I have not always been
That which I am. The name I bore is not
Of those which perish!—I was once a chief—
A warrior!—nor as now, a lonely man!
I was a father!

Elm. Then thy heart can feel!

Thou wilt have pity!

Her. Should I pity thee?

Thy sons will perish gloriously—their blood—

Elm. Their blood! my children's blood!—thou speak'st as 'twere
Of casting down a wine-cup, in the mirth
And wantonness of feasting!—My fair boys!—
Man! hast *thou* been a father?

Her. Let them die!

Let them die *now*, thy children! so thy heart
Shall wear their beautiful image all undimmed
Within it, to the last! Nor shalt thou learn
The bitter lesson, of what worthless dust
Are framed the idols, whose false glory binds
Earth's fetter on our souls!—Thou think'st it much
To mourn the early dead; but there are tears
Heavy with deeper anguish! We endow
Those whom we love, in our fond passionate blindness
With power upon our souls, too absolute
To be a mortal's trust! Within their hands
We lay the flaming sword, whose stroke alone
Can reach our hearts, and *they* are merciful,
As they are strong, that wield it not to pierce us!—
Ay, fear them, fear the loved!—Had I but wept
O'er my son's grave, as o'er a babe's, where tears
Are as spring dew-drops, glittering in the sun,
And brightening the young verdure, I might still
Have loved and trusted!

Elm. (disdainfully). But he fell in war!
And hath not Glory medicine in her cup
For the brief pangs of nature?

Her. Glory!—Peace,
And listen!—By my side the stripling grew,
Last of my line. I reared him to take joy
I' th' blaze of arms, as eagles train their young

To look upon the day-king !—His quick blood
 Ev'n to his boyish cheek would mantle up,
 When the heavens rang with trumpets, and his eye
 Flash with the spirit of a race whose deeds——
 But this availeth not !—Yet he *was* brave.
 I've seen him clear himself a path in fight
 As lightning through a forest, and his plume
 Waved like a torch above the battle-storm,
 The soldier's guide, when princely crests had sunk,
 And banners were struck down.—Around my steps
 Floated his fame, like music, and I lived
 But in the lofty sound. But when my heart
 In one frail ark had ventured all, when most
 He seemed to stand between my soul and heaven,—
 Then came the thunder-stroke !

Elm. 'Tis ever thus !

And the unquiet and foreboding sense
 That thus 'twill ever be, doth link itself
 Darkly with all deep love !—He died ?

Her. Not so !—

Death ! Death !—Why, earth should be a paradise,
 To make that name so fearful !—Had he died,
 With his young fame about him for a shroud,
 I had not learned the might of agony,
 To bring proud natures low !—No ! he fell off—
 Why do I tell thee this ?—What right hast *thou*
 To learn how passed the glory from my house ?
 Yet listen !—He forsook me !—He, that was
 As mine own soul, forsook me ! trampled o'er
 The ashes of his sires !—Ay, leagued himself
 E'en with the infidel, the curse of Spain,
 And, for the dark eye of a Moorish maid,
 Abjured his faith, his God !—Now talk of death !

Elm. Oh ! I can pity thee——

Her. There's more to hear.

I braced the corslet o'er my heart's deep wound,
 And cast my troubled spirit on the tide
 Of war and high events, whose stormy waves
 Might bear it up from sinking ;——

Elm. And ye met

No more ?

Her. Be still !—We did !—we met *once* more.
 God had His own high purpose to fulfil,
 Or think'st thou that the sun in his bright heaven
 Had looked upon such things ?—We met *once* more.
 That was an hour to leave its lightning-mark
 Seared upon brain and bosom !—There had been
 Combat on Ebro's banks, and when the day
 Sank in red clouds, it faded from a field
 Still held by Moorish lances. Night closed round —
 A night of sultry darkness, in the shadow
 Of whose broad wing, ev'n unto death I strove
 Long with a turbaned champion ; but my sword
 Was heavy with God's vengeance—and prevailed.
 He fell—my heart exulted—and I stood
 In gloomy triumph o'er him—Nature gave
 No sign of horror, for 'twas Heaven's decree !
 He strove to speak—but I had done the work

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Of wrath too well—yet in his last deep moan
 A dreadful something of familiar sound
 Came o'er my shuddering sense.—The moon looked forth,
 And I beheld—speak not!—'twas he—my son!
 My boy lay dying there! He raised one glance,
 And knew me—for he sought with feeble hand
 To cover his glazed eyes. A darker veil
 Sank o'er them soon.—I will not have thy look
 Fixed on me thus!—Away!

Elm. Thou hast seen this,
 Thou hast *done* this—and yet thou liv'st?

Her. I live!
 And know'st thou wherefore?—On my soul there fell
 A horror of great darkness, which shut out
 All earth, and heaven, and hope. I cast away
 The spear and helm, and made the cloister's shade
 The home of my despair. But a deep voice
 Came to me through the gloom, and sent its tones
 Far through my bosom's depths. And I awoke,
 Ay, as the mountain cedar doth shake off
 Its weight of wintry snow, e'en so I shook
 Despondence from my soul, and knew myself
 Sealed by that blood wherewith my hands were dyed,
 And set apart, and fearfully marked out
 Unto a mighty task!—To rouse the soul
 Of Spain, as from the dead: and to lift up
 The cross, her sign of victory, on the hills,
 Gathering her sons to battle!—And my voice
 Must be as freedom's trumpet on the winds,
 From Roncesvalles to the blue sea-waves
 Where Calpe looks on Afric; till the land
 Have filled her cup of vengeance!—Ask me *now*
 To yield the Christian city, that its fane
 May rear the minaret in the face of Heaven!—
 But death shall have a bloodier vintage-feast
 Ere that day come!

Elm. I ask thee this no more,
 For I am hopeless now.—But yet one boon—
 Hear me, by all thy woes!—Thy voice hath power
 Through the wide city—here I cannot rest:—
 Aid me to pass the gates!

Her. And wherefore?

Elm. Thou,
 That wert a father, and art now—alone!
 Canst *thou* ask "wherefore"?—Ask the wretch whose sands
 Have not an hour to run, whose failing limbs
 Have but one earthly journey to perform,
 Why, on his pathway to the place of death,
 Ay, when the very axe is glistening cold
 Upon his dizzy sight, his pale, parched lip
 Implores a cup of water?—Why, the stroke
 Which trembles o'er him in itself shall bring
 Oblivion of all wants, yet who denies
 Nature's last prayer?—I tell thee that the thirst
 Which burns my spirit up is agony
 To be endured no more!—And I *must* look
 Upon my children's faces, I must hear
 Their voices, ere they perish!—But hath Heaven

Decreed that they *must* perish?—Who shall say
If in yon Moslem camp there beats no heart
Which prayers and tears may melt?

Her. There!—With the Moor!
Let him fill up the measure of his guilt!—
'Tis madness all!—How wouldst thou pass th' array
Of armed foes?

Elm. Oh! free doth sorrow pass,
Free and unquestioned, through a suffering world!

Her. This must not be. Enough of woe is laid,
E'en now, upon my lord's heroic soul,
For man to bear, unsinking. Press thou not
Too heavily th' o'erburthened heart.—Away!
Bow down the knee, and send thy prayers for strength
Up to Heaven's gate.—Farewell! [Exit HERNANDEZ.]

Elm. Are all men thus?—
Why, wer't not better they should fall e'en now,
Than live to shut their hearts, in haughty scorn,
Against the sufferer's pleadings?—But no, no!
Who can be like *this* man, that slew his son,
Yet wears his life still proudly, and a soul
Untamed upon his brow?

(After a pause.)

There's one, whose arms
Have borne my children in their infancy,
And on whose knees they sported, and whose hand
Hath led them oft—a vassal of their sire's;
And I will seek him; he may lend me aid,
When all beside pass on.

DIRGE HEARD WITHOUT.

Thou to thy rest art gone,
High heart! and what are we,
While o'er our heads the storm sweeps on,
That we should mourn for thee?

Free grave and peaceful bier
To the buried son of Spain!
To those that live, the lance and spear,
And well if not the chain!

Be *theirs* to weep the dead,
As they sit beneath the vines,
Whose flowery land hath borne no tread
Of spoilers o'er its shrines!

Thou hast thrown off the load
Which we must yet sustain,
And pour our blood where thine hath flowed,
Too blest if not in vain!

We give thee holy rite,
Slow knell, and chanted strain!
—For those that fall to-morrow night,
May be left no funeral-train.

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Again, when trumpets wake,
We must brace our armour on ;
But a deeper tone thy sleep must break—
Thou to thy rest art gone !

Happier in *this* than all,
That, now thy race is run,
Upon thy name no stain may fall,
Thy work hath well been done !

Elm. "Thy work hath well been done !"—so thou mayst rest !—
There is a solemn lesson in those words—
But now I may not pause. [Exit ELMINA.]

SCENE—*A Street in the City.*

HERNANDEZ, GONZALEZ.

Her. Would they not hear ?

Gon. They heard, as one that stands
By the cold grave which hath but newly closed
O'er his last friend, doth hear some passer-by
Bid him be comforted !—Their hearts have died
Within them !—We must perish, not as those
That fall when battle's voice doth shake the hills,
And peal through Heaven's great arch, but silently,
And with a wasting of the spirit down,
A quenching, day by day, of some bright spark,
Which lit us on our toils !—Reproach me not ;
My soul is darkened with a heavy cloud—
Yet fear not I shall yield !

Her. Breathe not the word,
Save in proud scorn !—Each bitter day, o'erpassed
By slow endurance, is a triumph won
For Spain's red cross. And be of trusting heart !
A few brief hours, and those that turned away
In cold despondence, shrinking from your voice,
May crowd around their leader, and demand
To be arrayed for battle. We must watch
For the swift impulse, and await its time,
As the bark waits the ocean's. You have chosen
To kindle up their souls, an hour, perchance,
When they were weary ; they had cast aside
Their arms to slumber ; or a knell, just then,
With its deep, hollow tone, had made the blood
Creep shuddering through their veins ; or they had caught
A glimpse of some new meteor, and shaped forth
Strange omens from its blaze.

Gon. Alas ! the cause
Lies deeper in their misery !—I have seen,
In my night's course through this beleaguered city,
Things whose remembrance doth not pass away
As vapours from the mountains.—There were some
That sat beside their dead, with eyes wherein
Grief had ta'en place of sight, and shut out all
But its own ghastly object. To my voice
Some answered with a fierce and bitter laugh,

As men whose agonies were made to pass
 The bounds of sufferance, by some reckless word,
 Dropt from the light of spirit.—Others lay—
 Why should I tell thee, father! how despair
 Can bring the lofty brow of manhood down
 Unto the very dust?—and yet for this,
 Fear not that I embrace my doom—O God!
 That 'twere *my* doom alone!—with less of fixed
 And solemn fortitude.—Lead on, prepare
 The holiest rites of faith, that I by them
 Once more may consecrate my sword, my life,—
 But what are these?—Who hath not dearer lives
 Twined with his own?—I shall be lonely soon—
 Childless!—Heaven wills it so. Let us begone.
 Perchance before the shrine my heart my beat
 With a less troubled motion.

[*Exeunt* GONZALEZ and HERNANDEZ.]

SCENE—*A Tent in the Moorish Camp.*

ABDULLAH, ALPHONSO, CARLOS.

Abd. These are bold words: but hast thou looked on death,
Fair stripling?—On thy cheek and sunny brow
 Scarce fifteen summers of their laughing course
 Have left light traces. If thy shaft hath pierced
 The ibex of the mountains, if thy step
 Hath climbed some eagle's nest, and thou hast made
 His nest thy spoil, 'tis much.—And fear'st thou not
 The leader of the mighty?

Alph. I have been
 Reared amongst fearless men, and 'midst the rocks
 And the wild hills, whereon my fathers fought
 And won their battles. There are glorious tales
 Told of their deeds, and I have learned them all.
 How should I fear thee, Moor?

Abd. So, thou hast seen
 Fields, where the combat's roar hath died away
 Into the whispering breeze, and where wild flowers
 Bloom o'er forgotten graves!—But know'st thou aught
 Of those, where sword from crossing sword strikes fire,
 And leaders are borne down, and rushing steeds
 Trample the life from out the mighty hearts
 That ruled the storm so late?—Speak not of death,
 Till thou hast looked on such.

Alph. I was not born
 A shepherd's son, to dwell, with pipe and crook,
 And peasant-men, amidst the lowly vales;
 Instead of ringing clarions, and bright spears,
 And crested knights!—I am of princely race,
 And, if my father would have heard my suit,
 I tell thee, infidel! that long ere now
 I should have seen how lances meet, and sword:
 Do the field's work.

Abd. Boy! know'st thou there are sights
 A thousand times more fearful?—men may die

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Full proudly, when the skies and mountains ring
 To battle-horn and *tecbir*. *—But not all
 So pass away in glory. There are those,
 'Midst the dead silence of pale multitudes,
 Led forth in fetters—dost thou mark me, boy?—
 To take their last look of th' all-gladdening sun,
 And bow, perchance, the stately head of youth
 Unto the death of shame!—Hadst thou seen this—

Alph. (to Carlos). Sweet brother, God is with us, fear thou not!
 We have had heroes for our sires—this man
 Should not behold us tremble.

Abd. There are means
 To tame the loftiest natures. Yet again
 I ask thee, wilt thou, from beneath the walls,
 Sue to thy sire for life; or wouldst thou die,
 With this, thy brother?

Alph. Moslem! on the hills,
 Around my father's castle, I have heard
 The mountain-peasants, as they dressed the vines,
 Or drove the goats, by rock and torrent home,
 Singing their ancient songs; and these were all
 Of the Cid Campeador; and how his sword
 Tizona † cleared its way through turbaned hosts,
 And captured Afric's kings, and how he won
 Valencia from the Moor.—I will not shame
 The blood we draw from him!

(*A Moorish Soldier enters.*)

Soldier. Valencia's lord
 Sends messengers, my chief.

Abd. Conduct them hither.

[*The Soldier goes out, and re-enters with ELMINA, disguised, and an Attendant.*

Carlos (springing forward to the Attendant). Oh! take me hence,
 Diego; take me hence
 With thee, that I may see my mother's face
 At morning, when I wake. Here dark-browed men
 Frown strangely, with their cruel eyes, upon us.
 Take me with thee, for thou art good and kind,
 And well I know thou lov'st me, my Diego!

Abd. Peace, boy!—What tidings, Christian, from thy lord?
 Is he grown humbler, doth he set the lives
 Of these fair nurslings at a city's worth?

Alph. (rushing forward impatiently). Say not he doth!—Yet where-
 fore art thou here?

If it be so—I could weep burning tears
 For very shame!—If this *can* be, return!
 Tell him, of all his wealth, his battle-spoils,
 I will but ask a war-horse and a sword,
 And that beside him in the mountain chase,
 And in his halls and at his stately feasts,
 My place shall be no more!—but no!—I wrong,

* *Tecbir*, the war-cry of the Moors and Arabs.

† *Tizona*, the firebrand. The name of the Cid's favourite sword, taken in battle from the Moorish king, Bucar.

I wrong my father!—Moor! believe it not!
He is a champion of the Cross and Spain,
Sprung from the Cid;—and I too, I can die
As a warrior's high-born child!

Elm. Alas! alas!

And wouldst thou die, thus early die, fair boy?
What hath life done to thee, that thou shouldst cast
Its flower away, in very scorn of heart,
Ere yet the blight be come?

Alph. That voice doth sound—

Abd. Stranger, who art thou?—this is mockery! speak!

Elm. (*throwing off a mantle and helmet and embracing her sons*).

My boys! whom I have reared through many hours
Of silent joys and sorrows, and deep thoughts
Untold and unimagined; let me die
With you, now I have held you to my heart,
And seen once more the faces, in whose light
My soul hath lived for years!

Carlos. Sweet mother! now

Thou shalt not leave us more.

Abd. Enough of this!

Woman! what seek'st thou here?—How hast thou dared
To front the mighty thus amidst his hosts?

Elm. Think'st thou there dwells no courage but in breasts
That set their mail against the ringing spears,
When helmets are struck down? Thou little know'st
Of nature's marvels!—Chief! my heart is nerved
To make its way through things which warrior-men,—
Ay, they that master death by field or flood,
Would look on, ere they braved!—I have no thought,
No sense of fear!—Thou'rt mighty! but a soul
Wound up like mine is mightier, in the power
Of that one feeling, poured through all its depths,
Than monarchs with their hosts!—Am I not come
To die with these, my children?

Abd. Doth thy faith

Bid thee do this, fond Christian? Hast thou not
The means to save them?

Elm. I have prayers and tears,
And agonies!—and He—my God—the God
Whose hand, or soon or late, doth find its hour
To bow the crested head—hath made these things
Most powerful in a world where all must learn
That one deep language, by the storm called forth
From the bruised reeds of earth!—For thee, perchance,
Affliction's chastening lesson hath not yet
Been laid upon thy heart, and thou may'st love
To see the creatures, by its might brought low,
Humbled before thee.

[She throws herself at his feet.]

Conqueror! I can kneel!

I, that drew breath from princes, bow myself
E'en to thy feet! Call in thy chiefs, thy slaves,
If this will swell thy triumph, to behold
The blood of kings, of heroes, thus abased!
Do this, but spare my sons!

Alph. (*attempting to raise her*). Thou shouldst not kneel
Unto this infidel!—Rise, rise, my mother!
This sight doth shame our house!

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Abd. Thou daring boy !

They that in arms have taught thy father's land
How chains are worn, shall school that haughty mien
Unto another language.

Elm. Peace, my son !

Have pity on my heart !—Oh, pardon, chief !
He is of noble blood !—Hear, hear me yet !
Are there no lives through which the shafts of Heaven
May reach your soul ?—He that loves aught on earth,
Dares far too much, if he be merciless !
Is it for those whose frail mortality
Must one day strive alone with God and death,
To shut their souls against th' appealing voice
Of nature, in her anguish ?—Warrior ! man !
To you too, ay, and haply with your hosts,
By thousands and ten thousands marshalled round,
And your strong armour on, shall come that stroke
Which the lance wards not !—Where shall your high heart
Find refuge then, if in the day of might
Woe hath lain prostrate, bleeding at your feet,
And you have pitied not ?

Abd. These are vain words.

Elm. Have you no children ?—fear you not to bring
The lightning on their heads ?—In your own land,
Doth no fond mother, from the tents beneath
Your native palms, look o'er the deserts out,
To greet your homeward step ?—You have not yet
Forgot so utterly her patient love—
For is not woman's, in all climes, the same ?—
That you should scorn my prayer !—Oh, Heaven ! his eye
Doth wear no mercy !

Abd. Then it mocks you not.

I have swept o'er the mountains of your land,
Leaving my traces, as the visitings
Of storms upon them !—Shall I now be stayed ?
Know, unto me it were as light a thing,
In this, my course, to quench your children's lives,
As, journeying through a forest, to break off
The young wild branches that obstruct the way
With their green sprays and leaves.

Elm. Are there such hearts
Amongst Thy works, O God ?

Abd. Kneel not to me,

Kneel to your lord ! on his resolves doth hang
His children's doom. He may be lightly won
By a few bursts of passionate tears and words.

Elm. (rising indignantly). Speak not of noble men !—he bears a soul
Stronger than love or death.

Alph. (with exultation). I knew 'twas thus !
He could not fail !

Elm. There is no mercy, none,

On this cold earth !—To strive with such a world,
Hearts should be void of love !—We will go hence,
My children ! we are summoned. Lay your heads,
In their young radiant beauty, once again
To rest upon this bosom. He that dwells
Beyond the clouds which press us darkly round,
Will yet have pity, and before His face

We three will stand together! Moslem! now
Let the stroke fall at once!

Abd. 'Tis thine own will.

These might e'en yet be spared.

Elm. *Thou wilt not spare!*

And he beneath whose eye their childhood grew,
And in whose paths they sported, and whose ear
From their first lisping accents caught the sound
Of that word—*Father*—once a name of love—
Is—Men shall call him *steadfast*.

Abd. Hath the blast

Of sudden trumpets ne'er at dead of night,
When the land's watchers feared no hostile step,
Startled the slumberers from their dreamy world,
In cities, whose heroic lords have been
Steadfast as thine?

Elm. There's meaning in thine eye,
More than thy words.

Abd. (*pointing to the city*). Look to yon towers and walls:
Think you no hearts within their limits pine,
Weary of hopeless warfare, and prepared
To burst the feeble links which bind them still
Unto endurance?

Elm. Thou hast said too well.

But what of this?

Abd. Then there are those to whom
The Prophet's armies not as foes would pass
Yon gates, but as deliverers. Might they not,
In some still hour, when weariness takes rest,
Be won to welcome us?—Your children's steps
May yet bound lightly through their father's halls.

Alph. (*indignantly*). Thou treacherous Moor!

Elm. Let me not thus be tried
Beyond all strength, oh, Heaven!

Abd. Now, 'tis for *thee*,
Thou Christian mother! on thy sons to pass
The sentence—life or death!—the price is set
On their young blood, and rests within thy hands.

Alph. Mother! thou tremblest!

Abd. Hath thy heart resolved?

Elm. (*covering her face with her hands*). My boy's proud eye is on
me, and the things

Which rush, in stormy darkness, through my soul,
Shrink from his glance. I cannot answer *here*.

Abd. Come forth. We'll commune elsewhere.

Carlos (*to his mother*). Wilt thou go?
Oh! let me follow thee!

Elm. Mine own fair child!—

Now that thine eyes have poured once more on mine
The light of their young smile, and thy sweet voice
Hath sent its gentle music through my soul,
And I have felt the twining of thine arms—
How shall I leave thee?

Abd. Leave him, as 'twere but
For a brief slumber, to behold his face
At morning, with the sun's.

Alph. Thou hast no look
For me, my mother!

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Elm. Oh ! that I should live
To say, I *dare* not look on thee !—Farewell,
My firstborn, fare thee well !

Alph. Yet, yet beware !
It were a grief more heavy on thy soul,
That I should blush for thee, than o'er my grave
That thou shouldst proudly weep !

Abd. Away ! we trifle here. The night wanes fast.
Come forth !

Elm. One more embrace ! My sons, farewell !

[*Exeunt ABDULLAH with ELMINA and her Attendant.*]

Alph. Hear me yet once, my mother !

Art thou gone ?

But one word more !

[*He rushes out, followed by CARLOS.*]

SCENE—The Garden of a Palace in Valencia.

XIMENA, THERESA.

Ther. Stay yet awhile. A purer air doth rove
Here through the myrtles whispering, and the limes
And shaking sweetness from the orange boughs
Than waits you in the city.

Xim. There are those
In their last need, and on their bed of death,
At which no hand doth minister but mine,
That wait me in the city. Let us hence.

Ther. You have been wont to love the music made
By founts, and rustling foliage, and soft winds,
Breathing of citron-groves. And will you turn
From these to scenes of death ?

Xim. To me the voice
Of summer, whispering through young flowers and leaves
Now speaks too deep a language ; and of all
Its dreamy and mysterious melodies,
The breathing soul is sadness !—I have felt
That summons through my spirit, after which
The hues of earth are changed, and all her sounds
Seem fraught with secret warnings.—There is cause
That I should bend my footsteps to the scenes
Where Death is busy, taming warrior-hearts,
And pouring winter through the fiery blood,
And fett'ring the strong arm !—For now no sigh
In the dull air, nor floating cloud in heaven,—
No, not the lightest murmur of a leaf,
But of his angel's silent coming bears
Some token to my soul.—But nought of this
Unto my mother !—These are awful hours !
And on their heavy steps, afflictions crowd
With such dark pressure, there is left no room
For one grief more.

Ther. Sweet lady, talk not thus !
Your eye this morn doth wear a calmer light ;
There's more of life in its clear tremulous ray
Than I have marked of late. Nay, go not yet ;

Rest by this fountain, where the laurels dip
 Their glossy leaves. A fresher gale doth spring
 From the transparent waters, dashing round
 Their silvery spray, with a sweet voice of coolness,
 O'er the pale glistening marble. 'Twill call up
 Faint bloom, if but a moment's, to your cheek.
 Rest here, ere you go forth, and I will sing
 The melody you love.

THERESA sings.

Why is the Spanish maiden's grave
 So far from her own bright land?
 The sunny flowers that o'er it wave
 Were sown by no kindred hand.

'Tis not the orange-bough that sends
 Its breath on the sultry air,
 'Tis not the myrtle-stem that bends
 To the breeze of evening there!

But the Rose of Sharon's eastern bloom
 By the silent dwelling fades,
 And none but strangers pass the tomb
 Which the Palm of Judah shades.

The lowly Cross, with flowers o'ergrown,
 Marks well that place of rest;
 But who hath graved, on its mossy stone,
 A sword, a helm, a crest?

These are the trophies of a chief,
 A lord of the axe and spear!—
 Some blossom plucked, some faded leaf
 Should grace a maiden's bier!

Scorn not her tomb—deny not her
 The honours of the brave!
 O'er that forsaken sepulchre,
 Banner and plume might wave.

She bound the steel, in battle tried,
 Her fearless heart above,
 And stood with brave men, side by side,
 In the strength and faith of love!

That strength prevailed—that faith was blessed!
 True was the javelin thrown;
 Yet pierced it not her warrior's breast,
 She met it with her own!

And nobly won, where heroes fell
 In arms for the holy shrine,
 A death which saved what she loved so well,
 And a grave in Palestine.

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Then let the Rose of Sharon spread
Its breast to the glowing air,
And the Palm of Judah lift its head,
Green and immortal there !

And let yon grey stone, undefaced,
With its trophy mark the scene,
Telling the pilgrim of the waste,
Where Love and Death have been.

Xim. Those notes were wont to make my heart beat quick,
As at a voice of victory ; but to-day
The spirit of the song is changed, and seems
All mournful. Oh ! that ere my early grave
Shuts out the sunbeam, I may hear one peal
Of the Castilian trumpet, ringing forth
Beneath my father's banner !—In that sound
Were life to you, sweet brothers !—But for me—
Come on—our tasks await us. They who know
Their hours are numbered out, have little time
To give the vague and slumberous languor way,
Which doth steal o'er them in the breath of flowers,
And whisper of soft winds.

ELMINA enters hurriedly.

Elm. This air will calm my spirit, ere yet I meet
His eye, which must be met.—Thou here, Ximena !

[She starts back on seeing XIMENA.]

Xim. Alas ! my mother ! In that hurrying step
And troubled glance I read——

Elm. (wildly). Thou read'st it not !
Why, who would live, if unto mortal eye
The things lay glaring, which within our hearts
We treasure up for God's ?—Thou read'st it not !
I say, thou canst not !—There's not one on earth
Shall know the thoughts, which for themselves have made
And kept dark places in the very breast
Whereon he hath laid his slumber, till the hour
When the graves open !

Xim. Mother ! what is this ?
Alas ! your eye is wandering, and your cheek
Flushed, as with fever ! To your woes the night
Hath brought no rest.

Elm. Rest !—who should rest ?—not he
That holds one earthly blessing to his heart
Nearer than life !—No ! if this world have aught
Of bright or precious, let not him who calls
Such things his own, take rest !—Dark spirits keep watch ;
And they to whom fair honour, chivalrous fame,
Were as heaven's air, the vital element
Wherein they breathed, may wake, and find their souls
Made marks for human scorn !—Will they bear on
With life struck down, and thus disrobed of all
Its glorious drapery ?—Who shall tell us this ?
—Will *he* so bear it ?

Xim. Mother ! let us kneel,

And blend our hearts in prayer !—What else is left
To mortals when the dark hour's might is on them ?
—Leave us, Theresa.—Grief like this doth find
Its balm in solitude.

[Exit THERESA.]

My mother ! peace
Is Heaven's benignant answer to the cry
Of wounded spirits. Wilt thou kneel with me ?
Elm. Away ! 'tis but for souls unstained to wear
Heaven's tranquil image on their depths.—The stream
Of my dark thoughts, all broken by the storm,
Reflects but clouds and lightnings !—Didst thou speak
Of peace ?—'tis fled from earth !—but there is joy !
Wild, troubled joy !—And who shall know, my child !
It is not happiness ?—Why, our own hearts
Will keep the secret !—Joy, joy ! if but
To leave this desolate city, with its dull
Slow knells and dirges, and to breathe again
Th' untainted mountain-air—But hush ! the trees,
The flowers, the waters, must hear nought of this !
They are full of voices, and will whisper things—
We'll speak of it no more.

Xim. Oh ! pitying Heaven !
This grief doth shake her reason !
Elm. (starting). Hark ! a step !
'Tis—'tis thy father's !—come away—not now—
He must not see us now !

Xim. Why should this be ?

GONZALEZ enters, and detains ELMINA.

Gon. Elmina, dost thou shun me ?—Have we not,
E'en from the hopeful and the sunny time
When youth was as a glory round our brows,
Held on through life together ?—And is this,
When eve is gathering round us, with the gloom
Of stormy clouds, a time to part our steps
Upon the darkening wild ?

Elm. (coldly). There needs not this.
Why shouldst thou think I shunned thee ?

Gon. Should the love
That shone o'er many years, th' unfading love,
Whose only change hath been from gladd'ning smiles
To mingling sorrows and sustaining strength,
Thus lightly be forgotten ?

Elm. Speak'st thou thus ?—
I have knelt before thee with that very plea,
When it availed me not !—But there are things
Whose very breathings on the soul erase
All record of past love, save the chill sense,
The unquiet memory of its wasted faith,
And vain devotedness !—Ay ! they that fix
Affection's perfect trust on aught of earth,
Have many a dream to start from !

Gon. This is but
The wildness and the bitterness of grief,
Ere yet th' unsettled heart hath closed its long
Impatient conflicts with a mightier power,
Which makes all conflict vain.

—Hark ! was there not

A sound of distant trumpets, far beyond
The Moorish tents, and of another tone
Than th' Afric horn, Ximena?

Xim. Oh, my father!
I know that horn too well.—'Tis but the wind,
Which, with a sudden rising, bears its deep
And savage war-note from us, wafting it
O'er the far hills.

Gon. Alas! this woe must be!
I do but shake my spirit from its height
So startling it with hope!—But the dread hour
Shall be met bravely still. I can keep down
Yet for a little while—and Heaven will ask
No more—the passionate workings of my heart;—
And thine—Elmina?

Elm. 'Tis—I am prepared.
I have prepared for all.

Gon. Oh, well I knew
Thou wouldst not fail me!—Not in vain my soul,
Upon thy faith and courage, hath built up
Unshaken trust.

Elm. (wildly). Away!—thou know'st me not!
Man dares too far; his rashness would invest
This our mortality with an attribute
Too high and awful, boasting that he knows
One human heart!

Gon. These are wild words, but yet
I will not doubt thee!—Hast thou not been found
Noble in all things, pouring thy soul's light
Undim'd e'er every trial?—And, as our fates,
So must our names be, undivided!—Thine,
I' the record of a warrior's life, shall find
Its place of stainless honour.—By his side—

Elm. May this be borne?—How much of agony
Hath the heart room for?—Speak to me in wrath—
I can endure it!—But no gentle words!
No words of love! no praise!—Thy sword might slay,
And be more merciful!

Gon. Wherefore art thou thus?
Elmina, my beloved!

Elm. No more of love!—
Have I not said there's that within my heart,
Whereon it falls as living fire would fall
Upon an unclosed wound?

Gon. Nay, lift thine eyes,
That I may read *their* meaning!

Elm. Never more
With a free soul—What have I said?—'twas nought!
Take thou no heed! The words of wretchedness
Admit not scrutiny. Wouldst thou mark the speech
Of troubled dreams?

Gon. I have seen thee in the hour
Of thy deep spirit's joy, and when the breath
Of grief hung chilling round thee; in all change,
Bright health and drooping sickness; hope and fear;
Youth and decline; but never yet, Elmina,
Ne'er hath thine eye till now shrunk back perturbed
With shame or dread, from mine!

Elm. Thy glance doth search
A wounded heart too deeply.

Gon. Hast thou there
Aught to conceal?

Elm. Who hath not?

Gon. Till this hour

Thou never hadst!—Yet hear me!—by the free
And unattainted fame which wraps the dust
Of thine heroic fathers——

Elm. This to me!—

Bring your inspiring war-notes, and your sounds
Of festal music, round a dying man!
Will his heart echo them?—But if thy words
Were spells, to call up, with each lofty tone,
The grave's most awful spirits, they would stand
Powerless before my anguish!

Gon. Then, by her

Who there looks on thee in the purity
Of her devoted youth, and o'er whose name
No blight must fall, and whose pale cheek must ne'er
Burn with that deeper tinge, caught painfully
From the quick feeling of dishonour—Speak!
Unfold this mystery!—By thy sons——

Elm. My sons!

And canst *thou* name them?

Gon. Proudly!—Better far

They died with all the promise of their youth,
And the fair honour of their house upon them,
Than that with manhood's high and passionate soul
To fearful strength unfolded, they should live,
Barred from the lists of crested chivalry,
And pining, in the silence of a woe,
Which from the heart shuts daylight;—o'er the shame
Of those who gave them birth!—But *thou* couldst ne'er
Forget their lofty claims!

Elm. (*wildly*). 'Twas but for them!
'Twas for them only!—Who shall dare arraign
Madness of crime?—And He who made us, knows
There are dark moments of all hearts and lives,
Which bear down reason!

Gon. Thou whom I have loved
With such high trust, as o'er our nature threw
A glory, scarce allowed;—what hast thou done?—
Ximena, go thou hence!

Elm. No, no! my child!
There's pity in thy look!—All other eyes
Are full of wrath and scorn!—Oh! leave me not!

Gon. That I should live to see thee thus abased!—
Yet speak!—What hast thou done?

Elm. Look to the gate!
Thou'rt worn with toil—but take no rest to-night!
The western gate!—Its watchers have been won—
The Christian city hath been bought and sold!
They will admit the Moor!

Gon. They have been won!
Brave men and tried so long!—Whose work was this?

Elm. Think'st thou all hearts like thine?—Can mothers stand
To see their children perish?

Gon. Then the guilt
Was thine?

Elm. Shall mortal dare to call it guilt?
I tell thee, Heaven, which made all holy things,
Made nought more holy than the boundless love
Which fills a mother's heart!—I say, 'tis woe
Enough, with such an aching tenderness,
To love aught earthly!—and in vain! in vain!—
We are pressed down too sorely!

Gon. (in a low, desponding voice). Now my life
Is struck to worthless ashes!—In my soul
Suspicion hath ta'en root. The nobleness
Henceforth is blotted from all human brows,
And fearful power, a dark and troublous gift,
Almost like prophecy, is poured upon me,
To read the guilty secrets in each eye
That once looked bright with truth!—

Why, then, I have gained
What men call wisdom!—A new sense, to which
All tales that speak of high fidelity,
And holy courage, and proud honour, tried,
Searched, and found steadfast, even to martyrdom,
Are food for mockery!—Why should I not cast
From my thinned locks the wearing helm at once,
And in the heavy sickness of my soul
Throw the sword down for ever?—Is there aught
In all this world of gilded hollowness,
Now the bright hues drop off its loveliest things,
Worth striving for again?

Xim. Father! look up!
Turn unto me, thy child!

Gon. Thy face is fair;
And hath been unto me, in other days,
As morning to the journeyer of the deep;
But now—'tis too like hers!

Elm. (falling at his feet). Woe, shame and woe,
Are on me in their might!—forgive, forgive!

Gon. (starting up). Doth the Moor deem that I have part or share,
Or counsel in this vileness?—Stay me not!
Let go thy hold—'tis powerless on me now—
I linger here, while treason is at work!

[Exit GONZALEZ.]

Elm. Ximena, dost thou scorn me?

Xim. I have found
In mine own heart too much of feebleness,
Hid, beneath many foldings, from all eyes
But *His* whom nought can blind;—to dare do aught
But pity thee, dear mother!

Elm. Blessings light
On thy fair head, my gentle child, for this!
Thou kind and merciful!—My soul is faint—
Worn with long strife!—Is there aught else to do,
Or suffer, ere we die?—O God! my sons!—
I have betrayed them!—All their innocent blood
Is on my soul.

Xim. How shall I comfort thee?
Oh! hark! what sounds come deepening on the wind.
So full of solemn hope!

A procession of Nuns passes across the Scene, bearing relics, and chanting.

CHANT.

A sword is on the land !
 He that bears down young tree and glorious flower,
 Death is gone forth, he walks the wind in power !
 Where is the warrior's hand ?
 Our steps are in the shadows of the grave,
 Hear us, we perish ! Father, hear, and save !

If, in the days of song,
 The days of gladness, we have called on Thee,
 When mirthful voices rang from sea to sea,
 And joyous hearts were strong ;
 Now, that alike the feeble and the brave
 Must cry, " We perish ! "—Father ! hear, and save !

The days of song are fled !
 The winds come loaded, wafting dirge-notes by,
 But they that linger, soon unmourned must die ;
 —The dead weep not the dead !
 Wilt Thou forsake us midst the stormy wave ?—
 We sink, we perish !—Father, hear, and save !

Helmet and lance are dust !
 Is not the strong man withered from our eye ?
 The arm struck down that held our banners high ?
 Thine is our spirit's trust !
 Look through the gathering shadows of the grave !
 Do we not perish ?—Father, hear, and save !

HERNANDEZ enters.

Elm. Why comest thou, man of vengeance ?—What have I
 To do with thee ?—Am I not bowed enough ?
 Thou art no mourner's comforter !

Her. Thy lord
 Hath sent me unto thee. Till this day's task
 Be closed, thou daughter of the feeble heart !
 He bids thee seek him not, but lay thy woes
 Before Heaven's altar, and in penitence
 Make thy soul's peace with God.

Elm. Till this day's task
 Be closed !—there is strange triumph in thine eyes—
 Is it that I have fallen from that high place
 Whereon I stood in fame ?—But I can feel
 A wild and bitter pride in thus being past
 The power of thy dark glance !—My spirit now
 Is wound about by one sole mighty grief ;
 Thy scorn hath lost its sting.—Thou mayst reproach—

Her. I come not to reproach thee. Heaven doth work
 By many agencies ; and in its hour
 There is no insect which the summer breeze
 From the green leaf shakes trembling, but may serve
 Its deep unsearchable purposes, as well
 As the great ocean, or th' eternal fires
 Pent in earth's caves !—Thou hast but speeded that
 Which, in th' infatuate blindness of thy heart,

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Thou wouldst have trampled o'er all holy ties,
But to avert one day !

Elm. My senses fail—

Thou saidst—speak yet again !—I could not catch
The meaning of thy words.

Her. E'en now thy lord

Hath sent our foes defiance. On the walls
He stands in conference with the boastful Moor,
And awful strength is with him. Through the blood
Which this day must be poured in sacrifice
Shall Spain be free. On all her olive-hills
Shall men set up the battle-sign of fire,
And round its blaze, at midnight, keep the sense
Of vengeance wakeful in each other's hearts
E'en with thy children's tale !

Xim. Peace, father ! peace !

Behold she sinks !—the storm hath done its work
Upon the broken reed. Oh ! lend thine aid
To bear her hence.

[*They lead her away.*]

SCENE—*A Street in Valencia. Several Groups of Citizens and Soldiers, many of them lying on the Steps of a Church. Arms scattered on the Ground around them.*

An old Citizen. The air is sultry, as with thunder-clouds.
I left my desolate home, that I might breathe
More freely in heaven's face, but my heart feels
With this hot gloom o'erburthened. I have now
No sons to tend me. Which of you, kind friends,
Will bring the old man water from the fount,
To moisten his parched lip?

[*A citizen goes out.*]

Second Cit. This wasting siege,
Good Father Lopez, hath gone hard with you !
'Tis sad to hear no voices through the house,
Once peopled with fair sons !

Third Cit. Why, better thus,
Than to be haunted with their famished cries,
E'en in your very dreams !

Old Cit. Heaven's will be done !
These are dark times ! I have not been alone
In my affliction.

Third Cit. (with bitterness). Why, we have but this thought
Left for our gloomy comfort !—And 'tis well !
Ay, let the balance be awhile struck even
Between the noble's palace and the hut,
Where the worn peasant sickens !—They that bear
The humble dead unhonoured to their homes,
Pass now i' th' streets no lordly bridal train,
With its exulting music ; and the wretch,
Who on the marble steps of some proud hall
Flings himself down to die, in his last need
And agony of famine, doth behold
No scornful guests, with their long purple robes,
To the banquet sweeping by. Why, this is just !
These are the days when pomp is made to feel
Its human mould !

Fourth Cit. Heard you last night the sound

Of Saint Iago's bell !—How sullenly
From the great tower it pealed !

Fifth Cit. Ay, and 'tis said
No mortal hand was near when so it seemed
To shake the midnight streets.

Old Cit. Too well I know
The sound of coming fate !—"Tis ever thus
When Death is on his way to make it night
In the *Cid*'s ancient house.*—Oh ! there are things
In this strange world of which we have all to learn
When its dark bounds are passed.—Yon bell, untouched,
(Save by the hands we see not,) still doth speak—
When of that line some stately head is marked,—
With a wild hollow peal, at dead of night,
Rocking Valencia's towers. I have heard it oft,
Nor known its warning false.

Fourth Cit. And will our chief
Buy with the price of his fair children's blood
A few more days of pining wretchedness
For this forsaken city ?

Old Cit. Doubt it not !—
But with that ransom he may purchase still
Deliverance for the land !—And yet 'tis sad
To think that such a race, with all its fame,
Should pass away !—For she, his daughter too,
Moves upon earth as some bright thing whose time
To sojourn there is short.

Fifth Cit. Then woe for us
When she is gone !—Her voice—the very sound
Of her soft step was comfort, as she moved
Through the still house of mourning !—Who like her
Shall give us hope again ?

Old Cit. Be still !—she comes,
And with a mien how changed !—A hurrying step,
And a flushed cheek !—What may this bode ?—Be still.

XIMENA enters, with Attendants carrying a banner.

Xim. Men of Valencia ! in an hour like this,
What do ye here ?

A Cit. We die !

Xim. Brave men die now
Girt for the toil, as travellers suddenly
By the dark night o'ertaken on their way !
These days require such death !—It is too much
Of luxury for our wild and angry times,
To fold the mantle round us, and to sink
From life, as flowers that shut up silently,
When the sun's heat doth scorch them !—Hear ye not

A Cit. Lady ! what wouldst thou with us ?

Xim. Rise and arm !
E'en now the children of your chief are led
Forth by the Moor to perish !—Shall this be ?
Shall the high sound of such a name be hushed,
I' th' land to which for ages it hath been
A battle-word, as 'twere some passing note

* It was a Spanish tradition that the great bell of the Cathedral of Saragossa always tolled spontaneously before a king of Spain died.

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Of shepherd-music?—Must this work be done,
And ye lie pining here, as men in whom
The pulse which God hath made for noble thought
Can be so thrilled no longer?

Cit. 'Tis even so!

Sickness, and toil, and grief hath breathed upon us;
Our hearts beat faint and low.

Xim. Are ye so poor

Of soul, my countrymen! that ye can draw
Strength from no deeper source than that which sends
The red blood mantling through the joyous veins,
And gives the fleet step wings?—Why, how have age
And sensitive womanhood ere now endured,
Through pangs of searching fire, in some proud cause
Blessing that agony?—Think ye the Power
Which bore them nobly up, as if to teach
The torturer where eternal Heaven had set
Bounds to his sway, was earthly, of this earth,
This dull mortality?—Nay, then look on me!
Death's touch hath marked me, and I stand amongst you
As one whose place, i' th' sunshine of your world,
Shall soon be left to fill!—I say, the breath
Of th' incense, floating through yon fane, shall scarce
Pass from your path before me! But even now
I have that within me, kindling through the dust,
Which from all time hath made high deeds its voice
And token to the nations:—Look on me!
Why hath Heaven poured forth courage, as a flame
Wasting the womanish heart, which must be stilled
Yet sooner for its swift consuming brightness,
If not to shame your doubt, and your despair,
And your soul's torpor?—Yet, arise and arm!
It may not be too late.

A Cit. Why, what are we,

To cope with hosts?—Thus faint, and worn, and few,
O'ernumbered and forsaken, is't for us

To stand against the mighty?

Xim. And for whom

Hath He, who shakes the mighty with a breath
From their high places, made the fearfulness,
And ever-wakeful presence of His power,
To the pale startled earth most manifest,
But for the weak?—Was 't the helmed and crowned
That suns were stayed at noonday?—Stormy seas
As a rill parted!—Mailed archangels sent
To wither up the strength of kings with death?—
I tell you, if these marvels have been done,
'Twas for the wearied and th' oppressed of men,
They needed such!—And generous faith hath power,
By her prevailing spirit, e'en yet to work
Deliverances, whose tale shall live with those
Of the great elder time!—Be of good heart!
Who is forsaken?—He that gives the thought
A place within his breast!—'Tis not for you.—
Know ye this banner?

Citizens (murmuring to each other). Is she not inspired?
Doth not Heaven call us by her fervent voice?

Xim. Know ye this banner?

Cits. 'Tis the Cid's.

Xim. The Cid's!

Who breathes that name but in th' exulting tone
Which the heart rings to?—Why, the very wind
As it swells out the noble standard's fold
Hath a triumphant sound!—The Cid's!—it moved
Even as a sign of victory through the land,
From the free skies ne'er stooping to a foe!

Old Cid. Can ye still pause, my brethren?—Oh! that youth
Through this worn frame were kindling once again!

Xim. Ye linger still!—Upon this very air,
He that was born in happy hour for Spain*
Poured forth his conquering spirit!—'Twas the breeze
From your own mountains which came down to wave
This banner of his battles, as it drooped
Above the champion's death-bed. Nor even then
Its tale of glory closed.—They made no moan
O'er the dead hero, and no dirge was sung,
But the deep tambour and shrill horn of war
Told when the mighty passed!—They wrapt him not
With the pale shroud, but braced the warrior's form
In war-array, and on his barbed steed,
As for a triumph, reared him; marching forth
In the hushed midnight from Valencia's walls,
Beleaguered then, as now. All silently
The stately funeral moved:—but who was he
That followed, charging on the tall white horse,
And with the solemn standard, broad and pale,
Waving in sheets of snow-light? And the cross,
The bloody cross, far-blazing from his shield,
And the fierce meteor-sword!—They fled, they fled!
The kings of Afric, with their countless hosts,
Were dust in his red path!—The scimitar
Was shivered as a reed!—for in that hour
The warrior-saint that keeps the watch for Spain,
Was armed betimes!—And o'er that fiery field
The Cid's high banner streamed all joyously,
For still its lord was there!

Cits. (rising tumultuously). Even unto death
Again it shall be followed!

Xim. Will he see
The noble stem hewn down, the beacon-light
Which from his house for ages o'er the land
Hath shone through cloud and storm, thus quenched at once?
Will he not aid his children in the hour
Of this their utmost peril?—Awful power
Is with the holy dead, and there are times
When the tomb hath no chain they cannot burst!—
Is it a thing forgotten, how he woke
From its deep rest of old, remembering Spain
In her great danger?—At the night's mid-watch
How Leon started, when the sound was heard
That shook her dark and hollow-echoing streets,
As with the heavy tramp of steel-clad men,
By thousands marching through!—For he had risen!

* The Cid.

The Campeador was on his march again,
 And in his arms, and followed by his hosts
 Of shadowy spearmen!—He had left the world
 From which we are dimly parted, and gone forth,
 And called his buried warriors from their sleep,
 Gathering them round him to deliver Spain;
 For Afric was upon her!—Morning broke—
 Day rushed through clouds of battle;—but at eve
 Our God had triumphed, and the rescued land
 Sent up a shout of victory from the field,
 That rocked her ancient mountains.

The Cits. Arm! to arms!

On to our chief!—We have strength within us yet
 To die with our blood roused!—Now, be the word,
 For the Cid's house!

[They begin to arm themselves.]

Xim. Ye know his battle-song?

The old rude strain wherewith his hands went forth
 To strike down Paynim swords!

(She sings.)

THE CID'S BATTLE-SONG.

The Moor is on his way!
 With the tambour-peal and the tecbir-shout,
 And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,
 He hath marshalled his dark array!

Shout through the vine-clad land!
 That her sons on all their hills may hear,
 And sharpen the point of the red wolf-spear,
 And the sword for the brave man's hand!

(The CITIZENS join in the song, while they continue arming themselves.)

Banners are in the field!
 The chief must rise from his joyous board,
 And turn from the feast ere the wine be poured,
 And take up his father's shield!

The Moor is on his way!
 Let the peasant leave his olive-ground,
 And the goats roam wild through the pine-woods round!—
 There is nobler work to-day!

Send forth the trumpet's call!
 Till the bridegroom cast the goblet down,
 And the marriage-robe and the flowery crown,
 And arm in the banquet-hall!

And stay the funeral-train!
 Bid the chanted mass be hushed awhile,
 And the bier laid down in the holy aisle,
 And the mourners girt for Spain!

'They take up the banner, and follow XIMENA not. Their voices are heard gradually dying away at a distance.)

Ere night, must swords be red!
 It is not an hour for knells and tears,
 But for helmets braced, and serried spears!—
 To-morrow for the dead!

The Cid is in array !
His steed is barbed, his plume waves high,
His banner is up in the sunny sky,
Now, joy for the Cross to-day !

SCENE—*The Walls of the City. The Plain beneath, with the Moorish Camp and Army.*

GONZALEZ, GARCAS, HERNANDEZ.

(*A wild sound of Moorish music heard from below.*)

Her. What notes are these in their deep mournfulness
So strangely wild ?

Gar. 'Tis the shrill melody
Of the Moor's ancient Death-song. Well I know
The rude barbaric sound, but, till this hour,
It seemed not fearful.—Now, a shuddering chill
Comes o'er me with its tones.—Lo ! from yon tent
They lead the noble boys !

Her. The young, and pure,
And beautiful victims !—'Tis on things like these
We cast our hearts in wild idolatry,
Sowing the winds with hope !—Yet this is well.
Thus brightly crowned with life's most gorgeous flowers,
And all unblemished, earth should offer up
Her treasures unto Heaven !

Gar. (to Gonzalez). My chief, the Moor
Hath led your children forth.

Gon. (starting). Are my sons there ?
I knew they could not perish ; for yon Heaven
Would ne'er behold it !—Where is he that said
I was no more a father ?—They look changed—
Pallid and worn, as from a prison-house !
Or is't mine eye sees dimly ?—But their steps
Seem heavy as with pain.—I hear the clank—
O God ! their limbs are fettered !

Abd. (coming forward beneath the walls).

Christian ! look
Once more upon thy children. There is yet
One moment for the trembling of the sword ;
Their doom is still with thee.

Gon. Why should this man
So mock us with the semblance of our kind ?—
Moor ! Moor ! thou dost too daringly provoke,
In thy bold cruelty, th' all-judging One,
Who visits for such things !—Hast thou no sense
Of thy frail nature ?—'Twill be taught thee yet,
And darkly shall the anguish of my soul,
Darkly and heavily, pour itself on thine,
When thou shalt cry for mercy from the dust,
And be denied !

Abd. Nay, is it not thyself
That hast no mercy and no love within thee ?
These are thy sons, the nurslings of thy house :
Speak ! must they live or die ?

Gon. (in violent emotion). Is it Heaven's will
To try the dust it kindles for a day,

With infinite agony?—How have I drawn
This chastening on my head?—They bloomed around me,
And my heart grew too fearless in its joy,
Glorying in their bright promise!—If we fall,
Is there no pardon for our feebleness?

(*HER., without speaking, holds up a Cross before him.*)

Abd. Speak!

Gon. (snatching the Cross and lifting it up). Let the earth be shaken
through its depths,
But *this* must triumph!

Abd. (coldly). Be it as thou wilt.—

Unsheath the scimitar!

[*To his Guards.*]

Gar. (to Gonzales). Away, my chief!

This is your place no longer. There are things
No human heart, though battle-proof as yours,
Unmaddened may sustain.

Gon. Be still! I have now
No place on earth but this!

Alph. (from beneath). Men! give me way,
That I may speak forth once before I die!

Gar. The princely boy! how gallantly his brow
Wears its high nature in the face of death!

Alph. Father!

Gon. My son! my son!—Mine eldest-born!

Alph. Stay but upon the ramparts!—Fear thou not—
There is good courage in me: oh! my father!
I will not shame thee!—only let me fall
Knowing thine eye looks proudly on thy child,
So shall my heart have strength.

Gon. Would, would to God,
That I might die for thee, my noble boy!
Alphonso, my fair son!

Alph. Could I have lived,
I might have been a warrior!—Now, farewell!
But look upon me still!—I will not blench
When the keen sabre flashes—Mark me well!
Mine eyelids shall not quiver as it falls,
So thou wilt look upon me!

Gar. (to Gonzales). Nay, my lord!
We must begone!—Thou *canst* not bear it!

Gon. Peace!—
Who hath told *thee* how much man's heart can bear?—
Lend me thine arm—my brain whirls fearfully—
How thick the shades close round!—my boy! my boy!
Where art thou in this gloom?

Gar. Let us go hence!
This is a dreadful moment!

Gon. Hush!—What saidst thou?
Now let me look on him!—Dost *thou* see aught
Through the dull mist which wraps us?

Gar. I behold—

Oh! for a thousand Spaniards to rush down—

Gon. Thou seest—My heart stands still to hear thee speak!
There seems a fearful hush upon the air,
As 'twere the dead of night!

Gar. The hosts have closed
Around the spot in stillness. Through the spears,

Ranged thick and motionless, I see him not ;—
But now——

Gon. He bade me keep mine eye upon him,
And all is darkness round me !—Now ?

Gar. A sword,
A sword, springs upward, like a lightning burst,
Through the dark serried mass !—Its cold blue glare
Is wavering to and fro—'tis vanished—hark !

Gon. I heard it, yes !—I heard the dull dead sound
That heavily broke the silence !—Didst thou speak ?
I lost thy words—come nearer !

Gar. 'Twas—'tis past !—
The sword fell *then* !

Her. (*with exultation*). Flow forth, thou noble blood !
Fount of Spain's ransom and deliverance, flow
Unchecked and brightly forth !—Thou kingly stream !
Blood of our heroes ! blood of martyrdom !
Which through so many warrior-hearts hast poured
Thy fiery currents, and hast made our hills
Free, by thine own free offering !—Bathe the land,
But there thou shalt not sink !—Our very air
Shall take thy colouring, and our loaded skies
O'er th' infidel hang dark and ominous,
With battle-hues of thee !—and thy deep voice,
Rising above them to the judgment-seat,
Shall call a burst of gathered vengeance down,
To sweep th' oppressor from us !—For thy wave
Hath made his guilt run o'er !

Gon. (*endeavouring to rouse himself*). 'Tis all a dream !
There is not one—no hand on earth could harm
That fair boy's graceful head !—Why look you thus ?

Abd. (*pointing to Carlos*). Christian ! e'en yet thou hast a son !

Gon. E'en yet !

Car. My father ! take me from these fearful men !
Wilt thou not save me, father ?

Gon. (*attempting to unsheath his sword*). Is the strength
From mine arm shivered ?—Garcias, follow me !

Gar. Whither, my chief ?

Gon. Why, we can die as well
On yonder plain,—ay, a spear's thrust will do
The little that our misery doth require,
Sooner than e'en this anguish ! Life is best
Thrown from us in such moments.

[*Voices heard at a distance.*]

Her. Hush ! what strain
Floats on the wind ?

Gar. 'Tis the Cid's Battle-song !
What marvel hath been wrought ? [*Voices approaching heard in chorus.*]

The Moor is on his way !
With the tambour-peal and the tecbir-shout,
And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,
He hath marshalled his dark array !

XIMENA enters, followed by the CITIZENS, with the Banner.

Xim. Is it too late ?—My father, these are men
Through life and death prepared to follow thee
Beneath this banner !—Is their zeal too late ?—
Oh ! there's a fearful history on thy brow !
What hast thou seen ?

The Siege of Valencia

Gar. It is not *all* too late.

Xim. My brothers !

Her. All is well.

(*To Garcias.*) Hush ! wouldst thou chill

That which hath sprung within them, as a flame
From th' altar-embers mounts in sudden brightness ?
I say, 'tis not too late, ye men of Spain !
On to the rescue !

Xim. Bless me, oh, my father !

And I will hence, to aid thee with my prayers,
Sending my spirit with thee through the storm,
Lit up by flashing swords !

Gon. (*falling upon her neck.*) Hath aught been spared ?

Am I not all bereft ?—Thou'rt left me still !

Mine own, my loveliest one, thou'rt left me still !

Farewell !—thy father's blessing, and thy God's,

Be with thee, my Ximena !

Xim. Fare thee well !

If, ere thy steps turn homeward from the field,
The voice is hushed that still hath welcomed thee,
Think of me in thy victory !

Her. Peace ! no more !

This is no time to melt our nature down
To a soft stream of tears !—Be of strong heart !
Give me the banner ! Swell the song again !

THE CITIZENS.

Ere night, must swords be red !

It is not an hour for knells and tears,

But for helmets braced, and serried spears !—

To-morrow for the dead !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE—*Before the Altar of a Church.*

ELMINA rises from the steps of the Altar.

Elm. The clouds are fearful that o'erhang thy ways
Oh, thou mysterious Heaven !—It cannot be
That I have drawn the vials of thy wrath,
To burst upon me through the lifting up
Of a proud heart, elate in happiness !
No ! in my day's full noon, for me life's flowers
But wreathed a cup of trembling ; and the love,
The boundless love, my spirit was formed to bear,
Hath ever, in its place of silence, been
A trouble and a shadow, tinging thought
With hues too deep for joy !—I never looked
On my fair children, in their buoyant mirth,
Or sunny sleep, when all the gentle air
Seemed glowing with their quiet blessedness,
But o'er my soul there came a shuddering sense
Of earth, and its pale changes ; ev'n like that
Which vaguely mingles with our glorious dreams,
A restless and disturbing consciousness
That the bright things must fade !—How have I shrunk
From the dull murmur of the unquiet voice,
With its low tokens of mortality,

Till my heart fainted 'midst their smiles !—their smiles !
Where are those glad looks now ?—Could they go down,
With all their joyous light, that seemed not earth's,
To the cold grave ?—My children !—Righteous Heaven !
There floats a dark remembrance o'er my brain
Of one who told me, with relentless eye,
That *this* should be the hour !

XIMENA enters.

Xim. They are gone forth
Unto the rescue !—strong in heart and hope,
Faithful, though few !—My mother, let thy prayers
Call on the land's good saints to lift once more
The sword and cross that sweep the field for Spain,
As in old battle ; so thine arms e'en yet
May clasp thy sons !—For me my part is done !
The flame, which dimly might have lingered yet
A little while, hath gathered all its rays
Brightly to sink at once ; and it is well !
The shadows are around me ; to thy heart
Fold me, that I may die.

Elm. My child !—What dream
Is on thy soul ?—Even now thine aspect wears
Life's brightest inspiration !

Xim. Death's !

Elm. Away !

Thine eye hath starry clearness, and thy cheek
Doth glow beneath it with a richer hue
Than tinged its earliest flower !

Xim. It well may be !
There are far deeper and far warmer hues
Than those which draw their colouring from the founts
Of youth, or health, or hope.

Elm. Nay, speak not thus !
There's that about thee shining which would send
E'en through *my* heart a sunny glow of joy,
Were't not for these sad words. The dim cold air
And solemn light, which wrap these tombs and shrines
As a pale gleaming shroud, seem kindled up
With a young spirit of ethereal hope
Caught from thy mien !—Oh no ! this is not death !

Xim. Why should not he, whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on his robes or beauty when he comes
As a deliverer ?—He hath many forms,
They should not all be fearful !—If his call
Be but our gathering to that distant land
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,
Why should not its prophetic sense be borne
Into the heart's deep stillness, with a breath
Of summer-winds, a voice of melody,
Solemn, yet lovely !—Mother ! I depart !—
Be it thy comfort, in the after-days,
That thou hast seen me thus !

Elm. Distract me not
With such wild fears ! Can I bear on with life
When thou art gone ?—Thy voice, thy step, thy smile,
Passed from my path ?—Alas ! even now thine eye
Is changed—thy cheek is fading !

Xim. Ay, the clouds
Of the dim hour are gathering o'er my sight,
And yet I fear not, for the God of Help
Comes in that quiet darkness!—It may soothe
Thy woes, my mother! if I tell thee now,
With what glad calmness I behold the veil
Falling between me and the world, wherein
My heart so ill hath rested.

Elm. Thine!

Xim. Rejoice
For her, who, when the garland of her life
Was blighted, and the springs of hope were dried
Received her summons hence; and had no time,
Bearing the canker at th' impatient heart,
To wither, sorrowing for that gift of Heaven,
Which lent one moment of existence light,
That dimmed the rest for ever!

Elm. How is this?

My child, what meanest thou?

Xim. Mother! I have loved,
And been beloved!—the sunbeam of an hour,
Which gave life's hidden treasures to mine eye,
As they lay shining in their secret founts,
Went out, and left them colourless.—'Tis past—
And what remains on earth?—the rainbow mist,
Through which I gazed, hath melted, and my sight
Is cleared to look on all things as they are!—
But this is far too mournful! Life's dark gift
Hath fallen too early and too cold upon me!—
Therefore I would go hence!

Elm. And thou hast loved,
Unknown—

Xim. Oh! pardon, pardon that I veiled
My thoughts from thee!—But thou hadst woes enough,
And mine came o'er me when thy soul had need
Of more than mortal strength!—For I had scarce
Given the deep consciousness that I was loved
A treasure's place within my secret heart,
When earth's brief joy went from me!

'Twas at morn
I saw the warriors to their field go forth,
And he—my chosen—was there amongst the rest
With his young glorious brow!—I looked again—
The strife grew dark beneath me—but his plume
Waved free above the lances.—Yet again—
It had gone down! and steeds were trampling o'er
The spot to which mine eyes were riveted,
Till blinded by th' intenseness of their gaze!—
And then—at last—I hurried to the gate,
And met him there!—I met him!—on his shield,
And with his cloven helm, and shivered sword,
And dark hair steeped in blood!—They bore him past—
Mother!—I saw his face!—Oh! such a death
Works fearful changes on the fair of earth,
The pride of woman's eye!

Elm. Sweet daughter, peace!
Wake not the dark remembrance; for thy frame—

Xim. There *will* be peace ere long. I shut my heart

Even as a tomb, o'er that lone silent grief,
That I might spare it thee!—But now the hour
Is come when that which would have pierced thy soul
Shall be its healing balm. Oh! weep thou not,
Save with a gentle sorrow!

Elm. Must it be?

Art thou indeed to leave me?

Xim. (exultingly). Be thou glad!

I say, rejoice above thy favoured child!
Joy, for the soldier when his field is fought,
Joy, for the peasant when his vintage-task
Is closed at eve!—But most of all for her
Who, when her life had changed its glittering robes
For the dull garb of sorrow, which doth cling
So heavily around the journeyers on,
Cast down its weight—and slept!

Elm. Alas! thine eye

Is wandering—yet how brightly!—Is this death,
Or some high wondrous vision?—Speak, my child!
How is it with thee now?

Xim. (wildly). I see it still!

'Tis floating, like a glorious cloud on high,
My father's banner!—Hear'st thou not a sound?
The trumpet of Castile?—Praise, praise to Heaven!—
Now may the weary rest!—Be still!—Who calls
The night so fearful?—

[*She dies.*]

Elm. No! she is not dead!

Ximena!—speak to me!—Oh! yet a tone
From that sweet voice, that I may gather in
One more remembrance of its lovely sound,
Ere the deep silence fall!—What! is all hushed?
No, no!—it cannot be!—How should we bear
The dark misgivings of our souls, if Heaven
Left not such beings with us?—But is this
Her wonted look?—too sad a quiet lies
On its dim, fearful beauty!—Speak, Ximena!
Speak!—my heart dies within me!—She is gone,
With all her blessed smiles!—My child! my child!
Where art thou?—Where is that which answered me,
From thy soft shining eyes?—Hush! doth she move?
One light lock seemed to tremble on her brow,
As a pulse throbb'd beneath;—'twas but the voice
Of my despair that stirred it!—She is gone!

[*She throws herself on the body.* GONZALEZ enters, alone, and wounded.]

Elm. (rising as he approaches). I must not now be scorned!

No, not a look,

A whisper of reproach!—Behold my woe!—
Thou carst not scorn me now!

Gon. Hast thou heard all?

Elm. Thy daughter on my bosom laid her head,
And passed away to rest.—Behold her there,
Even such as death hath made her!

Gon. (bending over Ximena's body). Thou art gone
A little while before me, oh, my child!
Why should the traveller weep to part with those
That scarce an hour will reach their promised land

Ere he too cast his pilgrim staff away,
And spread his couch beside them?

Elm. Must it be

Henceforth enough that *once* a thing so fair
Had its bright place amongst us?—Is this all,
Left for the years to come?—We will not stay!
Earth's chain each hour grows weaker.

Gon. (*still gazing upon Ximena*).

And thou'rt laid
To slumber in the shadow, blessed child!
Of a yet stainless altar, and beside
A sainted warrior's tomb!—Oh, fitting place
For thee to yield thy pure heroic soul
Back unto Him that gave it!—And thy cheek
Yet smiles in its bright paleness!

Elm. Hadst thou seen

The look with which she passed!

Gon. (*still bending over her*). Why, 'tis almost
Like joy to view thy beautiful repose!
The faded image of that perfect calm
Floats, e'en as long-forgotten music, back
Into my weary heart!—No dark wild spot
On thy clear brow doth tell of bloody hands
That quenched young life by violence!—We have seen
Too much of horror, in one crowded hour,
To weep for aught, so gently gathered hence!—
Oh! *man* leaves other traces!

Elm. (*suddenly starting*). It returns

On my bewildered soul!—Went ye not forth
Unto the rescue?—And thou'rt here alone!—
Where are my sons?

Gon. (*solemnly*). We were too late!

Elm. Too late!

Hast thou nought else to tell me?

Gon. I brought back

From that last field the banner of my sires,
And my own death-wound.

Elm. Thine!

Gon. Another hour

Shall hush its throbs for ever. I go hence,
And with me—

Elm. No!—*Man could not lift his hands—*
Where hast thou left thy sons?

Gon. I have no sons.

Elm. What hast thou said?

Gon. That now there lives not one
To wear the glory of mine ancient house,
When I am gone to rest.

Elm. (*throwing herself on the ground, and speaking in
a low, hurried voice*).

In one brief hour, all gone!—and *such* a death!—
I see their blood gush forth!—their graceful heads—
—Take the dark vision from me, oh, my God!
And such a death for *them*!—I was not there!
They were but mine in beauty and in joy,
Not in that mortal anguish!—All, all gone!
Why should I struggle more?—What is this Power,
Against whose might, on all sides pressing us,

We strive with fierce impatience, which but lays
Our own frail spirits prostrate?

(After a long pause.)

Now I know
Thy hand, my God!—and they are soonest crushed
That most withstand it!—I resist no more.

(She rises.)

A light, a light springs up from grief and death,
Which with its solemn radiance doth reveal
Why we have thus been tried!

Gon. Then I may still
Fix my last look on thee, in holy love,
Parting, but yet with hope!

Elm. *(falling at his feet).* Canst thou forgive?—
Oh! I have driven the arrow to thy heart,
That should have buried it within mine own,
And borne the pang in silence!—I have cast
Thy life's fair honour, in my wild despair,
As an unvalued gem upon the waves,
Whence thou hast snatched it back, to bear from earth,
All stainless, on thy breast.—Well hast thou done—
But I—canst thou forgive?

Gon. Within this hour
I have stood upon that verge whence mortals fall,
And learned how 'tis with one whose sight grows dim
And whose foot trembles on the gulf's dark side.—
Death purifies all feeling,—we will part
In pity and in love.

Elm. Death!—And thou too
Art on thy way!—Oh, joy for thee, high heart!
Glory and joy for thee!—The day is closed,
And well and nobly hast thou borne thyself
Through its long battle-toils, though many swords
Have entered thine own soul!—But on my head
Recoil the fierce invokings of despair,
And I am left far distanced in the race,
The lonely one of earth!—Ay, this is just.
I am not worthy that upon my breast,
In this, thine hour of victory, thou shouldst yield
Thy spirit unto God!

Gon. Thou art! thou art!
Oh! a life's love, a heart's long faithfulness,
E'en in the presence of eternal things,
Wearing their chastened beauty all undimmed,
Assert their lofty claims; and these are not
For one dark hour to cancel!—We are here,
Before that altar which received the vows
Of our unbroken youth, and meet it is
For such a witness, in the sight of Heaven,
And in the face of death, whose shadowy arm
Comes dim between us, to record th' exchange
Of our tried hearts' forgiveness.—Who are they,
That in one path have journeyed, needing not
Forgiveness at its close?

(*A CITIZEN enters hastily.*)

Cit. The Moor! the Moors!

Gon. How! is the city stormed?
Oh! righteous Heaven!—for this I looked not yet!
Hath all been done in vain?—Why, then, 'tis time
For prayer, and then to rest!

Cit. The sun shall set,
And not a Christian voice be left for prayer,
To-night within Valencia!—Round our walls
The Paynim host is gathering for th' assault,
And we have none to guard them.

Gon. Then my place
Is here no longer.—I had hoped to die
Ev'n by the altar and the sepulchre
Of my brave sires—but this was not to be!
Give me my sword again, and lead me hence
Back to the ramparts. I have yet an hour,
And it hath still high duties.—Now, my wife,
The mother of my children—of the dead—
Whom I name unto thee in steadfast hope—
Farewell!

Elm. No, not farewell!—My soul hath risen
To mate itself with thine; and by thy side
Amidst the hurtling lances I will stand,
As one on whom a brave man's love hath been
Wasted not utterly.

Gon. I thank Thee, Heaven!
That I have tasted of the awful joy
Which Thou hast given to temper hours like this,
With a deep sense of Thee, and of Thine ends
In these dread visitings! (*To Elm.*) We will not part,
But with the spirit's parting!

Elm. One farewell
To her that, mantled with sad loveliness,
Doth slumber at our feet!—My blessed child!
Oh! in thy heart's affliction thou wert strong,
And holy courage did pervade thy woe,
As light the troubled waters!—Be at peace!
Thou whose bright spirit made itself the soul
Of all that were around thee!—And thy life
E'en then was struck, and withering at the core!—
Farewell!—thy parting look hath on me fallen,
E'en as a gleam of heaven, and I am now
More like what thou hast been!—My soul is hushed,
For a still sense of purer worlds hath sunk
And settled on its depths with that last smile
Which from thine eye shone forth. Thou hast not lived
In vain—my child, farewell!

Gon. Surely for thee
Death had no sting, Ximena!—We are blest,
To learn one secret of the shadowy pass,
From such an aspect's calmness. Yet once more
I kiss thy pale young cheek, my broken flower!
In token of th' undying love and hope
Whose land is far away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*The Walls of the City.*

HERNANDEZ.—*A few CITIZENS gathered round him.*

Her. Why, men have cast the treasures, which their lives
Had been worn down in gathering, on the pyre,
Ay, at their household hearths have lit the brand,
Even from that shrine of quiet love to bear
The flame which gave their temples and their homes,
In ashes, to the winds!—They have done this,
Making a blasted void where once the sun
Looked upon lovely dwellings; and from earth
Razing all record that on such a spot
Childhood had sprung, age faded, misery wept,
And frail Humanity knelt before her God;—
They have done *this*, in their free nobleness,
Rather than see the spoiler's tread pollute
Their holy places!—Praise, high praise be theirs,
Who have left man such lessons!—And these things,
Made your own hills their witnesses!—The sky,
Whose arch bends o'er you, and the seas, wherein
Your rivers pour their gold, rejoicing saw
The altar, and the birthplace, and the tomb,
And all memorials of man's heart and faith,
Thus proudly honoured!—Be ye not outdone
By the departed!—Though the godless foe
Be close upon us, we have power to snatch
The spoils of victory from him. Be but strong!
A few bright torches and brief moments yet
Shall baffle his flushed hope, and we may die,
Laughing him unto scorn.—Rise, follow me,
And thou, Valencia! triumph in thy fate,
The ruin, not the yoke, and make thy towers
A beacon unto Spain!

Cit. We'll follow thee!—
Alas! for our fair city, and the homes
Wherein we reared our children!—But away!
The Moor shall plant no Crescent o'er our fanes!

Voice (from a Tower on the Walls). Succours! Castile! Castile!

Cits. (rushing to the spot). It is even so!
Now blessing be to Heaven, for we are saved!
Castile! Castile!

Voice (from the Tower). Line after line of spears,
Lance after lance, upon the horizon's verge,
Like festal lights from cities bursting up,
Doth skirt the plain!—In faith, a noble host!

Another Voice. The Moor hath turned him from our walls, to front
Th' advancing might of Spain!

Cits. (shouting.) Castile! Castile!

(GONZALEZ enters, supported by ELMINA and a CITIZEN.)

Gon. What shouts of joy are these?

Her. Hail, chieftain! hail!

Thus even in death 'tis given thee to receive
The conqueror's crown!—Behold our God hath heard,
And armed Himself with vengeance!—Lo! they come!
The lances of Castile!

Gon. I knew, I knew

The Siege of Valencia

Thou wouldst not utterly, my God, forsake
 Thy servant in his need!—My blood and tears
 Have not sunk vainly to th' attesting earth!
 Praise to Thee, thanks and praise, that I have lived
 To see this hour!

Elm. And I too bless Thy name,
 Though Thou hast proved me unto agony!
 O God!—Thou God of chastening!

Voice (from the Tower). They move on!
 I see the royal banner in the air,
 With its emblazoned towers!

Gon. Go, bring ye forth
 The banner of the Cid, and plant it here,
 To stream above me, for an answering sign
 That the good Cross doth hold its lofty place
 Within Valencia still!—What see ye now?

Her. I see a kingdom's might upon its path,
 Moving, in terrible magnificence,
 Unto revenge and victory!—With the flash
 Of knightly swords, up-springing from the ranks,
 As meteors from a still and gloomy deep,
 And with the waving of ten thousand plumes,
 Like a land's harvest in the autumn wind,
 And with fierce light, which is not of the sun,
 But flung from sheets of steel—it comes, it comes,
 The vengeance of our God!

Gon. I hear it now,
 The heavy tread of mail-clad multitudes,
 Like thunder-showers upon the forest-paths.

Her. Ay, earth knows well the omen of that sound,
 And she hath echoes, like a sepulchre's,
 Pent in her secret hollows, to respond
 Unto the step of death!

Gon. Hark! how the wind
 Swells proudly with the Battle-march of Spain!
 Now the heart feels its power!—A little while
 Grant me to live, my God!—What pause is this?

Her. A deep and dreadful one!—the serried files
 Level their spears for combat; now the hosts
 Look on each other in their brooding wrath,
 Silent, and face to face.

VOICES HEARD WITHOUT, CHANTING.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit! rest thee now!
 E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to its place on high!
 They that have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.

Elm. (to Gon.). It is the Death-hymn o'er thy daughter's bier!
 But I am calm, and e'en like gentle winds,
 That music, through the stillness of my heart,
 Sends mournful peace.

Gon. Oh! well those solemn tones
Accord with such an hour, for all her life
Breathed of a hero's soul!

[A sound of trumpets and shouting from the plain.]

Her. Now, now they close!—Hark! what a dull dead scound
Is in the Moorish war-shout!—I have known
Such tones prophetic oft.—The shock is given—
Lo! they have placed their shields before their hearts,
And lowered their lances with the streamers on,
And on their steeds bend forward!—God for Spain!
The first bright sparks of battle have been struck
From spear to spear, across the gleaming field!—
There is no sight on which the blue sky looks
To match with this!—'Tis not the gallant crests,
Nor banners with their glorious blazonry;
The very nature and high soul of man
Doth now reveal itself!

Gon. Oh! raise me up,
That I may look upon the noble scene!—
It will not be!—That this dull mist would pass
A moment from my sight!—Whence rose that shout,
As in fierce triumph?

Her. *(clasping his hands).* Must I look on this?
The banner sinks—'tis taken!

Gon. Whose?

Her. Castile's!

Gon. Oh, God of Battles!

Elm. Calm thy noble heart!

Thou wilt not pass away without thy meed.
Nay, rest thee on my bosom.

Her. Cheer thee yet!

Our knights have spurred to rescue.—There is now
A whirl, a mingling of all terrible things,
Yet more appalling than the fierce distinctness
Wherewith they moved before!—I see tall plumes
All wildly tossing o'er the battle's tide,
Swayed by the wrathful motion, and the press
Of desperate men, as cedar-boughs by storms.
Many a white streamer there is dyed with blood,
Many a false corslet broken, many a shield
Pierced through!—Now, shout for Santiago, shout!
Lo! javelins with a moment's brightness cleave
The thickening dust, and barbed steeds go down
With their helmed riders!—Who, but One can tell
How spirits part amidst that fearful rush
And trampling on of furious multitudes!

Gon. Thou'rt silent!—See'st thou more?—My soul grows dark.

Her. And dark and troubled, as an angry sea,
Dashing some gallant armament in scorn
Against its rocks, is all on which I gaze!—
I can but tell thee how tall spears are crossed,
And lances seem to shiver, and proud helms
To lighten with the stroke!—but round the spot,
Where, like a storm-felled mast, our standard sank,
The heat of battle burns.

Gon. Where is that spot?

Her. It is beneath the lonely tuft of palms

The Siege of Valencia

That lift their green heads o'er the tumult still,
In calm and stately grace.

Gon. There, didst thou say?

Then God is with us, and we *must* prevail!
For on that spot they died!—My children's blood
Calls on th' avenger thence!

Elm. They perished there!—

And the bright locks that waved so joyously
To the free winds, lay trampled and defiled
E'en on that place of death!—Oh, Merciful!
Hush the dark thought within me!

Her. (*with sudden exultation*). Who is he
On the white steed, and with the castled helm,
And the gold-broidered mantle, which doth float
E'en like a sunny cloud above the fight;
And the pale cross, which from his breastplate gleams
With star-like radiance?

Gon. (*eagerly*). Didst thou say the cross?

Her. On his mailed bosom shines a broad white cross,
And his long plumage through the darkening air
Streams like a snow-wreath.

Gon. That should be——

Her. The king!—

Was it not told us how he sent, of late,
To the Cid's tomb, c'en for the silver cross,
Which he who slumbers there was wont to bind
O'er his brave heart in fight?

Gon. (*springing up joyfully*). My king! my king!
Now all good saints for Spain!—My noble king!
And thou art there!—That I might look once more
Upon thy face!—But yet I thank Thee, Heaven!
That Thou hast sent him, from my dying hands
Thus to receive his city! [*He sinks back into ELMINA's arms.*]

Her. He hath cleared

A pathway 'midst the combat, and the light
Follows his charge through yon close living mass,
E'en as the gleam on some proud vessel's wake
Along the stormy waters!—'Tis redeemed—
The castled banner!—It is flung once more,
In joy and glory, to the sweeping winds!—
There seems a wavering through the Paynim hosts—
Castile doth press them sore—Now, now rejoice!

Gon. What hast thou seen?

Her. Abdullah falls! He falls!

The man of blood!—the spoiler!—he hath sunk
In our king's path!—Well hath that royal sword
Avenged thy cause, Gonzalez!

They give way.

The Crescent's van is broken!—On the hills
And the dark pine-woods may the infidel
Call vainly, in his agony of fear,
To cover him from vengeance!—Lo! they fly!
They of the forest and the wilderness
Are scattered, e'en as leaves upon the wind!
Woe to the sons of Afric!—Let the plains,
And the vine-mountains, and Hesperian seas,
Take their dead unto them!—that blood shall wash
Our soil from stains of bondage.

Gon. (*attempting to raise himself*). Set me free!
Come with me forth, for I must greet my king,
After his battle-field!

Her. Oh, blest in death!
Chosen of Heaven, farewell!—Look on the Cross,
And part from earth in peace!

Gon. Now charge once more!
God is with Spain, and Santiago's sword
Is reddening all the air!—Shout forth "Castile!"
The day is ours!—I go; but fear ye not!
For Afric's lance is broken, and my sons
Have won their first good field!

[*He dies.*]

Elm. Look on me yet!
Speak one farewell, my husband!—Must thy voice
Enter my soul no more?—Thine eye is fixed—
Now is my life uprooted,—and 'tis well.

(*A sound of triumphant Music is heard, and many Castilian
Knights and Soldiers enter.*)

A Citizen. Hush your triumphal sounds, although ye come
E'en as deliverers!—But the noble dead,
And those that mourn them, claim from human hearts
Deep silent reverence.

Elm. (*rising proudly*). No, swell forth, Castile,
Thy trumpet-music, till the seas and heavens,
And the deep hills, give every stormy note
Echoes to ring through Spain!—How, know ye not
That, all arrayed for triumph, crowned and robed
With the strong spirit which hath saved the land,
E'en now a conqueror to his rest is gone?—
Fear not to break that sleep, but let the wind
Swell on with victory's shout!—*He* will not hear—
Hath earth a sound more sad?

Her. Lift ye the dead,
And bear him, with the banner of his race
Waving above him proudly, as it waved
O'er the Cid's battles, to the tomb, whercin
His warrior-sires are gathered.

[*They raise the body.*]

Elm. Ay, 'tis thus
Thou shouldst be honoured!—And I follow thee,
With an unflinching and lofty step,
To that last home of glory. She that wears
In her deep heart the memory of thy love
Shall thence draw strength for all things, till the God,
Whose hand around her hath unpeopled earth,
Looking upon her still and chastened soul,
Call it once more to thine!

(*To the Castilians.*)

Awake, I say,
Tambour and trumpet, wake!—And let the land
Through all her mountains hear your funeral peal!
So should a hero pass to his repose.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SONGS OF THE CID

[The following ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the Cid.]

THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO
EXILE

WITH sixty knights in his gallant train,
Went forth the Campeador of Spain;
For wild sierras and plains afar,
He left the lands of his own Bivar.*

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,
From his home in good Castile he went;
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,—
For the noble Cid was a banished man!

Through his olive-woods the morn-breeze
played,
And his native streams wild music made,
And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,
When for march and combat he took his
way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,
And he turned his steed for a parting look,
For a parting look at his own fair towers;—
Oh! the Exile's heart hath weary hours!

The pennons were spread, and the band
arrayed, [stayed,
But the Cid at the threshold a moment
It was but a moment—the halls were lone,
And the gates of his dwelling all open
thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall,
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall,
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at
the door,
Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.

Then a dim tear swelled to the warrior's eye,
As the voice of his native groves went by;
And he said—"My foemen their wish have
won, [done!"
—Now the will of God be in all things

But the trumpet blew, with its note of
cheer, [the tear,
And the winds of the morning swept off
And the fields of his glory lay distant far,—
He is gone from the towers of his own
Bivar!

* The birthplace of the Cid, two leagues from
cos.

THE CID'S DEATHBED

It was an hour of grief and fear
Within Valencia's walls, [clear
When the blue spring-heaven lay still and
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet, [rise,
Where the Zambra's * notes were wont to
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief,
On bright Valencia's shore,
For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war,
For the Cid was passing to his sleep
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of
state,
No weeper's aspect seen,
But by the couch Ximena sat,
With pale, yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the leader's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head,
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering hand,
And cold the valiant breast;—
He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the Ruler of the field?—
His voice is faint and low;
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and
shield
Hath louder accents now.

"Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone;
Be ye of mighty heart!

* A Moorish dance.

"Let the cymbal clash and the trumpet strain

From your walls ring far and shrill,
And fear ye not—for the saints of Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

"And gird my form with mail array,
And set me on my steed,
So go ye forth on your funeral way,
And God shall give you speed.

"Go with the dead in the front of war,
All armed with sword and helm,
And march by the camp of King Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

"And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my fathers birth;
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
And my course is done on earth."

—Now wave, ye glorious banners, wave!
Through the lattice a wind sweeps by,
And the arms, o'er the deathbed of the
brave,
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight!
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps;
The wind and the banners fall hushed as
night,
The Campeador—he sleeps!

Sound the battle horn on the breeze of
morn,
And swell out the trumpet's blast,
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
For the noble Cid hath passed!

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

THE Moor had beleaguered Valencia's
towers, [bowers,
And lances gleamed up through her citron-
And the tents of the desert had girt her
plain, [Spain;
And camels were trampling the vines of
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the
death-wind sweeps, [sleeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion
There were bows from sands where the
ostrich runs, [sons
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of water: the air had stirred;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hushed, as a wizard's
cave;

But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,
And they fixed the sword in the cold right
hand

Which had fought so well for his fathers'
land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's
halls,

There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
Stars had not faded nor clouds turned red,
When the knights had girded the noble
dead,
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight
deep,

In heaven was the moon, in the camp was
sleep;

When the last through the city's gates had
gone,

O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went
armed before, [bore;
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men;
The helmet was down o'er the face of the
dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good
sword,

And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone.
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide
streets far,
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,
—So the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;
—And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim
throng! [spear,
—With a sudden flash of the lance and
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez came! *

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had passed before like a threatening cloud!
And the storm rushed down on the tented
plain, [lay slain;
And the Archer-Queen, † with her bands,
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan kings who had joined his
war; [away,
And their hearts grew heavy, and died
And their hands could not wield an assagai,
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seemed where Minaya his onset
made, [arrayed,
There were seventy thousand knights
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring
deep;
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire went before them all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail;
He rode in the battle's van!

There was fear in the path of his dim white
horse, [course!
There was death in the giant-warrior's
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly
light, [hurrying flight—
Where his sword blazed out, there was
For it seemed not the sword of man!

* Alvar Fañez Minaya, one of the Cid's most distinguished warriors.

† A Moorish Amazon who accompanied King Bucar from Africa. Her arrows were so un-
-ing that she obtained the name of the Star
-hers.

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled;
There was work for the men of the Cid
that day! [to slay,
—They were weary at eve, when they ceased
As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were
spread;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim
slain, [Spain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in
—So the Cid to his grave passed on!

THE CID'S RISING

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent
night,
And Leon in slumber lay,
When a sound went forth in rushing might
Like an army on its way!
In the stillness of the hour,
When the dreams of sleep have power,
And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went,
Till the slumberers woke in dread;—
The sound of a passing armament,
With the charger's stony tread.
There was heard no trumpet's peal,
But the heavy tramp of steel,
As a host's to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it
passed,
And the hollow pavement rang,
And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,
Rocked to the stormy clang!
But the march of the viewless train
Went on to a royal fane,
Where a priest his night-hymn sang.

There was knocking that shook the
marble floor,
And a voice at the gate, which said—
"That the Cid Ruy Diez, the Campeador,
Was there in his arms arrayed;
And that with him, from the tomb,
Had the Count Gonzalez come,
With a host, uprisen to aid!

"And they came for the buried king that lay
At rest in that ancient fane;
For he must be armed on the battle-day,
With them to deliver Spain!"
—Then the march went sounding on,
And the Moors by noontide sun
Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

1823

GREEK SONGS

I.

THE STORM OF DELPHI

FAR through the Delphian shades
 An Eastern trumpet rung !
 And the started eagle rushed on high,
 With a sounding flight through the fiery sky,
 And banners, o'er the shadowy glades,
 To the sweeping winds were flung.

Banners, with deep-red gold
 All waving, as a flame, [head
 And a fitful glance from the bright spear-
 On the dim wood-paths of the mountain
 shed,
 And a peal of Asia's war-notes told
 That in arms the Persian came.

He came, with starry gems
 On his quiver and his crest ;
 With starry gems, at whose heart the day
 Of the cloudless Orient burning lay ;
 And they cast a gleam on the laurel-stems,
 As onward his thousands pressed.

But a gloom fell o'er their way,
 And a heavy moan went by !
 A moan, yet not like the wind's low swell,
 When its voice grows wild amidst cave
 and dell,
 But a mortal murmur of dismay,
 Or a warrior's dying sigh !

A gloom fell o'er their way !
 'Twas not the shadow cast
 By the dark pine-boughs, as they crossed
 the blue [hue ;
 Of the Grecian heavens with their solemn
 The air was filled with a mightier sway,—
 But on the spearmen passed !

And hollow, to their tread,
 Came the echoes of the ground,
 And banners drooped, as with the dew o'er-
 borne,
 And the wailing blast of the battle-horn
 Had an altered cadence dull and dead,
 Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain
 When the steep defiles were passed !
 And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,
 To shine through heaven with his radiant
 snows,
 And in golden light the Delphian fane
 Before them stood at last !

In golden light it stood,
 'Midst the laurels gleaming lone,
 For the Sun-God yet, with a lovely smile,
 O'er its graceful pillars looked awhile,
 Though the stormy shade on cliff and wood
 Grew deep round its mountain-throne.

And the Persians gave a shout !
 But the marble walls replied,
 With a clash of steel, and a sullen roar
 Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,
 And a savage trumpet's note pealed out,
 Till their hearts for terror died.

On the armour of the god
 Then a viewless hand was laid ;
 There were helm and spear, with a clanging
 din,
 And corslet brought from the shrine within,
 From the inmost shrine of the dread abode,
 And before its front arrayed.

And a sudden silence fell
 Through the dim and loaded air !
 On the wild bird's wing, and the myrtle-
 spray,
 And the very founts, in their silvery way,
 With a weight of sleep came down the spell,
 'Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon !
 'Twas not by song or lyre ;
 For the Delphian maids had left their
 bowers, [towers,
 And the hearths were lone in the city's
 But there burst a sound through the misty
 noon,
 That battle-noon of fire !

It burst from earth and heaven !
 It rolled from crag and cloud !
 For a moment of the mountain-blast,
 With a thousand stormy voices passed,
 And the purple gloom of the sky was riven,
 When the thunder pealed aloud.

And the lightnings in their play
 Flashed forth, like javelins thrown ;
 Like sun-darts winged from the silver-bow,
 They smote the spear and the turbaned
 brow,
 And the bright gems flew from the crest
 like spray,
 And the banners were struck

And the massy oak-boughs crashed
To the fire-bolts from on high ;
And the forest lent its billowy roar,
While the glorious tempest onward bore,
And lit the streams, as they foamed and
dashed,
With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rushed the Delphian men
On the pale and scattered host ;
Like the joyous burst of a flashing wave,
They rushed from the dim Corycian cave,
And the singing blast o'er wood and glen
Rolled on, with the spears they tossed.

There were cries of wild dismay,
There were shouts of warrior-glee,
There were savage sounds of the tempest's
mirth,
That shook the realm of their eagle-birth ;
But the mount of song, when they died away,
Still rose, with its temple, free !

And the Pæan swelled ere long,
Io Pæan ! from the fane ;
Io Pæan ! for the war array,
On the crowned Parnassus risen that day !—
Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount of song,
With thy bounding streams again.

II.

THE BOWL OF LIBERTY

BEFORE the fiery sun, [less eye,
The sun that looks on Greece with cloud-
In the free air, and on the war-field won,
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,
The tombs of heroes ! with the solemn skies,
And the wide plain around, where patriot-
blood
Had steeped the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious dead,
In the strong faith which brings the view-
less nigh,
And poured rich odours o'er the battle-bed,
And bade them to the rite of Liberty.

They called them from the shades,
The golden-fruited shades, where minstrels
tell
How softer light th' immortal clime
pervades,
As it floats o'er meads of Asphodel.

Then fast the bright-red wine
Flowed to their names who taught the
world to die, [shrine,
And made the land's green turf a living
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty.

So the rejoicing earth [gave,
Took from her vines again the blood she
And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew
birth [brave.
From the free soil, thus hallowed to the

We have the battle-fields,
The tombs, the names, the blue majestic
sky ; [yields ;
We have the founts the purple vintage
—When shall we crown the Bowl of
Liberty?

III.

THE VOICE OF SCIO

A VOICE from Scio's isle—
A voice of song, a voice of old,
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled ;
And earth was hushed the while.

The souls of nations woke !
Where lies the land whose hills among
That voice of Victory hath not rung,
As if a trumpet spoke?

To sky, and sea, and shore,
Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain,
Swept from the rivers to the main,
A glorious tale it bore.

Still, by our sun-bright deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them, in its rushing way,
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crowned !
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave
Brought garlands there : so rest the brave,
Who thus their bard have found !

A voice from Scio's isle,
A voice as deep hath risen again !
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Where'er our sun may smile !

Let not its tones expire !
Such power to waken earth and heaven,
And might and vengeance, ne'er was given
To mortal song or lyre !

Know ye not whence it comes?
From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,
From kindred blood on yon red plains,
From desolated homes.

'Tis with us through the night!
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky— [high,
Hear it, ye heavens! when swords flash
O'er the mid-waves of fight!

IV.

THE SPARTAN'S MARCH

["The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle," says Thucydides, "because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging step was made to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.' The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur."—CAMPBELL, *On the Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks.*]

"TWAS morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dressed the vines,
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and flowers,
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain
To the woodland-goddess poured?
Did virgin-hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain-echoes of the land
Swelled through the deep-blue sky,
While to soft strains moved forth a band
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out;
And the laurel-groves, as on they passed,
Rang with no battle-shout.

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high:
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre
For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes, their path around,
Sent forth Eolian breath;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death.

So moved they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne!

V.

THE URN AND SWORD

THEY sought for treasures in the tomb,
Where gentler hands were wont to spread
Fresh boughs and flowers of purple bloom,
And sunny ringlets, for the dead.

They scattered far the greensward-heap,
Where once those hands the bright wine
poured;
—What found they in the home of
sleep?—
A mouldering urn, a shivered sword!

An urn, which held the dust of one
Who died when hearths and shrines
were free;
A sword, whose work was proudly done,
Between our mountains and the sea.

And these are treasures!—undismayed,
Still for the suffering land we trust,
Wherein the past its fame hath laid,
With freedom's sword, and valour's dust.

VI.

THE MYRTLE-BOUGH

STILL green, along our sunny shore
The flowering myrtle waves,
As when its fragrant boughs of yore
Were offered on the graves;
The graves, wherein our mighty men
Had rest, unviolated then.

Still green it waves! as when the hearth
Was sacred through the land;
And fearless was the banquet's mirth,
And free the minstrel's hand;
And guests, with shining myrtle crowned,
Sent the wreathed lyre and wine-cup round.

Still green! as when on holy ground
The tyrant's blood was poured:—
Forget ye not what garlands bound
The young deliverer's sword!—
Though earth may shroud Harmodius now,
We still have sword and myrtle-bough.

1823

THE MAREMMA

["Nello Della Pietra had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy, which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which, then as now, was a district destructive of health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chronicles, indeed, tell us that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits; one was a captain who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino; the second, a gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the House of Este; the third was a woman unknown to the poet, and who, after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words:—

'Recorditi di me; che son la Pia,
Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma,
Salsi colui che inanellatta pria
Disposando m' avea con la sua gemma.'"

Purgatorio, cant. v.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 58.]

"Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."—*MALHERBE*.

THERE are bright scenes beneath Italian
skies, [diffuse,
Where glowing suns their purest light
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,
And Nature lavishes her warmest hues;
But trust thou not her smile, her balmy
breath, [Death!
Away! her charms are but the pomp of

He, in the vine-clad bowers, unseen is
dwelling,
Where the cool shade its freshness round
thee throws,
His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swell-
ing,
With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose;
And the soft sounds that through the
foliage sigh,
But woo thee still to slumber and to die.

Mysterious danger lurks, a siren there,
Not robed in terrors or announced in gloom,
But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,
And veiled in flowers, that smile to deck
thy tomb: [array,
How may we deem, amidst their deep
That heaven and earth but flatter to betray?

Sunshine, and bloom, and verdure! Can
it be [wiles?
That these but charm us with destructive
Where shall we turn, O Nature, if in *thee*
Danger is masked in beauty—death in
smiles?
Oh! still the Circe of that fatal shore,
Where she, the Sun's might daughter,
dwelt of yore!

There, year by year, that secret peril
spreads,
Disguised in loveliness, its baleful reign,
And viewless blights o'er many a landscape
sheds,
Gay with the riches of the south, in vain;
O'er fairy bowers and palaces of state
Passing unseen, to leave them desolate.

And pillared halls, whose airy colonnades
Were formed to echo music's choral tone,
Are silent now, amidst deserted shades,
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms
alone;
And fountains dash unheard, by lone
alcoves,
Neglected temples, and forsaken groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in
 beauty gleaming, [rise,
 'Midst the deep shades of plane and cypress
 By wave or grot might Fancy linger,
 dreaming
 Of old Arcadia's woodland deities.
 Wild visions!—there no sylvan powers
 convene: [scene.
 Death reigns the genius of the Elysian

Ye, too, illustrious hills of Rome! that bear
 Traces of mightier beings on your brow,
 O'er you that subtle spirit of the air
 Extends the desert of his empire now;
 Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane, and
 dome, [home.
 And make the Cæsar's ruined halls his

Youth, valour, beauty, oft have felt his
 power, [their lot
 His crowned and chosen victims: o'er
 Hath fond affection wept. Each blighted
 flower [forgot.
 In turn was loved and mourned, and is
 But one who perished, left a tale of woe,
 Meet for as deep a sigh as pity can bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,
 Is floating joyous on the summer air;
 And there are banquets in her stately halls,
 And graceful revels of the gay and fair,
 And brilliant wreaths the altar have
 arrayed, [m. id.
 Where neither noblest youth and loveliest

To that young bride each grace hath
 Nature given [eye
 Which glows on Art's divinest dream. Her
 Hath a pure sunbeam of her native
 heaven— [dye;
 Her cheek a tinge of morning's richest
 Fair as that daughter of the south, whose
 form [warm.*
 Still breathes and charms in Vinci's colours

But is she blest?—for sometimes o'er her
 smile
 A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is cast;
 And in her liquid glance there seems awhile
 To dwell some thought whose soul is with
 the past; [trace,
 Yet soon it flies—a cloud that leaves
 On the sky's azure, of its dwelling-place.

* An allusion to Leonardo da Vinci's picture of his wife, Mona Lisa, supposed to be the most perfect imitation of nature ever exhibited in painting."—See VASARI'S *Lives of the Painters*.

Perchance, at times, within her heart may
 rise
 Remembrance of some early love or woe,
 Faded, yet scarce forgotten—in her eyes
 Wakening the half-formed tear that may
 not flow;
 Yet radiant seems her lot as aught on earth,
 Where still some pining thought comes
 darkly o'er our mirth.

The world before her smiles—its change-
 ful gaze [gay
 She hath not proved as yet; her path seems
 With flowers and sunshine, and the voice
 of praise
 Is still the joyous herald of her way;
 And beauty's light around her dwells, to
 throw
 O'er every scene its own resplendent glow.

Such is the young Bianca—graced with all
 That nature, fortune, youth, at once can
 give;
 Pure in their loveliness, her looks recall
 Such dreams as ne'er life's early bloom
 survive; [is fraught
 And when she speaks, each thrilling tone
 With sweetness, born of high and heavenly
 thought.

And he to whom are breathed her vows
 of faith
 Is brave and noble. Child of high descent,
 He hath stood fearless in the ranks of death,
 'Mid slaughtered heaps, the warrior's
 monument; [way
 And proudly marshalled his Carroccio's*
 Amidst the wildest wreck of war's array.

And his the chivalrous commanding mien,
 Where high-born grandeur blends with
 courtly grace! [seen,
 Yet may a lightning glance at times be
 Of fiery passions, darting o'er his face,
 And fierce the spirit kindling in his eye—
 But e'en while yet we gaze, its quick
 wild flashes die.

And calmly can Pietra smile, concealing,
 As if forgotten, vengeance, hate, remorse,
 And veil the workings of each darker
 feeling,
 Deep in his soul concentrating its force:
 But yet he loves—oh! who hath loved nor
 known [own!
 Affection's power exalt the bosom all its

* Carroccio, a sort of consecrated way

The days roll on—and still Bianca's lot
Seems as a path of Eden. Thou might'st
deem

That grief, the mighty chastener, had forgot
To wake her soul from life's enchanted
dream ;

And, if her brow a moment's sadness wear,
It sheds but grace more intellectual there.

A few short years, and all is changed : her
fate [o'er]cast.

Seems with some deep mysterious cloud
Have jealous doubts transformed to wrath
and hate [surpassed ?]

The love whose glow expression's power
Lo ! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom
Is gathering day by day, prophetic of her
doom.

Oh ! can he meet that eye, of light serene,
Whence the pure spirit looks in radiance
forth,

And view that bright intelligence of mien
Formed to express but thoughts of loftiest
worth, [reign ?]

Yet deem that vice within that heart can
—How shall he e'er confide in aught on
earth again ?

In silence oft, with strange vindictive gaze,
Transient, yet filled with meaning strange
and wild,

Her features calm in beauty he surveys,
Then turns away, and fixes on her child
So dark a glance as thrills a mother's
mind [undefined].

With some vague fear, scarce owned, and

There stands a lonely dwelling by the wave
Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's
shore,

Far from all sounds but rippling seas that
lave [o'er],

Grey rocks with foliage richly shadowed
And sighing winds, that murmur through
the wood,

Fringing the beach of that Hesperian flood.

Fair is that house of solitude—and fair
The green Maremma, far around it spread,
A sun-bright waste of beauty. Yet an air
Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed !
No human footstep tracks the lone domain,
The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.

And silent are the marble halls that rise
Mid founts, and cypress walks, and olive
-groves :

All sleep in sunshine 'neath cerulean skies,
And still around the sea-breeze lightly
roves ;

Yet every trace of man reveals alone,
That there life once hath flourished—and
is gone.

There, till around them slowly, softly
stealing,

The summer air, deceit in every sigh,
Came fraught with death, its power no
sign revealing,

Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt in days gone by ;
And strains of mirth and melody have
flowed,

Where stands, all voiceless now, the still
abode.

And thither doth her lord remorseless bear
Bianca with her child. His altered eye
And brow a stern and fearful calmness
wear,

While his dark spirit seals their doom—to
die ;

And the deep bodings of his victim's heart
Tell her from fruitless hope at once to part.

It is the summer's glorious prime—and
blending

Its blue transparency with the skies, the
deep,

Each tint of heaven upon its breast do
scending,

Scarce murmurs as it heaves in glassy sleep,
And on its wave reflects, more softly bright,
That lovely shore of solitude and light.

Fragrance in each warm southern gale is
breathing,

Decked with young flowers the rich Ma-
remma glows,

Neglected vines the trees are wildly
wreathing,

And the fresh myrtle in exuberance blows,
And, far and round, a deep and sunny
bloom

Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the
tomb.

Yes ! 'tis *thy* tomb, Bianca, fairest flower !
The voice that calls thee speaks in every
gale,

Which, o'er thee breathing with insidious
power,

Bids the young roses of thy cheek turn pale ;
And, fatal in its softness, day by day
Steals from that eye some trembling spark
away.

But sink not yet; for there are darker woes,
Daughter of Beauty! in thy spring-morn
fading— [those

Sufferings more keen for thee reserved than
Of lingering death, which thus thine eye
are shading!

Nerve then thy heart to meet that bitter lot:
'Tis agony—but soon to be forgot!

What deeper pangs maternal hearts can
wring,

Than hourly to behold the spoiler's breath
Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of
spring, [death?

O'er infancy's fair cheek the blight of
To gaze and shrink, as gathering shades
o'ercast [last!

The pale smooth brow, yet watch it to the

Such pangs were thine, young mother!
—Thou didst bend [head;

O'er thy fair boy, and raise his drooping
And faint and hopeless, far from every
friend,

Keep thy sad midnight vigils near his bed,
And watch his patient supplicating eye
Fixed upon thee—on thee!—who couldst
no aid supply!

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely woe
Through those dark hours; to thee the
wind's low sigh,

And the faint murmur of the ocean's flow,
Came like some spirit whispering—"He
must die!"

And thou didst vainly clasp him to the
breast [hope had blest.
His young and sunny smile so oft with

'Tis past, that fearful trial!—he is gone!
But thou, sad mourner! hast not long to
weep; [on,

The hour of nature's chartered peace comes
And thou shalt share thine infant's holy
sleep. [be

A few short sufferings yet—and death shall
As a bright messenger from heaven to thee.

But ask not—hope not—one relenting
thought [away,

From him who doomed thee thus to waste
Whose heart, with sullen speechless ven-
geance fraught,

Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow decay;

And coldly, sternly, silently can trace
The gradual withering of each youthful
grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall come,
When thou, bright victim! on his dreams
shalt rise

As an accusing angel—and thy tomb,
A martyr's shrine, be hallowed in his eyes!
Then shall thine innocence his bosom
wring, [pangs could sting.
More than thy fancied guilt with jealous

Lift thy meek eyes to heaven—for all on
earth,

Young sufferer, fades before thee. Thou
art lone:

Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly on
thy birth,

Thine hour of death is all Affliction's own!
It is our task to suffer—and our fate
To learn that mighty lesson soon or late.

The season's glory fades—the vintage-lay
Through joyous Italy resounds no more;
But mortal loveliness hath passed away,
Fairer than aught in summer's glowing
store. [such

Beauty and youth are gone—behold them
As death has made them with his blighting
touch!

The summer's breath came o'er them—and
they died!

Softly it came to give luxuriance birth,
Called forth young nature in her festal
pride,

But bore to them their summons from the
earth!

Again shall blow that mild, delicious breeze,
And wake to light and life—all flowers—
but these.

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy virtues
telling,

O lost and loveliest one! adorns thy grave;
But o'er that humble cypress-shaded
dwelling

The dewdrops glisten and the wild-flowers
wave—

Emblems more meet, in transient light
and bloom,

For thee, who thus didst pass in brightness
to the tomb!

A TALE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL

[The Secret Tribunal, which attained such formidable power towards the close of the fourteenth century, is mentioned in history as an institution publicly known so early as in the year 1211. Its members, who were called Free Judges, were unknown to the people, and were bound by a tremendous oath, to deliver up their dearest friends and relatives without exception, if they had committed any offence cognisable by the Tribunal. . . . The proceedings of this Tribunal were carried on at night and with the greatest mystery; and though it was usual to summon a culprit three times before sentence was passed, yet persons obnoxious to it were sometimes accused and condemned without citation. After condemnation it was almost impossible for any one to escape the vengeance of the Free Judges, for their commands set thousands of assassins in motion, who had sworn not to spare the life of their nearest relation, if required to sacrifice it, but to execute the decrees of the Order with the most devoted obedience, and even should they consider the object of their pursuit as the most innocent of men. . . .

The following account of the extraordinary association called the Secret Tribunal is given by Madame de Staël:—"Des juges mystérieux, inconnus l'un à l'autre, toujours masqués, et se rassemblant pendant la nuit, punissaient dans le silence, et gravaient seulement sur le poignard qu'ils enfonçaient dans le sein du coupable ce mot terrible: TRIBUNAL SECRET. Ils prévenaient le condamné, en faisant crier trois fois sous les fenêtres de sa maison, Malheur, Malheur, Malheur! Alors l'infortuné savait que par-tout, dans l'étranger, dans son concitoyen, dans son parent même, il pouvait trouver son meurtrier. La solitude, la foule, les villes, les campagnes, tout était rempli par la présence invisible de cette conscience armée qui poursuivait les criminels."]

PART FIRST.

I.

NIGHT veiled the mountains of the vine,
And storms had roused the foaming Rhine,
And, mingling with the pinewood's roar,
Its billows hoarsely chafed the shore,
While glen and cavern, to their moans
Gave answer with a thousand tones,
Then, as the voice of storms appalled
The peasant of the Odenwald,
Shuddering he deemed, that far on high,
'Twas the Wild Huntsman rushing by,
Riding the blast with phantom speed,
With cry of hound and tramp of steed,
While his fierce train, as on they flew,
Their horns in savage chorus blew,
Till rock, and tower, and convent round,
Rang to the shrill unearthly sound.

Vain dreams! far other footsteps traced
The forest paths, in secret haste;
Far other sounds were on the night,
Though lost amidst the tempest's might,
That filled the echoing earth and sky
With its own awful harmony.
There stood a lone and ruined fane
Far on in Odenwald's domain,
'Midst wood and rock, a deep recess
Of still and shadowy loneliness.
Long grass its pavement had o'ergrown,
The wild-flower waved o'er the altar stone,
The night-wind rocked the tottering pile,
As it swept along the roofless aisle,
For the forest boughs and the stormy sky
~!~ that minster's canopy.

Many a broken image lay

In the mossy mantle of decay,
And partial light the moonbeams darted
O'er trophies of the long departed;
For there the chiefs of other days,
The mighty, slumbered with their praise:
'Twas long since aught but the dew's of
heaven

A tribute to their bier had given,
Long since a sound but the moaning
blast

Above their voiceless home had passed.
—So slept the proud, and with them all
The records of their fame and fall;
Helmet and shield, and sculptured crest,
Adorned the dwelling of their rest,
And emblems of the Holy Land
Were carved by some forgotten hand;
But the helm was broke, the shield defaced,
And the crest through weeds might scarce
be traced;

And the scattered leaves of the northern
pine

Half hid the palm of Palestine.
So slept the glorious—lowly laid,
As the peasant in his native shade;
Some hermit's tale, some shepherd's rhyme,
All that high deeds could win from time!

What footsteps move with measured
tread

Amid those chambers of the dead?
What silent shadowy beings glide
Low tombs and mouldering shrines beside,
Peopling the wild and solemn scene?
With forms well suited to its mien?

Wanderer, away ! let none intrude
 On their mysterious solitude !
 Lo ! these are they, that awful band,
 The secret Watchers of the land—
 They that, unknown and uncontrolled,
 Their dark and dread tribunal hold.
 They meet not in the monarch's dome,
 They meet not in the chieftain's home ;
 But where, unbounded o'er their heads,
 All heaven magnificently spreads,
 And from its depths of cloudless blue
 The eternal stars their deeds may view !
 Where'er the flowers of the mountain sod
 By roving foot are seldom trod ;
 Where'er the pathless forest waves,
 Or the ivy clothes forsaken graves ;
 Where'er wild legends mark a spot,
 By mortals shunned, but unforgot :
 There, circled by the shades of night,
 They judge of crimes that shrink from light ;
 And guilt that deems its secret known
 To the One unslumbering eye alone,
 Yet hears their name with a sudden start,
 As an icy touch had chilled the heart,
 For the shadow of the avenger's hand
 Rests dark and heavy on the land.

There rose a voice from the ruin's gloom,
 And woke the echoes of the tomb,
 As if the noble hearts beneath
 Sent forth deep answers to its breath.
 —“ When the midnight stars are burning,
 And the dead to earth returning ;
 When the spirits of the blest
 Rise upon the good man's rest ;
 When each whisper of the gale
 Bids the cheek of guilt turn pale ;
 In the shadow of the hour
 That o'er the soul hath deepest power,
 Why thus meet we, but to call
 For judgment on the criminal ?
 Why, but the doom of guilt to seal,
 And point the avenger's holy steel ?
 A fearful oath has bound our souls,
 A fearful power our arm controls !
 There is an ear awake on high
 E'en to thought's whispers ere they die ;
 There is an eye whose beam pervades
 All depths, all deserts, and all shades :
 That ear hath heard our awful vow,
 That searching eye is on us now !
 Let him whose heart is unprofaned,
 Whose hand no blameless blood hath
 Stained—
 Let him whose thoughts no record keep
 Of crimes in silence buried deep,
 Here, in the face of heaven, accuse
 The guilty whom its wrath pursues ! ”

'Twas hushed—that voice of thrilling
 sound,
 And a dead silence reigned around.
 Then stood forth one, whose dim-seen form
 Towered like a phantom in the storm ;
 Gathering his mantle, as a cloud,
 With its dark folds his face to shroud,
 Through pillared arches on he passed,
 With stately step, and paused at last,
 Where, on the altar's mouldering stone,
 The fitful moonbeam brightly shone ;
 Then on the fearful stillness broke
 Low solemn tones, as thus he spoke.

“ Before that eye whose glance pervades
 All depths, all deserts, and all shades ;
 Heard by that ear awake on high
 Even to thought's whispers ere they die—
 With all a mortal's awe I stand,
 Yet with pure heart and stainless hand.
 To heaven I lift that hand, and call
 For judgment on the criminal :
 The earth is dyed with bloodshed's hues—
 It cries for vengeance. I accuse ! ”

“ Name thou the guilty ! Say for whom
 Thou claim'st the inevitable doom.”

“ Albert of Lindheim—to the skies
 The voice of blood against him cries ;
 A brother's blood—his hand is dyed
 With the deep stain of fratricide.
 One hour, one moment, hath revealed
 What years in darkness had concealed,
 But all in vain—the gulf of time
 Refused to close upon his crime ;
 And guilt that slept on flowers shall know
 The earthquake was but hushed below !
 —Here, where amidst the noble dead,
 Awed by their fame, he dare not tread ;
 Where, left by him to dark decay,
 Their trophies moulder fast away,
 Around us and beneath us lie
 The relics of his ancestry—
 The chiefs of Lindheim's ancient race,
 Each in his last low dwelling-place.
 But one is absent—o'er *his* grave
 The palmy shades of Syria wave ;
 Far distant from his native Rhine,
 He died unmourned in Palestine ;
 The Pilgrim sought the Holy Land,
 To perish by a brother's hand !
 Peace to his soul ! though o'er his bed
 No dirge be poured, no tear be shed,
 Though all he loved his name forget,
They live who shall avenge him yet ! ”

“ Accuser ! how to thee alone
 Became the fearful secret known ?

"There is an hour when vain remorse
First wakes in her eternal force;
When pardon may not be retrieved,
When conscience will not be deceived.
He that beheld the victim bleed—
Beheld and aided in the deed—
When earthly fears had lost their power,
Revealed the tale in such an hour,
Unfolding with his latest breath
All that gave keener pangs to death."

"By Him, the All-seeing and Unseen,
Who is for ever, and hath been,
And by the Atoner's cross adored,
And by the avenger's holy sword,
By truth eternal and divine,
Accuser! wilt thou swear to thine?"
—"The cross upon my heart is prest,
I hold the dagger to my breast!
If false the tale whose truth I swear,
Be mine the murderer's doom to bear!"

Then sternly rose the dread reply—
"His days are numbered—he must die!"

"There is no shadow of the night
So deep as to conceal his flight;
Earth doth not hold so lone a waste
But there his footsteps shall be traced
Devotion hath no shrine so blest
That there in safety he may rest.
Where'er he treads, let vengeance there
Around him spread her secret snare.
In the busy haunts of men,
In the still and shadowy glen,
When the social board is crowned,
When the wine-cup sparkles round;
When his couch of sleep is pressed,
And a dream his spirit's guest;
When his bosom knows no fear,
Let the dagger still be near,
Till, sudden as the lightning's dart,
Silent and swift it reach his heart.
One warning voice, one fearful word,
Ere morn beneath his towers be heard,
Then vainly may the guilty fly,
Unseen, unaided,—he must die!
Let those he loves prepare his tomb,
Let friendship lure him to his doom!
Perish his deeds, his name, his race,
Without a record or a trace!
Away! be watchful, swift and free,
To wreak the invisible's decree.
'Tis passed—the avenger claims his prey:
On to the chase of death—away!"

And all was still. The sweeping blast
Not a whisper as it passed;

The shadowy forms were seen no more,
The tombs deserted as before;
And the wide forest waved immense
In dark and lone magnificence.

II.

IN Lindheim's towers the feast had closed,
The song was hushed, the bard reposed;
Sleep settled on the weary guest,
And the castle's lord retired to rest.
To rest? The captive doomed to die
May slumber, when his hour is nigh;
The seaman, when the billows foam,
Rocked on the mast, may dream of home;
The warrior, on the battle's eve,
May win from care a short reprieve:
But earth and heaven alike deny
Their peace to guilt's o'erwearied eye;
And night, that brings to grief a calm,
To toil a pause, to pain a balm,
Hath spells terrific in her course,
Dread sounds and shadows, for Remorse—
Voices, that long from earth had fled,
And steps and echoes from the dead,
And many a dream whose forms arise
Like a darker world's realities!
Call them not vain illusions—born
But for the wise and brave to scorn!
Heaven, that the penal doom defers,
Hath yet its thousand ministers,
To scourge the heart, unseen, unknown,
In shade, in silence, and alone,
Concentrating in one brief hour
Ages of retribution's power!
—If thou wouldst know the lot of those
Whose souls are dark with guilty woes,
Ah! seek them not where pleasure's throng
Are listening to the voice of song;
Seek them not where the banquet glows,
And the red vineyard's nectar flows:
There, mirth may flush the hollow cheek,
The eye of feverish joy may speak,
And smiles, the ready mask of pride,
The canker-worm within may hide.
Heed not those signs—they but delude;
Follow, and mark their solitude!

The song is hushed, the feast is done,
And Lindheim's lord remains alone—
Alone in silence and unrest,
With the dread secret of his breast;
Alone with anguish and with fear—
There needs not an avenger here!
Behold him! Why that sudden start?
Thou hear'st the beating of thy heart!
Thou hear'st the night-wind's hollow sigh,
Thou hear'st the rustling tapestry!

No sound but these may near thee be ;
 Sleep ! all things earthly sleep, but thee.
 —No ! there are murmurs on the air,
 And a voice is heard that cries—“Despair !”
 And he who trembles fain would deem
 ’Twas the whisper of a waking dream.
 Was it but this? Again ! ’tis there :
 Again is heard—“Despair ! Despair !”
 ’Tis past—its tones have slowly died
 In echoes on the mountain side ;
 Heard but by him, they rose, they fell,
 He knew their fearful meaning well,
 And, shrinking from the midnight gloom,
 As from the shadow of the tomb,
 Yet shuddering, turned in pale dismay,
 When broke the dawn’s first kindling ray,
 And sought, amidst the forest wild,
 Some shade where sunbeam never smiled.

Yes ! hide thee, Guilt ! The laughing morn
 Wakes in a heaven of splendour born ;
 The storms that shook the mountain crest
 Have sought their viewless world of rest.
 High from his cliffs, with ardent gaze,
 Soars the young eagle in the blaze,
 Exulting as he wings his way,
 To revel in the fount of day.
 And brightly past his banks of vine,
 In glory, flows the monarch Rhine ;
 And joyous peals the vintage song
 His wild luxuriant shores along,
 As peasant bands, from rock and dell,
 Their strains of choral transport swell.
 And cliffs of bold fantastic forms,
 Aspiring to the realm of storms,
 And woods around and waves below
 Catch the red Orient’s deepening glow,
 That lends each tower and convent spire
 A tinge of its ethereal fire.

SWELL high the song of festal hours !
 Deck ye the shrine with living flowers !
 Let music o’er the water breathe !
 Let beauty twine the bridal wreath !
 While she, whose blue eye laughs in light,
 Whose cheek with love’s own hue is bright,
 The fair-haired maid of Lindheim’s hall,
 Wakes to her nuptial festival.
 —Oh ! who hath seen, in dreams that soar
 To worlds the soul would fain explore,
 When, for her own blest country pining,
 Its beauty o’er her thought is shining,—
 Some form of heaven, whose cloudless eye
 Was all one beam of ecstasy ;
 Whose glorious brow no traces wore
 Of guilt, or sorrow known before ;

Whose smile undimmed by aught of
 earth,

A sunbeam of immortal birth,
 Spoke of bright realms far distant lying,
 Where love and joy are both undying ?
 E’en thus—a vision of delight,
 A beam to gladden mortal sight,
 A flower whose head no storm has bowed,
 Whose leaves ne’er dropped beneath a
 cloud—

Thus, by the world unstained, untried,
 Seemed that beloved and lovely bride ;
 A being all too soft and fair
 One breath of earthly woe to bear.
 Yet lives there many a lofty mind
 In light and fragile form enshrined ;
 And oft smooth cheek and smiling eye
 Hide strength to suffer and to die.
 Judge not of woman’s heart in hours
 That strew her path with summer flowers,
 When joy’s full cup is mantling high,
 When flattery’s blandishments are nigh :
 Judge her not then ! within her breast
 Are energies unseen, that rest.
 They wait their call—and grief alone
 May make the soul’s deep secrets known.
 Yes ! let her smile ’midst pleasure’s train,
 Leading the reckless and the vain !
 Firm on the scaffold she hath stood,
 Besprinkled with the martyr’s blood ;
 Her voice the patriot’s heart hath steeled,
 Her spirit glowed on battlefield ;
 Her courage freed from dungeon’s gloom
 The captive brooding o’er his doom ;
 Her faith the fallen monarch saved,
 Her love the tyrant’s fury braved ;
 No scene of danger or despair,
 But she hath won her triumph there !

Away ! nor cloud the festal morn
 With thoughts of boding sadness born.
 Far other, lovelier dreams are thine,
 Fair daughter of a noble line !
 Young Ella ! from thy tower, whose height
 Hath caught the flush of eastern light,
 Watching, while soft the morning air
 Parts on thy brow the sunny hair,
 Yon bark, that o’er the calm blue tide
 Bears thy loved warrior to his bride—
 Him, whose high deeds romantic praise
 Hath hallowed with romantic lays.

He came, that youthful chief—he came,
 That favoured lord of love and fame ;
 His step was hurried—as of one
 Who seeks a voice within to shun ;
 His cheek was varying, and expressed
 The conflict of a troubled breast ;

His eye was anxious—doubt and dread,
And a stern grief, might there be read.
Yet all that marked his altered mien
Seemed struggling to be still unseen.

With shrinking heart, with nameless fear,
Young Ella met the brow austere,
And the wild look, which seemed to fly
The timid welcome of her eye.
Was that a lover's gaze, which chilled
The soul, its awful sadness thrilled?
A lover's brow, so darkly fraught
With all the heaviest gloom of thought?
She trembled. Ne'er to grief inured,
By its dread lessons ne'er matured,
Unused to meet a glance of less
Than all a parent's tenderness,
Shuddering she felt through every sense
The deathlike faintness of suspense.

High o'er the windings of the flood,
On Lindheim's terraced rocks they stood,
Whence the free sight afar might stray
O'er that imperial river's way,
Which, rushing from its Alpine source,
Makes one long triumph of its course,
Rolling in tranquil grandeur by
'Midst nature's noblest pageantry.
But they, o'er that majestic scene,
With clouded brow and anxious mien,
In silence gazed. For Ella's heart
Feared its own terrors to impart;
And he, who vainly strove to hide
His pangs, with all a warrior's pride,
Seemed gathering courage to unfold
Some fearful tale that must be told.

At length his mien, his voice, obtained
A calm that seemed by conflicts gained,
As thus he spoke—"Yes! gaze awhile
On the bright scenes that round thee smile;
For, if thy love be firm and true,
Soon must thou bid their charms adieu.
A fate hangs o'er us, whose decree,
Must bear me far from them or thee.
Our path is one of snares and fear—
I lose thee if I linger here.
Droop not, beloved! thy home shall rise
As fair, beneath far-distant skies;
As fondly tenderness and truth
Shall cherish there thy rose of youth.
But speak! and when yon hallowed shrine
Hath heard the vows which make thee
mine,
Say, wilt thou fly with me, no more
To tread thine own loved mountain-shore,
But share and soothe, repining not,
—'tatters of exile's lot?"

"Ulric! thou know'st how dearly loved
The scenes where first my childhood roved;
The woods, the rocks, that tower supreme
Above our own majestic stream;
The halls where first my heart beat high
To the proud songs of chivalry.
All, all are dear—yet *these* are ties
Affection well may sacrifice;
Loved though they be, where'er thou art,
There is the country of my heart!
Yet there is one, who, reft of me,
Were lonely as a blasted tree;
One, who still hoped my hand should close
His eye in nature's last repose.
Eve gathers round him—on his brow
Already rests the wintry snow;
His form is bent, his features wear
The deepening lines of age and care;
His faded eye hath lost its fire;
Thou wouldst not tear me from my sire!
Yet tell me all—thy woes impart,
My Ulric! to a faithful heart,
Which sooner far—oh! doubt not this—
Would share *thy* pangs than others' bliss."

"Ella, what wouldst thou?—'tis a tale
Will make that cheek as marble pale!
Yet what avails it to conceal
All thou too soon must know and feel?
It must, it must be told; prepare,
And nerve that gentle heart to bear.
But I—oh, was it then for *me*
The herald of thy woes to be—
Thy soul's bright calmness to destroy,
And wake thee first from dreams of joy?
Forgive! I would not ruder tone
Should make the fearful tidings known—
I would not that unpitied eyes
Should coldly watch thine agonies.
Better 'twere mine—that task severe,
To cloud thy breast with grief and fear.
—Hast thou not heard, in legends old,
Wild tales that turn the life-blood cold,
Of those who meet in cave or glen,
Far from the busy walks of men;
Those who mysterious vigils keep,
When earth is wrapped in shades and sleep,
To judge of crimes, like Him on high,
In stillness and in secrecy?
The unknown avengers, whose decree
'Tis fruitless to resist or flee—
Whose name hath cast a spell of power
O'er peasant's cot and chieftain's tower?
Thy sire—O Ella! hope is fled!
Think of him, mourn him, as the dead!
Their sentence, theirs hath sealed his
doom,
And thou may'st weep as o'er the tomb,

Yes, weep!—relieve thy heart oppressed,
 Pour forth thy sorrows on my breast.
 Thy cheek is cold—thy tearless eye
 Seems fixed in frozen vacancy.
 Oh, gaze not thus!—thy silence break:
 Speak! if 'tis but in anguish, speak!"

She spoke at length, in accents low,
 Of wild and half-indignant woe:—
 "He doomed to perish! *he* decreed
 By their avenging arm to bleed!
He, the renowned in holy fight, [might!
 The Paynim's scourge, the Christian's
 Ulric! what mean'st thou? Not a thought
 Of that high mind with guilt is fraught!
 Say for which glorious trophy won,
 Which deed of martial prowess done,
 Which battlefield in days gone by
 Gained by his valour, must he die?
 Away! 'tis not *his* lofty name
 Their sentence hath consigned to shame:
 'Tis not his life they seek. Recall
 Thy words, or say he shall not fall!"

Then sprang forth tears, whose blest relief
 Gave pleading softness to her grief:
 "And wilt thou not, by all the ties
 Of our affianced love," she cries—
 "By all my soul hath fixed on thee,
 Of cherished hope for years to be,
 Wilt *thou* not aid him? Wilt not thou
 Shield his grey head from danger now?
 And didst thou not in childhood's morn,
 That saw our young affections born,
 Hang round his neck and climb his knee,
 Sharing his parent smile with me?
 Kind, gentle Ulric! best beloved!
 Now be thy faith in danger proved!
 Though snares and terrors round him
 wait,
Thou wilt not leave him to his fate.
 Turn not away in cold disdain—
 Shall thine own Ella plead in vain?
 How art thou changed! and must I bear
 That frown, that stern averted air?
 What mean they?"

"Maiden, need'st thou ask?
 These features wear no specious mask.
 Doth sorrow mark this brow and eye
 With characters of mystery?
 This—*this* is anguish! Can it be?
 And plead'st thou for thy sire to *me*?
 Know, though thy prayers a death-pang
 give,
 He must not meet my sight—and live!
 Well may'st thou shudder! Of the band
 Who watch in secret o'er the land,

Whose thousand swords 'tis vain to shun,
 The unknown, the unslumbering—I am
 one!

My arm defend him! What were *then*
 Each vow that binds the souls of men,
 Sworn on the cross, and deeply sealed
 By rites that may not be revealed?
 A breeze's breath, an echo's tone,
 A passing sound, forgot when gone.
 —Nay, shrink not from me. I would fly,
 That he by other hands may die.
 What! think'st thou I would live to trace
 Abhorrence in that angel face?
 Beside thee should the lover stand,
 The father's life-blood on his brand?
 No! I have bade my home adieu,
 For other scenes mine eyes must view.
 Look on me, love! Now all is known.
 O Ella! must I fly alone?"

But she was changed. Scarce heaved
 her breath;
 She stood like one prepared for death,
 And wept no more. Then casting down
 From her fair brows the nuptial crown,
 As joy's last vision from her heart,
 Cried, with sad firmness, "We must part!
 'Tis past! These bridal flowers so frail,
 They may not brook one stormy gale,
 Survive—too dear as still thou art—
 Each hope they imaged;—we must part.
 One struggle yet, and all is o'er:
 We love—and may we meet no more!
 Oh! little knowest thou of the power
 Affection lends in danger's hour,
 To deem that fate should thus divide
 My footsteps from a father's side!
 Speed thou to other shores: I go
 To share his wanderings and his woe.
 Where'er his path of thorns may lead,
 Whate'er his doom by Heaven decreed,
 If there be guardian powers above
 To nerve the heart of filial love,
 If courage may be won by prayer,
 Or strength by duty—I can bear!
 Farewell!—though in that sound be years
 Of blighted hopes and fruitless tears,
 Though the soul vibrate to its knell
 Of joys departed—yet, farewell!"

Was *this* the maid who seemed, erewhile,
 Born but to meet life's vernal smile?
 A being almost on the wing,
 As an embodied breeze of spring?
 A child of beauty and of bliss,
 Sent from some purer sphere to this—
 Not, in her exile, to sustain
 The trial of one earthly pain;

But as a sunbeam on to move,
Wakening all hearts to joy and love?
That airy form, with footsteps free,
And radiant glance—could this be she?
From her fair cheek the rose was gone,
Her eyes' blue sparkle thence had flown;
Of all its vivid glow bereft,
Each playful charm her lip had left.
But what were these? On that young
face,

Far nobler beauty filled their place.
'Twas not the pride that scorns to bend,
Though all the bolts of Heaven descend;
Not the fierce grandeur of despair,
That half exults its fate to dare;
Nor that wild energy which leads
Th' enthusiast to fantastic deeds;
Her mien, by sorrow unsubdued,
Was fixed in silent fortitude;
Not in its haughty strength clate,
But calmly, mournfully sedate.
'Twas strange yet lovely to behold
That spirit in so fair a mould,
As if a rose-tree's tender form,
Unbent, unbroke, should meet the storm.
—One look she cast where firmness trove
With the deep pangs of parting love;
One tear a moment in her eye
Dimmed the pure light of constancy;
And pressing, as to still, her heart,
She turned in silence to depart.
But Ulric, as with frenzy wrought,
Then started from his trance of thought.

"Stay thee! oh, stay! It must not be:
All, all were well resigned for thee!
Stay! till my soul each vow disown,
But those which make me thine alone.
If there be guilt—there is no shrine
More holy than that heart of thine.
There be my crime absolved: I take
The cup of shame for thy dear sake.
Oh shame!—oh no! to virtue trod,
Where thou art, there is glory too.
Go now! and to thy sire impart,
He hath a shield in Ulric's heart,
And thou a home. Remain, or flee,
In life, in death—I follow thee!"

"There shall not rest one cloud of
shame,
O Ulric! on thy lofty name;
There shall not one accusing word
Against thy spotless faith be heard!
Thy path is where the brave rush on,
Thy course must be where palms are won,
Where banners wave, and falchions glare,
Of the mighty! be thou there.

Think on the glorious names that shine
Along thy sire's majestic line;
Oh, last of that illustrious race!
Thou wert not born to meet disgrace.
Well, well I know each grief, each pain,
Thy spirit nobly could sustain;
Even I, unshrinking, see them near,
And what hast thou to do with fear?
But when have warriors calmly borne
The cold and bitter smile of scorn?
'Tis not for thee! Thy soul hath force
To cope with all things—but remorse;
And this my brightest thought shall be,
Thou hast not braved its pangs for me.
Go! break thou not one solemn vow;
Closed be the fearful conflict now;
Go! but forget not how my heart
Still at thy name will proudly start,
When chieftains hear and minstrels tell
Thy deeds of glory. Fare thee well!"

And thus they parted. Why recall
The scene of anguish known to all?
The burst of tears, the blush of pride,
That fain those fruitless tears would hide;
The lingering look, the last embrace
Oh! what avails it to retrace?
They parted—in that bitter word
A thousand tones of grief are heard,
Whose deeply-seated echoes rest
In the far cells of every breast.
Who hath not known, who shall not
know,
That keen yet most familiar woe?
Where'er affection's home is found,
It meets her on the holy ground;
The cloud of every summer hour,
The canker-worm of every flower.
Who but hath proved, or yet shall prove,
The mortal agony of love?

The autumn moon slept bright and still
On fading wood and purple hill;
The vintager had hushed his lay,
The fisher shunned the blaze of day,
And silence o'er each green recess
Brooded in misty sultriness,
But soon a low and measured sound
Broke on the deep repose around;
From Lindheim's tower a glancing oar
Bade the stream ripple to the shore.
Sweet was that sound of waves which
parted
The fond, the true, the noble-hearted;
And smoothly seemed the bark to glide,
And brightly flowed the reckless tide,
Though, mingling with its current, fell
The last warm tears of love's farewell.

PART SECOND.

SWEET is the gloom of forest shades,
 Their pillared walks and dim arcades,
 With all the thousand flowers that blow
 A waste of loveliness, below,
 To him whose soul the world would fly
 For nature's lonely majesty:
 To bard, when wrapt in mighty themes,
 To lover, lost in fairy dreams,
 To hermit, whose poetic thought
 By fits a gleam of heaven hath caught,
 And in the visions of his rest
 Held bright communion with the blest,
 'Tis sweet but solemn! There alike
 Silence and sound with awe can strike,
 The deep Eolian murmur made
 By sighing breeze and rustling shade,
 And caverned fountain gushing nigh,
 And wild-bees' plaintive lullaby:
 Or the dead stillness of the bowers,
 When dark the summer tempest lowers;
 When silent nature seems to wait
 The gathering thunder's voice of fate;
 When the aspen scarcely waves in air,
 And the clouds collect for the lightning's
 glare—
 Each, each alike is awful there,
 And thrills the soul with feelings high
 As some majestic harmony.

But she, the maid, whose footsteps traced
 Each green retreat in breathless haste—
 Young Ella—lingered not to hear
 The wood-notes, lost on mourner's ear.
 The shivering leaf, the breeze's play,
 The fountain's gush, the wild-bird's lay—
 These charm not now. Her sire she
 sought, [thought,
 With trembling frame, with anxious
 And, starting if a forest deer
 But moved the rustling branches near,
 First felt that innocence may fear.
 —She reached a lone and shadowy dell
 Where the free sunbeam never fell.
 'Twas twilight there at summer noon,
 Deep night beneath the harvest moon,
 And scarce might one bright star be seen
 Gleaming the tangled boughs between:
 For many a giant rock around
 Dark in terrific grandeur frowned,
 And the ancient oaks that waved on high,
 Shut out each glimpse of the blessed sky.
 Then the cold spring, in its shadowy cave,
 Ne'er to heaven's beam one sparkle gave,
 And the wild flower on its brink that
 grew
 Caught not from day one glowing hue.

'Twas said, some fearful deed untold
 Had stained that scene in days of old;
 Tradition o'er the haunt had thrown
 A shade yet deeper than its own;
 And still, amidst the umbrageous gloom,
 Perchance above some victim's tomb,
 O'ergrown with ivy and with moss,
 There stood a rudely sculptured Cross,
 Which haply silent record bore
 Of guilt and penitence of yore.

Who by that holy sign was kneeling,
 With brow unuttered pangs revealing,
 Hands clasped convulsively in prayer,
 And lifted eyes and streaming hair,
 And cheek all pale, as marble mould,
 Seen by the moonbeam's radiance cold?
 Was it some image of despair
 Still fixed that stamp of woe to bear?
 —Oh! ne'er could Art her forms have
 wrought
 To speak such agonies of thought!
 Those deathlike features gave to view
 A mortal's pangs too deep and true.
 Starting he rose, with frenzied eye,
 As Ella's hurried step drew nigh:
 He turned, with aspect darkly wild,
 Trembling he stood—before his child!
 On, with a burst of tears she sprung,
 And to her father's bosom clung.

[cried,
 "Away! what seek'st thou here?" he
 "Art thou not now thine Ulric's bride?
 Hence, leave me—leave me to await
 In solitude the storm of Fate.
 Thou know'st not what my doom may be,
 Ere evening comes in peace to thee."

"My father! shall the joyous throng
 Swell high for me the bridal song?
 Shall the gay nuptial board be spread,
 The festal garland bind my head,
 And thou in grief, in peril, roam,
 And make the wilderness thy home?
 No! I am here with thee to share
 All suffering mortal strength may bear.
 And oh! whate'er thy foes decree,
 In life, in death, in chains, or free—
 Well, well I feel, in thee secure,
 Thy heart and hand alike are pure!"

Then was there meaning in his look,
 Which deep that trusting spirit shook;
 So wildly did each glance express
 The strife of shame and bitterness,
 As thus he spoke: "Fond dreams
 hence!
 Is this the mien of Innocence?"

This furrowed brow, this restless eye—
 Read thou the fearful tale, and fly!
 Is it enough? or must I seek
 For *words*, the tale of guilt to speak?
 Then be it so—I will not doom
 Thy youth to wither in its bloom;
 I will not see thy tender frame
 Bowed to the earth with fear and shame.
 No! though I teach thee to abhor
 The sire so fondly loved before;
 Though the dread effort rend my breast,
 Yet shalt thou leave me and be blest!
 Oh! bitter penance! Thou wilt turn
 Away in horror and in scorn;
 Thy looks, that still through all the past
 Affection's gentlest beams have cast,
 As lightning on my heart shall fall,
 And I must mark and bear it all.
 Yet, though of life's best ties bereaved,
 Thou shalt not, must not, be deceived.

"I linger—let me speed the tale,
Ere voice, and thought, and memory fail.
 Why should I falter thus to tell
 What Heaven so long hath known too well?
 Yes! though from mortal sight concealed,
There hath a brother's blood appealed!
 He died—'twas not where banners wave,
 And war-steeds trample on the brave;
 He died—it was in Holy Land—
 Yet fell he not by Paynim hand;
 He sleeps not with his sires at rest,
 With trophied shield and knightly crest;
 Unknown his grave to kindred eyes,—
 But I can tell thee where he lies!
 It was a wild and savage spot,
 But once beheld and ne'er forgot!
 I see it now!—that haunted scene
 My spirit's dwelling still hath been.
 And he is there—I see him laid
 Beneath that palm-tree's lonely shade.
 The fountain-wave that sparkles high
 Bears witness with its crimson dye.
 I see th' accusing glance he raised,
 Ere that dim eye by death was glazed.
 Ne'er will that parting look forgive!
 I still behold it—and I live!
 I live! from hope, from mercy driven,
 A mark for all the shafts of Heaven!

"Yet had I wrongs. By fraud he won
 My birthright; and my child, my son,
 Heir to high name, high fortune born,
 Was doomed to penury and scorn,
 An alien 'midst his father's halls,
 An exile from his native walls.

I bear this? the rankling thought,
 Dark within my bosom wrought.

Some serpent, kindling hate and guile,
 Lurked in my infant's rosy smile,
 And when his accents lisped my name,
 They woke my inmost heart to flame!
 I struggled—are there evil powers
 That claim their own ascendant hours?
 —Oh! what should thine unspotted soul
 Or know or fear of *their* control?
 Why on the fearful conflict dwell?
 Vainly I struggled, and I fell—
 Cast down from every hope of bliss—
 Too well thou know'st to what abyss!

"'Twas done!—that moment hurried by
 To darken all eternity.
 Years rolled away, long evil years,
 Of woes, of fetters, and of fears;
 Nor aught but vain remorse I gained
 By the deep guilt my soul which stained;
 For, long a captive in the lands
 Where Arabs tread their burning sands,
 The haunted midnight of the mind
 Was round me while in chains I pinned,
 By all forgotten, save by one
 Dread presence—which I could not shun.
 —How oft, when o'er the silent waste
 Nor path nor landmark might be traced,
 When slumbering by the watch-fire's ray
 The Wanderers of the Desert lay,
 And stars as o'er an ocean shone,
 Vigil I kept—but not alone!
 That form, that image from the dead,
 Still walked the wild with soundless tread!
 I've seen it in the fiery blast,
 I've seen it when the sand-storms passed;
 Beside the Desert's fount it stood,
 Tinging the clear cold wave with blood!
 And even when viewless, by the fear
 Curdling my veins, I knew 'twas near.
 —*Was* near! I feel the unearthly thrill,
 Its power is on my spirit still:
 A mystic influence, undefined,
 The spell, the shadow of my mind!

"Wilt thou yet linger? Time speeds on;
 One last farewell, and then begone!
 Unclasp the hands that shade thy brow,
 And let me read thine aspect *now*!
 No! stay thee yet, and learn the meed
 Heaven's justice to my crime decreed.
 Slow came the day that broke my chain,
 But I at large was free again;
 And freedom brings a burst of joy,
 Even guilt itself can scarce destroy.
 I thought upon my own fair towers,
 My native Rhine's gay vineyard bowers,
 And in a father's visions pressed
 Thee and thy brother to my breast.

"'Twas but in visions. Canst thou yet

Recall the moment when we met?
Thy step to greet me lightly sprung,
Thy arms around me fondly clung;
Scarce aught than infant seraph less
Seemed thy pure childhood's loveliness.
But he was gone—that son for whom
I rushed on guilt's eternal doom;
He for whose sake alone were given
My peace on earth—my hope in heaven—
He met me not. A ruthless band,
Whose name with terror filled the land,
Fierce outlaws of the wood and wild,
Had reft the father of his child.
Foes to my race, the hate they nursed
Full on that cherished scion burst.
Unknown his fate.—No parent nigh,
My boy! my first-born—didst thou die?
Or did they spare thee for a life
Of shame, of rapine, and of strife?
Livest thou unfriended, unallied,
A wanderer lost, without a guide?
Oh! to thy fate's mysterious gloom
Blest were the darkness of the tomb!

"Ella! 'tis done. My guilty heart
Before thee all unveiled—depart!
Few pangs 'twill cost thee now to fly
From one so stained—so lost as I.
Yet peace to thine untainted breast,
Even though it hate me—be thou blest!
Farewell! thou shalt not linger here—
Even now the avenger may be near.
Where'er I turn, the foe, the snare,
The dagger may be ambushed there;
One hour—and haply all is o'er,
And we must meet on earth no more.
No, nor beyond!—to those pure skies
Where thou shalt be, I may not rise.
Heaven's will for ever parts our lot,
Yet, O my child! abhor me not!
Speak once, to soothe this broken heart—
Speak to me once! and then depart."

But still—as if each pulse were dead,
Mute—as the power of speech were fled,
Pale—as if life-blood ceased to warm
The marble beauty of her form;
On the dark rocks she leaned her head,
That seemed as there 'twere riveted,
And dropped the hands, till then which
pressed
Her burning brow or throbbing breast.
There beamed no tear-drop in her eye,
And from her lip there breathed no sigh,
And on her brow no trace there dwelt
That told she suffered or she felt.

All that once glowed, or smiled, or beamed,
Now fixed, and quenched, and frozen
seemed;
And long her sire, in wild dismay,
Deemed her pure spirit passed away.

But life returned. O'er that cold frame
One deep convulsive shudder came;
And a faint light her eye relumed,
And sad resolve her mien assumed,
But there was horror in the gaze,
Which yet to his she dared not raise;
And her sad accents, wild and low,
As rising from a depth of woe,
At first with hurried trembling broke,
But gathered firmness as she spoke.

"I leave thee not—whate'er betide,
My footsteps shall not quit thy side;
Pangs keen as death my soul may thrill,
But yet thou art my father still!
And oh! if stained by guilty deed,
For some kind spirit tenfold need,
To speak of Heaven's absolving love,
And waft desponding thought above.
Is there not power in mercy's wave
The blood-stain from thy soul to lave?
Is there not balm to heal despair,
In tears, in penitence, in prayer?
My father! kneel at His pure shrine,
Who died to expiate guilt like thine;
Weep—and my tears with thine shall blend,
Pray—while my prayers with thine ascend,
And, as our mingling sorrows rise,
Heaven will relent, though earth despise!"

"My child, my child, these bursting tears,
The first my eyes have shed for years,
Though deepest conflicts they express,
Yet flow not all in bitterness.
Oh! thou hast bid a withered heart
From desolation's slumber start;
Thy voice of pity and of love
Seems o'er its icy depths to move,
Even as a breeze of health, which brings
Life, hope, and healing on its wings.
And there is mercy yet—I feel
Its influence o'er my spirit steal;
How welcome were each pang below,
If guilt might be atoned by woe.
Think'st thou I yet may be forgiven?
Shall prayers unclothe the gate of heaven?
Oh! if it yet avail to plead,
If judgment be not yet decreed,
Our hearts shall blend their suppliant cry,
Till pardon shall be sealed on high.
Yet still I shrink!—Will mercy shed
Her dews upon this fallen head?

—Kneel, Ella, kneel! till, full and free,
Descend forgiveness, won by thee."

They knelt—before the Cross, that sign
Of love eternal and divine;
That symbol, which so long hath stood
A rock of strength on time's dark flood,
Clasped by despairing hands, and laved
By the warm tears of nations saved.
In one deep prayer their spirits blent,
The guilty and the innocent.
Youth, pure as if from heaven its birth,
Age, soiled with every stain of earth,
Knelt, offering up one heart, one cry,
One sacrifice of agony.
Oh! blest, though bitter be their source—
Though dark the fountain of remorse,
Blest are the tears which pour from thence,
The atoning stream of penitence.
And let not pity check the tide
By which the heart is purified;
Let not vain comfort turn its course,
Or timid love repress its force.
Go! bind the flood, whose waves expand
To bear luxuriance o'er the land;
Forbid the life-restoring rains
To fall on Afric's burning plains;
Close up the fount that gushed to cheer
The pilgrim o'er the waste who trode;
But check thou not one holy tear
Which penitence devotes to God.

Through scenes so lone the wild-deer ne'er
Was roused by huntsman's bugle there—
So rude, that scarce might human eye
Sustain their dread sublimity—
So awful, that the timid swain,
Nurtured amidst their dark domain,
Had peopled with unearthly forms
Their mists, their forests, and their
storms,—
She, whose blue eye of laughing light
Once made each festal scene more bright;
Whose voice in song of joy was sweetest,
Whose step in dance of mirth was fleetest,
By torrent-wave and mountain-brow
Is wandering as an outcast now,
To share with Lindheim's fallen chief
His shame, his terror, and his grief.

Hast thou not marked the ruin's flower,
That blooms in solitary grace,
And, faithful to its mouldering tower,
Waves in the banner's place? [passed,
From those grey haunts renowned hath
Time wins his heritage at last;
The day of glory hath gone by.
With all its pomp and minstrelsy;

Yet still the flower of golden hues
There loves its fragrance to diffuse,
To fallen and forsaken things
With constancy unaltered clings,
And, smiling o'er the wreck of state,
With beauty clothes the desolate.
—Even such was she, the fair-haired maid,
In all her light of youth arrayed,
Forsaking every joy below
To soothe a guilty parent's woe,
And clinging thus, in beauty's prime,
To the dark ruin made by crime.
Oh! ne'er did Heaven's propitious eyes
Smile on a purer sacrifice;
Ne'er did young love at duty's shrine,
More nobly brighter hopes resign!
O'er her own pangs she brooded not,
Nor sank beneath her bitter lot;
No! that pure spirit's lofty worth
Still rose more buoyantly from earth,
And drew from an eternal source
Its gentle, yet triumphant force;
Roused by affliction's chastening might
To energies more calmly bright,
Like the wild harp of airy sigh
Woke by the storm to harmony.

He that in mountain-holds hath sought
A refuge for unconquered thought,
A chartered home, where freedom's child
Might rear her altars in the wild,
And fix her quenchless torch on high,
A beacon for eternity;
Or they, whose martyr-spirits wage
Proud war with Persecution's rage,
And to the deserts bear the faith
That bids them smile on chains and
death;
Well may *they* draw, from all around,
Of grandeur clothed in form or sound,
From the deep power of earth and sky,
Wild nature's might of majesty,
Strong energies, immortal fires,
High hopes, magnificent desires!
But dark, terrific, and austere,
To *him* doth Nature's mien appear,
Who 'midst her wilds would seek repose
From guilty pangs and vengeful foes!
For him the wind hath music dread,
A dirge-like voice that mourns the dead;
The forest's whisper breathes a tone
Appalling, as from worlds unknown;
The mystic gloom of wood and cave
Is filled with shadows of the grave;
In noon's deep calm the sunbeams dart
A blaze that seems to search his heart;
The pure eternal stars of night
Upbraid him with their silent light;

And the dread spirit, which pervades
And hallows earth's most lonely shades,
In every scene, in every hour,
Surrounds him with chastising power—
With nameless fear his soul to thrill,
Heard, felt, acknowledged, present still !

'Twas the chilly close of an autumn day,
And the leaves fell thick o'er the wanderers'
way ;

The rustling pines with a hollow sound
Foretold the tempest gathering round ;
And the skirts of the western clouds were
spread

With a tinge of wild and stormy red,
That seemed, through the twilight forest-
bowers,

Like the glare of a city's blazing towers.
But they who far from cities fled,
And shrank from the print of human
tread,

Had reached a desert scene unknown,
So strangely wild, so deeply lone,
That a nameless feeling, unconfessed
And undefined, their souls oppressed.
Rocks piled on rocks, around them hurled,
Lay like the ruins of a world,
Left by an earthquake's final throes
In deep and desolate repose—
Things of eternity whose forms
Bore record of ten thousand storms !

While rearing its colossal crest
In sullen grandeur o'er the rest,
One, like a pillar, vast and rude,
Stood monarch of the solitude.
Perchance by Roman conqueror's hand
The enduring monument was planned ;
Or Odin's sons, in days gone by,
Had shaped its rough immensity,
'To rear, midst mountain, rock, and wood,
A temple meet for rites of blood.
But they were gone who might have told
That secret of the times of old ;

And there in silent scorn it frowned
O'er all its vast coevals round.
Darkly those giant masses lowered,
Countless and motionless they towered ;
No wild-flower o'er their summit hung,
No fountain from their caverns sprung ;
Yet ever on the wanderers' ear
Murmured a sound of waters near,
With music deep of lulling falls,
And louder gush at intervals.
Unknown its source—nor spring nor
stream

Caught the red sunset's lingering gleam ;
But ceaseless, from its hidden caves,
Arose that mystic voice of waves.

Yet, bosomed 'midst that savage scene,
One chosen spot of gentler mien
Gave promise to the pilgrim's eye
Of shelter from the tempest nigh.
Glad sight ! the ivied Cross it bore,
Thesculptured saint that crowned its door.
Less welcome now were monarch's dome
Than that low cell, some hermit's home.

Thither the outcasts bent their way,
By the last lingering gleam of day ;
When from a caverned rock, which cast
Deep shadows o'er them as they past,
A form, a warrior form of might,
As from earth's bosom, sprang to sight.
His port was lofty—yet the heart
Shrank from him with recoiling start ;
His mien was youthful—yet his face
Had naught of youth's ingenuous grace ;
Nor chivalrous nor tender thought
Its traces on his brow had wrought.
Yet dwelt no fierceness in his eye,
But calm and cold severity,
A spirit haughtily austere,
Stranger to pity as to fear.
It seemed as pride had thrown a veil
O'er that dark brow and visage pale,
Leaving the searcher naught to guess,
All was so fixed and passionless.

He spoke—and they who heard the tone
Felt, deeply felt, all hope was flown.
" I've sought thee far in forest-bowers,
I've sought thee long in peopled towers,
I've borne the dagger of the UNKNOWN
Through scenes explored by me alone ;
My search is closed—nor toils nor fears
Repel the servants of the Seers.
We meet—'tis vain to strive or fly :
Albert of Lindheim—thou must die ! " !
Then with clasped hands the fair-haired
maid

Sank at his feet, and wildly prayed :—
" Stay, stay thee ! sheath that lifted steel !
Oh ! thou art human, and canst feel !
Hear me ! if e'er 'twas thine to prove
The blessing of a parent's love ;
By thine own father's hoary hair,
By her who gave thee being, spare !
Did they not, o'er thy infant years,
Keep watch in sleepless hopes and fears ?
Young warrior ! thou wilt hear my prayers
As thou wouldst hope for grace to theirs ! "

But cold the Avenger's look remained,
His brow its rigid calm maintained :
" Maiden ! 'tis vain—my bosom ne'er
Was conscious of a parent's care

The nurture of my infant years
 Froze in my soul the source of tears ;
 'Tis not for me to pause or melt,
 Or feel as happier hearts have felt.
 Away ! the hour of fate goes by !
 Thy prayers are fruitless—he must die !

" Rise, Ella ! rise ! " with steadfast brow
 The father spoke—unshrinking now,
 As if from Heaven a martyr's strength
 Had settled on his soul at length :
 " Kneel thou no more, my noble child !
 Thou by no taint of guilt defiled ;
 Kneel not to man !—for mortal prayer,
 Oh ! when did mortal vengeance spare ?
 Since hope of earthly aid is flown,
 Lift thy pure hands to Heaven alone,
 And know, to calm thy suffering heart,
 My spirit is resigned to part,
 Trusting in Him who reads and knows
 This guilty breast, with all its woes.
 Rise ! I would bless thee once again,
 Be still, be firm—for all is vain ! "

And she *was* still. She heard him not—
 Her prayers were hushed, her pangs
 forgot ;

All thought, all memory, passed away,
 Silent and motionless she lay,
 In a brief death, a blest suspense
 Alike of agony and sense.
 She saw not when the dagger gleamed
 In the last red light from the west that
 streamed ;
 She marked not when the life-blood's flow
 Came rushing to the mortal blow ;
 While, unresisting, sank her sire,
 Yet gathered firmness to expire,
 Mingling a warrior's courage high
 With a penitent's humility.
 And o'er him there the Avenger stood,
 And watched the victim's ebbing blood,
 Still calm, as if his faithful hand
 Had but obeyed some just command,
 Some power whose stern yet righteous will
 He deemed it virtue to fulfil,
 And triumphed when the palm was won,
 For duty's task austere done.

But a feeling dread and undefined,
 A mystic presage of the mind,
 With strange and sudden impulse ran
 Chill through the heart of the dying man ;
 And his thoughts found voice, and his
 bosom breath,
 And it seemed as fear suspended death,
 And nature from her terrors drew
 Fresh energy and vigour new.

—" Thou saidst thy lonely bosom ne'er
 Was conscious of a parent's care ;
 Thou saidst thy lot, in childhood's years,
 Froze in thy soul the source of tears :
 The time will come, when thou, with me,
 The judgment throne of God will see—
 Oh ! by thy hopes of mercy, then,
 By His blest love who died for men,
 By each dread rite, and shrine, and
 vow,
 Avenger ! I adjure thee now !
 To him who bleeds beneath thy steel,
 Thy lineage and thy name reveal.
 And haste thee ! for his closing ear
 Hath little more on earth to hear—
 Haste ! for the spirit, almost flown,
 Is lingering for thy words alone."

Then first a shade, resembling fear,
 Passed o'er th' Avenger's mien austere ;
 A nameless awe his features crossed,
 Soon in their haughty coldness lost.

—" What wouldst thou ? Ask the rock
 and wild,

And bid them tell thee of their child !
 Ask the rude winds, and angry skies,
 Whose tempests were his lullabies !
 His chambers were the cave and wood,
 His fosterers men of wrath and blood ;
 Outcasts alike of earth and heaven,
 By wrongs to desperation driven.
 Who, in their pupil, now could trace
 The features of a nobler race ?
 Yet such was mine !—if one who cast
 A look of anguish o'er the past,
 Bore faithful record on the day
 When penitent in death he lay.
 But still deep shades my prospects
 veil ;
 He died—and told but half the tale.
 With him it sleeps—I only know
 Enough for stern and silent woe,
 For vain ambition's deep regret,
 For hopes deceived, deceiving yet,
 For dreams of pride, that vainly tell
 How high a lot had suited well
 The heir of some illustrious line,
 Heroes and chieftains of the Rhine ! "

Then swift through Albert's bosom
 passed
 One pang, the keenest and the last,
 Ere with his spirit fled the fears,
 The sorrows, and the pangs of years ;
 And, while his grey hairs swept the dust,
 Faltering he murmured, " Heaven is just !
 For thee that deed of guilt was done,
 By thee avenged, my son ! my son ! "

The day was closed—the moonbeam
shed
Light on the living and the dead ;
And as through rolling clouds it broke,
Young Ella from her trance awoke—
Awoke to bear, to feel, to know
E'en more than all an orphan's woe.
Oh ! ne'er did moonbeam's light serene
With beauty clothe a sadder scene !
There, cold in death, the father slept—
There, pale in woe, the daughter wept !
Yes ! *she* might weep—but one stood nigh,
With horror in his tearless eye,
That eye which ne'er again shall close
In the deep quiet of repose :
No more on earth beholding aught
Save one dread vision, stamped on thought.
But, lost in grief, the Orphan Maid
His deeper woe had scarce surveyed,
Till his wild voice revealed a tale
Which seemed to bid the heavens turn pale !
He called her, " Sister ! " and the word
In anguish breathed, in terror heard,
Revealed enough—all else were weak ;
That sound a thousand pangs could speak.
He knelt beside that breathless clay,
Which fixed in utter stillness lay—
Knelt, till his soul imbibed each trace,
Each line of that unconscious face—
Knelt, till his eye could bear no more
Those marble features to explore ;
Then, starting, turning, as to shun
The image thus by Memory won,
A wild farewell to her he bade,
Who by the dead in silence prayed ;
And, frenzied by his bitter doom,
Fled thence—to find all earth a tomb !

Days passed away—and Rhine's fair
shore
In the light of summer smiled once more ;
The vines were purpling on the hill,
And the corn-fields waved in the sunshine
still.
There came a bark up the noble stream,
With pennons that shed a golden gleam,
With the flash of arms and the voice of song,
Gliding triumphantly along ;
For warrior-forms were glittering there,
Whose plumes waved light in the whisper-
ing air ;
And as the tones of oar and wave
Their measured cadence mingling gave,
" 'Twas thus the exulting chorus rose,
While many an echo swelled the close :—

" From the fields where dead and dying
On their battle-bier are lying,

Where the blood unstanched is gushing,
Where the steed unchecked is rushing,
Trampling o'er the noble-hearted,
Ere the spirit yet be parted ;
Where each breath of heaven is swaying,
Knightly plumes and banners playing,
And the clarion's music swelling,
Calls the vulture from his dwelling ;
He comes, with trophies worthy of his line,
The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine !
To his own fair woods, enclosing
Vales in sunny peace reposing,
Where his native stream is laving
Banks, with golden harvests waving,
And the summer light is sleeping
On the grape, through tendrils peeping ;
To the halls, where harps are ringing,
Bards the praise of warriors singing,
Graceful footsteps bounding fleetly,
Joyous voices mingling sweetly ;
Where the cheek of mirth is glowing,
And the wine-cup brightly flowing,
He comes, with trophies worthy of his line,
The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine ! "

He came—he sought his Ella's bowers,
He traversed Lindheim's lonely towers ;
But voice and footstep thence had fled,
As from the dwellings of the dead,
And the sounds of human joy and woe
Gave place to the moan of the wave below.
The banner still the rampart crowned,
But the tall rank grass waved thick around ;
Still hung the arms of a race gone by
In the blazoned halls of their ancestry ;
But they caught no more, at fall of night,
The wavering flash of the torch's light,
And they sent their echoes forth no more
To the Minnesinger's* tuneful lore.
For the hands that touched the harp were
gone,
And the hearts were cold that loved its tone ;
And the soul of the chord lay mute and still,
Save when the wild wind bade it thrill,
And woke from its depth a dream-like
moan,
For life, and power, and beauty gone.

The warrior turned from that silent
scene,
Where a voice of woe had welcome been ;
And his heart was heavy with boding
thought,
As the forest paths alone he sought.
He reached a convent's fane, that stood
Deep bosomed in luxuriant wood ;

* German minstrel.

Still, solemn, fair—it seemed a spot
Where earthly care might be all forgot,
And sounds and dreams of heaven alone
To musing spirit might be known.
—And sweet even then were the sounds
that rose

On the holy and profound repose.
Oh! they came o'er the warrior's breast
Like a glorious anthem of the blest;
And fear and sorrow died away
Before the full majestic lay.
He entered the secluded fane,
Which sent forth that inspiring strain;
He gazed—the hallowed pile's array
Was that of some high festal day;
Wreaths of all hues its pillars bound,
Flowers of all scents were strewed around;
The rose exhaled its fragrant sigh,
Blest on the altar to smile and die;
And a fragrant cloud from the censor's
breath

Half hid the sacred pomp beneath;
And still the peal of choral song
Swelled the resounding aisles along;
Wakening, in its triumphant flow,
Deep echoes from the graves below.

Why, from its woodland birthplace
torn,

Doth summer's rose that scene adorn?
Why breathes the incense to the sky?
Why swells the exulting harmony?
—And see'st thou not yon form, so light
It seems half floating on the sight,
As if the whisper of a gale,
That did but wave its snowy veil,
Might bear it from the earth afar,
A lovely but receding star?
Know that devotion's shrine even now
Receives that youthful vestal's vow—
For this, high hymns, sweet odours rise,
A jubilee of sacrifice.
Mark yet a moment! from her brow
Yon priest shall lift the veil of snow,
Ere yet a darker mantle hide
The charms to heaven thus sanctified:
Stay thee! and catch their parting gleam,
That ne'er shall fade from memory's
dream.

A moment? Oh! to Ulric's soul,
Poised between hope and fear's control,
What slow unmeasured hours went by,
Ere yet suspense grew certainty!

It came at length. Once more that face
Revealed to man its mournful grace:
A sunbeam on its features fell,
As if to bear the world's farewell;
And doubt was o'er. His heart grew chill,
'Twas she—though changed—twas Ella
still!

Though now her once-rejoicing mien
Was deeply, mournfully serene;
Though clouds hereye's blue lustreshaded
And the young cheek beneath had faded,
Well, well he knew the form which cast
Light on his soul through all the past!
'Twas with him on the battle-plain;
'Twas with him on the stormy main;
'Twas in his visions, when the shield
Pillowed his head on tented field;
'Twas a bright beam that led him on
Where'er a triumph might be won—
In danger as in glory nigh,
An angel-guide to victory!

She caught his pale bewildered gaze
Of grief half lost in fixed amaze.
Was it some vain illusion, wrought
By frenzy of impassioned thought?
Some phantom, such as Grief hath power
To summon in her wandering hour?
No! it was he! the lost, the mourned—
Too deeply loved, too late returned!
—A feverish blush, a sudden start,
Spoke the last weakness of her heart:
'Twas vanquished soon—the hectic red
A moment flushed her cheek and fled.
Once more serene, her steadfast eye
Looked up as to eternity;
Then gazed on Ulric, with an air
That said—the home of Love is *there*!

Yes! *there* alone it smiled for him,
Whose eyes before that look grew dim.
Not long 'twas his even *thus* to view
The beauty of its calm adieu;
Soon o'er those features, brightly pale,
Was cast the impenetrable veil;
And if one human sigh were given
By the pure bosom vowed to Heaven,
'Twas lost, as many a murmured sound
Of grief, "not loud but deep," is drowned
In hymns of joy, which proudly rise
To tell the calm untroubled skies
That earth hath banished care and woe,
And man holds festival below!

THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERT

CALL it not loneliness to dwell
 In woodland shade or hermit dell,
 Or the deep forest to explore,
 Or wander Alpine regions o'er ;
 For nature there all joyous reigns,
 And fills with life her wild domains :—
 A bird's light wing may break the air,
 A wave, a leaf, may murmur there ;
 A bee the mountain flowers may seek,
 A chamois bound from peak to peak ;
 An eagle, rushing to the sky,
 Wake the deep echoes with his cry ;
 And still some sound, thy heart to cheer,
 Some voice, though not of man, is near.
 But he whose weary step hath traced
 Mysterious Afric's awful waste—
 Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath viewed
 Can tell thee what is solitude.
 It is to traverse lifeless plains,
 Where everlasting stillness reigns,
 And billowy sands and dazzling sky
 Seem boundless as infinity !
 It is to sink, with speechless dread,
 In scenes unmeet for mortal tread,
 Severed from earthly being's trace,
 Alone amidst eternal space !

'Tis noon—and, fearfully profound,
 Silence is on the desert round ;
 Alone she reigns, above, beneath,
 With all the attributes of death !
 No bird the blazing heaven may dare,
 No insect bide the scorching air ;
 The ostrich, though of sunborn race,
 Seeks a more sheltered dwelling-place ;
 The lion slumbers in his lair,
 The serpent shuns the noontide glare.
 But slowly winds the patient train
 Of camels o'er the blasted plain,
 Where they and man may brave alone
 The terrors of the burning zone.

Faint not, O pilgrims ! though on high
 As a volcano flames the sky :
 Shrink not, though as a furnace glow
 The dark-red seas of sand below ;
 Though not a shadow, save your own,
 Across the dread expanse is thrown.
 Mark where, your feverish lips to lave,
 Wide spreads the fresh transparent wave !
 Urge your tired camels on, and take
 Your rest beside yon glistening lake ;
 Thence haply cooler gales may spring,
 And fan your brows with lighter wing.

Lo ! nearer now, its glassy tide
 Reflects the date-tree on its side.
 Speed on ! pure draughts and genial air,
 And verdant shade, await you there.
 Oh, glimpse of heaven ! to him unknown
 That hath not trod the burning zone !
 Forward they press—they gaze dismayed,
 The waters of the desert fade !
 Melting to vapours that elude
 The eye, the lip, they vainly wooed.*

What meteor comes ? A purple haze
 Hath half obscured the noontide rays :
 Onward it moves in swift career,
 A blush upon the atmosphere.
 Haste, haste ! avert th' impending doom :
 Fall prostrate ! 'tis the dread Simoom !
 Bow down your faces—till the blast
 On its red wing of flame hath passed,
 Far bearing o'er the sandy wave
 The viewless Angel of the Grave.

It came—'tis vanished—but hath left
 The wanderers even of hope bereft ;
 The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,
 Pride, courage, strength, its power could
 tame.
 Faint with despondence, worn with toil,
 They sink upon the burning soil,
 Resigned, amidst those realms of gloom,
 To find their deathbed and their tomb.

But onward still !—yon distant spot
 Of verdure can deceive you not ;
 Yon palms, which tremulously seemed
 Reflected as the waters gleamed,
 Along the horizon's verge displayed,
 Still rear their slender colonnade—
 A landmark, guiding o'er the plain
 The Caravan's exhausted train.
 Fair is that little Isle of Bliss,
 The desert's emerald oasis !
 A rainbow on the torrent's wave,
 A gem embosomed in the grave,
 A sunbeam on the stormy day,
 Its beauty's image might convey !
 Beauty, in horror's lap that sleeps,
 While Silence round her vigil keeps.

Rest, weary pilgrims ! calmly laid
 To slumber in the acacia shade :

* The mirage.

Rest, where the shrubs your camels bruise
 Their aromatic breath diffuse ;
 Where softer light the sunbeams pour
 Through the tall palm and sycamore ;
 And the rich date luxuriant spreads
 Its pendant clusters o'er your heads.
 Nature once more, to seal your eyes,
 Murmurs her sweetest lullabies ;
 Again each heart the music hails
 Of rustling leaves and sighing gales :
 And oh ! to Afric's child how dear
 The voice of fountains gushing near !
 Sweet be your slumbers ! and your dreams
 Of waving groves and rippling streams !
 Far be the serpent's venom'd coil
 From the brief respite won by toil ;
 Far be the awful shades of those
 Who deep beneath the sands repose—
 The hosts to whom the desert's breath
 Bore swift and stern the call of death.
 Sleep ! nor may scorching blast invade
 The freshness of the acacia shade,
 But gales of heaven your spirits bless
 With life's best balm—forgetfulness !
 Till night from many an urn diffuse
 The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath closed—the moon on
 high
 Walks in her cloudless majesty,
 A thousand stars to Afric's heaven
 Serene magnificence have given—
 Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame
 Shines forth eternally the same.
 Blest be their beams, whose holy light
 Shall guide the camel's footsteps right,
 And lead, as with a track divine,
 The pilgrim to his Prophet's shrine.
 —Rise ! bid your Isle of Palms adieu !
 Again your lonely march pursue,
 While airs of night are freshly blowing,
 And heavens with softer beauty glowing.

'Tis silence all. The solemn scene
 Wears at each step a ruder mien ;
 For giant-rocks, at distance piled,
 Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.
 Darkly they rise—what eye hath viewed
 The caverns of their solitude ?
 Away ! within those awful cells
 The savage lord of Afric dwells.
 Heard ye his voice ?—the lion's roar
 Swells as when billows break on shore.

Well may the camel shake with fear,
 And the steed pant—his foe is near.
 Haste ! light the torch ; bid watchfires
 throw

Far o'er the waste a ruddy glow ;
 Keep vigil—guard the bright array
 Of flames that scare him from his prey ;
 Within their magic circle press,
 O wanderer of the wilderness !
 Heap high the pile, and by its blaze
 Tell the wild tales of elder days,—
 Arabia's wondrous lore, that dwells
 On warrior deeds and wizard spells ;
 Enchanted domes, 'mid scenes like these,
 Rising to vanish with the breeze ;
 Gardens, whose fruits are gems, that shed
 Their light where mortal may not tread ;
 And spirits, o'er whose pearly halls
 The eternal billow heaves and falls.
 —With charms like these, of mystic power,
 Watchers ! beguile the midnight hour.

Slowly that hour hath rolled away,
 And star by star withdraws its ray.
 Dark children of the sun ! again
 Your own rich orient hails his reign.
 He comes, but veiled—with sanguine glare
 Tinging the mists that load the air ;
 Sounds of dismay and signs of flame
 The approaching hurricane proclaim.
 'Tis death's red banner streams on high—
 Fly to the rocks for shelter !—fly !
 Lo ! darkening o'er the fiery skies,
 The pillars of the desert rise !
 On, in terrific grandeur wheeling,
 A giant-host, the heavens concealing,
 They move like mighty genii-forms,
 Towering immense midst clouds and
 storms.

Who shall escape ? With awful force
 The whirlwind bears them on their course ;
 They join, they rush resistless on—
 The landmarks of the plain are gone ;
 The steps, the forms, from earth effaced,
 Of those who trod the burning waste—
 All whelmed, all hushed !—none left to bear
 Sad record how they perished there !
 No stone their tale of death shall tell—
 The desert guards its mysteries well ;
 And o'er the unfathomed sandy deep,
 Where low their nameless relics sleep,
 Oft shall the future pilgrim tread,
 Nor know his steps are on the dead.

MARIUS AMONGST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE

["Marius, during the time of his exile, seeking refuge in Africa, had landed at Carthage, when an officer, sent by the Roman governor of Africa, came and thus addressed him: "Marius, I come from the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as a public enemy." Marius, upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length the officer inquired what answer he should carry to the governor. "Go and tell him," said the unfortunate man, with a sigh, "that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."—PLUTARCH.]

"T'WAS noon,—and Afric's dazzling sun on
high [clouded sky ;
With fierce resplendence filled the un-
No zephyrs waved the palm's majestic
head, [spread ;
And smooth alike the seas and deserts
While desolate, beneath a blaze of light,
Silent and lonely, as at dead of night,
The wreck of Carthage lay. Her prostrate
fanés [plains.
Had strewed their precious marble o'er the
Dark weeds and grass the column had o'er-
grown,
The lizard basked upon the altar-stone ;
Whelmed by the ruins of their own abodes,
Had sunk the forms of heroes and of gods ;
While near—dread offspring of the burning
day !— [lay.
Coiled 'midst forsaken halls, the serpent

There came an exile, long by fate pur-
sued,
To shelter in that awful solitude.
Well did that wanderer's high yet faded
mien
Suit the sad grandeur of the desert scene.
Shadowed, not veiled, by locks of wintry
snow, [brow ;
Pride sat, still mighty, on his furrowed
Time had not quenched the terrors of his
eye,
Nor tamed his glance of fierce ascendancy ;
While the deep meaning of his features told
Ages of thought had o'er his spirit rolled,
Nor dimmed the fire that might not be
controlled ;
And still did power invest his stately form,
Shattered, but yet unconquered, by the
storm.

[o'erthrown,
But slow his step—and where, not yet
Still towered a pillar 'midst the waste alone,
Faint with long toil, his weary limbs he
laid,
To slumber in its solitary shade.
He slept—and darkly, on his brief repose,
The indignant Genius of the scene arose.

Clouds robed his dim unearthly form, and
spread [head,
Mysterious gloom around his crownless
Crownless, but regal still. With stern dis-
dain,
The kingly shadow seemed to lift his chain,
Gazed on the palm, his ancient sceptre torn,
And his eye kindled with immortal scorn.

"And sleep'st thou, Roman?" cried his
voice austere ;
"Shall son of Latium find a refuge *here* ?
Awake ! arise ! to speed the hour of Fate,
When Rome shall fall, as Carthage deso-
late.
Go ! with her children's flower, the free,
the brave,
People the silent chambers of the grave :
So shall the course of ages yet to be
More swiftly waft the day, avenging me.

"Yes ! from the awful gulf of years to
come,
I hear a voice that prophesies her doom ;
I see the trophies of her pride decay,
And her long line of triumphs pass away,
Lost in the depth of time—while sinks the
star
That led her march of heroes from afar.
Lo ! from the frozen forests of the North,
The sons of slaughter pour in myriads forth.
Who shall awake the mighty?—will thy
woe,
City of thrones ! disturb the realms below ?
Call on the dead to hear thee ! let thy cries
Summon their shadowy legions to arise,
Array the ghost of conquerors on thy walls !
—Barbarians revel in their ancient halls,
And their lost children bend the subject
knee, [free.
'Midst the proud tombs and trophies of the
Bird of the sun ! dread eagle ! born on
high, [eye
A creature of the empyreal—thou, whose
Was lightning to the earth—whose pinion
waved
In haughty triumph o'er a world enslaved :

Sink from thy heavens! for glory's noon is
 o'er, [more.
 And rushing storms shall bear thee on no
 Closed is thy regal course—thy crest is torn,
 And thy plume banished from the realms
 of morn. [chiefs and kings,
 The shaft hath reached thee: rest with
 Who conquered in the shadow of thy
 wings. [prey,
 Sleep! while thy foes exult around their
 And share thy glorious heritage of day.
 But darker years shall mingle with the past,
 And deeper vengeance shall be mine at last.
 O'er these seven hills I see destruction spread,
 And Empire's widow veils with dust her
 head.
 Her gods forsake each desolated shrine,
 Her temples moulder to the earth like mine:
 'Midst fallen palaces she sits alone,
 Calling heroic shades from ages gone,
 Or bids the nations 'midst her deserts wait
 To learn the fearful oracle of Fate.

"Still sleep'st thou, Roman? Son of
 Victory, rise!
 Wake to obey the avenging Destinies.
 Shed by thy mandate, soon thy country's
 blood
 Shall swell and darken Tiber's yellow flood.
 My children's manes call. Awake! prepare
 The feast they claim!—exult in Rome's
 despair!

Be thine ear closed against her suppliant
 cries,
 Bid thy soul triumph in her agonies;
 Let carnage revel e'en her shrines among;
 Spare not the valiant, pity not the young!
 Haste! o'er her hills the soul's libation
 shed, [head!"
 And wreak the curse of Carthage on her

The vision flies. A mortal step is near,
 Whose echoes vibrate on the slumberer's
 ear. [stands
 He starts—he wakes to woe. Before him
 The unwelcome messenger of harsh com-
 mands,
 Whose faltering accents tell the exiled chief
 To seek on other shores a home for grief.
 —Silent the wanderer sat—but on his
 cheek
 The burning glow far more than words
 might speak;
 And, from the kindling of his eye, there
 broke
 Language where all the indignant soul
 awoke,
 Till his deep thought found voice: then
 calmly stern,
 And sovereign in despair, he cried,
 "Return!" [seen
 Tell him who sent thee hither, thou hast
 Marius, the exile, rest where Carthage once
 hath been!"

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

A FRAGMENT

THE moonbeam, quivering o'er the wave,
 Sleeps in pale gold on wood and hill,
 The wild wind slumbers in its cave,
 And heaven is cloudless—earth is still.
 The pile that crowns yon savage height
 With battlements of Gothic might,
 Rises in softer pomp arrayed,
 Its massy towers half lost in shade
 Half touched with mellowing light.
 The rays of night, the tints of time,
 Soft-mingling on its dark-grey stone,
 O'er its rude strength and mien sublime,
 A placid smile have thrown.
 And far beyond, where wild and high,
 Bounding the pale-blue summer sky,
 A mountain-vista meets the eye,
 Its dark, luxuriant woods assume
 A milder shade, a softer gloom;

Its jutting cliffs have caught the light,
 Its torrents glitter through the night,
 While every cave and deep recess
 Frowns in more shadowy awfulness.
 Scarce moving on the glassy deep,
 Yon gallant vessel seems to sleep;
 But darting from its side,
 How swiftly does its boat design
 A slender, silvery, waving line
 Of radiance o'er the tide!
 No sound is on the summer seas
 But the low dashing of the oar,
 And faintly sighs the midnight breeze
 Through woods that fringe the rocky
 shore.
 That boat had reached the silent
 bay—
 The dashing oar has ceased to play;

The breeze has murmured, and has died
 In forest shades, on ocean's tide.
 No step, no tone, no breath of sound
 Disturbs the loneliness profound ;
 And midnight spreads o'er earth and main
 A calm so holy and so deep,
 That voice of mortal were profane
 To break on nature's sleep.
 It is the hour for thought to soar
 High o'er the cloud of earthly woes
 For rapt devotion to adore—
 For passion to repose ;
 And virtue to forget her tears
 In visions of sublimer spheres.
 For oh ! those transient gleams of heaven,
 To calmer, purer spirits given,
 Children of hallowed peace, are known
 In solitude and shade alone.
 Like flowers that shun the blaze of noon,
 To blow beneath the midnight moon,
 The garish world they will not bless,
 But only live in loneliness.
 Hark ! did some note of plaintive swell
 Melt on the stillness of the air ?
 Or was it fancy's powerful spell
 That woke such sweetness there ?
 For wild and distant it arose,
 Like sounds that bless the bard's repose,
 When in lone wood or mossy cave
 He dreams beside some fountain-wave,
 And fairy worlds delight the eyes
 Wearing with life's realities.

Was it illusion ? Yet again
 Rises and falls the enchanted strain,
 Mellow, and sweet, and faint—
 As if some spirit's touch had given
 The soul of sound to harp of heaven,
 To soothe a dying saint.
 Is it the mermaid's distant shell,
 Warbling beneath the moonlit wave ?
 Such witching tones might lure full well
 The seaman to his grave.
 Sure from no mortal touch ye rise,
 Wild, soft, ærial melodies !
 Is it the song of woodland-fay
 From sparry grot, or haunted bower ?
 Hark ! floating on, the magic lay
 Draws near yon livid tower !
 Now nearer still, the listening ear
 May catch sweet harp-notes, faint yet clear ;
 And accents low, as if in fear,
 Thus murmur, half-suppressed :—
 " Awake ! the moon is bright on high,
 The sea is calm, the bark is nigh,
 The world is hushed to rest ! "
 Then sinks the voice—the strain is o'er
 Its last low cadence dies along the shore,

Fair Bertha hears the expected song,
 Swift from her tower she glides along ;
 No echo to her tread awakes,
 Her fairy step no slumber breaks ;
 And, in that hour of silence deep,
 While all around the dews of sleep
 O'erpower each sense, each eyelid steep,
 Quick throbs her heart with hope and fear,
 Her dark eye glistens with a tear.
 Half-wavering now, the varying cheek
 And sudden pause her doubts bespeak :
 The lip now flushed, now pale as death,
 The trembling frame, the fluttering breath !
 Oh ! in that moment, o'er her soul
 What struggling passions claim control !
 Fear, duty, love, in conflict high,
 By turns have won the ascendancy ;
 And as, all tremulously bright,
 Streams o'er her face the beam of night,
 What thousand mixed emotions play
 O'er that fair face, and melt away :
 Like forms whose quick succession gleams
 O'er fancy's rainbow-tinted dreams ;
 Like the swift glancing lights that rise
 'Midst the wild cloud of stormy skies,
 And traverse ocean o'er ;
 So in that full, impassioned eye
 The changeful meanings rise and die,
 Just seen—and then no more.
 But oh ! too short that pause—again
 Thrills to her heart that witching strain :—
 " Awake ! the midnight moon is bright :
 Awake ! the moments wing their flight ;
 Haste ! or they speed in vain ! "

O call of Love ! thy potent spell
 O'er that weak heart prevails too well.
 The " still small voice " is heard no more,
 That pleaded duty's cause before,
 And fear is hushed, and doubt is gone,
 And pride forgot, and reason flown !
 Her cheek, whose colour came and fled,
 Resumes its warmest, brightest red,
 Her step its quick elastic tread,
 Her eye its beaming smile.
 Through lonely court and silent hall
 Flits her light shadow o'er the wall ;
 And still that low harmonious call
 Melts on her ear the while,
 Though love's quick ear alone could tell
 The words its accents faintly swell :—
 " Awake ! while yet the glittering night
 And stars and seas befriend our flight :
 Oh ! haste, while all is well ! "
 The halls, the courts, the gates, are past,
 She gains the moonlit beach at last.
 Who waits to guide her trembling feet ?
 Who flies the fugitive to greet ?

He, to her youthful heart endeared
 By all it e'er had hoped and feared,
 Twined with each wish, with every thought,
 Each day-dream fancy e'er had wrought,
 Whose taints portray with flattering skill
 What brighter worlds alone fulfil.
 —Alas! that aught so fair should fly
 Thy blighting wand, Reality!

A chieftain's mien her Osbert bore,
 A pilgrim's lowly robes he wore—
 Disguise that vainly strove to hide
 Bearing and glance of martial pride:
 For he in many a battle-scene,
 On many a rampart breach had been;
 Had sternly smiled at danger nigh,
 Had seen the valiant bleed and die,
 And proudly reared on hostile tower,
 'Midst falcion's clash and arrowy shower,
 Britannia's banner high.
 And though some ancient feud had taught
 His Bertha's sire to loathe his name,
 More noble warrior never fought
 For glory's prize or England's fame.
 And well his dark commanding eye,
 And form and step of stately grace,
 Accorded with achievements high,
 Soul of emprise and chivalry,

Bright name, and generous race!
 His cheek, embrowned by many a sun,
 Tells a proud tale of glory won,
 Of vigil, march, and combat rude,
 Valour, and toil, and fortitude.
 Even while youth's earliest blushes threw
 Warm o'er that cheek their vivid hue,
 His gallant soul, his stripling form,
 Had braved the battle's rudest storm;
 When England's conquering archers stood,
 And dyed thy plain, Poitiers! with blood;
 When shivered axe and cloven shield
 And shattered helmet strewed the field,
 And France around her king in vain
 Had marshalled valour's noblest train.
 In that dread strife his lightning eye
 Had flashed with transport keen and high,
 And 'midst the battle's wildest tide
 Throbb'd his young heart with hope and
 pride.

Alike that fearless heart could brave
 Death on the war-field or the wave;
 Alike in tournament or fight
 That ardent spirit found delight.
 Yet oft, 'midst hostile scenes afar,
 Bright o'er his soul a vision came,
 Rising like some benignant star
 On stormy seas or plains of war, [fame,
 To soothe, with hopes more dear than
 The heart that throbb'd to Bertha's name!

And 'midst the wildest rage of fight,
 And in the deepest calm of night,
 To her his thoughts would wing their flight
 With fond devotion warm.
 Oft would those glowing thoughts portray
 Some home, from tumults far away,
 Graced with that angel form!
 And now his spirit fondly deems
 Fulfilled its loveliest, dearest dreams.

Who, with pale cheek and locks of snow,
 In minstrel garb attends the chief?
 The moonbeam on his thoughtful brow
 Reveals a shade of grief.
 Sorrow and time have touched his face
 With mournful yet majestic grace,
 Soft as the melancholy smile
 Of sunset on some ruined pile.
 —It is the bard, whose song had power
 To lure the maiden from her tower;
 The bard, whose wild inspiring lays,
 Even in gay childhood's earliest days,
 First woke in Osbert's kindling breast
 The flame that will not be repressed,
 The pulse that throbs for praise.
 Those lays had banished from his eye
 The bright soft tears of infancy,
 Had soothed the boy to calm repose,
 Had hushed his bosom's earliest woes;
 And when the light of thought awoke,
 When first young reason's day-spring
 broke,
 More powerful still, they bade arise
 His spirit's burning energies.
 Then the bright dream of glory warmed,
 Then the loud pealing war-song charmed,
 The legends of each martial line,
 The battle-tales of Palestine:
 And oft, since then, his deeds had proved
 Themes of the lofty lays he loved.
 Now, at triumphant Love's command,
 Since Osbert leaves his native land,
 Forsaking glory's high career
 For her, than glory far more dear;
 Since hope's gay dream and meteor ray
 To distant regions point his way,
 That there Affection's hands may dress
 A fairy bower for happiness;
 That fond devoted bard, though now
 Time's wintry garland wreathes his brow,
 Though quenched the sunbeam of his eye,
 And fled his spirit's buoyancy,
 And strength and enterprise are past,
 Still follows constant to the last.
 Though his sole wish was but to die
 'Midst the calm scenes of days gone by,
 And all that hallows and endears
 The memory of departed years—

Sorrow, and joy, and time, have twined
To those loved scenes his pensive mind ;
Ah ! what can tear the links apart
That bind his chieftain to his heart ?
What smile but *his* with joy can light
The eye obscured by age's night ?
Last of a loved and honoured line,
Last tie to earth in life's decline,
Till death its lingering spark shall dim,
That faithful eye must gaze on him !

Silent and swift, with footstep light,
Haste on these fugitives of night.
They reach the boat—the rapid oar
Soon wafts them from the wooded shore.
The bark is gained—a gallant few,
Vassals of Osbert, form its crew ;
The pennant, in the moonlight beam,
With soft suffusion glows ;
From the white sails a silvery gleam
Falls on the wave's repose ;
Long shadows undulating play,
From mast and steamer, o'er the bay ;
But still so hushed the summer air,
They tremble, 'midst the scene so fair,
Lest morn's first beam behold them there.

Wake, viewless wanderer ! breeze of
night !
From river-wave or mountain-height,
Or dew-bright couch of moss and flowers,
By haunted spring in forest-bowers,
Or dost thou lurk in pearly cell,
In amber grot, where mermaids dwell,
And caverned gems their lustre throw
O'er the red sea-flowers' vivid glow ?
Where treasures, not for mortal gaze,
In solitary splendour blaze,
And sounds, ne'er heard by mortal ear,
Swell through the deep's unfathomed
sphere ?

What grove of that mysterious world
Holds thy light wing in slumber furled ?
Awake ! o'er glittering seas to rove ;
Awake ! to guide the bark of love !
Swift fly the midnight hours, and soon
Shall fade the bright propitious moon ;
Soon shall the waning stars grow pale,
Even now—but lo ! the rustling sail
Swell to the new-sprung ocean gale.
The bark glides on—their fears are o'er ;
Recedes the bold romantic shore,
Its features mingling fast.

Gaze, Bertha ! gaze ! Thy lingering eye
May still each lovely scene descry

Of years for ever past ! [shade
There wave the woods, beneath whose
With bounding step thy childhood played,

'Midst ferny glades and mossy lawns,
Free as their native birds and fawns ;
Listening the sylvan sounds, that float
On each low breeze, 'midst dells remote—
The ringdove's deep melodious moan,
The rustling deer in thickets lone ;
The wild bee's hum, the aspen's sigh,
The wood-stream's plaintive harmony.
Dear scenes of many a sportive hour,
There thine own mountains darkly tower :
'Midst their grey rocks no glen so rude
But thou hast loved its solitude :
No path so wild but thou hast known
And traced its rugged course alone :
The earliest wreath that bouna thy hair
Was twined of glowing heath-flowers there.
There, in the day-spring of thy years,
Undimmed by passion or by tears ;
Oft, while thy bright enraptured eye
Wandered o'er ocean, earth, or sky,
While the wild breeze that round thee blew,
Tinged thy warm cheek with richer hue ;
Pure as the skies that o'er thy head
Their clear and cloudless azure spread ;
Pure as that gale whose light wing drew
Its freshness from the mountain dew ;
Glowed thy young heart with feelings high,
A heaven of hallowed ecstasy.
Such days were thine, ere love had drawn
A cloud o'er that celestial dawn !
As the clear dews in morning's beam
With soft reflected colouring stream,
Cast every tint of eastern gem
To form the rose's diadem,
But vanish when the noontide hour
Glowed fiercely on the shrinking flower—
Thus in thy soul each calm delight,
Like morn's first dewdrops, pure and
bright,
Fled swift from passion's blighting fire,
Or lingered only to expire.
Spring on thy native hills again
Shall bid neglected wild flowers rise,
And call forth in each grassy glen
Her brightest emerald dyes.
There shall the lonely mountain rose,
Wreath of the cliffs, again disclose ;
'Midst rocky dells, each well-known
stream
Shall sparkle in the summer beam ;
The birch, o'er precipice and cave,
Its feathery foliage still shall wave ;
The ash 'midst rugged clefts unveil
Its coral clusters to the gale ;
And autumn shed a warmer bloom
O'er the rich heath and glowing broom.
But thy light footstep there no more
Each path, each dingle shall explore.

In vain may smile each green recess—
Who now shall pierce its loneliness?
The stream through shadowy glens may
stray—

Who now shall trace its glistening way?
In solitude, in silence deep,
Shrined 'midst her rocks shall Echo sleep;
No lute's wild swell again shall rise
To wake her mystic melodies.
All soft may blow the mountain air—
It will not wave thy graceful hair!
The mountain-rose may bloom and die—
It will not meet thy smiling eye!
But like those scenes of vanished days,
Shall others ne'er delight;
Far lovelier lands shall meet thy gaze,
Yet seem not half so bright.

O'er the dim woodlands' fading hue
Still gleams yon Gothic pile on high;
Gaze on, while yet 'tis thine to view
That home of infancy!
Heed not the night-dew's chilling power,
Heed not the sea-wind's coldest hour,
But pause and linger on the deck,
Till of those towers no trace, no speck,
Is gleaming o'er the main;
For when the mist of morn shall rise,
Blending the sea, the shore, the skies,
That home once vanished from thine eyes,
Shall bless them ne'er again.

There the dark tales and songs of yore
First with strange transport thrilled thy
soul,

Even while their fearful mystic lore
From thy warm cheek the life-bloom stole.
There, while thy father's raptured ear
Dwelt fondly on a strain so dear,
And in his eye the trembling tear
Revealed his spirit's trance;
How oft, those echoing halls along,
Thy thrilling voice has swelled the song,
Tradition wild of other days,
Or troubadour's heroic lays,
Or legend of romance!

Oh! many an hour has there been thine,
That memory's pencil oft shall dress
In softer shades, and tints that shine
In mellowed loveliness!
While thy sick heart and fruitless tears
Shall mourn, with fond and deep regret,
The sunshine of thine early years,
Scarce deemed so radiant—till it set!
The cloudless peace, unprized till gone,
The bliss, till vanished hardly known!

On rock and turret, wood and hill,
The fading moonbeams linger still;

Still, Bertha! gaze on yon grey tower,
At evening's last and sweetest hour,
While varying still, the western skies
Flushed the clear seas with rainbow dyes,
Whose warm suffusions glowed and passed,
Each richer, lovelier than the last.
How oft, while gazing on the deep,
That seemed a heaven of peace to sleep,
As if its wave, so still, so fair,
More frowning mien might never wear,
The twilight calm of mental rest
Would steal in silence o'er thy breast,
And wake that dear and balmy sigh
That breathes the spirit's harmony!—
Ah! ne'er again shall hours to thee be given
Of joy on earth, so near allied to heaven!

Why starts the tear to Bertha's eye?
Is not her long-loved Osbert nigh?
Is there a grief his voice, his smile,
His words, are fruitless to beguile?
—Oh! bitter to the youthful heart,
That scarce a pang, a care has known,
The hour when first from scenes we part,
Where life's bright spring has flown,—
Forsaking, o'er the world to roam,
That little shrine of peace—our home!
E'en if delighted fancy throw
O'er that cold world her brightest glow,
Painting its untried paths with flowers
That will not live in earthly bowers,
(Too frail, too exquisite to bear
One breath of life's ungenial air;)
E'en if such dreams of hope arise
As heaven alone can realise,
Cold were the breast that would not heave
One sigh, the home of youth to leave;
Stern were the heart that would not swell
To breathe life's saddest word—farewell!
Though earth has many a deeper woe,
Though tears more bitter far must flow,
That hour, whate'er our future lot,
That first fond grief, is ne'er forgot!

Such was the pang of Bertha's heart,
The thought, that made the tear-drop start;
And Osbert by her side
Heard the deep sigh, whose bursting swell
Nature's fond struggle told too well;
And days of future bliss portrayed,
And love's own eloquence essayed,
To soothe his plighted bride!
Of bright Arcadian scenes he tells,
In that sweet land to which they fly;
The vine-clad rocks, the fragrant dells
Of blooming Italy.
For he had roved a pilgrim there,
And gazed on many spots so fair,

It seemed like some enchanted grove,
Where only peace, and joy, and love,
Those exiles of the world, might rove,
And breathe its heavenly air ;
And all unmixed with ruder tone,
Their " wood-notes wild " be heard alone.
Far from the frown of stern control,
That vainly would subdue the soul,
There shall their long-affianced hands
Be joined in consecrated bands.
And in some rich romantic vale,

Circled with heights of Alpine snow,
Where citron-woods enrich the gale,
And scented shrubs their balm exhale,
And flowering myrtles blow ;
And 'midst the mulberry boughs on high
Weaves the wild vine her tapestry ;
On some bright streamlet's emerald side,
Where cedars wave in graceful pride,
Bosomed in groves, their home shall rise,
A sheltered bower of paradise !
Thus would the lover soothe to rest
With tales of hope her anxious breast :
Nor vain that dear enchanting lore
Her soul's bright visions to restore,
And bid gay phantoms of delight
Float in soft colouring o'er her sight.

O Youth! sweet May - morn, fled so soon,
Far brighter than life's loveliest noon,
How oft thy spirit's buoyant power
Will triumph e'en in sorrow's hour,
Prevailing o'er regret !
As rears its head the elastic flower,
Though the dark tempest's recent shower
Hang on its petals yet !

Ah ! not so soon can hope's gay smile
The aged bard to joy beguile ;
Those silent years that steal away [ray,
The cheek's warm rose, the eye's bright
Win from the mind a nobler prize,
E'en all its buoyant energies !
For him the April days are past,
When grief was but a fleeting cloud ;
No transient shade will sorrow cast,
When age the spirit's might has bowed.
And, as he sees the land grow dim,
That native land now lost to him,
Fixed are his eyes and clasped his hands,
And long in speechless grief he stands.
So desolately calm his air,
He seems an image wrought to bear
The stamp of deep, though hushed despair.
Motion and life no sign bespeaks,
Save that the night-breeze o'er his cheeks
Just waves his silvery hair :

Nought else could teach the eye to know
His was no sculptured form of woe.
Long gazing o'er the darkened flood,
Pale in that silent grief he stood,
Till the cold moon was waning fast,
And many a lovely star had died,
And the grey heavens deep shadows cast
Far o'er the slumbering tide ;
And, robed in one dark solemn hue,
Arose the distant shore to view.
Then, starting from his trance of woe,
Tears, long suppressed, in freedom flow,
While thus his wild and plaintive strain
Blends with the murmur of the main :

THE BARD'S FAREWELL.

" THOU setting moon ! when next thy rays
Are trembling on the shadowy deep,
The land now fading from thy gaze,
These eyes in vain shall weep ;
And wander o'er the lovely sea,
And fix their tearful glance on thee—
On thee ! whose light so softly gleams
Through the green oaks that fringe my
native streams.

" But 'midst those ancient groves no more
Shall I thy quivering lustre hail ;
Its plaintive strain my harp must pour
To swell a foreign gale.
The rocks, the woods, whose echoes woke
When its full tones their stillness broke,
Deserted now, shall hear alone
The brook's wild voice, the winds mysterious moan.

" And oh ! ye fair forsaken halls,
Left by your lord to slow decay,
Soon shall the trophies on your walls
Be mouldering fast away !
There shall no choral songs resound,
There shall no festal board be crowned ;
But ivy wreath the silent gate,
And all be hushed, and cold, and desolate.

" No banner from the stately tower
Shall spread its blazoned folds on high ;
There the wild briar and summer flower
Unmarked shall wave and die.
Home of the mighty ! thou art lone,
The noonday of thy pride is gone,
And 'midst thy solitude profound
A step shall echo like unearthly sou

"From thy cold hearths no festal blaze
 Shall fill the hall with ruddy light,
 Nor welcome with convivial rays
 Some pilgrim of the night.
 But there shall grass luxuriant spread,
 As o'er the dwellings of the dead ;
 And the deep swell of every blast
 Seem a wild dirge for years of grandeur
 past.

"And I—my joy of life is fled,
 My spirit's power, my bosom's glow ;
 The raven locks that graced my head
 Wave in a wreath of snow !
 And where the star of youth arose,
 I deemed life's lingering rays should close,

And those loved trees my tomb o'er shade,
 Beneath whose arching bowers my childhood
 played.

"Vain dream ! that tomb in distant earth
 Shall rise, forsaken and forgot ;
 And thou, sweet land that gavest me
 birth !

A grave must yield me not.
 Yet haply he for whom I leave
 Thy shores, in life's dark winter eve,
 When cold the hand, and closed the lays,
 And mute the voice he loved to praise,
 O'er the hushed harp one tear may shed,
 And one frail garland o'er the minstrel'
 bed ! "

1823

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

'Twas night in Babylon : yet many a beam
 Of lamps, far-glittering from her domes on high,
 Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream,
 With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky
 Whose azure knows no cloud ;—each whispered sigh
 Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace-bowers
 Bore deepening tones of joy and melody
 O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers ;
 And the glad city's voice went up from all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall,
 Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band !
 High at the stately midnight festival,
 Belshazzar sat enthroned.—There Luxury's hand
 Had showered around all treasures that expand
 Beneath the burning East ;—all gems that pour
 The sunbeams back ;—all sweets of many a land
 Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore ;—
 But mortal Pride looked on, and still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught,
 A loftier theme may swell th' exulting strain !
 The Lord of nations spoke,—and forth were brought
 The spoils of Salem's devastated fane :
 Thrice holy vessels !—pure from earthly stain,
 And set apart, and sanctified to Him,
 Who digned within the oracle to reign,
 Revealed, yet shadowed ; making noonday dim,
 To that most glorious cloud between the Cherubim.

They came, and louder pealed the voice of song,
 And pride flashed brighter from the kindling eye,
 And He who sleeps not heard th' elated throng,
 In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy

The Rock of Zion!—Fill the nectar high,
High in the cups of consecrated gold!
And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,
And bid the censers of the Temple hold
Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old!

Peace!—is it but a phantom of the brain,
Thus shadowed forth the senses to appal,
Yon fearful vision?—Who shall gaze again
To search its cause?—Along the illumined wall,
Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all,
Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human hand,
O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall
In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,
Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant land.

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,
And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low,
And fitful starts!—the wine, in triumph poured,
Untasted foams, the song hath ceased to flow,
The waving censer drops to earth—and lo!
The King of Men, the Ruler, girt with might,
'Trembles before a shadow!—Say not so!—
The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight,
Shrinks from the Dread Unknown, th' avenging Infinite!

"But haste ye!—bring Chaldea's gifted seer
The men of prescience!—haply to *their* eyes,
Which track the future through the rolling spheres,
Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies."
They come—the readers of the midnight skies,
They that give voice to visions—but in vain!
Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies,
It hath no language 'midst the starry train,
Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,
And other inspiration!—One of those
Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,
And sat and wept, where Babel's river flows.
His eye was bright, and yet the pale repose
Of his pure features half o'erawed the mind,
Telling of inward mysteries—joys and woes
In lone recesses of the soul enshrined;
Depths of a being sealed and severed from mankind.

Yes!—what was earth to him, whose spirit passed
Time's utmost bounds?—on whose unshrinking sight
Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast
Their full resplendence?—Majesty and might
Were in his dreams;—for him the veil of light
Shrouding heaven's inmost sanctuary and throne,
The curtain of th' unutterably bright,
Was raised!—to him, in fearful splendour shown,
Ancient of days!—e'en Thou, mad'st Thy dread presence known.

Belshazzar's Feast

He spoke : the shadows of the things to come
 Passed o'er his soul :—" O King, elate in pride !
 God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom,—
 The one, the living God, by thee defied !
 He, in whose balance earthly lords are tried,
 Hath weighed, and found thee wanting. 'Tis decreed
 The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,
 The stranger to thy throne of power succeed !
 The days are full,—they come ;—the Persian and the Mede !'

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round,—
 A breathless pause !—the hush of hearts that beat
 And limbs that quiver ;—is there not a sound,
 A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet ?—
 'Twas but some echo, in the crowded street,
 Of far-heard revelry ; the shout, the song,
 The measured dance to music wildly sweet,
 That speeds the stars their joyous course along ;—
 Away ! nor let a dream disturb the festal throng !

Peace yet again !—Hark ! steps in tumult flying,
 Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle-field !
 The shout of hosts exulting or defying,
 The press of multitudes that strive or yield !
 And the loud startling clash of spear and shield,
 Sudden as earthquake's burst ;—and, blent with these
 The last wild shriek of those whose doom is sealed
 In their full mirth !—all deepening on the breeze
 As the long stormy roar of far-advancing seas !

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast is swelling,
 Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning every cry !
 And lo ! the spoiler in the regal dwelling,
 Death bursting on the halls of revelry !
 Ere on their brows one fragile rose-leaf die,
 The sword hath raged through joy's devoted train,
 Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,
 Red flames, like banners, wave from dome and fane ;
 Empire is lost and won, Belshazzar with the slain.*

The four additional stanzas were in the first edition of this poem :—

Fallen is the golden city ! in the dust,
 Spoiled of her crown, dismantled of her state,
 She that hath made the Strength of Towers her trust,
 Weeps by her dead, supremely desolate !
 She that beheld the nations at her gate,
 Thronging in homage, shall be called no more
 Lady of kingdoms !—Who shall mourn her fate ?
 Her guilt is full, her march of triumph o'er ;—
 What widowed land shall now *her* widowhood deplore ?

Sit thou in silence ! Thou that wert enthroned
 On many waters !—thou, whose augurs read
 The language of the planets, and disowned
 The Mighty Name it blazons !—Veil thy head,
 Daughter of Babylon ! the sword is red
 From thy destroyers' harvest, and the yoke
 Is on thee, O most proud !—for thou hast said,
 " I am, and none beside !"—Th' Eternal spoke,
 Thy glory was a spoil, thine idol-gods were broke.

THE LAST CONSTANTINE

"Thou strivest nobly,
 When hearts of sterner stuff perhaps had sunk ;
 And o'er thy fall, if it be so decreed,
 Good men will mourn, and brave men will shed tears.
 Fame I look not for ;
 But to sustain, in Heaven's all-seeing eye,
 Before my fellow-men, in mine own sight,
 With graceful virtue and becoming pride
 The dignity and honour of a man.
 Thus stationed as I am, I will do all
 That man may do."—*Constantine Paleologus.*

THE fires grew pale on Rome's deserted
shrines ;
In the dim grot the Pythia's voice had died.
Shout for the city of the Constantines,
The rising city of the billow-side,
The City of the Cross!—great Ocean's
bride, [ages past,
Crowned from her birth she sprang! Long
And still she looked in glory o'er the tide,
Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,
Poured by the burning East all joyously
and fast.

Disturbed her dreams ; and called her
slaves to keep
Their watch, that no rude sound might
reach her o'er the deep.

But there are sounds that from the regal
dwelling
Free hearts and fearless only may exclude ;
'Tis not alone the wind at midnight swelling
Breaks on the soft repose by luxury wooed.
There are unbidden footsteps, which

Long ages passed!—They left her porphyry halls, [gold
Still trod by kingly footsteps. Gems and Broidered her mantle, and her castled walls
Frowned in her strength; yet there were signs which told [of old
The days were full. The pure high faith
Was changed; and on her silken couch of sleep
She lay, and murmured if a rose-leaf's fold

And darker hues have stained the marble,
With the fresh myrtle and the short-lived rose;
And Parian walls have rung to the dread

IV.

A voice of multitudes is on the breeze,
Remote, yet solemn as the night-storm's roar

IV.

A voice of multitudes is on the breeze,
Remote, yet solemn as the night-storm's
 roar

But go thou forth, O Israel ! wake ! rejoice !
Be clothed with strength, as in thine ancient day.
Renew the sound of harps, th' exulting voice,
The mirth of timbrels !—loose the chain, and say,
God hath redeemed His people !—from decay
The silent and the trampled shall arise ;—
Awake ; put on thy beautiful array ;
O long-forsaken Zion !—to the skies
Send up on every wind thy choral melodies !

And lift thy head !—Behold thy sons returning,
Redeemed from exile, ransomed from the chain !
Light hath revisited the house of mourning ;
She that on Judah's mountains wept in vain
Because her children were not—dwells again
Girt with the lovely !—through thy streets once more,
City of God ! shall pass the bridal train,
And the bright lamps their festive radiance pour,
And the triumphal hymns thy joy of vouth restore !

Through Ida's giant-pines. Across the
seas

A murmur comes, like that the deep winds
bore

From Tempe's haunted river to the shore
Of the reed-crowned Eurotas; when of old
Dark Asia sent her battle-myrriads o'er
The indignant wave, which would not be
controlled, [freedom rolled.
But past the Persian's chain in boundless

v.

And it . . . thus again.—Swift oars are dash-
ing

The parted waters, and a light is cast
On their white foam-wreaths, from the
sudden flashing [ing fast.

Of Tartar spears, whose ranks are thicken-
There swells a savage trumpet on the blast,
A music of the deserts, wild and deep,
Wakening strange echoes, as the shores
are passed

Where low 'midst Ilion's dust her con-
querors sleep,
D'ershadowing with high names each rude
sepulchral heap.

vi.

War from the West!—The snows on
Thracian hills [o'er the lands

Are loosed by Spring's warm breath; yet
Which Hæmus girds, the chainless moun-
tain-rills [bands.

Pour down less swiftly than the Moslem
War from the East!—'Midst Araby's lone
sands, [be,

More lonely now the few bright founts may
While Ismael's bow is bent in warrior-hands
Against the Golden City of the sea.

—Oh! for a soul to fire thy dust, Ther-
mopylæ!

vii.

Hear yet again, ye mighty!—Where are
they [crowned,

Who, with their green Olympic garlands
Leaped up in proudly beautiful array,
As to a banquet gathering, at the sound
Of Persia's clarion?—Far and joyous
round, [snows

From the pine forests and the mountain
And the low sylvan valleys, to the bound
Of the bright waves, at freedom's voice
they rose!

Hath it no thrilling tone to break the
tomb's repose?

They slumber with their swords!—The
olive shades

In vain are whispering their immortal tale;
In vain the spirit of the past pervades

The soft winds, breathing through each
Grecian vale. [and pale,

Yet must *thou* wake, though all unarmed
Devoted City! Lo! the Moslem's spear,
Red from its vintage, at thy gates; his sail
Upon thy waves, his trumpet in thine ear!—
Awake! and summon those who yet per-
chance may hear.

ix.

Be hushed, thou faint and feeble voice of
weeping!

Lift ye the banner of the Cross on high,
And call on chiefs, whose noble sires are
sleeping

In their proud graves of sainted chivalry,
Beneath the palms and cedars, where they
sigh [line

To Syrian gales! The sons of each brave
From their baronial halls shall hear your
cry, [Salem's shrine,

And seize the arms which flashed round
And wield for you the swords once waved
for Palestine.

x.

All still, all voiceless!—and the billow's roar
Alone replies!—Alike their soul is gone

Who shared the funeral feast on Cæta's
shore,

And theirs that o'er the field of Ascalon
Swelled the Crusaders' hymn! Then gird
thou on [the hour

Thine armour, Eastern Queen! and meet
Which waits thee ere the day's fierce work
is done [tower

With a strong heart: so may thy helmet
Unshivered through the storm, for gener-
ous hope is power!

But linger not,—array thy men of might!
The shores, the seas, are peopled with thy
foes.

Arms through thy cypress groves are
gleaming bright,

And the dark huntsmen of the wild repose
Beneath the shadowing marble porticoes
Of thy proud villas. Nearer and more near,
Around thy walls the sons of battle close;
Each hour, each moment, hath its sound
of fear, [not to hear.

Which the deep grave alone is chartered

XII.

Away! bring wine, bring odours to the
 shade [high!
 Where the tall pine and poplar bend on
 Bring roses, exquisite, but soon to fade!
 Snatch every brief delight,—since we must
 die! [by,
 Yet is the hour, degenerate Greeks! gone
 For feast in vine-wreathed bower or pillared
 hall; [sky,
 Dim gleams the torch beneath yon fiery
 And deep and hollow is the tambour's call,
 nd from the startled hand th' untasted
 cup will fall.

XIII.

The night—the glorious Oriental night—
 Hath lost the silence of her purple heaven,
 With its clear stars. The red artillery's
 light,
 Athwart her worlds of tranquil splendour
 driven,
 To the still firmament's expanse hath given
 Its own fierce glare, wherein each cliff and
 tower
 Starts wildly forth; and now the air is riven
 With thunder-bursts, and now dull smoke-
 clouds lower,
 Veiling the gentle moon in her most hal-
 lowed hour

Sounds from the waters, sounds upon the
 earth, [these
 Sounds in the air, of battle! Yet with
 A voice is mingling, whose deep tones give
 birth [ease
 To Faith and Courage. From luxurious
 A gallant few have started. O'er the seas,
 From the Seven Towers,* their banner
 waves its sign;
 And hope is whispering in the joyous breeze,
 Which plays amidst its folds. That voice
 was thine—
 Thy soul was on that band, devoted Con-
 stantine!

xv.

Was Rome thy parent? Didst thou catch
 from her
 The fire that lives in thine undaunted eye?
 That city of the throne and sepulchre
 Hath given proud lessons how to reign
 and die.

* The principal bulwark of the town on the coast of the Propontis in the later periods of the empire.

Heir of the Cæsars! did that lineage high,
 Which, as a triumph to the grave, hath
 passed,
 With its long march of spectred imagery,
 The heroic mantle o'er thy spirit cast?
 Thou of an eagle race the noblest and the
 last!

XVI.

Vain dreams! Upon that spirit hath de-
 scended [each thought
 Light from the living Fountain, whence
 Springs pure and holy. In that eye is
 blended
 A spark, with earth's triumphal memories
 fraught,
 And, far within, a deeper meaning, caught
 From worlds unseen. A hope, a lofty trust,
 Whose resting-place on buoyant wing is
 sought [the dust)
 (Though through its veil seen darkly from
 In realms where Time no more hath power
 upon the just.

XVII.

Those were proud days, when on the
 battle-plain, [array
 And in the sun's bright face, and 'midst th'
 Of awe-struck hosts, and circled by the
 slain,
 The Roman* cast his glittering mail away,
 And while a silence as of midnight lay
 O'er breathless thousands at his voice who
 started, [sway
 Called on the unseen terrific powers that
 The heights, the depths, the shades; then
 fearless-hearted [departed.
 Girt on his robe of death, and for the grave

XVIII.

But then, around him as the javelins
 rushed, [acclaim;
 From earth to heaven swelled up the loud
 And, ere his heart's last free libation
 gushed,
 With a bright smile the warrior caught his
 name [came,
 Far-floating on the winds! And Victory
 And made the hour of that immortal deed
 A life, in fiery feeling. Valour's aim
 Had sought no loftier guerdon. Thus to
 bleed [and had his meed.
 Was to be Rome's high star. He died—

* Decius thus devoted himself in battle as a sacrifice to the gods, that his army might conquer.

XIX.

But praise—and dearer, holier praise be
 theirs,
 Who, in the stillness and the solitude
 Of hearts pressed earthwards by a weight
 of cares,
 Uncheered by Fame's proud hope, th'
 ethereal food
 Of restless energies, and only viewed
 By Him whose eye, from His eternal throne,
 Is on the soul's dark places—have subdued
 And vowed themselves, with strength till
 then unknown, [alone.
 To some high martyr-task, in secret and

Theirs be the bright and sacred names,
 enshrined
 Far in the bosom ! For their deeds belong,
 Not to the gorgeous faith which charmed
 mankind
 With its rich pomp of festival and song,
 Garland, and shrine, and incense-bearing
 throng ;
 But to that Spirit, hallowing, as it tries
 Man's hidden soul in whispers, yet more
 strong
 Than storm or earthquake's voice ; for
 thence arise
 All that mysterious world's unseen sub-
 limities.

XXI.

Well might thy name, brave Constantine !
 awake [again
 Such thought, such feeling !—But the scene
 Bursts on my vision, as the day-beams
 break
 Through the red sulphurous mists : the
 camp, the plain,
 The terraced palaces, the dome-capt fane,
 With its bright cross fixed high in crown-
 ing grace ;
 Spears on the ramparts, galleys on the
 main,
 And, circling all with arms, that turbaned
 race— [haughty face.
 The sun, the desert, stamped in each dark

XXII.

Shout, ye seven hills ! Lo ! Christian pen-
 nons streaming [hail !
 Red o'er the waters ! Hail, deliverers,
 Along your billowy wake the radiance
 gleaming [ing sail—
 Is Hope's own smile. They crowd the swell-

On, with the foam, the sunbeam, and the
 gale, [pour
 Borne as a victor's car ! The batteries
 Their clouds and thunders ; but the rolling
 veil [fore ;
 Of smoke floats up the exulting winds be-
 And oh ! the glorious burst of that bright
 sea and shore !

The rocks, waves, ramparts, Europe's,
 Asia's coast,
 All thronged, one theatre for kingly war !
 A monarch,* girt with his barbaric host,
 Points o'er the beach his flashing scimitar.
 Dark tribes are tossing javelins from afar,
 Hands waving banners o'er each battle-
 ment, [bar
 Decks with their serried guns arrayed to
 The promised aid : but hark ! a shout is
 sent [is rent !
 Up from the noble barks ;—the Moslem line

On, on through rushing flame and arrowy
 shower [way ;
 The welcome prows have cleft their rapid
 And, with the shadows of the vesper hour,
 Furl'd their whitesails and anchored in the
 bay.
 Then were the streets with song and torch-
 fire gay,
 Then the Greek wines flowed mantling in
 the light
 Of festal halls ; and there was joy—the ray
 Of dying eyes, a moment wildly bright—
 The sunset of the soul, ere lost to mortal
 sight.

For vain that feeble succour ! Day by day
 The imperial towers are crumbling, and the
 sweep
 Of the vast engines in their ceaseless play
 Comes powerful, as when heaven unbinds
 the deep. [steep,
 Man's heart is mightier than the castled
 Yet will it sink when earthly hope is fled ;
 Man's thoughts work daily in such hours,
 and sleep
 Flies far ; and in their mien, the walls who
 tread,
 Things by the brave untold, may fearfully
 be read.

* Mohammed II.

XXVI.

It was a sad and solemn task, to hold
Their midnight watch on that beleaguered
wall !

As the sea-wave beneath the bastions rolled,
A sound of fate was in its rise and fall ;
The heavy clouds were as an empire's pall,
The giant shadows of each tower and fane
Lay like the grave's ; a low mysterious call
Breathed in the wind, and from the tented
plain [strain.

A voice of omens rose with each wild martial

XXVII.

For they might catch the Arab chargers
neighing, [song ;

The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy
Might almost hear the Soldan's banner
swaying, [tongue.

The watchword muttered in some Eastern
Then flashed the gun's terrific light along
The marble streets, all stillness—not repose ;
And boding thoughts came o'er them, dark
and strong ;

For heaven, earth, air, speak auguries to
those

Who see their numbered hours fast pressing
to the close.

But strength is from the Mightiest ! There
is one

Still in the breach and on the rampart seen,
Whose cheek shows paler with each morn-
ing sun,

And tells in silence how the night hath been
In kingly halls a vigil. Yet serene
The ray set deep within his thoughtful eye ;
And there is that in his collected mien,
To which the hearts of noble men reply
With fires, partaking not this frame's mor-
tality,

Yes ! call it not of lofty minds the fate
To pass o'er earth in brightness but alone :
High power was made their birthright, to
create

A thousand thoughts responsive to their
own !

A thousand echoes of their spirit's tone
Starts into life, where'er their path may be,
Still following fast ; as when the wind hath
blown [free,

O'er Indian groves, a wanderer wild and
Kindling and bearing flames afar from tree
to tree.

XXX.

And it is thus with thee !—Thy lot is cast
On evil days, thou Cæsar ! Yet the few,
That set their generous bosom to the blast
Which rocks thy throne—the fearless and
the true, [renew
Bear hearts wherein thy glance can still
The free devotion of the years gone by,
When from bright dreams the ascendant
Roman drew

Enduring strength ! States vanish, ages fly,
But leave one task unchanged—to suffer
and to die !

XXXI.

These are our nature's heritage. But thou,
The crowned with empire ! thou wert called
to share

A cup more bitter ;—on thy fevered brow
The semblance of that buoyant hope to
wear,

Which long had passed away ; alone to bear
The rush and pressure of dark thoughts,
that came

As a strong billow in their weight of care ;
And with all this to smile ! For earth-born
frame [known to Fame.

These are stern conflicts, yet they pass un-

Her glance is on the triumph, on the field,
On the red scaffold ; and where'er, in sight
Of human eyes, the human soul is steel'd
To deeds that seem as of immortal might,
Yet are proud Nature's. But her meteor-
light

Can pierce no depths, no clouds ; it falls not
where

In silence, and in secret, and in night,
The noble heart doth wrestle with despair,
And rise more strong than death from its
unwitnessed prayer.

XXXIII.

Men have been firm in battle ; they have
stood

With a prevailing hope on ravaged plains,
And won the birthright of their hearths with
blood, [fanes,

And died rejoicing 'midst their ancient
That so their children, undefiled with chains,
Might worship there in peace. But they
that stand

When not a beacon o'er the wave remains,
Linked but to perish with a ruined land,
Where freedom dies with them—call *these*
a martyr-band.

XXXIV.

But the world heeds them not. Or if, per-
chance,
Upon their strife it bend a careless eye,
It is but as the Roman's stoic glance
Fell on that stage where man's last agony
Was made his sport, who, knowing one
must die, [the strain,
Recked not which champion; but prepared
And bound the bloody wreath of victory
To greet the conqueror; while, with calm
disdain,
The vanquished proudly met the doom he
met in vain.

The hour of Fate comes on; and it is fraught
With *this* of liberty—that now the need
Is past to veil the brow of anxious thought,
And clothe the heart, which still beneath
must bleed, [freed
With Hope's fair-seeming drapery. We are
From tasks like these by misery. One alone
Is left the brave; and rest shall be thy meed,
Prince, watcher, wearied one! when thou
hast shown
How brief the cloudy space which parts
the grave and throne.

XXXVI.

The signs are full. They are not in the sky,
Nor in the many voices of the air,
Nor the swift clouds. No fiery hosts on
high [glare;
Toss their wild spears; no meteor banners
No comet fiercely shakes its blazing hair.
And yet the signs are full: too truly seen
In the thinned ramparts, in the pale despair
Which lends one language to a people's
mien, [towers have been.
And in the ruined heaps where wall and

It is a night of beauty: such a night
As from the sparry grot or laurel-shade,
Or wave in marbled cavern rippling bright,
Might woo the nymphs of Grecian fount
and glade [pervade
To sport beneath its moonbeams, which
Their forest haunts: a night to rove alone
Where the young leaves by vernal winds
are swayed,
And the reeds whisper with a dreamy tone
Of melody that seems to breathe from
worlds unknown.

XXXVIII.

Anight to call from green Elysium's bowers
The shades of elder bards; a night to hold
Unseen communion with the inspiring
powers [place of old;
That made deep groves their dwelling—
A night for mourners o'er the hallowed
mould
To strew sweet flowers—for revellers to fill
And wreath the cup—for sorrows to be told
Which love hath cherished long. Vain
thoughts, be still!
It is a night of fate, stamped with Almighty
Will.

XXXIX.

It *should* come sweeping in the storm, and
rending
The ancient summits in its dread career;
And with vast billows wrathfully con-
tending, [sphere.
And with dark clouds o'ershadowing every
But He, whose footstep shakes the earth
with fear,
Passing to lay the sovereign cities low,
Alike in His omnipotence is near
When the soft winds o'er Spring's green
pathway blow, [mountain's brow.
And when His thunders cleave the monarch-

The heavens in still magnificence look
down [stream
On the hushed Bosphorus, whose ocean-
Sleeps with its paler stars: the snow-crown
Of far Olympus in the moonlight gleam
Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan's
dream [ing knee.
Thronged it with gods, and bent the ador-
But that is past—and now the One Supreme
Fills not alone *those* haunts, but earth, air,
sea, [decree.
And Time, which presses on to finish His

Olympus, Ida, Delphi! ye, the thrones
And temples of a visionary night,
Brooding in clouds above your forest zones,
And mantling thence the realms beneath
with night; [and Flight,
Ye have looked down on battles—Fear
And armed Revenge, all hurrying past
below.—
But there is yet a more appalling sight
For earth prepared, than e'er with tranquil
brow [and snow.
Ye gazed on from your world of solitude

XLII.

Last night a sound was in the Moslem camp,
 And Asia's hills re-echoed to a cry
 Of savage mirth. Wild horn and war-
 steeds' tramp
 Blent with the shout of barbarous revelry,
 A hue of menace and of wrath put on,
 Caught from red watch-fires, blazing far
 and high,
 And countless as the flames in ages gone,
 Streaming to heaven's bright queen from
 shadowy Lebanon.

But all is stillness now. May this be sleep
 Which wraps those Eastern thousands?
 Yes! perchance [deep,
 Along yon moonlit shore and dark-blue
 Bright are their visions with the Houris
 glance, [dance,
 And they behold the sparkling fountains
 Beneath the bowers of paradise that shed
 Rich odours o'er the Faithful; but the
 lance, [berers spread,
 The bow, the spear, now round the slum-
 Ère Fate fulfil such dreams, must rest
 beside the dead.

May this be sleep, this hush?—A sleepless
 eye
 Doth hold its vigil 'midst that dusky race:
 One that would scan the abyss of destiny
 Even now is gazing on the skies to trace
 In those bright worlds, the burning isles of
 space, [serene,
 Fate's mystic pathway. They the while,
 Walk in their beauty; but Mohammed's
 face
 Kindles beneath their aspect, and his mien
 All fired with stormy joy by that soft light
 is seen.

XLV.

Oh! wild presumption of a conqueror's
 dream,
 To gaze on those pure altar-fires, enshrined
 In depths of blue infinitude, and deem
 They shine to guide the spoiler of mankind
 O'er fields of blood! But with the rest-
 less mind
 It hath been ever thus; and they that weep
 For worlds to conquer, o'er the bounds
 assigned [sweep
 To human search in daring pride would
 As o'er the trampled dust wherein they
 soon must sleep.

XLVI.

But ye! that beamed on Fate's tremendous
 night,
 When the storm burst o'er golden Babylon:
 And ye that sparkled with your wonted light
 O'er burning Salem, by the Roman won;
 And ye, that calmly viewed the slaughter
 done, [trumpet-blast
 In Rome's own streets, when Alaric's
 Rang through the Capitol: bright spheres!
 roll on! [man cast
 Still bright, though empires fall; and bid
 His humbled eyes to earth, and commune
 with the past.

XLVII.

For it hath mighty lessons. From the
 tomb,
 And from the ruins of the tomb, and where
 'Midst the wrecked cities in the desert's
 gloom, [lair,
 All tameless creatures make their savage
 Thence comes its voice, that shakes the
 midnight air, [day,
 And calls up clouds to dim the laughing
 And thrills the soul;—yet bids us not
 despair, [stay,
 But make one Rock our shelter and our
 Beneath whose shade all else is passing to
 decay.

The hours move on. I see a wavering
 gleam
 O'er the hushed waters tremulously fall,
 Poured from the Cæsars' palace. Now the
 beam
 Of many lamps is brightening in the hall,
 And from its long arcades and pillars tall
 Soft graceful shadows undulating lie
 On the wave's heaving bosom, and recall
 A thought of Venice, with her moonlight
 sky, [pageantry,
 And festal seas and domes, and fairy

XLIX.

But from that dwelling floats no mirthful
 sound.
 The swell of flute and Grecian lyre no more,
 Wafting an atmosphere of music round,
 Tell the hushed seaman, gliding past the
 shore, [o'er—
 How monarchs revel there. Its feasts are
 Why gleam the lights along its colonnade?
 I see a train of guests in silence pour
 Through its long avenues of terraced shade,
 Whose stately founts and bowers for joy
 alone were made.

L.

In silence and in arms!—with helm, with sword!
[even now]

These are no marriage garments. Yet Thy nuptial feast should grace the regal board,

Thy Georgian bride* should wreath her lovely brow

With an imperial diadem. But thou, O fated prince! art called, and these with thee,
[to bow]

To darker scenes; and thou hast learned Thine Eastern sceptre to the dread decree, And count it joy enough to perish, being free.

On through long vestibules, with solemn tread,

As men that in some time of fear and woe Bear darkly to their rest the noble dead; O'er whom by day their sorrows may not flow,
[are slow]

The warriors pass. Their measured steps And hollow echoes fill the marble halls, Whose long-drawn vistas open as they go In desolate pomp; and from the pictured walls,
[armour falls]

Sad seems the light itself which on their

And they have reached a gorgeous chamber, bright
[gloom]

With all we dream of splendour: yet a Seems gathered o'er it to the boding sight, A shadow that anticipates the tomb.

Still from its fretted roof the lamps illumine A purple canopy, a golden throne; But it is empty;—hath the stroke of doom Fallen there already? Where is he, the one, Born that high seat to fill, supremely and alone.

LIII.

Oh! there are times whose pressure doth efface
[beats loud]

Earth's vain distinctions!—when the storm When the strong towers are tottering to the base,
[crowd?]

And the streets rock, who mingle in the

* Constantine Palæologus was betrothed to a Georgian princess, and the very spring which witnessed the fall of Constantinople had been fixed upon as the time for conveying the imperial bride to that city.

Peasant and chief, the lowly and the proud, Are in that throng. Yes, life hath many an hour
[bowed]

Which make us kindred, by one chastening And feeling but as from the storm we cower,
[bounded power]

What shrinking weakness feels before un-

Yet then that Power whose dwelling is on high,

Its loftiest marvels doth reveal, and speak In the deep human heart more gloriously Than in the bursting thunder. Thence

the weak, They that seemed formed as flower-stems but to break

With the first wind, have risen to deeds whose name
[cheek]

Still calls up thoughts that mantle to the And thrill the pulse. Ay, strength no pangs could tame

Hath looked from woman's eye upon the sword and flame.

LV.

And this is of such hours! That throne is void,
[him stand] And its lord comes uncrowned. Behold With a calm brow, where woes have not destroyed

The Greek's heroic beauty, 'midst his band, The gathered virtue of a sinking land— Alas! how scanty! Now is cast aside All form of princely state; each noble hand Is pressed by turns in his: for earthly pride There is no room in hearts where earthly hope hath died.

LVII.

A moment's hush—and then he speaks.

He speaks!
[gone by!]

But not of hope—that dream hath long His words are full of memory—as he seeks By the strong name of Rome and Liberty, Which yet are living powers that fire the eye And rouse the heart of manhood, and by all The sad but grand remembrances that lie Deep with earth's buried heroes, to recall The soul of other years, if but to grace their fall.

LVII.

His words are full of faith: and thoughts more high
[with light;]

Than Rome e'er knew now fill his glance

Thoughts which give nobler lessons how
 to die, [haughty might.
 Than e'er were drawn from Nature's
 And to that eye, with all the spirit bright,
 Have theirs replied, in tears which may
 not shame
 The bravest in such moments. 'Tis a sight
 To make all earthly splendours cold and
 tame, [flame.
 That generous burst of soul, with its electric

They weep, those champions of the Cross—
 they weep,
 Yet vow themselves to death! Ay, 'midst
 that train
 Are martyrs, privileged in tears to steep
 Their lofty sacrifice. The pang is vain
 And yet its gush of sorrow shall not stain
 A warrior's sword. Those men are strangers
 here:
 The homes they never may behold again
 Lie far away, with all things blest and dear
 On laughing shores, to which their barks
 no more shall steer.

LIX.

Know'st thou the land where bloom the
 orange bowers?
 Where through dark foliage gleam the
 citron's dyes?
 —It is their own. They see their fathers'
 towers
 'Midst its Hesperian groves in sunlight rise:
 They meet in soul, the bright Italian eyes
 Which long and vainly shall explore the
 main
 For their white sails' return: the melodies
 Of that sweet land are floating o'er their
 brain: [may contain!
 Oh! what a crowded world one moment

LX.

Such moments come to thousands. Few
 may die [brave,
 Amidst their nativeshades. The young, the
 The beautiful, whose gladdening voice and
 eye
 Made summer in a parent's heart, and gave
 Light to their peopled homes; o'er land
 and wave [fall
 Are scattered fast and far, as rose-leaves
 From the deserted stem. They find a grave
 Far from the shadow of the ancestral hall:
 A lonely bed is theirs, whose smiles were
 hope to all.

LXI.

But life flows on, and bears us with its tide,
 Nor may we, lingering, by the slumberers
 dwell, [our side
 Though they were those once blooming at
 In youth's gay home. Away! what sound's
 deep swell [knell,
 Comes on the wind?—It is an empire's
 Slow, sad, majestic, pealing through the
 night. [bell
 For the last time speaks forth the solemn
 Which calls the Christians to their holiest
 rite,
 With a funereal voice of solitary might.

LXII.

Again, and yet again!—A startling power
 In sounds like these lives ever; for they bear
 Full on remembrance each eventful hour
 Checking life's crowded path. They fill
 the air [wear
 When conquerors pass, and fearful cities
 A mien like joy's; and when young brides
 are led [glare
 From their paternal homes; and when the
 Of burning streets on midnight's cloud
 waves red, [—the dead.
 And when the silent house receives its guest

But to those tones what thrilling soul was
 given
 On that last night of empire! As a spell
 Whereby the life-blood to its source is
 driven,
 On the chilled heart of multitudes they fell.
 Each cadence seemed a prophecy, to tell
 Of sceptres passing from the line away,
 An angel-watcher's long and sad farewell,
 The requiem of a faith's departing sway,
 A throne's, a nation's dirge, a wail for
 earth's decay.

Again, and yet again! From yon high
 dome,
 Still the slow peal comes awfully; and they
 Who never more, to rest in mortal home,
 Shall throw the breastplate off at fall of day,
 The imperial band, in close and armed
 array,
 As men that from the sword must part no
 more, [silent way,
 Take through the midnight streets their
 Within their ancient temple to adore,
 Ere yet its thousand years of Christian pomp
 are o'er.

LXV.

It is the hour of sleep : yet few the eyes
 O'er which forgetfulness her balm hath shed
 In the beleaguered city. Stillness lies,
 With moonlight, o'er the hills and waters
 spread ; [dread
 But not the less with signs and sounds of
 'The time speeds on. No voice is raised
 to greet [tread
 The last brave Constantine ; and yet the
 Of many steps is in the echoing street,
 And pressure of pale crowds scarce con-
 scious why they meet.

Their homes are luxury's yet : why pour
 they thence
 With a dim terror in each restless eye ?
 Hath the dread car which bears the pesti-
 lence, [by,
 In darkness, with its heavy wheels rolled
 And rocked their palaces, as if on high
 The whirlwind passed ? From couch and
 joyous board [to die ?
 Hath the fierce phantom * beckoned them
 No !—what are these ? For them a cup is
 poured [spoiler and the sword.
 More dark than wrath. *Man* comes—the

LXVII.

Still, as the monarch and his chieftains pass
 Through those pale throngs, the streaming
 torchlight throws
 On some wild form amidst the living mass
 Hues deeply red like lava's, which disclose
 What countless shapes are worn by mortal
 woes. [clasped in prayer,
 Lips bloodless, quivering limbs, hands
 Starts, tremblings, hurrying, tears ; all
 outward shows
 Betokening inward agonies, were there :
 Greeks ! Romans ! all but such as image
 brave despair.

LXVIII.

But high above that scene, in bright re-
 pose, [gleams
 And beauty borrowing from the torches'
 A mien of life, yet where no life-blood flows,
 But all instinct with loftier being seems,

* * It is said to be a Greek superstition that the plague is announced by the heavy rolling of an invisible chariot heard in the streets at midnight ; and also by the appearance of a gigantic spectre, who summons the devoted person by name.

Pale, grand, colossal ! lo ! th' embodied
 dreams [wrought,
 Of yore !—Gods, heroes, bards, in marble
 Look down, as powers, upon the wild ex-
 tremes [caught,
 Of mortal passion. Yet 'twas man that
 And in each glorious form enshrined im-
 mortal thought.

Stood ye not thus amidst the streets of
 Rome ? [days,
 That Rome which witnessed, in her sceptred
 So much of noble death ? When shrine
 and dome [lays,
 'Midst clouds of incense rung with choral
 As the long triumph passed, with all its
 blaze
 Of regal spoil, were ye not proudly borne,
 O sovereign forms ! concentrating all the rays
 Of the soul's lightnings ?—did ye not adorn
 The pomp which earth stood still to gaze
 on, and to mourn ?

Hath it been thus ? Or did ye grace the
 halls
 Once peopled by the mighty ? Haply there,
 In your still grandeur, from the pillared
 walls
 Serene ye smiled on banquets of despair,
 Where hopeless courage wrought itself to
 dare [glow
 The stroke of its deliverance, 'midst the
 Of living wreaths, the sighs of perfumed
 air,
 The sound of lyres, the flower-crowned
 goblet's flow,
 Behold again !—high hearts make nobler
 offerings now.

The stately fane is reached, and at its gate
 The warriors pause. On life's tumultuous
 tide
 A stillness falls, while he whom regal state
 Hath marked from all to be more sternly
 tried [hath died,
 By sufferings, speaks. Each ruder voice
 While his implores forgiveness.—" If there
 be [whom in pride
 One 'midst your throngs, my people !
 Or passion I have wronged ; such pardon
 free
 As mortal hope from heaven, accord that
 man to me !"

LXXII.

But all is silence ; and a gush of tears
 Alone replies. He hath not been of those
 Who, feared by many, pine in secret fears
 Of all ; th' environed but by slaves and
 foes, [repose,
 To whom day brings not safety, night
 For they have heard the voice cry, "*Sleep*
no more !" [close
 Of them he hath not been, nor such as
 Their hearts to misery, till the time is o'er
 When it speaks low and kneels the oppres-
 sor's throne before.

LXXIII.

He hath been loved. But who may trust
 the love
 Of a degenerate race ? In other mould
 Are cast the free and lofty hearts that prove
 Their faith through fiery trials. Yet behold,
 And call him not forsaken ! Thoughts
 untold [tread
 Have lent his aspect calmness, and his
 Moves firmly to the shrine. What pomps
 unfold [shed
 Within its precincts ! Isles and seas have
 Their gorgeous treasures there around the
 imperial dead.

LXXIV.

'Tis a proud vision, that most regal pile
 Of ancient days ! The lamps are streaming
 bright
 From its rich altar down each pillared aisle,
 Whose vista fades in dimness ; but the sight
 Is lost in splendours, as the wavering light
 Develops on those walls the thousand dyes
 Of the veined marbles which array their
 height, [eyes,
 And from yon dome, the loadstar of all
 Pour such an iris-glow as emulates the
 skies.

But gaze thou not on these. Though
 heaven's own hues [vie—
 In their soft clouds and radiant tracery
 Though tints of sun-born glory may suffuse
 Arch, column, rich mosaic—pass thou by
 The stately tomb, where Eastern Cæsars lie
 Beneath their trophies. Pause not here ;
 for know,
 A deeper source of all sublimity
 Lives in man's bosom, than the world can
 show
 In nature or in art—above, around, below.

F

LXXVI.

Turn thou to mark (though tears may dim
 thy gaze)
 The steel-clad group before yon altar-stone ;
 Heed not though gems and gold around it
 blaze ; [forms alone,
 Those heads unhelmed, those kneeling
 Thus bowed, look glorious here. The
 light is thrown [lord,
 Full from the shrine on one, a nation's
 A sufferer ! but his task shall soon be
 done— [poured,
 E'en now, as Faith's mysterious cup is
 See to that noble brow peace, not of earth,
 restored !

LXXVII.

The rite is o'er. The band of brethren
 part, [again ;
 Once, and but once, to meet on earth
 Each, in the strength of a collected heart,
 To dare what man may dare—and know
 'tis vain.
 The rite is o'er : and thou, majestic fane !
 The glory is departed from thy brow :
 Be clothed with dust ! The Christian's
 farewell strain [must how,
 Hath died within these walls ; thy cross
 Thy kingly tombs be spoiled, the golden
 shrines laid low.

LXXVIII.

The streets grow still and lonely—and the
 star,
 The last bright lingerer in the path of morn,
 Gleams faint ; and in the very lap of war,
 As if young Hope with twilight's rays were
 born,
 Awhile the city sleeps : her throngs, o'er-
 worn
 With fears and watchings, to their homes
 retire.
 Nor is the balmy air of day-spring torn
 With battle-sounds : the winds in sighs
 expire, [beam's fire.
 And quiet broods in mists that veil the sun-

LXXIX.

The city sleeps. Ay ! on the combat's eve,
 And by the scaffold's brink, and 'midst the
 swell
 Of angry seas, hath Nature won reprieve
 Thus from her carcs. The brave have
 slumbered well,

And even the fearful, in their dungeon cell
 Chained between life and death. Such resi-
 be thine, [tell,
 For conflicts wait thee still :—yet who can
 In that brief hour, how much of heaven
 may shine [Constantine !
 Full on thy spirit's dream? Sleep, weary

LXXX.

Doth the blast rise? The clouded east is red,
 As if a storm were gathering; and I hear
 What seems like heavy rain-drops, or the
 tread, [fear
 The soft and smothered step, of those that
 Surprise from ambushed foes. Hark ! yet
 more near
 It comes, a many-toned and mingled
 sound ;
 A rustling, as of winds where boughs are
 sere—
 A rolling, as of wheels that shake the ground
 From far; a heavy rush, like seas that burst
 their bound.

LXXXI.

Wake ! wake ! They come from sea and
 shore, ascending
 In hosts your ramparts. Arm ye for the day !
 Who now may sleep amidst the thunder's
 rending, [array?
 Through tower and wall, a path for their
 Hark ! how the trumpet cheers them to the
 prey
 With its wild voice, to which the seas reply ;
 And the earth rocks beneath their engines'
 sway,
 And the far hills repeat their battle-cry,
 Till that fierce tumult seems to shake the
 vaulted sky !

They fail not now, the generous band that
 long
 Have ranged their swords around a falling
 throne ; [strong,
 Still in those fearless men the walls are
 Hearts, such as rescue empires, are their
 own.
 —Shall those high energies be vainly shown?
 No ! from their towers the invading tide
 is driven [blown
 Back like the Red Sea waves, when God had
 With His strong winds. The dark-browed
 ranks are riven ;
 Shout, warriors of the Cross !—for victory
 is of Heaven !

LXXXIII.

Stand firm ! Again the Crescent host is
 rushing, [sweep,
 And the waves foam, as on the galleys
 With all their fires and darts, though blood
 is gushing
 Fast o'er their sides, as rivers to the deep.
 Stand firm !—there yet is hope ; the ascent
 is steep,
 And from on high no shaft descends in vain.
 But those that fall swell up the mangled
 heap,
 In the red moat, the dying and the slain,
 And o'er that fearful bridge the assailants
 mount again.

LXXXIV.

Oh ! the dread mingling, in that awful hour,
 Of all terrific sounds !—the savage tone
 Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal, the
 shower
 Of hissing darts, the crash of walls o'er-
 thrown,
 The deep dull tambour's beat—man's
 voice alone
 Is there unheard. Ye may not catch the cry
 Of trampled thousands : prayer, and shriek,
 and moan, [by,
 All drowned, as that fierce hurricane sweeps
 But swell the unheeded sum earth pays for
 victory.

LXXXV.

War-clouds have wrapt the city. Through
 their dun
 O'erloaded canopy, at times a blaze
 As of an angry storm-presaging sun
 From the Greek fire shoots up ! and light-
 ning-rays [haze,
 Flash from the shock of sabres through the
 And glancing arrows cleave the dusky air.
 —Ay ! *this* is in the compass of our gaze,
 But fearful things unknown, untold, are
 there, [and despair !
 Workings of wrath and death, and anguish,

Woe, shame and woe ! A chief, a warrior
 flies,* [pale.
 A Red-cross champion, bleeding, wild and

* " The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet or arrow which pierced the gauntlet of John Justinian (a Genoese chief). The sight of his blood and the exquisite pain appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city."—GIBBON.

O God! that nature's passing agonies
Thus o'er the spark that dies not should
prevail!

Yes! rend the arrow from thy shattered mail,
And stanch the blood-drops, Genoa's fallen
son;

Fly swifter yet! the javelins pour as hail.
But there are tortures which thou canst not
shun: [begun.

The spirit is *their* prey—thy pangs are not

II.

Oh, happy in their homes, the noble dead!
The seal is set on their majestic fame;
Earth has drunk deep the generous blood
they shed, [name.

Fate has no power to dim their stainless
They may not in one bitter moment shame
Long glorious years. From many a lofty
stem [tame,

Fall graceful flowers, and eagle hearts grow
And stars drop, fading from the diadem:
But the bright past is theirs; there is no
change for them.

LXXXVIII.

Where art thou, Constantine? Where
death is reaping [light,

His sevenfold harvest!—where the stormy
Fast as the artillery's thunderbolts are
sweeping, [day-night;

Throws meteor-bursts o'er battle's noon—
Where the towers rock and crumble from
their height

As to the earthquake, and the engines ply
Like red Vesuvio; and where human might
Confronts all this, and still brave hearts
beat high, [panoply.

While scimitars ring loud on shivering

LXXXIX.

Where art thou, Constantine? Where
Christian blood [vain;

Hath bathed the walls in torrents, and in
Where faith and valour perish in the flood,
Whose billows, rising o'er their bosoms,
gain

Dark strength each moment; where the
gallant slain

Around the banner of the Cross lie strewed
Thick as the vine-leaves on the autumnal
plain;

Where all save one high spirit is subdued,
And through the breach press on the o'er-
whelming multitude.

XC.

Now is he battling 'midst a host alone,
As the last cedar stems awhile the sway
Of mountain storms, whose fury hath o'er-
thrown

Its forest brethren in their green array.
And he hath cast his purple robe away,
With his imperial bearings, that his sword
An iron ransom from the chain may pay,
And win what haply fate may yet accord,
A soldier's death—the all now left an em-
pire's lord.

XCI.

Search for him now where bloodiest lie the
files [brave!

Which once were men, the faithful and the
Search for him now where loftiest rise the
piles [not save,

Of shattered helms and shields which could
And crests and banners never more to wave
In the free winds of heaven! He is of those
O'er whom the host may rush, the tempest
rave, [close,

And the steeds trample, and the spearmen
Yet wake them not—so deep their long and
last repose.

XCII.

Woe to the vanquished!—thus it hath been
still [people's cry!

Since Time's first march. Hark, hark, a
Ay, now the conquerors in the street fulfil
Their task of wrath! In vain the victims fly:
Hark how each piercing tone of agony

Blends in the city's shriek! The lot is cast.
Slaves! 'twas your choice thus, rather thus,
to die, [and fast,

Than where the warrior's blood flows warm
And roused and mighty hearts beat proudly
to the last.

Oh, well doth freedom battle! Men have
made [stand,

Even 'midst their blazing roofs a noble
And on the floors where once their children
played,

And by the hearths round which their
household band [hand

At evening met; ay, struggling hand to
Within the very chambers of their sleep,
There have they taught the spoilers of the
land [deep

In chainless hearts what fiery strength lies
To guard free homes. But ye!—kneel,
tremblers! kneel and weep!

XCIV.

'Tis eve. The storm hath died, the valiant
rest [is done,
Low on their shields; the day's fierce work
And blood-stained seas and burning towers
attest
Its fearful deeds. An empire's race is run!
Sad, 'midst his glory, looks the parting sun
Upon the captive city. Hark! a swell
(Meet to proclaim barbaric war-fields won)
Of fierce triumphal sounds, that wildly tell
The Soldan comes within the Cæsar's halls
to dwell.

XCV.

Yes! with the peal of cymbal and of gong,
He comes: the Moslem treads those
ancient halls!
But all is stillness there, as death had long
Been lord alone within these gorgeous
walls;
And half that silence of the grave appals
The conqueror's heart. Ay! thus, with
triumph's hour, [calls
Still comes the boding whisper, which re-
A thought of those impervious clouds that
lower [mightier Power.
O'er grandeur's path, a sense of some far

XCVI.

"The owl upon Afrasiab's towers hath sung
Her watch-song, and around the imperial
throne [hung
The spider weaves his web!"*—Still darkly
That verse of omen, as a prophet's tone,
O'er his flushed spirit. Years on years
have flown [in air,
To prove its truth. Kings pile their domes
That the coiled snake may bask on scul-
ptured stone,
And nations clear the forest, to prepare
For the wild fox and wolf more stately
dwellings there.

But thou! that on thy ramparts proudly
dying, [die,
As a crowned leader in such hours should
Upon thy pyre of shivered spears art lying,
With the heavens o'er thee for a canopy,

* A distich of Persian poetry quoted by Mohammed III. after his victory—being strongly impressed with the silence and desolation in the Byzantine palace.

And banners for thy shroud!—no tear, no
sigh, [now
Shall mingle with thy dirge; for thou art
Beyond vicissitude. Lo! reared on high,
The Crescent blazes, while the Cross must
bow;— [stantine, art thou
But where no change can reach, there, Con-

"After life's fitful fever thou sleep'st well!"
We may not mourn thee. Sceptred chiefs,
from whom
The earth received her destiny and fell
Before them trembling, to a sterner doom
Have oft been called. For them the dun-
geon's gloom, [made
With its cold starless midnight, hath been
More fearful darkness, where, as in a tomb
Without a tomb's repose, the chain hath
weighed [decayed.
The very soul to dust, with each high power

Or in the eye of thousands they have stood,
To meet the stroke of death; but not like
thee! [their blood—
From bonds and scaffolds hath appealed
But thou didst fall unfettered, armed, and
free,
And kingly to the last. And if it be
That from the viewless world, whose mar-
vels none
Return to tell, a spirit's eye can see
The things of earth; still may'st thou hail
the sun [dom's fight is won.
Which o'er thy land shall dawn when free-

C.

And the hour comes, in storm. A light is
glancing [shades:—
Far through the forest-god's Arcadian
'Tis not the moonbeam, tremulously dan-
cing, [glades.
Where lone Alpheus bathes his haunted
A murmur, gathering power, the air per-
vades [steep:—
Round dark Cithæron and by Delphi's
'Tis not the song and lyre of Grecian maids,
Nor pastoral reed that lulls the vales to
sleep, [sounding deep.
Nor yet the rustling pines, nor yet the

CI.

Arms glitter on the mountains which of old
Awoke to freedom's first heroic strain,

And by the streams, once crimson as they
 rolled
 The Persian helm and standard to the main;
 And the blue waves of Salamis again
 Thrill to the trumpet; and the tombs reply
 With their ten thousand echoes, from each
 plain,
 Far as Plataea's, where the mighty lie,
 Who crowned so proudly there the bowl
 of Liberty.

CII.

Bright land, with glory mantled o'er by
 song!
 Land of the vision-peopled hills and streams
 And fountains, whose deserted banks along
 Still the soft air with inspiration teems!
 Land of the graves, whose dwellers shall
 be themes
 To verse for ever; and of ruined shrines,
 That scarce look desolate beneath such
 beams [pines!—
 As bathe in gold thine ancient rocks and
 When shall thy sons repose in peace beneath
 their vines?

CIII.

Thou wert not made for bonds, nor shame,
 nor fear! [wave
 Do the hoar oaks and dark green laurels
 O'er Mantinea's earth?—doth Pindus rear
 His snows, the sunbeam and the storm to
 brave?
 And is there yet on Marathon a grave?
 And doth Eurotas lead his silvery line
 By Sparta's ruins? And shall man, a slave,

Bowed to the dust, amid such scenes
 repine?
 —If e'er a soil was marked for freedom's
 step,—'tis thine.

Wash from that soil the stains with battle-
 showers!
 Beneath Sophia's dome the Moslem prays,
 The Crescent gleams amidst the olive-
 bowers,
 In the Comneni's halls the Tartar sways:
 But not for long! The spirit of those days,
 When the Three Hundred made their
 funeral pile
 Of Asia's dead, is kindling like the rays
 Of thy rejoicing sun, when first his smile
 Warms the Parnassian rock and gilds the
 Delian isle.

If, then, 'tis given thee to arise in might,
 Trampling the scourge and dashing down
 the chain,
 Pure be thy triumphs as thy name is bright!
 The cross of victory should not know a stain.
 So may that faith once more supremely
 reign, [dust,
 Through which we lift our spirits from the
 And deem not, e'en when virtue dies in
 vain,
 She dies forsaken; but repose our trust
 On Him whose ways are dark, unsearch-
 able—but just.

THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS

THE MEETING ON THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI

ADVERTISEMENT

It was in the year 1308 that the Swiss rose against the tyranny of the Bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of Austria. The field called the Grütli, at the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the boundaries of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Furst (the father-in-law of William Tell), Werner Stauffacher, and Erni (or Arnold) Melchthal, as their place of meeting, to deliberate on the accomplishment of their projects.

"Hither came Furst and Melchthal, along secret paths over the heights, and Stauffacher in his boat across the Lake of the Four Cantons. On the night preceding

the 11th of November 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men of approved worth; and while at this solemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole posterity, Werner, Walter, and Arnold held up their hands to heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, swore jointly and strenuously to defend that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with awe; and with uplifted hands attested the same God, and all His saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings, and, for the present, each returned to his hamlet."—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.

On the first day of the year 1308, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke, and "it is well attested," says the same author, "that not one drop of blood was shed on this memorable occasion, nor had one proprietor to lament the loss of a claim, a privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding Sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual league."

I.

'TWAS night upon the Alps.—The Senn's* wild horn,
Like a wind's voice, had poured its last long tone,
Whose pealing echoes through the larch-woods borne,
To the low cabins of the glens made known
That welcome steps were nigh. The flocks had gone,
By cliff and pine-bridge, to their place of rest;
The chamois slumbered, for the chase was done;
His cavern-bed of moss the hunter pressed,
And the rock-eagle couched, high on his cloudy nest.

II.

Did the land sleep?—the woodman's axe had ceased
Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane;
The grapes were gathered in; the vintage feast
Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain
Hushed by the streams; the year was in its wane,
The night in its mid-watch; it was a time
E'en marked and hallowed unto Slumber's reign.
But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,
And o'er his white Alps moved the Spirit of the clime.

III.

For there, where snows, in crowning glory spread,
High and unmarked by mortal footstep lay;
And there, where torrents, 'midst the ice-caves fed,
Burst in their joy of light and sound away;
And there, where Freedom, as in scornful play,
Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms of air,
O'er cliffs, the very birth-place of the day—
Oh! who would dream that Tyranny could dare
To lay her withering hand on God's bright works e'en there?

IV.

Yet thus it was—amidst the fleet streams gushing
To bring down rainbows o'er their sparry cell,
And the glad heights, through mist and tempest rushing
Up where the sun's red fire-glance earliest fell,

* The name given to a herdsman on the Alps.

And the fresh pastures, where the herd's sweet bell
Recalled such life as Eastern patriarchs led ;—
There peasant-men their free thoughts might not tell
Save in the hour of shadows and of dread,
And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull, stealthy tread.

But in a land of happy shepherd-homes,
On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,
With their bright hearth-fires, 'midst the twilight glooms,
From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shining ;
A land of legends and wild songs, entwining
Their memory with all memories loved and blest—
In such a land there dwells a power, combining
The strength of many a calm, but fearless breast ;
And woe to him who breaks the sabbath of its rest !

VI.

A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was broken—
On Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar—
Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token
Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore ;
And then their gloom a flashing image wore
Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood,
And the wild falcon's wing was heard to soar
In startled haste—and by that moonlight flood,
A band of patriot men on Grütli's verdure stood.

They stood in arms—the wolf-spear and the bow
Had waged their war on things of mountain-race ;
Might not their swift stroke reach a mail-clad foe ?—
Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,
True hearts in fight, were gathered on that place
Of secret council.—Not for fame or spoil
So met those men in Heaven's majestic face ;—
To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of toil.
The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide
Of years have flowed, and still, from sire to son,
Their names and records on the green earth died.
As cottage-lamps, expiring, one by one,
In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun
To hush all sound.—But silent on its height,
The snow-mass, full of death, while ages run
Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,
Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding might.

So were *they* roused—th' invading step had past
To their cabin-thresholds, and the lowly door,
Which well had stood against the Föhnwind's * blast,
Could bar Oppression from their homes no more.—

* The south-east wind.

Why, what had *she* to do where all things wore
 Wild Grandeur's impress?—In the storm's free way,
 How dared *she* lift her pageant crest before
 Th' enduring and magnificent array
 Of sovereign Alps, that winged their eagles with the day.

X.

This might not long be borne—the tameless hills
 Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,
 Fraught with His name, whose awful presence fills
 Their deep lone places, and for ever telling
 That He hath made man free!—and they whose dwelling
 Was in those ancient fastnesses, gave ear;
 The weight of sufferance from their hearts repelling,
 They rose—the forester—the mountaineer—
 Oh! what hath earth more strong than the good peasant-spear?

XI.

Sacred be Grütli's field!—their vigil keeping
 Through many a blue and starry summer-night
 There, while the sons of happier lands were sleeping,
 Had these brave Switzers met; and in the sight
 Of the just God, who pours forth burning might
 To gird the oppressed, had given their deep thoughts way,
 And braced their spirits for the patriot-fight,
 With lovely images of homes, that lay
 Bowered 'midst the rustling pines, or by the torrent-spray.

Now had endurance reached its bounds!—They came
 With courage set in each bright, earnest eye,
 The day, the signal, and the hour to name,
 When they should gather on their hills to die,
 Or shake the glaciers with their joyous cry
 For the land's freedom.—'Twas a scene, combining
 All glory in itself—the solemn sky,
 The stars, the waves their softened light enshrining,
 And Man's high soul supreme o'er mighty Nature shining.

Calmly they stood, and with collected mien,
 Breathing their souls in voices firm but low,
 As if the spirit of the hour and scene,
 With the woods' whisper, and the waves' sweet flow,
 Had tempered in their thoughtful hearts the glow
 Of all indignant feeling. To the breath
 Of Dorian flute, and lyre note soft and slow,
 E'en thus, of old, the Spartan from its sheath
 Drew his devoted sword and girt himself or death.

XIV.

And three, that seemed as chieftains of the band,
 Were gathered in the midst on that lone shore
 By Uri's lake—a father of the land,*
 One on his brow the silent record wore,

* Walter Fürst, the father-in-law of Tell.

Of many days whose shadows had passed o'er
His path amongst the hills, and quenched the dreams
Of youth with sorrow.—Yet from memory's lore
Still his life's evening drew its loveliest gleams,
For he had walked with God, beside the mountain streams

XV.

And his grey hairs, in happier times, might well
To their last pillow silently have gone,
As melts a wreath of snow.—But who shall tell
How life may task the spirit?—He was one,
Who from its morn a freeman's work had done,
And reaped his harvest, and his vintage pressed,
Fearless of wrong ;—and now, at set of sun,
He bowed not to his years, for on the breast
Of a still chainless land, he deemed it much to rest.

But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,
Strong hearts endure !—By that pale elder's side
Stood one that seemed a monarch of the soil,
Serene and stately in his manhood's pride,
Werner,* the brave and true !—If men have died,
Their hearths and shrines inviolate to keep,
He was a mate for such.—The voice, that cried
Within his breast, " Arise ! " came still and deep
From his far home, that smiled, e'en then, in moonlight sleep.

It was a home to die for !—as it rose,
Through its vine-foliage sending forth a sound
Of mirthful childhood, o'er the green repose
And laughing sunshine of the pastures round ;
And he whose life to that sweet spot was bound,
Raised unto Heaven a glad, yet thoughtful eye,
And set his free step firmer on the ground,
When o'er his soul its melodies went by,
As, through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

But who was he, that on his hunting-spear
Leaned with a prouder and more fiery bearing?—
His was a brow for tyrant-hearts to fear,
Within the shadow of its dark locks wearing
That which they may not tame—a soul declaring
War against earth's oppressors.—'Midst that throng,
Of other mould he seemed, and loftier daring,—
One whose blood swept high impulses along,—
One that should pass, and leave a name for warlike song.

A memory on the mountains !—one to stand,
When the hills echoed with the deepening swell
Of hostile trumpets, foremost for the land,
And in some rock-defile, or savage dell,

* Werner Stauffacher, who had been urged by his wife to rouse his countrymen to arms.

The League of the Alps

Array her peasant-children to repel
 Th' invader, sending arrows for his chains !
 Ay, one to fold around him, as he fell,
 Her banner with a smile—for through his veins
 The joy of danger flowed, as torrents to the plains

There was at times a wildness in the light
 Of his quick-flashing eye ; a something, born
 Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright,
 And proud, and tameless, laughing Fear to scorn !
 It well might be !—Young Erni's * step had worn
 The mantling snows on their most regal steeps,
 And tracked the lynx above the clouds of morn,
 And followed where the flying chamois leaps
 Across the dark-blue rifts, th' unfathomed glacier-deeps.

XXI.

He was a creature of the Alpine sky,
 A being whose bright spirit had been fed
 'Midst the crowned heights with joy and liberty,
 And thoughts of power.—He knew each path which led
 To the rock's treasure-caves, whose crystals shed
 Soft light o'er secret fountains.—At the tone
 Of his loud horn, the Lämmer-Geyer † had spread
 A startled wing ; for oft that peal had blown
 Where the free cataract's voice was wont to sound alone.

XXII.

His step had tracked the waste, his soul had stirred
 The ancient solitudes—his voice had told
 Of wrongs to call down Heaven.‡—That tale was heard
 In Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds fold
 Their flocks in dark ravine and craggy hold
 On the bleak Oberland ; and where the light
 Of Day's last footstep bathes in burning gold
 Great Righi's cliffs ; and where Mount Pilate's height
 Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his might.

XXIII.

Nor was it heard in vain.—There all things press
 High thoughts on man.—The fearless hunter passed,
 And, from the bosom of the wilderness,
 There leapt a spirit and a power to cast
 The weight of bondage down—and bright and fast,
 As the clear waters, joyously and free,
 Burst from the desert-rock, it rushed, at last,
 Through the far valleys ; till the patriot-three
 Thus with their brethren stood, beside the Forest Sea.§

They linked their hands,—they pledged their stainless faith
 In the dread presence of attesting Heaven—

* Arnold Melchthal.

† Largest Alpine eagle.

‡ His aged father's eyes had been put out by order of the Austrian governor.

§ Lake of the Four Cantons.

They bound their hearts to suffering and to death,
With the severe and solemn transport given
To bless such vows.—How nobly man had striven,
How man *might* strive, and vainly strive, they knew,
And called upon their God, whose arm had riven
The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew
The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's might o'erthrew.

They knelt, and rose in strength.—The valleys lay
Still in the dimness, but the peaks which darted
Into the bright mid-air, had caught from day
A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted,
Each to his glen or forest, steadfast-hearted,
And full of hope. Not many suns had worn
Their setting glory, ere from slumber started
Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born—
So far was heard the blast of Freedom's echoing horn !

The ice-vaults trembled, when that peal came rending
The frozen stillness which around them hung ;
From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending,
Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollow rung ;
And the flame-signals through the midnight sprung,
From the Surenne rocks like banners streaming
To the far Seelisberg ; whence light was flung
On Grütli's field, till all the red lake gleaming
Shone out, a meteor-heaven in its wild splendour seeming.

And the winds tossed each summit's blazing crest,
As a host's plumage ; and the giant pines,
Felled where they waved o'er crag and eagle's nest,
Heaped up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,
As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines,
Reddening the distance. Wine-cups, crowned and bright,
In Werner's dwelling flowed ; through leafless vines,
From Walter's hearth streamed forth the festive light,
And Erni's blind old sire gave thanks to Heaven that night.

Then, on the silence of the snows there lay
A Sabbath's quiet sunshine,—and its bell
Filled the hushed air awhile, with lonely sway ;
For the stream's voice was chained by Winter's spell,
The deep wood-sounds had ceased.—But rock and dell
Rung forth, ere long, with strains of jubilee
Pealed from the mountain-churches, with a swell
Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea,—
For now the strife was closed the glorious Alps were free !

1822

THE VESPERS OF PALERMO

A TRAGEDY.—IN FIVE ACTS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

COUNT DI PROCIDA.
 RAIMOND DI PROCIDA, *his Son*.
 ERIBERT, *Viceroy*.
 DE COUCL.
 MONTALBA.
 GUIDO.

ALBERTI.
 ANSELMO, *a Monk*.
 VITTORIA.
 CONSTANCE, *Sister to Eribert*.

Nobles, Soldiers, Messengers, Vassals, Peasants, etc. etc.

SCENE—PALERMO.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A Valley, with Vineyards and Cottages.*

Groups of Peasants—PROCIDA, disguised as a Pilgrim, amongst them.

First Peas. Ay, this was wont to be a
 festal time
 In days gone by! I can remember well
 The old familiar melodies that rose
 At break of morn, from all our purple hills,
 To welcome in the vintage. Never since
 Hath music seemed so sweet! But the
 light hearts
 Which to those measures beat so joyously
 Are tamed to stillness now. There is no
 voice
 Of joy through all the land.

Second Peas. Yes! there are sounds
 Of revelry within the palaces,
 And the fair castles of our ancient lords,
 Where now the stranger banquets. Ye may
 hear
 From thence the peals of song and laughter
 rise

At midnight's deepest hour.

Third Peas. Alas! we sa
 In happier days, so peacefully beneath
 The olives and the vines our fathers reared,
 Encircled by our children, whose quick step
 Flew by us in the dance! The time hath
 been

When peace was in the hamlet, wheresoe'er
 The storm might gather. But this yoke
 of France

Falls on the peasant's neck as heavily
 As on the crested chieftain's. We are bowed
 E'en to the earth.

Peas.'s Child. My father, tell me when
 Shall the gay dance and song again resound
 Amidst our chestnut-woods, as in those
 days [tale?

Of which thou'rt wont to tell the joyous

First Peas. When there are light and
 reckless hearts once more

In Sicily's green vales. Alas! my boy,
 Men meet not now to quaff the flowing bowl,
 To hear the mirthful song, and cast aside
 The weight of work-day care:—they meet
 to speak

Of wrongs and sorrows, and to whisper
 thoughts

They dare not breathe aloud.

Pro. (from the background). Ay, it is
 well [pant

So to relieve th' o'erburdened heart, which
 Beneath its weight of wrongs; but better far
 In silence to avenge them.

An old Peas. What deep voice
 Came with that startling tone?

First Peas. It was our guest's,
 The stranger pilgrim, who hath sojourned
 here

Since yester-morn. Good neighbours,
 mark him well;

He hath a stately bearing, and an eye
Whose glance looks through the heart.
His mien accords
Ill with such vestments. How he folds
around him
His pilgrim-cloak, e'en as it were a robe
Of knightly ermine! That commanding
step
Should have been used in courts and
camps to move.
Mark him!
Old Peas. Nay rather, mark him not:
the times
Are fearful, and they teach the boldest
hearts
A cautious lesson. What should bring
him here?
A Youth. He spoke of vengeance!
Old Peas. Peace! we are beset
By snares on every side, and we must learn
In silence and in patience to endure.
Talk not of vengeance, for the word is
death.
Pro. (*coming forward indignantly*). The
word is death! And what hath life
for thee,
That thou shouldst cling to it thus? thou
abject thing!
Whose very soul is moulded to the yoke,
And stamped with servitude. What! is
it life,
Thus at a breeze to start, to school thy voice
Into low fearful whispers, and to cast
Pale jealous looks around thee, lest, e'en
then,
Strangers should catch its echo?—Is there
aught
In *this* so precious, that thy furrowed cheek
Is blanched with terror at the passing
thought
Of hazarding some few and evil days,
Which drag thus poorly on?
Some of the Peas. Away, away!
Leave us, for there is danger in thy presence.
Pro. Why, what is danger?—Are there
deeper ills
Than those ye bear thus calmly? Ye have
drained
The cup of bitterness, till nought remains
To fear or shrink from—therefore, be ye
strong!
Power dwelleth with despair.—Why start
ye thus
At words which are but echoes of the
thoughts
Locked in your secret souls?—Full well I
know, [nursed
There is not one amongst you, but hath

Some proud indignant feeling, which doth
make
One conflict of his life. I know *thy* wrongs,
And thine—and thine,—but if within your
breasts
There is no chord that vibrates to *my* voice,
Then fare ye well.
A Youth (*coming forward*). No, no! say
on, say on! [here,
There are still free and fiery hearts e'en
That kindle at thy words.
Peas. If that indeed
Thou hast a hope to give us.
Pro. There is hope
For all who suffer with indignant thoughts
Which work in silent strength. What!
think ye Heaven
O'erlooks th' oppressor, if he bear awhile
His crested head on high?—I tell you, no!
Th' avenger will not sleep. It was an hour
Of triumph to the conqueror, when our
king, [morn,
Our young brave Conradin, in life's fair
On the red scaffold died. Yet not the less
Is justice throned above; and her good
time [blood
Comes rushing on in storms: that royal
Hath lifted an accusing voice from earth,
And hath been heard. The traces of the
past [forget.
Faded in *man's* heart, but ne'er doth Heaven
Peas. Had we but arms and leaders, we
are men
Who might earn vengeance yet; but,
wanting these,
What wouldst thou have us do?
Pro. Be vigilant;
And when the signal wakes the land, arise!
The peasant's arm is strong, and there
shall be
A rich and noble harvest. Fare ye well.
[Exit PROCIDA.
First Peas. This man should be a
prophet: how he seemed
To read our hearts with his dark searching
glance
And aspect of command! And yet his garb
Is mean as ours.
Second Peas. Speak low; I know him
well.
At first his voice disturbed me like a dream
Of other days; but I remember now
His form, seen oft when in my youth I
served
Beneath the banners of our kings. 'Tis he
Who hath been exiled and proscribed so
long,
The Count di Procida.

Peas. And is this he? [steps]
Then Heaven protect him! for around his
Will many snares be set.

First Peas. He comes not thus
But with some mighty purpose; doubt it
not:

Perchance to bring us freedom. He is one
Whose faith, through many a trial, hath
been proved

True to our native princes. But away!
The noon-tide heat is past, and from the
seas

Light gales are wandering through the
vineyards! now

We may resume our toil.

[*Exeunt PEASANTS.*]

SCENE II.—*The Terrace of a Castle.*

ERIBERT. VITTORIA.

Vit. Have I not told thee that I bear a
heart
Blighted and cold?—Th' affections of my
youth

Lie slumbering in the grave; their fount
is closed,

And all the soft and playful tenderness
Which hath its home in woman's breast,
ere yet

Deep wrongs have seared it; all is fled
from mine.

Urge me no more.

Erib. O lady! doth the flower
That sleeps entombed through the long
wintry storms

Unfold its beauty to the breath of spring;
And shall not woman's heart, from chill
despair,

Wake at love's voice?

Vit. Love!—make *love's* name thy spell,
And I am strong!—the very word calls up
From the dark past, thoughts, feelings,
powers, arrayed

In arms against thee!—Know'st thou
whom I loved,

While my soul's dwelling-place was still
on earth?

One who was born for empire, and endowed
With such high gifts of princely majesty
As bowed all hearts before him!—Was he
not

Brave, royal, beautiful?—And such he
He died!—hast thou forgotten?—And
thou'rt here,

Thou meet'st my glance with eyes which
coldly looked,—

Coldly!—nay, rather with triumphant gaze,
Upon his murder!—Desolate as I am,

Yet in the mien of *thine* affianced bride,
Oh, my lost Conradin! there should be still
Somewhat of loftiness, which might o'erawe
The hearts of thine assassins.

Erib. Haughty dame!

If thy proud heart to tenderness be closed,
Know, danger is around thee: thou hast
foes

That seek thy ruin, and my power alone
Can shield thee from their arts.

Vit. Provençal, tell

Thy tale of danger to some happy heart,
Which hath its little world of loved ones
round,

For whom to tremble; and its tranquil joys
That make earth Paradise. I stand alone;—
They that are blest may fear.

Erib. Is there not one

Who ne'er commands in vain?—proud
lady, bend

Thy spirit to thy fate; for know that he
Whose car of triumph in its earthquake path
O'er the bowed neck of prostrate Sicily,
Hath borne him to dominion; he, my king,
Charles of Anjou, decrees thy hand the boon
My deeds have well deserved; and who hath
power

Against his mandates?

Vit. Viceroy, tell thy lord,

That e'en where chains lie heaviest on the
land,

Souls may not all be fettered. Oft, ere now,
Conquerors have rocked the earth, yet
failed to tame

Unto their purposes that restless fire
Inhabiting man's breast. A spark bursts
forth,

And so they perish!—'tis the fate of those
Who sport with lightning—and it may be
his.

Tell him I fear him not, and thus am free.

Erib. 'Tis well. Then nerve that lofty
heart to bear

The wrath which is not powerless. Yet
Bethink thee, lady!—Love may change—
hath changed

To vigilant hatred oft, whose sleepless eye
Still finds what most it seeks for. Fare
thee well.—

Look to it yet!—To-morrow I return.

[*Exit ERIBERT.*]

Vit. To-morrow!—Some ere now have
slept, and dreamt

Of morrows which ne'er dawned—or ne'er
for them;

So silently their deep and still repose
Hath melted into death!—Are there no
balm

In nature's boundless realm, to pour out
sleep
Like this, on me?—Yet should my spirit
Endure its earthly bonds, till it could bear
To his a glorious tale of his own isle,
Free and avenged.—*Thou* shouldst be
now at work,

In wrath, my native Etna! who dost lift
Thy spiry pillar of dark smoke so high,
Through the red heaven of sunset—sleep'st
thou still,
With all thy founts of fire, while spoilers
tread

The glowing vales beneath?

(*PROCIDA enters, disguised.*)

Ha! who art thou,
Unbidden guest, that with so mute a step
Dost steal upon me?

Pro. One o'er whom hath passed
All that can change man's aspect!—Yet
not long
Shalt thou find safety in forgetfulness.—
I am he to breathe whose name is perilous,
Unless thy wealth could bribe the winds
to silence.—

Knowest thou *this*, lady?

(*He shows a ring.*)

Vit. Righteous Heaven! the Pledge
Amidst his people from the scaffold thrown
By him who perished, and whose kingly
blood

E'en yet is unatoned.—My heart beats
high—

Oh, welcome, welcome! thou art Procida,
Th' Avenger, the Deliverer!

Pro. Call me so (tell
When my great task is done. Yet who can
If the returned be welcome?—Many a
heart

Is changed since last we met.

Vit. Why dost thou gaze,
With such a still and solemn earnestness,
Upon my altered mien?

Pro. That I may read
If to the widowed love of Conradin,
Or the proud Eribert's triumphant bride,
I now entrust my fate.

Vit. Thou, Procida!
That *thou* shouldst wrong me thus!—Pro-
long thy gaze

Till it hath found an answer.

Pro. 'Tis enough.
I find it in thy cheek, whose rapid change
Is from death's hue to fever's; in the wild
Unsettled brightness of thy proud darkeye,
And in thy wasted form. Ay, 'tis a deep
And solemn joy, thus in thy looks to trace,

Instead of youth's gay bloom, the characters
Of noble suffering;—on thy brow the same
Commanding spirit holds its native state
Which could not stoop to vileness. Yet
the voice

Of Fame hath told afar that thou shouldst
wed

This tyrant, Eribert.

Vit. And told it not

A tale of insolent love repelled with scorn,
Of stern commands and fearful menaces
Met with indignant courage?—*Procida!*
It was but now that haughtily I braved
His sovereign's mandate, which decrees
my hand,

With its fair appanage of wide domains
And wealthy vassals, a most fitting boon,
To recompense his crimes.—*I smiled—ay,*
smiled—

In proud security! for the high of heart
Have still a pathway to escape disgrace,
Though it be dark and lone.

Pro. Thou shalt not need
To tread its shadowy mazes. Trust my
words:

I tell thee that a spirit is abroad
Which will not slumber till its path be
traced

By deeds of fearful fame. *Vittoria*, live!
It is most meet that thou *shouldst* live to
see

The mighty expiation; for thy heart
(Forgive me that I wronged its faith) hath
nursed

A high, majestic grief, whose seal is set
Deep on thy marble brow.

Vit. Then thou *canst* tell,

By gazing on the withered rose, that there
Time, or the blight, hath worked!—*Ay,*
this is in

Thy vision's scope; but oh! the things
unseen,

Untold, undreamt of, which like shadows
pass

Hourly o'er that mysterious world, a mind
To ruin struck by grief!—Yet doth my soul,
Far, 'midst its darkness, nurse one soaring
hope,

Wherein is bright vitality.—'Tis to see
His blood avenged, and his fair heritage,
My beautiful native land, in glory risen,
Like a warrior from his slumbers!

Pro. Hear'st thou not

With what a deep and ominous moan the
voice

Of our great mountain swells?—There will
A fearful burst!—*Vittoria!* brood no more
In silence o'er thy sorrows, but go forth

Amidst thy vassals (yet be secret still),
And let thy breath give nurture to the spark
Thou'lt find already kindled. I move on
In shadow, yet awakening in my path
That which shall startle nations. Fare
thee well.

Vit. When shall we meet again?—Are
we not those

Whom most he loved on earth, and think'st
thou not

That love e'en yet shall bring his spirit near
While thus we hold communion?

Pro. Yes, I feel

Its breathing influence whilst I look on
thee,

Who wert its light in life. Yet will we not
Make womanish tears our offering on his
tomb;

He shall have nobler tribute!—I must
hence,

But thou shalt soon hear more. Await the
time. *[Exeunt separately.]*

SCENE III.—*The Sea-shore.*

RAIMOND DI PROCIDA. CONSTANCE.

Con. There is a shadow far within your
eye,

Which hath of late been deepening. You
were wont

Upon the clearness of your open brow
To wear a brighter spirit, shedding round
Joy, like our southern sun. It is not well,
If some dark thought be gathering o'er
your soul,

To hide it from affection. Why is this,
My Raimond, why is this?

Rai. Oh! from the dreams

Of youth, sweet Constance, hath not man-
hood still

A wide and stormy wakening?—They
depart;

Light after light, our glorious visions fade,
The vaguely beautiful! till earth, unveiled,
Lies pale around; and life's realities
Press on the soul, from its unfathomed
depth

Rousing the fiery feelings, and proud
thoughts,

In all their fearful strength!—"Tis ever
thus,

And doubly so with me; for I awoke
With high aspirings, making it a curse
To breathe where noble minds are bowed,
as here.

To breathe!—it is not breath!

Con. I know thy grief,—

And is't not mine?—for those devoted men

Doomed with their life to expiate some
wild word,

Born of the social hour. Oh! I have knelt
E'en at my brother's feet, with fruitless
tears,

Imploring him to spare. His heart is shut
Against my voice; yet will I not forsake
The cause of mercy.

Rai. Waste not thou thy prayers,
Oh, gentle love, for them. There is little
need

For pity, though the galling chain be worn
By some few slaves the less. Let them
depart!

There is a world beyond th' oppressor's
reach,

And thither lies their way.

Con. Alas! I see

That some new wrong hath pierced you
to the soul. *[words,*

Rai. Pardon, beloved Constance, if my
From feelings hourly stung, have caught,
perchance,

A tone of bitterness.—Oh! when thine eyes,
With their sweet eloquent thoughtfulness,
are fixed

Thus tenderly on mine, I should forget
All else in their soft beams! and yet I came
To tell thee—

Con. What? What wouldst thou say?

Oh, speak!—

Thou wouldst not leave me!

Rai. I have cast a cloud,
The shadow of dark thoughts and ruined
fortunes,

O'er thy bright spirit. Haply, were I gone,
Thou wouldst resume thyself, and dwell
once more

In the clear sunny light of youth and joy,
E'en as before we met—before we loved!

Con. This is but mockery.—Well thou
know'st thy love

Hath given me nobler being; made my
heart

A home for all the deep sublimities

Of strong affection; and I would not
change *[source,*

Th' exalted life I draw from that pure
With all its chequered hues of hope and fear,
E'en for the brightest calm. Thou most
unkind!

Have I deserved this?

Rai. Oh! thou hast deserved

A love less fatal to thy peace than mine.

'Think not 'tis mockery!—But I cannot rest
To be the scorned and trampled thing I am

In this degraded land. Its very skies,
That smile as if but festivals were held

Beneath their cloudless azure, weigh m-
down

With a dull sense of bondage, and I pine
For freedom's chartered air. I would go
forth

To seek my noble father; he hath been
Too long a lonely exile, and his name
Seems fading in the dim obscurity
Which gathers round my fortunes.

Con. Must we part?

And is it come to this?—Oh! I have still
Deemed it enough of joy with thee to share
E'en grief itself—and now—but this is vain;
Alas! too deep, too fond, is woman's love,
Too full of hope, she casts on troubled waves
The treasures of her soul!

Rai. Oh, speak not thus!

Thy gentle and desponding tones fall cold
Upon my inmost heart.—I leave thee but
To be more worthy of a love like thine,
For I have dreamt of fame!—A few short
years,

And we may yet be blest.

Con. A few short years!

Less time may well suffice for death and fate
To work all change on earth!—To break
the ties [down

Which early love had formed; and to bow
Th' elastic spirit, and to blight each flower
Strewn in life's crowded path!—But be
it so!

Be it enough to know that happiness
Meets thee on other shores.

Rai. Where'er I roam

Thou shalt be with my soul!—Thy soft
low voice

Shall rise upon remembrance, like a strain
Of music heard in boyhood, bringing back
Life's morning freshness.—Oh! that there
should be

Things, which we love with such deep
tenderness,

But, through that love, to learn how much
of woe

Dwells in one hour like this!—Yet weep
thou not! [love,

We shall meet soon; and many days, dear
Ere I depart.

Con. Then there's a respite still.

Days!—not a day but in its course may
bring

Some strange vicissitude to turn aside
Th' impending blow we shrink from. Fare
thee well.

(*Returning.*)

Oh, Raimond! this is not our *last* farewell?
Thou wouldst not so deceive me?

F 1

Rai. Doubt me not,
Gentlest and best beloved! we meet again.

[*Exit* CONSTANCE.

Rai. (*after a pause*). When shall I breathe
in freedom, and give scope
To those untarnable and burning thoughts,
And restless aspirations, which consume
My heart i' th' land of bondage?—Oh!
with you,

Ye everlasting images of power
And of infinity! thou blue-rolling deep,
And you, ye stars! whose beams are
characters

Wherewith the oracles of fate are traced;
With you my soul finds room, and casts
aside

The weight that doth oppress her.—But
my thoughts

Are wandering far; there should be one
to share

This awful and majestic solitude
Of sea and heaven with me.

(*PROCIDA enters, unobserved.*)

It is the hour

He named, and yet he comes not.

Pro. (*coming forward*). He is here.

Rai. Now, thou mysterious stranger,
thou, whose glance

Doth fix itself on memory, and pursue
Thought, like a spirit, haunting its lone
hours;

Reveal thyself; what art thou?

Pro. One, whose life

Has been a troubled stream, and made its
way

Through rocks and darkness, and a thou-
sand storms,

With still a mighty aim.—But now the
shades

Of eve are gathering round me, and I come
To this, my native land, that I may rest
Beneath its vines in peace.

Rai. Seek'st thou for peace?

This is no land of peace; unless that deep
And voiceless terror, which doth freeze
men's thoughts

Back to their source, and mantle its pale
mien

With a dull hollow semblance of repose,
May so be called.

Pro. There are such calms full oft
Preceding earthquakes. But I have not been
So vainly schooled by fortune, and inured
To shape my course on peril's dizzy brink,
That it should irk my spirit to put on
Such guise of hushed submissiveness as best
May suit the troubled aspect of the times.

Rai. Why, then, thou art welcome,
stranger! to the land
Where most disguise is needful.—He were
bold
Who now should wear his thoughts upon
his brow
Beneath Sicilian skies. The brother's eye
Doth search distrustfully the brother's face;
And friends whose undivided lives have
drawn
From the same past their long remem-
brances,
Now meet in terror, or no more; lest hearts
Full to o'erflowing, in their social hour,
Should pour out some rash word, which
roving winds
Might whisper to our conquerors.—This
it is
To wear a foreign yoke.
Pro. It matters not
To him who holds the mastery o'er his spirit,
And can suppress its workings, till en-
durance
Becomes as nature. We can tame our-
selves
To all extremes, and there is that in life
To which we cling with most tenacious
grasp,
Even when its lofty claims are all reduced
To the poor common privilege of breath-
ing.—
Why dost thou turn away?
Rai. What wouldst thou with me?
I deemed thee, by th' ascendant soul which
lived,
And made its throne on thy commanding
brow,
One of a sovereign nature, which would
scorn
So to abase its high capacities
For aught on earth.—But thou art like the
rest.
What wouldst thou with me?
Pro. I would counsel thee.
Thou must do that which men—ay, valiant
men—
Hourly submit to do; in the proud court,
And in the stately camp, and at the board
Of midnight revellers, whose flushed mirth
is all
A strife, won hardly.—Where is he whose
heart
Lies bare, through all its foldings, to the
gaze
Of mortal eye?—If vengeance wait the foe,
Or fate th' oppressor, 'tis in depths con-
cealed
Beneath a smiling surface.—Youth! I say,

Keep thy soul down!—Put on a mask!—
'tis worn
Alike by power and weakness, and the
smooth
And specious intercourse of life requires
Its aid in every scene.
Rai. Away, dissembler!
Life hath its high and its ignoble tasks,
Fitted to every nature. Will the free
And royal eagle stoop to learn the arts
By which the serpent wins his spell-bound
prey?
It is because I *will* not clothe myself
In a vile garb of coward semblances,
That now, e'en now, I struggle with my
heart,
To bid what most I love a long farewell,
And seek my country on some distant shore
Where such things are unknown!
Pro. (exultingly). Why, this is joy!
After long conflict with the doubts and
fears,
And the poor subtleties of meaner minds,
To meet a spirit whose bold elastic wing
Oppression hath not crushed.—High-
hearted youth!
Thy father, should his footsteps e're again
Visit these shores—
Rai. My father! what of him?
Speak! was he known to thee?
Pro. In distant lands
With him I've traversed many a wild, and
looked [thou
On many a danger; and the thought that
Wert smiling then in peace, a happy boy,
Oft through the storm hath cheered him.
Rai. Dost thou deem
That still he lives?—Oh! if it be in chains
In woe, in poverty's obscurest cell,
Say but he lives—and I will track his steps
E'en to the earth's verge!
Pro. It may be that he lives;
Though long his name hath ceased to be
a word
Familiar in man's dwellings. But its sound
May yet be heard!—Raimond di Procida,—
Rememberest thou thy father?
Rai. From my mind
His form hath faded long, for years have
passed
Since he went forth to exile: but a vague,
Yet powerful, image of deep majesty,
Still dimly gathering round each thought
of him,
Doth claim instinctive reverence; and my
love
For his inspiring name hath long become
Part of my being.

Pro. Raimond! doth no voice
Speak to thy soul, and tell thee whose the
arms

That would enfold thee now?—My son:
my son!

Rai. Father!—O God!—my father!
Now I know

Why my heart woke before thee!

Pro. Oh! this hour
Makes hope reality; for thou art all
My dreams had pictured thee!

Rai. Yet why so long,
E'en as a stranger, hast thou crossed my
paths, [felt
One nameless and unknown?—and yet I
Each pulse within me thrilling to thy voice.

Pro. Because I would not link thy fate
with mine,
Till I could hail the day-spring of that hope
Which now is gathering round us.—Listen,
youth!

Thou hast told me of a subdued, and
scorned,
And trampled land, whose very soul is
bowed

And fashioned to her chains:—but I tell
thee
Of a most generous and devoted land,
A land of kindling energies; a land
Of glorious recollections!—proudly true
To the high memory of her ancient kings,
And rising, in majestic scorn, to cast
Her alien bondage off!

Rai. And where is this?

Pro. Here, in our isle, our own fair
Sicily!
Her spirit is awake, and moving on,
In its deep silence mightier, to regain
Her place amongst the nations; and the
hour
Of that tremendous effort is at hand.

Rai. Can it be thus indeed?—Thou
pourest new life
Through all my burning veins!—I am as
one

Awakening from a chill and death-like sleep
To the full glorious day.

Pro. Thou shalt hear more!
Thou shalt hear things which would,—
which will arouse

The proud, free spirits of our ancestors
E'en from their marble rest. Yet mark me
well!

Be secret! for along my destined path
I yet must darkly move.—Now, follow me;
And join a band of men in whose high
hearts

There lies a nation's strength.

Rai. My noble father!
Thy words have given me all for which I
pined—

An aim, a hope, a purpose!—And the
blood [veins,
Doth rush in warmer currents through my
As a bright fountain from its icy bonds
By the quick sun-stroke freed.

Pro. Ay, this is well!
Such natures burst men's chains!—Now,
follow me. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—Apartment in a Palace.

ERIBERT. CONSTANCE.

Con. Will you not hear me?—Oh! that
they who need

Hourly forgiveness, they who do but live,
While Mercy's voice, beyond th' eternal
stars, [thus,

Wins the great Judge to listen, should be
In their vain exercise of pageant power,
Hard and relentless!—Gentle brother, yet
'Tis in your choice to imitate that Heaven
Whose noblest joy is pardon.

Eri. 'Tis too late.
You have a soft and moving voice, which
pleads

With eloquent melody—but they must die.
Con. What, die!—for words? for breath,
which leaves no trace

To sully the pure air, wherewith it blends,
And is, being uttered, gone?—Why, 'twere
enough,

For such a venial fault, to be deprived
One little day of man's free heritage,
Heaven's warm and sunny light!—Oh! if
you deem

That evil harbours in their souls, at least
Delay the stroke, till guilt, made manifest,
Shall bid stern Justice wake.

Eri. I am not one [watch
Of those weak spirits, that timorously keep
For fair occasions, thence to borrow hues
Of virtue for their deeds. My school hath
been

Where power sits crowned and armed.—
And, mark me, sister!

To a distrustful nature it might seem
Strange that your lips thus earnestly should
plead

For these Sicilian rebels. O'er my being
Suspicion holds no power.—And yet take
note,—

I have said, and they must die.

Con. Have you no fear?

Eri. Of what?—that heaven should fall?

Con. No!—but that earth
Should arm in madness.—Brother! I have
seen

Dark eyes bent on you, e'en 'midst festal
thongs, [glance,

With such deep hatred settled in their
My heart hath died within me.

Eri. Am I then
To pause, and doubt, and shrink, because
a girl,

A dreaming girl, hath trembled at a look?

Con. Oh! looks are no illusions, when
the soul,

Which may not speak in words, can find
no way

But theirs to liberty!—Have not these men
Brave sons or noble brothers?

Eri. Yes! whose name
It rests with me to make a word of fear,
A sound forbidden 'midst the haunts of men.

Con. But not forgotten!—Ah! beware,
beware!—

Nay, look not sternly on me.—There is one
Of that devoted band, who yet will need
Years to be ripe for death. He is a youth,
A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek
The spring-time glow is lingering. 'Twas
but now

His mother left me, with a timid hope
Just dawning in her breast; and I—I dared
To foster its faint spark.—You smile?—

Oh! then
He will be saved!

Eri. Nay; I but smiled to think
What a fond fool is Hope!—She may be
taught

To deem that the great sun will change
his course [back

To work her pleasure; or the tomb give
Its inmates to her arms.—In sooth, 'tis
strange! [not thus

Yet, with your pitying heart, you should
Have mocked the boy's sad mother.—I
have said

You should not thus have *mocked* her!—
Now, farewell. [*Exit ERIBERT.*

Con. Oh, brother! hard of heart!—for
deeds like these [high

There must be fearful chastening, if on
Justice doth hold her state.—And I must tell
Yon desolate mother that her fair young son
Is thus to perish!—Haply the dread tale
May slay *her* too; for Heaven is merci-
ful.—

'Twill be a bitter task!

[*Exit CONSTANCE.*

SCENE II.—*A ruined Tower, surrounded
by Woods.*

PROCIDA. VITTORIA.

Pro. Thy vassals are prepared, then?

Vit. Yes, they wait
Thy summons to their task.

Pro. Keep the flame bright,
But hidden, till its hour.—Wouldst thou
dare, lady,

To join our councils at the night's mid-
watch,

In the lone cavern by the rock-hewn cross?

Vit. What should I shrink from?

Pro. Oh! the forest paths
Are dim and wild, e'en when the sunshine
streams

Through their high arches: but when
powerful night

Comes, with her cloudy phantoms, and her
pale

Uncertain moonbeams, and the hollow
sounds

Of her mysterious winds; their aspect *then*
Is of another and more fearful world;

A realm of indistinct and shadowy forms,
Wakening strange thoughts, almost too
much for this,

Our frail terrestrial nature.

Vit. Well I know
All this, and more. Such scenes have been
th' abodes [passed

Where through the silence of my soul have
Voices, and visions from the sphere of those
That have to die no more!—Nay, doubt
it not!

If such unearthly intercourse hath e'er
Been granted to our nature, 'tis to hearts
Whose love is with the dead. They, they
alone,

Unmaddened could sustain the fearful joy
And glory of its trances!—at the hour
Which makes guilt tremulous, and peoples
earth

And air with infinite, viewless multitudes,
I will be with thee, Procida.

Pro. Thy presence [souls
Will kindle nobler thoughts, and, in the
Of suffering and indignant men, arouse
That which may strengthen our majestic
cause [the spot?

With yet a deeper power.—Know'st thou
Vit. Full well. There is no scene so
wild and lone

In these dim woods, but I have visited
Its tangled shades.

Pro. At midnight, then, we meet.

[*Exit PROCIDA.*

Vit. Why should I fear?—Thou wilt
be with me, thou, [soul,
Th' immortal dream and shadow of my
Spirit of him I love! that meet'st me still
In loneliness and silence; in the noon
Of the wild night, and in the forest-depths,
Known but to me; for whom thou giv'st
the winds
And sighing leaves a cadence of thy voice,
Till my heart faints with that o'erthrilling
joy!— [lips
Thou wilt be with me there, and lend my
Words, fiery words, to flush dark cheeks
with shame,
That thou art unavenged!

[*Exit* VITTORIA.

SCENE III.—*A Chapel, with a Monument
on which is laid a Sword.*—*Moonlight.*

PROCIDA. RAIMOND. MONTALBA.

Mon. And know you not my story?

Pro. In the lands

Where I have been a wanderer, your deep
wrongs

Were numbered with our country's; but
their tale

Came only in faint echoes to mine ear.

I would fain hear it now.

Mon. Hark! while you spoke,
There was a voice-like murmur in the
breeze,

Which even like death came o'er me:—
'twas a night [moon,

Like this, of clouds contending with the
A night of sweeping winds, of rustling
leaves, [earth,

And swift wild shadows floating o'er the
Clothed with a phantom-life; when, after
years

Of battle and captivity, I spurred
My good steed homewards.—Oh! what
lovely dreams

Rose on my spirit!—There were tears and
smiles,

But all of joy!—And there were bounding
steps,

And clinging arms, whose passionate clasp
of love

Doth twine so fondly round the warrior's
neck,

When his plumed helm is doffed.—Hence,
feeble thoughts!

I am sterner now, yet once such dreams
were mine!

Rai. And were they realised?

Mon. Youth! Ask me not,
But listen!—I drew near my own fair home;

There was no light along its walls, no
sound [height

Of bugle pealing from the watch-tower's
At my approach, although my trampling
steed

Made the earth ring; yet the wide gates
were thrown [first,

All open.—Then my heart misgave me
And on the threshold of my silent hall

I paused a moment, and the wind swept by
With the same deep and dirge-like tone
which pierced

My soul e'en now.—I called—my strug-
gling voice

Gave utterance to my wife's, my children's,
names; [strength,

They answered not—I roused my failing
And wildly rushed within—and they were
there.

Rai. And was all well?

Mon. Ay, well!—for death is well,
And they were all at rest!—I see them yet,
Pale in their innocent beauty, which had
failed

To stay th' assassin's arm!

Rai. Oh, righteous Heaven!
Who had done this?

Mon. Who?
Pro. Canst thou question, *who*?

Whom hath the earth to perpetrate such
deeds,

In the cold-blooded revelry of crime,
But those whose yoke is on us?

Rai. Man of woe! [thine?

What words hath pity for despair like

Mon. Pity!—fond youth!—My soul dis-
dains the grief

Which doth unbosom its deep secrecies,
To ask a vain companionship of tears,
And so to be relieved!

Pro. For woes likes these
There is no sympathy but vengeance.

Mon. None!

Therefore I brought you hither, that your
hearts [round!

Might catch the spirit of the scene!—Look
We are in the awful presence of the dead;

Within yon tomb *they* sleep, whose gentle
blood

Weights down the murderer's soul.—*They*
sleep!—but I

Am wakeful o'er their dust!—I laid my
sword,

Without its sheath, on their sepulchral
stone,

As on an altar; and th' eternal stars,
And heaven, and night, bore witness to my
vow,

No more to wield it save in one great cause,
The vengeance of the grave!—And now
the hour

Of that atonement comes!

[*He takes the sword from the tomb.*

Rai. My spirit burns!
And my full heart almost to bursting
swells.—

Oh! for the day of battle.

Pro. Raimond! they
Whose souls are dark with guiltless blood
must die;—

But not in battle.

Rai. How, my father!

Pro. No!

Look on that sepulchre, and it will teach
Another lesson.—But th' appointed hour
Advances.—Thou wilt join our chosen
band,

Noble Montalba?

Mon. Leave me for a time,
That I may calm my soul by intercourse
With the still dead, before I mix with men,
And with their passions. I have nursed
for years,

In silence and in solitude, the flame
Which doth consume me; and it is not used
Thus to be looked or breathed on.—

Procida!

I would be tranquil—or appear so—ere
I join your brave confederates. Through
my heart

There struck a pang—but it will soon have
passed. [cross.

Pro. Remember!—in the cavern by the
Now, follow me, my son.

[*Exeunt PROCIDA and RAIMOND.*

Mon. (*after a pause, leaning on the tomb*):
Said he, "my son!"—Now, why
should this man's life

Go down in hope, thus resting on a son,
And I be desolate?—How strange a sound
Was that—"my son!"—I had a boy, who
might

Have worn as free a soul upon his brow
As doth this youth.—Why should the
thought of him

Thushaunt me?—when I tread the peopled
ways

Of life again, I shall be passed each hour
By fathers with their children, and I must
Learn calmly to look on.—Methinks
'twere now

A gloomy consolation to behold
All men bereft, as I am!—But away,
Vain thoughts!—One task is left for
blighted hearts,

And it shall be fulfilled. [*Exit MONTALBA.*

SCENE IV.—*Entrance of a Cave sur-
rounded by Rocks and Forests. A rude
Cross seen amongst the Rocks.*

PROCIDA. RAIMOND.

Pro. And is it thus, beneath the solemn
skies

Of midnight, and in solitary caves,
Where the wild forest-creatures make their
lair,—

Is't thus the chiefs of Sicily must hold
The councils of their country?

Rai. Why, such scenes
In their primeval majesty, beheld
Thus by faint starlight, and the partial glare
Of the red-streaming lava, will inspire
Far deeper thoughts than pillared halls,
wherein

Statesmen hold weary vigils.—Are we not
Oershadowed by that Etna, which of old,
With its dread prophecies, hath struck
dismay

Through tyrants' hearts, and bade them
seek a home

In other climes?—Hark! from its depths
e'en now

What hollow moans are sent!

*Enter MONTALBA, GUIDO, and other
SICILIANS.*

Pro. Welcome, my brave associates!—
We can share

The wolf's wild freedom here!—Th' op-
pressor's haunt

Is not 'midst rocks and caves. Are we all
met?

Sic. All, all! [gust,

Pro. The torchlight, swayed by every
But dimly shows your features.—Where
is he

Who from his battles had returned to
breathe

Once more, without a corslet, and to meet
The voices, and the footsteps, and the
smiles,

Blent with his dreams of home?—Of that
dark tale

The rest is known to vengeance!—Art
thou here,

With thy deep wrongs and resolute despair,
Childless Montalba?

Mon. (*advancing*). He is at thy side.

Call on that desolate father, in the hour
When his revenge is nigh.

Pro. Thou, too, come forth,
From thine own halls an exile!—Dost
thou make

The mountain-fastnesses thy dwelling still,

While hostile banners, o'er thy rampart
walls,
Wave their proud blazonry?
First Sic. Even so. I stood
Last night before my own ancestral towers
An unknown outcast, while the tempest
beat [was joy
On my bare head—what recked it?—There
Within, and revelry; the festive lamps
Were streaming from each turret, and gay
songs,
I th' stranger's tongue, made mirth. They
little deemed
Who heard their melodies!—but there are
thoughts
Best nurtured in the wild; there are dread
vows
Known to the mountain-echoes.—*Proclama!*
Call on the outcast when revenge is nigh.
Pro. I knew a young Sicilian, one whose
heart
Should be all fire. On that most guilty
day, [flower
When, with our martyred Conradin, the
Of the land's knighthood perished; he, of
whom
I speak, a weeping boy, whose innocent
tears [aid,
Melted a thousand hearts that dared not
Stood by the scaffold, with extended arms,
Calling upon his father, whose last look
Turned full on him its parting agony.
That father's blood gushed o'er him!—
and the boy [eye,
Then dried his tears, and, with a kindling
And a proud flush on his young cheek,
looked up
To the bright heaven.—Doth he re-
member still
That bitter hour?
Second Sic. He bears a sheathless
sword!—
Call on the orphan when revenge is nigh.
Pro. Our band shows gallantly—but
there are men
Who should be with us now, had they not
dared
In some wild moment of festivity
To give their full hearts way, and breathe
a wish [be
For freedom!—and some traitor—it might
A breeze perchance—bore the forbidden
sound
To Eribert:—so they must die—unless
Fate (who at times is wayward) should
select [not
Some other victim first!—But have they
Brothers or sons amongst us?

Gui. Look on me!
I have a brother, a young high-souled boy,
And beautiful as a sculptor's dream, with
brow
That wears, amidst its dark rich curls, the
stamp
Of inborn nobleness. In truth, he is
A glorious creature!—But his doom is
sealed
With theirs of whom you spoke; and I
have knelt—
Ay, scorn me not! 'twas for his life—I knelt
E'en at the viceroy's feet, and he put on
That heartless laugh of cold malignity
We know so well, and spurned me.—But
the stain
Of shame like this, takes blood to wash
it off, [me,
And *thus* it shall be cancelled!—Call on
When the stern moment of revenge is nigh.
Pro. I call upon thee *now*! The land's
high soul [breeze
Is roused, and moving onward, like a
Or a swift sunbeam, kindling nature's hues
To deeper life before it. In his chains,
The peasant dreams of freedom!—ay, 'tis
thus
Oppression fans th' imperishable flame
With most unconscious hands.—No praise
be hers
For what she blindly works!—When
slavery's cup
O'erflows its bounds, the creeping poison,
meant
To dull our senses, through each burning
vein
Pours fever, lending a delirious strength
To burst man's fetters—and they *shall* be
burst!
I have hoped, when hope seemed frenzy;
but a power
Abides in human will, when bent with
strong
Unswerving energy on one great aim,
To make and rule its fortunes!—I have
been
A wanderer in the fullness of my years,
A restless pilgrim of the earth and seas,
Gathering the generous thoughts of other
lands,
To aid our holy cause. And aid is near:
But we must give the signal. Now, before
The majesty of yon pure Heaven, whose
eye [befriends
Is on our hearts, whose righteous arm
The arm that strikes for freedom; speak!
decree
The fate of our oppressors.

Mon. Let them fall [heart,
When dreaming least of peril!—When the
Basking in sunny pleasure, doth forget
That hate may smile, but sleeps not.—

Hide the sword
With a thick veil of myrtle, and in halls
Of banquetting, where the full wine-cup
shines

Red in the festal torchlight; meet we
there, [death.

And bid them welcome to the feast of

Pro. Thy voice is low and broken, and
thy words

Scarce meet our ears.

Mon. Why, then, I thus repeat
Their import. Let th' avenging sword
burst forth

In some free festal hour, and woe to him
Who first shall spare!

Rai. Must innocence and guilt
Perish alike?

Mon. Who talks of innocence?
When hath *their* hand been stayed for
innocence?

Let them all perish!—Heaven will choose
its own.

Why should *their* children live?—The
earthquake whelms

Its undistinguished thousands, making
graves

Of peopled cities in its path—and this
Is Heaven's dread justice—ay, and it is
well!

Why then should *we* be tender, when the
skies

Deal thus with man?—What if the infant
bleed?

Is there not power to hush the mother's
pangs?

What if the youthful bride perchance
should fall

In her triumphant beauty?—Should we
pause?

As if death were not mercy to the pangs
Which make our lives the records of our
foes?

Let them all perish!—And if one be found
Amidst our band, to stay th' avenging steel
For pity, or remorse, or boyish love,
Then be his doom as theirs! [A pause.

Why gaze ye thus?

Brethren, what means your silence?

Sic. Be it so!

If one amongst us stay th' avenging steel
For love or pity, be his doom as theirs!

Pledge we our faith to this!

RAIMOND (*rushing forward, indig-*
nantly). Our faith to *this*!

No! I but *dreamt* I heard it!—Can it be?
My countrymen, my father!—Is it thus
That freedom should be won?—Awake!
awake

To loftier thoughts!—Lift up, exultingly,
On the crowned heights, and to the sweep-
ing winds,

Your glorious banner!—Let your trumpet's
blast

Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call
aloud,

Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall
bear [he

The stranger's yoke no longer!—What is
Who carries on his practised lip a smile,
Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits
Till the heart bounds with joy, to still its
beatings?

That which our nature's instinct doth recoil
from, [mine—

And our blood curdle at—ay, yours and
A murderer!—Heard ye?—Shall that name
with ours

Go down to after days?—Oh, friends! a
cause

Like that for which we rise, hath made
bright names

Of the elder-time as rallying-words to men,
Sounds full of might and immortality!

And shall not ours be such?

Mon. Fond dreamer, peace!

Fame! What is fame?—Will our uncon-
scious dust

Start into thrilling rapture from the grave
At the vain breath of praise?—I tell thee,
youth,

Our souls are parched with agonising thirst,
Which must be quenched though death
were in the draught:

We must have vengeance, for our foes
have left

No other joy unblighted.

Pro. Oh! my son, [thine.

The time is past for such high dreams as
Thou know'st not whom we deal with.

Knightly faith

And chivalrous honour are but things
whereon

They cast disdainful pity. We must meet
Falschood with wiles, and insult with re-
venge.

And, for our names—whate'er the deeds,
by which

We burst our bondage—is it not enough
That in the chronicle of days to come,

We, through a bright "For ever," shall be
called

The men who saved their country?

Rai. Many a land
Hath bowed beneath the yoke, and then
arisen,

As a strong lion rending silken bonds,
And on the open field, before high Heaven,
Won such majestic vengeance, as hath
made

Its name a power on earth.—Ay, nations
own

It is enough of glory to be called
The children of the mighty, who redeemed
Their native soil—but not by means like
these.

Mon. I have no children.—Of Mont-
talba's blood

Not one red drop doth circle through the
veins [I to do

Of aught that breathes!—Why, what have
With far futurity?—My spirit lives
But in the past.—Away! when thou dost
stand

On this fair earth, as doth a blasted tree
Which the warm sun revives not, *then*
return,

Strong in thy desolation; but, till then,
Thou art not for our purpose; we have need
Of more unshrinking hearts.

Rai. Montalba, know,
I shrink from crime alone. Oh! if my
voice

Might yet have power amongst you, I
would say,
Associates, leaders, *be* avenged! but yet
As knights, as warriors!

Mon. Peace! have we not borne
Th' indelible taint of contumely and chains?
We *are not* knights and warriors.—Our
bright crests
Have been defiled and trampled to the
earth. [be

Boy! we are slaves—and our revenge shall
Deep as a slave's disgrace.

Rai. Why, then, farewell:
I leave you to your councils. He that still
Would hold his lofty nature undebased,
And his name pure, were but a loiterer here.

Pro. And is it thus indeed?—dost *thou*
forsake

Our cause, my son?

Rai. Oh, father! what proud hopes
This hour hath blighted!—yet, whate'er
betide,

It is a noble privilege to look up
Fearless in heaven's bright face—and this
is mine,

And shall be still. — [Exit RAIMOND.

Pro. He's gone!—Why, let it be!
I trust our Sicily hath many a son

Valiant as mine.—Associates! 'tis decreed
Our foes shall perish. We have but to name
The hour, the scene, the signal.

Mon. It should be
In the full city, when some festival
Hath gathered throngs, and lulled infatuate
hearts

To brief security. Hark! is there not
A sound of hurrying footsteps on the breeze?
We are betrayed.—Who art thou?

VITTORIA enters.

Pro. One alone
Should be thus daring. Lady, lift the veil
That shades thy noble brow.

[She raises her veil, the Sicilians
draw back with respect.

Sic. Th' affianced bride
Of our lost king!

Pro. And more, Montalba; know,
Within this form there dwells a soul as high,
As warriors in their battles e'er have proved,
Or patriots on the scaffold.

Vit. Valiant men!
I come to ask your aid. Ye see me, one
Whose widowed youth hath all been
consecrate

To a proud sorrow, and whose life is held
In token and memorial of the dead.

Say, is it meet that, lingering thus on earth,
But to behold one great atonement made,
And keep one name from fading in men's
hearts,

A tyrant's will should force me to profane
Heaven's altar with unhallowed vows—
and live,

Stung by the keen, unutterable scorn
Of my own bosom, live—another's bride?

Sic. Never, oh never!—fear not, noble
lady!

Worthy of Conradin!

Vit. Yet hear me still. [tears

His bride, that Eribert's, who notes our
With his insulting eye of cold derision,
And could he pierce the depths where
feeling works, [crimes.—

Would number e'en our agonies as
Say, is this meet?

Gui. We deemed these nuptials, lady,
Thy willing choice; but 'tis a joy to find
Thou art noble still. Fear not; by all
our wrongs,
This shall not be.

Pro. Vittoria, thou art come
To ask *our* aid, but we have need of thine.
Know, the completion of our high designs
Requires—a festival; and it must be
Thy bridal!

Vit. Procida!

Pro. Nay, start not thus.

'Tis no hard task to bind your raven hair
With festal garlands, and to bid the song
Rise, and the wine-cup mantle. No—nor
yet

To meet your suitor at the glittering shrine,
Where death, not love, awaits him!

Vit. Can my soul
Dissemble thus?

Pro. We have no other means
Of winning our great birthright back from
those

Who have usurped it, than so lulling them
Into vain confidence, that they may deem
All wrongs forgot; and this may best be
done

By what I ask of thee.

Mon. Then will we mix
With the flushed revellers making their
gay feast

The harvest of the grave.

Vit. A bridal day!

Must it be so?—Then, chiefs of Sicily,
I bid you to my nuptials! but be there
With your bright swords unsheathed, for
thus alone

My guests should be adorned.

Pro. And let thy banquet
Besoon announced, for there are noble men
Sentenced to die, for whom we fain would
purchase

Reprieve with other blood.

Vit. Be it then the day

Preceding that appointed for their doom.

Gui. My brother, thou shalt live!—
Oppression boasts

No gift of prophecy!—It but remains
To name our signal, chiefs!

Mon. The Vesper-bell.

Pro. Even so, the Vesper-bell, whose
deep-toned peal

Is heard o'er land and wave. Part of our
band,

Wearing the guise of antic revelry,
Shall enter, as in some fantastic pageant,
The halls of Eribert; and at the hour
Devoted to the sword's tremendous task,
I follow with the rest.—The Vesper-bell!
That sound shall wake th' avenger; for
'tis come,

The time when power is in a voice, a breath,
To burst the spell which bound us.—But
the night [one,

Is waning, with her stars, which, one by
Warn us to part. Friends, to your homes!
—your homes?

That name is yet to win.—Away, prepare

For our next meeting in Palermo's walls.
The Vesper-bell! Remember!

Sic. Fear us not.
The Vesper-bell! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in a Palace.*

ERIBERT. VITTORIA.

Vit. Speak not of love—it is a word
with deep,
Strange magic in its melancholy sound,
To summon up the dead; and they should
rest,

At such an hour forgotten. There are
things

We must throw from us, when the heart
would gather

Strength to fulfil its settled purposes:
Therefore, no more of love!—But if to robe
This form in bridal ornaments, to smile
(I can smile yet) at thy gay feast, and stand
At th' altar by thy side; if this be deemed
Enough, it shall be done.

Eri. My fortune's star
Doth rule th' ascendant still! (*apart.*)—If
not of love,

Then pardon, lady, that I speak of joy,
And with exulting heart—

Vit. There is no joy!—
Who shall look through the far futurity,
And, as the shadowy visions of events
Develop on his gaze, 'midst their dim
throng,

Dare, with oracular mien, to point and say,
"This will bring happiness"?—Who shall
do this?

Why, thou, and I, and all!—There's One,
who sits

In His own bright tranquillity enthroned
High o'er all storms, and looking far beyond
Their thickest clouds; but we, from whose
dull eyes

A grain of dust hides the great sun, e'en we
Usurp His attributes, and talk, as seers,
Of future joy and grief!

Eri. Thy words are strange.
Yet will I hope that peace at length shall
settle

Upon thy troubled heart, and add soft
grace

To thy majestic beauty.—Fair Vittoria!
Oh! if my cares—

Vit. I know a day shall come
Of peace to all. Even from my darkened
spirit

Soon shall each restless wish be exorcised,
Which haunts it now, and I shall then lie
down

Serenely to repose. Of this no more—
I have a boon to ask.

Eri. Command my power,
And deem it thus most honoured.

Vit. Have I then
Soared such an eagle-pitch, as to command
The mighty Eribert?—And yet 'tis meet;
For I bethink me now, I should have worn
A crown upon this forehead.—Generous
lord!

Since thus you give me freedom, know,
there is

An hour I have loved from childhood, and
a sound, [bearing

Whose tones, o'er earth and ocean sweetly
A sense of deep repose, have lulled me oft
'To peace—which is forgetfulness: I mean
'The Vesper-bell. I pray you, let it be
Thesummons to our bridal—Hear younot?
To our fair bridal!

Eri. Lady, let your will
Appoint each circumstance. I am but too
blessed,

Proving my homage thus.

Vit. Why, then, 'tis mine
To rule the glorious fortunes of the day,
And I may be content. Yet much remains
For thought to brood on, and I would be
left

Alone with my resolves. Kind Eribert!
(Whom I command so absolutely), now
Part we a few brief hours; and doubt not,
when

I am at thy side once more, but I shall
stand

There—to the last.

Eri. Your smiles are troubled, lady;
May they ere long be brighter.—Time will
seem

Slow till the Vesper-bell.

Vit. 'Tis lovers' phrase
To say—time lags; and therefore meet for
you:

But with an equal pace the hours move on,
Whether they bear, on their swift silent
wing,

Pleasure or—fate.

Eri. Be not so full of thought
On such a day.—Behold, the skies them-
selves

Look on my joy with a triumphant smile,
Unshadowed by a cloud.

Vit. 'Tis very meet
That Heaven (which loves the just) should
wear a smile

In honour of his fortunes.—Now, my lord,
Forgive me if I say, farewell, until
Th' appointed hour.

Eri. Lady, a brief farewell.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sea-shore.*

PROCIDA. RAIMOND.

Pro. And dost thou still refuse to share
the glory

Of this our daring enterprise?

Rai. Oh, father!

I too have dreamt of glory, and the word
Hath to my soul been as a trumpet's voice,
Making my nature sleepless.—But the
deeds

Whereby 'twas won, the high exploits,
whose tale

Bids the heart burn, were of another cast
Than such as thou requirest.

Pro. Every deed
Hath sanctity, if bearing for its aim
The freedom of our country; and the sword
Alike is honoured in the patriot's hand,
Searching, 'midst warrior-hosts, the heart
which gave

Oppression birth; or flashing through the
gloom

Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch,
At dead of night.

Rai. (*turning away*). There is no path
but one

For noble natures.

Pro. Wouldst thou ask the man
Who to the earth hath dashed a nation's
chains,

Rent as with Heaven's own lightning, by
what means

The glorious end was won?—Go, swell th'
acclaim!

Bid the deliverer hail! and if his path
To that most bright and sovereign destiny
Hath led o'er trampled thousands, be it
called

A stern necessity, and not a crime!

Rai. Father! my soul yet kindles at the
thought

Of nobler lessons in my boyhood learned
Even from thy voice.—The high remem-
brances

Of other days are stirring in the heart
Where *thou* didst plant them; and they
speak of men

Who needed no vain sophistry to gild
Acts that would bear Heaven's light.—And
such be mine!

Oh, father! is it yet too late to draw

The praise and blessing of all valiant heart:
On our most righteous cause?

Pro. What wouldst thou do?

Rai. I would go forth, and rouse th'
indignant land

To generous combat. Why should freedom
strike [strength

Mantled with darkness?—Is there not more
E'en in the waving of her single arm,
Than hosts can wield against her?—I would
rouse

That spirit, whose fire doth press resist-
less on

To its proud sphere, the stormy field of
fight!

Pro. Ay! and give time and warning to
the foe

To gather all his might!—It is too late.
There is a work to be this eve begun,
When rings the Vesper-bell! and, long
before

To-morrow's sun hath reach'd i' th' noon-
day heaven

His throne of burning glory, every sound
Of the Provençal tongue within our walls,
As by one thunderstroke—(you are pale,
my son)—

Shall be for ever silenced.

Rai. What! such sounds

As falter on the lip of infancy
In its imperfect utterance? or are breathed
By the fond mother, as she lulls her babe?
Or in sweet hymns, upon the twilight air
Poured by the timid maid?—Must all alike
Be stilled in death; and wouldst thou tell
my heart

There is no crime in *this*?

Pro. Since thou dost feel

Such horror of our purpose, in thy power
Are means that might avert it.

Rai. Speak! Oh, speak!

Pro. How would those rescued thou-
sands bless thy name
Shouldst thou betray us!

Rai. Father! I can bear—

Ay, proudly woo—the keenest questioning
Of thy soul-gifted eye; which almost seems
To claim a part of Heaven's dread royalty—
The power that searches thought!

Pro. (after a pause). Thou hast a brow
Clear as the day—and yet I doubt thee,
Raimond!

Whether it be that I have learned distrust
From a long look through man's deep-
folded heart; [crossed

Whether my paths have been so seldom
By honour and fair mercy, that they seem
But beautiful deceptions, meeting thus

My unaccustomed gaze;—howe'er it be—
I doubt thee!—See thou waver not—take
heed!

Time lifts the veil from all things!

[*Exit PROCIDA.*

Rai. And 'tis thus [robes
Youth fades from off our spirit; and the
Of beauty and of majesty, wherewith
We clothed our idols, drop! Oh! bitter
day, [world,

When, at the crushing of our glorious
We start, and find men thus!—Yet be it so!
Is not my soul still powerful, in *itself*
To realise its dreams?—Ay, shrinking not
From the pure eye of Heaven, my brow
may well

Undaunted meet my father's.—But, away!
Thou shalt be saved, sweet Constance!—
Love is yet

Mightier than vengeance.

[*Exit RAIMOND.*

SCENE III.—Gardens of a Palace.

CONSTANCE alone.

Con. There was a time when my thoughts
wandered not

Beyond these fairy scenes; when, but to
catch

The languid fragrance of the southern
breeze

From the rich-flowering citrons, or to rest,
Dreaming of some wild legend, in the
shade

Of the dark laurel-foliage, was enough
Of happiness.—How have these calm de-
lights

Fled from before one passion, as the dews,
The delicate gems of morning, are exhaled
By the great sun!

(*RAIMOND enters.*)

Raimond! oh! now thou'rt come,
I read it in thy look, to say farewell
For the last time—the last!

Rai. No, best beloved!

I come to tell thee there is now no power
To part us—but in death.

Con. I have dreamt of joy,
But never aught like this.—Speak yet
again!

Say, we shall part no more!

Rai. No more, if love

Can strive with darker spirits, and he is
strong

In his immortal nature! all is changed
Since last we met. My father—keep the
tale

Secret from all, and most of all, my Con-
stance,

From Eribert—my father is returned :
I leave thee not.

Con. Thy father ! blessed sound !
Good angels be his guard !—Oh ! if he
knew

How my soul clings to thine, he could not
hate

Even a Provençal maid !—Thy father !—
Thy soul will be at peace, and I shall see
The sunny happiness of earlier days
Look from thy brow once more !—But how
is this ?

Thine eye reflects not the glad soul of
And in thy look is that which ill befits
A tale of joy.

Rai. A dream is on my soul :
I see a slumberer, crowned with flowers,
and smiling

As in delighted visions, on the brink
Of a dread chasm ; and this strange phan-
tasy

Hath cast so deep a shadow o'er my
thoughts,

I cannot but be sad.
Con. Why, let me sing [well,
One of the sweet wild strains you love so
And this will banish it.

Rai. It may not be.
Oh ! gentle Constance, go not forth to-day :
Such dreams are ominous.

Con. Have you then forgot
My brother's nuptial feast ?—I must be one
Of the gay train attending to the shrine
His stately bride. In sooth, my step of joy
Will print earth lightly now.—What fear'st
thou, love ?

Look all around ! these blue transparent
skies,

And sunbeams pouring a more buoyant life
Through each glad thrilling vein, will
brightly chase

All thought of evil.—Why, the very air
Breathes of delight !—Through all its glow-
ing realms

Doth music blend with fragrance, and e'en
here

The city's voice of jubilee is heard
Till each light leaf seems trembling unto
sounds

Of human joy !

Rai. There lie far deeper things,—
Things that may darken thought for life,
beneath

That thy festive semblance.—I have
passed [marked
Through the glad multitudes, and I have

A stern intelligence in meeting eyes,
Which deemed their flash unnoticed, and
a quick,

Suspicious vigilance, too intent to clothe
Its mien with carelessness ; and, now and
then,

A hurrying start, a whisper, or a hand
Pointing by stealth to some one, singled
out

Amidst the reckless throng. O'er all is
spread

A mantling flush of revelry, which may
hide

Much from unpractised eyes ; but lighter
signs

Have been prophetic oft.

Con. I tremble !—Raimond !
What may these things portend ?

Rai. It was a day
Of festival, like this ; the city sent
Up through her sunny firmament a voice
Joyous as now ; when, scarcely heralded
By one deep moan, forth from his cavern-
ous depths

The earthquake burst ; and the wide
splendid scene

Became one chaos of all fearful things,
Till the brain whirled, partaking the sick
motion

Of rocking palaces.
Con. And then didst thou,
My noble Raimond ! through the dreadful
paths

Laid open by destruction, pass the chasms,
Whose fathomless clefts, a moment's work,
had given

One burial unto thousands, rush to save
Thy trembling Constance ! she who lives
to bless

Thy generous love, that still the breath of
heaven

Wafts gladness to her soul !

Rai. Heaven !—Heaven is just !
And, being so, must guard thee, sweet one,
still.

Trust none beside.—Oh ! the omnipotent
skies

Make their wrath manifest, but insidious
Doth compass those he hates with *secret*
snares,

Wherein lies fate. Know, danger walks
abroad,

[all
Masked as a reveller. Constance ! oh ! by
Our tried affection, all the vows which bind
Our hearts together, meet me in these
bowers ;

Here, I adjure thee, meet me, when the bell
Doth sound for vesper-prayer !

Con. And know'st thou not
'Twill be the bridal hour?

Rai. It will not, love!
That hour will bring no bridal!—Nought
of this
To human ear; but speed thou hither, fly,
When evening brings that signal.—Dost
thou heed?

This is no meeting by a lover sought
To breathe fond tales, and make the twilight
groves
And stars attest his vows; deem thou not so,
Therefore denying it!—I tell thee, Con-
stance!
If thou wouldst save me from such fierce
despair

As falls on man, beholding all he loves
Perish before him, while his strength can
but
Strive with his agony—thou'lt meet me
then? [moved--

Look on me, love!—I am not oft so
Thou'lt meet me?

Con. Oh! what mean thy words?—If
then
My steps are free,—I will. Be thou but
calm.

Rai. Be calm!—there is a cold and sullen
calm,
And, were my wild fears made realities,
It might be mine; but, in this dread sus-
pense,

This conflict of all terrible phantasies,
There is no calm.—Yet fear thou not, dear
love!

I will watch o'er thee still. And now,
farewell
Until that hour!

Con. My Raimond, fare thee well.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Room in the Citadel of
Palermo.*

ALBERTI. DE COUCI.

De Cou. Said'st thou this night?

Alb. This very night—and lo!
E'en now the sun declines.

De Cou. What! are they armed?

Alb. All armed, and strong in vengeance
and despair.

De Cou. Doubtful and strange the tale!
Why was not this
revealed before?

Alb. Mistrust me not, my lord!
That stern and jealous Procida hath kept
O'er all my steps (as though he did suspect
The purposes, which oft his eye hath sought

To read in mine) a watch so vigilant,
I knew not how to warn thee, though for this
Alone I mingled with his bands, to learn
Their projects and their strength. Thou
know'st my faith

To Anjou's house full well.

De Cou. How may we now
Avert the gathering storm?—The viceroy
holds

His bridal feast, and all is revelry.—
'Twas a true-boding heaviness of heart,
Which kept me from these nuptials.

Alb. Thou thyself
Mayst yet escape, and haply of thy bands
Rescue a part, ere long to wreak full ven-
geance

Upon these rebels. 'Tis too late to dream
Of saving Eribert. E'en shouldst thou rush
Before him with the tidings, in his pride
And confidence of soul, he would but laugh
Thy tale to scorn.

De Cou. He must not die unwarned,
Though it be all in vain. But thou, Alberti,
Rejoice thy comrades, lest thine absence
wake [well,
Suspicion in their hearts. Thou hast done
And shalt not pass unguerdoned, should I
live [fing night.

Through the deep horrors of thy approach—
Alb. Noble De Couci, trust me still.
Anjou

Commands no heart more faithful than
Alberti's. [*Exit ALBERTI.*

De Cou. The grovelling slave!—And yet
he spoke too true!
For Eribert, in blind elated joy,
Will scorn the warning voice.—The day
wanes fast,

And through the city, recklessly dispersed,
Unarmed and unprepared, my soldiers
revel,

E'en on the brink of fate.—I must away.
[*Exit DE COUCI.*

SCENE V.—*A Banqueting Hall.*

PROVENÇAL NOBLES assembled.

First Noble. Joy be to this fair meeting!—
Who hath seen
The viceroy's bride?

Second Noble. I saw her, as she passed
The gazing throngs assembled in the city.
'Tis said she hath not left for years, till now,
Her castle's wood-girt solitude. 'Twill gail
These proud Sicilians, that her wide
domains

Should be the conqueror's guerdon.

Third Noble. 'Twas their boast

With what fond faith she worshipped still
the name

Of the boy, Conradin. How will the slaves
Brook this new triumph of their lords?

Second Noble. In sooth
It stings them to the quick. In the full
streets [assume

They mix with our Provençals, and
A guise of mirth, but it sits hardly on them.
'Twere worth a thousand festivals, to see
With what a bitter and unnatural effort
They strive to smile!

First Noble. Is this Vittoria fair?

Second Noble. Of a most noble mien;
but yet her beauty
Is wild and awful, and her large dark eye,
In its unsettled glances, hath strange power,
From which thou'lt shrink, as I did.

First Noble. Hush! they come.

Enter EKIBERT, VITTORIA, CONSTANCE,
and others.

Eri. Welcome, my noble friends!—
there must not lower
One clouded brow to-day in Sicily!
Behold my bride!

Nobles. Receive our homage, lady!

Vit. I bid all welcome. May the feast
we offer

Prove worthy of such guests!

Eri. Look on her, friends!
And say if that majestic brow is not
Meet for a diadem?

Vit. 'Tis well, my lord!
When memory's pictures fade, 'tis kindly
done

To brighten their dimmed hues!

First Noble (apart). Marked you her
glance?

Second Noble (apart). What eloquent
scorn was there! yet he, th' elate

Of heart, perceives it not.

Eri. Now to the feast!
Constance, you look not joyous. I have
said

That all should smile to-day.

Con. Forgive me, brother!
The heart is wayward, and its garb of pomp
At times oppresses it.

Eri. Why, how is this?

Con. Voices of woe and prayers of
agony [sounds

Unto my soul have risen, and left sad
There echoing still. Yet would I fain be
gay, [have been

Since 'tis your wish.—In truth, I should
A village maid!

Eri. But, being as you are,

Not thus ignobly free, command your looks
(They may be taught obedience) to reflect
The aspect of the time.

Vit. And know, fair maid!

That if in this unskilled, you stand alone
Amidst our court of pleasure.

Eri. To the feast!

Now let the red wine foam!—There should
be mirth

When conquerors revel!—Lords of this
fair isle!

Your good swords' heritage, crown each
bowl, and pledge

The present and the future! for they both
Look brightly on us. Dost thou smile,
my bride?

Vit. Yes, Eribert!—thy prophecies of joy
Have taught e'en me to smile.

Eri. 'Tis well. To-day
I have won a fair and almost *royal* bride;
'To-morrow—let the bright sun speed his
course,

'To waft me happiness!—my proudest foes
Must die—and then my slumber shall be
laid [mar

On rose-leaves, with no envious fold, to
The luxury of its visions!—Fair Vittoria,
Your looks are troubled!

Vit. It is strange, but oft, [soul
'Midst festal songs and garlands, o'er my
Death comes, with some dull image! as
you spoke

Of those whose blood is claimed, I thought
for them

Who, in a darkness thicker than the night
E'er wove with all her clouds, have pined
so long:

How blessed were the stroke which makes
them things

Of that invisible world, wherein, we trust,
There is, at least, no bondage!—But
should *we*

From such a scene as this, where all
earth's joys

Contend for mastery, and the very sense
Of life is rapture; should *we* pass, I say,
At once from such excitements to the void
And silent gloom of that which doth await
us—

Were it not dreadful?

Eri. Banish such dark thoughts!

They ill beseem the hour.

Vit. There is no hour

Of this mysterious world, in joy or woe,
But they beseem it well!—Why, what a
slight,

Impalpable bound is that, th' unseen,
which severs

Being from death!—And who can tell how near

Its misty brink he stands?

First Noble (aside). What mean her words? [tery here.

Second Noble. There's some dark mystery. No more of this!

Pour the bright juice which Etna's glowing vines

Yield to the conquerors! And let music's voice

Dispel these ominous dreams!—Wake, harp and song!

Swell out your triumph!

(A MESSENGER enters, bearing a letter.)

Mes. Pardon, my good lord!

But this demands—

Eri. What means thy breathless haste? And that ill-boding mien?—Away! such looks

Befit not hours like these.

Mes. The Lord De Couci

Bade me bear this, and say, 'tis fraught with tidings Of life and death.

Vit. (hurriedly). Is this a time for aught But revelry?—My lord, these dull intrusions

Mar the bright spirit of the festal scene!

Eri. (to the Mes.). Hence! tell the Lord De Couci we will talk Of life and death to-morrow.

[Exit MESSENGER.

Let there be

Around me none but joyous looks to-day, And strains whose very echoes wake to mirth!

[A band of the Conspirators enter, to the sound of music, disguised as shepherds, bacchanals, etc.

Eri. What forms are these?—what means this antic triumph?

Vit. 'Tis but a rustic pageant, by my vassals,

Prepared to grace our bridal. Will you not Hear their wild music? Our Sicilian vales Have many a sweet and mirthful melody, To which the glad heart bounds.—Breathe ye some strain

Meet for the time, ye sons of Sicily!

(One of the Masquers sings.)

The festal eve, o'er earth and sky,

In her sunset robe, looks bright;

And the purple hills of Sicily,

With their vineyards, laugh in light;

From the marble cities of her plains

Glad voices mingling swell;—

But with yet more loud and lofty strains, They shall hail the Vesper-bell!

Oh! sweet its tones, when the summer breeze

Their cadence wafts afar,

To float o'er the blue Sicilian seas,

As they gleam to the first pale star!

The shepherd greets them on his height,

The hermit in his cell;—

But a deeper power shall breathe to-night, In the sound of the Vesper-bell!

[The bell rings.

Eri. It is the hour!—Hark, hark!—my bride, our summons!

The altar is prepared and crowned with flowers

That wait—

Vit. The victim!

[A tumult heard without.

PROCIDA and MONTALBA enter with others, armed.

Pro. Strike! the hour is come!

Vit. Welcome, avengers, welcome! Now, be strong!

[The Conspirators throw off their disguise, and rush, with their swords drawn, upon the Provençals. ERIBERT is wounded, and falls.

Pro. Now hath fate reached thee in thy mid career,

Thou reveller in a nation's agonies!

[The Provençals are driven off, and pursued by the Sicilians.

Con. (supporting ERIBERT). My brother! oh! my brother!

Eri. Have I stood

A leader in the battle-field of kings, To perish thus at last?—Ay, by these pangs,

And this strange chill, that heavily doth creep, [veins,

Like a slow poison, through my curdling This should be—death!—In sooth a dull exchange

For the gay bridal feast!

Voices (without). Remember Conradin!—spare none, spare none!

Vit. (throwing off her bridal wreath and ornaments). This is proud freedom!

Now my soul may cast, [bling

In generous scorn, her mantle of dissem- To earth for ever!—And it is such joy,

As if a captive, from his dull, cold cell,
Might soar at once on chartered wing to
range

The realms of starred infinity!—Away!
Vain mockery of a bridal wreath! The hour
For which stern patience ne'er kept watch
in vain

Is come; and I may give my bursting heart
Full and indignant scope.—Now, Eriber!
Believe in retribution! What, proud man!
Prince, ruler, conqueror! didst thou deem
Heaven slept?

"Or that the unseen, immortal ministers,
Ranging the world, to note e'en purposed
crime

In burning characters, had laid aside
Their everlasting attributes for *thee*?"—
Oh! blind security!—He, in whose dread
hand

The lightnings vibrate, holds them back
until

The trampler of this goodly earth hath
reached

His pyramid-height of power; that so his
fall

May, with more fearful oracles, make pale
Man's crowned oppressors!

Con. Oh! reproach him not!
His soul is trembling on the dizzy brink
Of that dim world where passion may not
enter.

Leave him in peace!
Voices (without). Anjou, Anjou!—De
Couci to the rescue!

Eri. (*half-raising himself*). My brave
Provençals! do ye combat still?

And I, your chief, am here!—Now, now
I feel

That death indeed is bitter!
Vit. Fare thee well!

Thine eyes so oft, with their insulting smile,
Have looked on man's last pangs, thou
shouldst, by this,
Be perfect how to die! [*Exit VITTORIA.*]

RAYMOND enters.

Rai. Away, my Constance!
Now is the time for flight. Our slaughtering
bands

Are scattered far and wide. A little while
And thou shalt be in safety. Know'st thou
not [man,

That low sweet vale, where dwells the holy
Anselmo? He whose hermitage is reared
Mid some old temple's ruin?—Round the
spot

His name hath spread so pure and deep a
charm,

G

'Tis hallowed as a sanctuary, wherein
Thou shalt securely bide, till this wild storm
Hath spent its fury. Haste!

Con. I will not fly!
While in his heart there is one throb of life,
One spark in his dim eyes, I will not leave
The brother of my youth to perish thus,
Without one kindly bosom to sustain
His dying head.

Eri. The clouds are darkening round.
There are strange voices ringing in my ear
That summon me—to what?—But I have
been

Used to command!—Away! I will not die
But on the field— [*He dies.*]

Con. (*kneeling by him*). O Heaven! be
merciful,

As Thou art just!—for he is now where
nought

But mercy can avail him!—It is past!

GUIDO enters, with his sword drawn.

Gui. (*to RAIMOND*). I've sought thee
long—why art thou lingering here?
Haste, follow me!—Suspicion with thy
name

Joins that word—*Traitor!*

Rai. Traitor!—Guido?

Gui. Yes!

Hast thou not heard that, with his men-at-
arms,

After vain conflict with a people's wrath,
De Couci hath escaped?—And there are
those

Who murmur that from *thee* the warning
came

Which saved him from our vengeance. But
e'en yet

In the red current of Provençal blood
That doubt may be effaced. Draw thy
good sword,

And follow me!

Rai. And thou couldst doubt me, Guido!
'Tis come to this!—Away! mistrust me still.
I will not stain my sword with deeds like
thine.

Thou know'st me not!

Gui. Raimond di Procida!
If thou art he whom once I deemed so
noble—

Call me thy friend no more!
[*Exit GUIDO.*]

Rai. (*after a pause*). Rise, dearest, rise!
Thy duty's task hath nobly been fulfilled,
E'en in the face of death; but all is o'er,
And this is now no place where nature's
tears

'n quiet sanctity may freely flow.—

Hark ! the wild sounds that wait on fearful
deeds
Are swelling on the winds, as the deep roar
Of fast-advancing billows ; and for *thee*
I shame not thus to tremble.—Speed, oh,
speed ! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Palermo.*

PROCIDA enters.

Pro. How strange and deep a stillness
loads the air,
As with the power of midnight !—Ay, where
death
Hath passed, there should be silence.—But
this hush *[things,*
Of nature's heart, this breathlessness of all
Doth press on thought too heavily, and
the sky,
With its dark robe of purple thunder-clouds
Brooding in sullen masses, o'er my spirit,
Weighs like an omen !—Wherefore should
this be ?
Is not our task achieved, the mighty work
Of our deliverance ?—Yes ; I should be
joyous :
But this our feeble nature, with its quick
Instinctive superstitions, will drag down
Th' ascending soul.—And I have fearful
bodings
That treachery lurks amongst us.—
Raimond ! Raimond !
Oh ! Guilt ne'er made a mien like his its
garb !
It cannot be !

MONTALBA, GUIDO, and other
Sicilians enter.

Pro. Welcome ! we meet in joy !
Now may we bear ourselves erect, resuming
The kingly part of freemen ! Who shall
dare,
After this proof of slavery's dread recoil,
To weave us chains again ?—Ye have done
well.

Mon. We have done well. There needs
no choral song,
No shouting multitudes to blazon forth
Our stern exploits.—The *silence* of our foes
Doth vouch enough, and they are laid to
rest
Deep as the sword could make it. Yet
our task
Is still but half achieved, since, with his
bands, *[leads*
De Couci hath escaped, and, doubtless,

Their footsteps to Messina, where our foes
Will gather all their strength. Determined
hearts,

And deeds to startle earth, are yet required
To make the mighty sacrifice complete.—
Where is thy son ?

Pro. I know not. Once last night
He crossed my path, and with one stroke
beat down

As word just raised to smite me, and restored
My own, which in that deadly strife had been
Wrenched from my grasp : but when I
would have pressed him

To my exulting bosom, he drew back,
And with a sad, and yet a scornful, smile,
Full of strange meaning, left me. Since
that hour

I have not seen him. Wherefore didst
thou ask ?

Mon. It matters not. We have deeper
things to speak of.—

Know'st thou that we have traitors in our
councils ?

Pro. I know some voice in secret must
have warned

De Couci ; or his scattered bands had ne'er
So soon been marshalled, and in close array
Led hence as from the field. Hast thou
heard aught

That may develop this ?

Mon. The guards we set

To watch the city-gates have seized, this
morn,

One whose quick, fearful glance and hur-
ried step

Betrayed his guilty purpose. Mark ! he
bore

(Amidst the tumult deeming that his flight
Might all unnoticed pass) these scrolls to
him,

The fugitive Provençal. Read and judge !

Pro. Where is this messenger ?

Mon. Where *should* he be ?—

They slew him in their wrath.

Pro. Unwisely done !

Give me the scrolls. *[He reads.*

Now, if there be such things
As may to death add sharpness, yet delay
The pang which gives release ; if there be
power

In execration, to call down the fires
Of yon avenging heaven, whose rapid
shafts *[haped*

But for such guilt were aimless ; be they
Upon the traitor's head !—Scorn make his
name

Her mark for ever !

Mon. In our passionate blindness,

We send forth curses whose deep stings
recoil

Off on ourselves.

Pro. Whate'er fate hath of ruin
Fall on his house!—What! to resign again
That freedom for whose sake our souls
have now

Engrained themselves in blood!—Why,
who is he [scroll
That hath devised this treachery?—To the
Why fixed he not his name, so stamping it
With an immortal infamy, whose brand
Might warn men from him?—Who should
be so vile?

Alberti?—In his eye is that which ever
Shrinks from encountering mine!—But
no! his race

Is of our noblest—oh! he could not shame
That high descent!—Urbino?—Conti?—
No!

They are too deeply pledged.—There's
one name more!—

I cannot utter it!—Now shall I read
Each face with cold suspicion, which doth
blot

From man's high mien its native royalty,
And seal his noble forehead with the
impress [thoughts,
Of its own vile imaginings!—Speak your
Montalba! Guido!—Who should this
man be?

Mon. Why what Sicilian youth un-
sheathed, last night,
His sword to aid our foes, and turned its
edge

Against his country's chiefs?—He that did
this, [ripe.

May well be deemed for guiltier treason

Pro. And who is he?

Mon. Nay, ask thy son.

Pro. My son!

What should he know of such a recreant
heart?

Speak, Guido! thou'rt his friend!

Gui. I would not wear

The brand of such a name!

Pro. How! what means this?

A flash of light breaks in upon my soul!
Is it to blast me?—Yet the fearful doubt
Hath crept in darkness through my
thoughts before,

And been flung from them.—Silence!—
Speak not yet!

I would be calm, and meet the thunder-
burst

With a strong heart. [A pause.
Now, what have I to hear?

Your tidings?

Gui. Briefly, 'twas your son did thus;
He hath disgraced your name.

Pro. My son did thus!—
Are thy words oracles, that I should search
Their hidden meaning out?—What did
my son?

I have forgot the tale.—Repeat it, quick!

Gui. 'Twill burst upon thee all too soon.

While we
Were busy at the dark and solemn rites
Of retribution; while we bathed the earth
In red libations, which will consecrate
The soil they mingled with to freedom's
step [task

Through the long march of ages; 'twas his
To shield from danger a Provençal maid,
Sister of him whose cold oppression stung
Our hearts to madness.

Mon. What! should she be spared
To keep that name from perishing on
earth?—

I crossed them in their path, and raised
my sword

To smite her in her champion's arms.—
We fought—

The boy disarmed me!—And I live to tell
My shame, and wreak my vengeance!

Gui. Who but he
Could warn De Couci, or devise the guilt
These scrolls reveal?—Hath not the traitor
still

Sought, with his fair and specious elo-
quence,

To win us from our purpose?—All things
seem

Leagued to unmask him.

Mon. Know you not there came,
E'en in the banquet's hour, from this De
Couci,

One, bearing unto Eribert the tidings
Of all our purposed deeds?—And have we
not

Proof, as the noonday clear, that Raimond
loves

The sister of that tyrant?

Pro. There was one

Who mourned for being childless!—Let
him now

Feast o'er his children's graves, and I will
join

The revelry!

Mon. (apart). You shall be childless too!

Pro. Was't you, Montalba?—Now re-
joice, I say.

There is no name so near you that its stains
Should call the fevered and indignant
blood [earth

To your dark cheek!—But I will dash to

The weight that presses on my heart, and then

Be glad as thou art.

Mon. What means this, my lord?

Who hath seen gladness on Montalba's mien?

Pro. Why, should not all be glad who have no sons

To tarnish their bright name?

Mon. I am not used

To bear with mockery.

Pro. Friend! By yon high heaven,
I mock thee not!—'tis a proud fate, to live
Alone and unallied.—Why, what's alone?
A word whose sense is—*free*!—Ay, free
from all

The venom'd stings implanted in the heart
By those it loves.—Oh! I could laugh to think

O' th' joy that riots in baronial halls,
When the word comes—"A son is born!"

—A son!—

They should say thus—"He that shall knit your brow [eye

To furrows, not of years; and bid your Quail its proud glance; to tell the earth its shame,—

Is born, and so, rejoice!"—Then might we feast,

And know the cause:—Were it not excellent?

Mon. This is all idle. There are deeds to do;

Arouse thee, Procida!

Pro. Why, am I not

Calm as immortal justice?—She can strike, And yet be passionless—and thus will I.

I know thy meaning.—Deeds to do!—'tis well.

They shall be done ere thought on.—Go ye forth;

There is a youth who calls himself my son,
His name is—Raimond—in his eye is light
That shows like truth—but be not ye deceived!

Bear him in chains before us. We will sit
To-day in judgment, and the skies shall see
The strength which girds our nature. Will not this [not,

Be glorious, brave Montalba?—Linger ye tardy messengers! for there are things
Which ask the speed of storms.

[*Exeunt GUIDO and others.*
Is not this well?

Mon. 'Tis noble. Keep thy spirit to this proud height, [Aside.
And then—be desolate like me!—my woes
Will at the thought grow light.

Pro. What now remains

To be prepared?—There should be solemn pomp

To grace a day like this.—Ay, breaking hearts

Require a drapery to conceal their throbs
From cold inquiring eyes; and it must be
Ample and rich, that so their gaze may not
Explore what lies beneath.

[*Exit PROCIDA.*

Mon. Now this is well!—

I hate this Procida; for he hath won

In all our councils that ascendancy

And mastery o'er bold hearts, which should have been [strength

Mine by a thousand claims.—Had he the
Of wrongs like mine?—No! for that name
—his country—

He strikes—my vengeance hath a deeper fount;

But there's dark joy in this!—And fate hath barred

My soul from every other.

[*Exit MONTALBA.*

SCENE II.—*A Hermitage, surrounded by the Ruins of an ancient Temple.*

CONSTANCE. ANSELMO.

Con. 'Tis strange he comes not!—Is not this the still

And sultry hour of noon?—He should have been [voice?—

Here by the daybreak.—Was there not a
No! 'tis the shrill cicada, with glad life

Peopling these marble ruins, as it sports
Amidst them, in the sun.—Hark! yet again!

No! no!—Forgive me, father! that I bring
Earth's restless griefs and passions to disturb

The stillness of thy holy solitude;
My heart is full of care.

Ans. There is no place

So hallowed as to be unvisited
By mortal cares. Nay, whither should we go, [scenes.

With our deep griefs and passions, but to
Lonely and still; where He that made our hearts [known

Will speak to them in whispers? I have
Affliction too, my daughter.

Con. Hark! his step!

I know it well—he comes—my Raimond, welcome!

[*Exit RAIMOND.*

[*VITTORIA enters, CONSTANCE shrinks back on perceiving her.*

O Heaven! that aspect tells a fearful tale.

Vit. (*not observing her*). There is a cloud of horror on my soul;
And on thy words, Anselmo, peace doth wait,
Even as an echo, following the sweet close
Of some divine and solemn harmony:
Therefore I sought thee now. Oh! speak to me
Of holy things, and names, in whose deep sound
Is power to bid the tempest of the heart
Sink, like a storm rebuked.

Ans. What recent grief
Darkens thy spirit thus?

Vit. I said not grief.
We should rejoice to-day, but joy is not
That which it hath been. In the flowers
which wreath
Its mantling cup there is a scent unknown,
Fraught with some strange delirium. All
things now
Have changed their nature; still, I say,
rejoice!

There is a cause, Anselmo!—We are free,
Free and avenged!—Yet on my soul there
hangs

A darkness, heavy as th' oppressive gloom
Of midnight phantasies.—Ay, for this, too,
There is a cause.

Ans. How say'st thou, we are free?
There may have raged, within Palermo's
walls,

Some brief wild tumult, but too well I know
They call the stranger, lord.

Vit. Who calls the *dead*
Conqueror or lord?—Hush! breathe it
not aloud,

The wild winds must not hear it!—Yet,
again,

I tell thee, we are free!

Ans. Thine eye hath looked
On fearful deeds, for still their shadows
hang

O'er its dark orb.—Speak! I adjure thee, [*say,*
How hath this work been wrought?

Vit. Peace! ask me not!
Why shouldst *thou* hear a tale to send thy
blood

Back on its fount?—We cannot wake them
The storm is in my soul, but *they* are all
At rest!—Ay, sweetly may the slaughtered
babe

By its dead mother sleep; and warlike men
Who 'midst the slain have slumbered oft
before,

Making the shield their pillow, may repose
Well, now their toils are done.—Is't not
enough?

Con. Merciful Heaven! have such
things been? And yet
There is no shade come o'er the laughing
sky!—

I am an outcast now.

Ans. O Thou, whose ways
Clouds mantle fearfully; of all the blind,
But terrible, ministers that work Thy wrath,
How much is *man* the fiercest!—Others
know

Their limits.—Yes! the earthquakes, and
the storms,

And the volcanoes!—He alone o'erleaps
The bounds of retribution!—Couldst thou
gaze,

Vittoria! with thy woman's heart and eye,
On such dread scenes unmoved?

Vit. Was it for *me*
To stay th' avenging sword?—No, though
it pierced

My very soul!—Hark, hark, what thrilling
shrieks [thou not
Ring through the air around me!—Canst
Bid them be hushed?—Oh! look not on
me thus!

Ans. Lady, my thoughts lend sternness
to the looks

Which are but sad!—Have all then
perished? *all?*

Was there no mercy?

Vit. Mercy! it hath been
A word forbidden as th' unhallowed names
Of evil powers.—Yet one there was who
dared

To own the guilt of pity, and to aid
The victims; but in vain.—Of him no
more!

He is a traitor, and a traitor's death
Will be his meed.

Con. (*coming forward*). O Heaven!—
his name, his name?

Is it—it cannot be!

Vit. (*starting*). *Thou* here, pale girl!
I deemed thee with the dead!—How hast
thou 'scaped

The snare?—Who saved thee, last of all
thy race?

Was it not he of whom I spake e'en now,
Raimond di Procida?

Con. It is enough.
Now the storm breaks upon me, and I
sink!

Must he, too, die?

Vit. Is it even so?—why then,
Live on—thou hast the arrow at thy heart!
Fix not on me thy sad reproachful eyes,
I mean no to betray thee. Thou may'st
live!

Why should death bring thee his oblivious
balms?

*He visits but the happy.—Didst thou ask
If Raimond too must die?—It is as sure
As that his blood is on thy head, for thou
Didst win him to this treason.*

Con. When did man
Call mercy, *treason*?—Take my life, but
save

My noble Raimond!

Vit. Maiden! he must die.

E'en now the youth before his judges
stands,

And they are men who, to the voice of
prayer,

Are as the rock is to the murmured sigh
Of summer-waves; ay, though a father sit
On their tribunal. Bend thou not to me.
What wouldst thou?

Con. Mercy!—Oh! wert thou to plead
But with a look, e'en yet hemight besaved!
If thou hast ever loved—

Vit. If I have loved!

It is *that* love forbids me to relent;
I am what it hath made me.—O'er my soul
Lightning hath passed, and seared it.
Could I weep,

I then might pity—but it will not be.

Con. Oh! thou wilt yet relent, for
woman's heart

Was formed to suffer and to melt.

Vit. Away!

Why should I pity thee?—Thou wilt but
prove

What I have known before—and yet I live!
Nature is strong, and it may all be borne—
The sick impatient yearning of the heart
For that which is not; and the weary sense
Of the dull void, wherewith our homes
have been

Circled by death; yes, all things may be
borne!

All, saviour-morse.—But I will *not* bow down
My spirit to that dark power:—there *was*
no guilt! [guilt?

Anselmo! wherefore didst thou talk of
Ans. Ay, thus doth sensitive conscience

quicken thought,
Lending reproachful voices to a breeze,
Keen lightning to a look.

Vit. Leave me in peace!

Is't not enough that I should have a sense
Of things thou canst not see, all wild and
dark,

And of unearthly whispers, haunting me
With dread suggestions, but that *thy* cold
words, [conspire

Old man, should gall me too?—Must all

Against me?—Oh! thou beautiful spirit!
wont [love,

To shine upon my dreams with looks of
Where art *thou* vanished?—Was it not the
thought

Of thee which urged me to the fearful task,
And wilt thou now forsake me?—I must
seek [chance,

The shadowy woods again, for there, per-
Still may thy voice be in my twilight
paths;—

Here I but meet despair!

[Exit VITTORIA.

Ans. (to CONSTANCE). Despair not
thou,

My daughter!—He that purifies the heart
With grief, will lend it strength.

Con. (endeavouring to rouse herself).

Did she not say

That some one was to die?

Ans. I tell thee not

Thy pangs are vain—for nature will have
way.

Earth must have tears; yet in a heart like
thine,

Faith may not yield its place.

Con. Have I not heard

Some fearful tale?—Who said, that there
should rest

Blood on my soul?—What blood?—I
never bore

Hatred, kind father, unto aught that
breathes;

Raimond doth know it well.—Raimond!—
High heaven,

It bursts upon me now!—and he must die!
For my sake—e'en for mine!

Ans. Her words were strange,
And her proud mind seemed half to frenzy
wrought—

Perchance this may not be.

Con. It *must* not be.

Why do I linger here?

[She rises to depart.

Ans. Where wouldst thou go?

Con. To give their stern and unrelenting
hearts

A victim in his stead.

Ans. Stay! wouldst thou rush

On certain death?

Con. I may not falter now,—

Is not the life of woman all bound up
In her affections?—What hath *she* to do

In this bleak world alone?—It may be well
For *man* on his triumphal course to move

Uncumbered by soft bonds; but *we* were
born

'or love and grief.

Ans. Thou fair and gentle thing,
Unused to meet a glance which doth not
speak

Of tenderness or homage! how shouldst
Bear the hard aspect of un pitying men,
Or face the king of terrors?

Con. There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have
pierced
Its fragile dwelling.—Must not earth be
Before her gems are found?—Oh! now I
feel

Worthy the generous love which hath not
shunned
To look on death for me!—My heart hath
Birth to as deep a courage, and a faith
As high in its devotion.

[*Exit* CONSTANCE.

Ans. She is gone!
Is it to perish?—God of mercy! lend
Power to my voice, that so its prayer may
save

This pure and lofty creature!—I will
follow—

But her young footstep and heroic heart
Will bear her to destruction faster far
Than I can track her path.

[*Exit* ANSELMO.

SCENE III.—*Hall of a Public Building.*

PROCIDA, MONTALBA, GUIDO, and
others, seated as on a Tribunal.

Pro. The morn lowered darkly, but the
sun hath now,
With fierce and angry splendour, through
the clouds

Burst forth, as if impatient to behold
This, our high triumph.—Lead the prisoner
in.

(*RAIMOND is brought in, fettered and
guarded.*)

Why, what a bright and fearless brow is
here!—

Is this man guilty?—Look on him, Mon-
talba?

Mon. Be firm. Should justice falter at
a look?

Pro. No, thou say'st well. Her eyes are
filleted,
Or should be so. Thou, that dost call
thyself—

But no! I will not breathe a traitor's
Speak! thou art arraigned of treason.

Rai. I arraign

You, before whom I stand, of darker guilt,

In the bright face of heaven; and your own
hearts

Give echo to the charge. Your very looks
Have ta'en the stamp of crime, and seem
to shrink,

With a perturbed and haggard wildness,
back

From the too-searching light.—Why, what
hath wrought

This change on noble brows?—There is a
voice,

With a deep answer, rising from the blood
Your hands have coldly shed!—Ye are of
those

From whom just men recoil, with curdling
veins,

All thrilled by life's abhorrent conscious-
ness,

And sensitive feeling of a murderer's pre-
sence.—

Away! come down from your tribunal-seat,
Put off your robes of state, and let your
mien

Be pale and humbled; for ye bear about
That which repugnant earth doth sicken at,
More than the pestilence.—That I should
live

To see my father shrink!

Pro. Montalba, speak!

There's something chokes my voice—but
fear me not.

Mon. If we must plead to vindicate our
acts,

Be it when thou hast made thine own look
clear!

Most eloquent youth! What answer canst
thou make

To this our charge of treason?

Rai. I will plead

That cause before a mightier judgment-
throne,

Where mercy is not guilt. But here, I feel
Too buoyantly the glory and the joy

Of my free spirit's whiteness; for e'en now
Th' embodied hideousness of crime doth
seem

Before me glaring out.—Why, I saw thee,
Thy foot upon an aged warrior's breast,

Trampling our nature's last convulsive
heavings.—

And thou—thy sword—oh! valiant chief!
—is yet

Red from the noble stroke which pierced,
at once,

A mother and the babe, whose little life
Was from her bosom drawn!—Immortal
deeds

For bards to hymn!

Gui. (aside). I look upon his mien,
And waver.—Can it be?—My boyish heart
Deemed him so noble once!—Away, weak
thoughts!

Why should I shrink, as if the guilt were
mine,
From his proud glance?

Pro. Oh, thou dissembler!—thou,
So skilled to clothe with virtue's generous
flush

The hollow cheek of cold hypocrisy,
That, with thy guilt made manifest, I can
scarce

Believe thee guilty!—look on me, and say
Whose was the secret warning voice, that
saved

De Couci with his bands, to join our foes,
And forge new fetters for th' indignant land?
Whose was *this* treachery?

[*Shows him papers.*]

Who hath promised here,
(Belike to appease the manes of the dead,)
At midnight to unfold Palermo's gates,
And welcome in the foe?—Who hath done
this,

But thou, a tyrant's friend?

Rai. Who hath done this?
Father!—if I may call thee by that name—
Look, with thy piercing eye, on those
whose smiles

Were masks that hid their daggers.—
There, perchance,

May lurk what loves not light too strong.
For me,

I know but this—there needs no deep
research

To prove the truth—that murderers may
be traitors

E'en to each other.

Pro. (to MONTALBA). His unaltering
cheek

Still vividly doth hold its natural hue,
And his eye quails not!—Is this innocence?

Mon. No! 'tis th' unshrinking hardi-
hood of crime.—

Thou bear'st a gallant mien!—But where
is she

Whom thou hast bartered fame and life
to save,

The fair Provençal maid?—What! know'st
thou not

That this alone were guilt, to death allied!
Was't not our law that he who spared a foe

(And is she not of that detested race?)
Should thenceforth be amongst us as a
foe?—

Where hast thou borne her?—speak!
Rai. That Heaven, whose eye

Burns up thy soul with its far-searching
glance,
Is with her; she is safe.

Pro. And by that word [died
Thy doom is sealed.—O God! that I had
Before this bitter hour, in the full strength
And glory of my heart!

CONSTANCE *enters, and rushes to*
RAIMOND.

Con. Oh! art thou found?—
But yet, to find thee thus!—Chains, chains
for *thee*!

My brave, my noble love!—Off with these
bonds;

Let him be free as air:—for I am come
To be your victim now.

Rai. Death has no pang
More keen than this.—Oh! wherefore art
thou here?

I could have died so calmly, deeming thee
Saved, and at peace.

Con. At peace!—And thou hast thought
Thus poorly of my love!—But woman's
breast

Hath strength to suffer too.—Thy father
sits

On this tribunal; Raimond, which is he?

Rai. My father!—who hath lulled thy
gentle heart

With that false hope?—Beloved! gaze
around—

See, if thine eye can trace a father's soul
In the dark looks bent on us.

CONSTANCE, *after earnestly examining the*
countenances of the Judges, falls at the
feet of PROCIDA.

Con. Thou art he!
Nay, turn thou not away!—for I beheld
Thy proud lip quiver, and a watery mist
Pass o'er thy troubled eye; and then I knew
Thou wert his father!—Spare him!—take
my life,

In truth a worthless sacrifice for his,
But yet mine all.—Oh! *he* hath still to run
A long bright race of glory.

Rai. Constance, peace!
I look upon thee, and my failing heart
Is as a broken reed.

Con. (still addressing PROCIDA). Oh,
yet relent!

If 'twas his crime to rescue *me*, behold
I come to be the atonement! Let him live
To crown thine age with honour.—In thy
heart

There's a deep conflict; but great nature
pleads

With an o'ermastering voice, and thou wilt yield !—

Thou art his father !

Pro. (after a pause). Maiden, thou'rt deceived !

I am as calm as that dead pause of nature Ere the full thunder bursts.—A judge is not Father or friend. Who calls this man my son ?—

My son !—Ay ! thus his mother proudly smiled—

But she was noble !—Traitors stand alone, Loosed from all ties.—Why should I trifle thus ?—

Bear her away !

Rai. (starting forward). And whither ?

Mon. Unto death.

Why should she live when all her race have perished ?

Con. (sinking into the arms of RAIMOND). Raimond, farewell !—Oh ! when thy star hath risen

To its bright noon, forget not, best beloved, I died for thee !

Rai. High Heaven ! thou seest these things ;

And yet endur'st them !—Shalt thou die for me,

Purest and loveliest being ?—but our fate May not divide us long. Her cheek is cold—

Her deep blue eyes are closed.—Should this be death !—

If thus, there yet were mercy !—Father, father !

Is thy heart human ?

Pro. Bear her hence, I say !

Why must my soul be torn ?

ANSELMO enters, holding a crucifix.

Ans. Now, by this sign Of Heaven's prevailing love, ye shall not harm

One ringlet of her head.—How ! is there not

Enough of blood upon your burthened souls ?

Will not the visions of your midnight couch Be wild and dark enough, but ye must heap Crime upon crime ?—Be ye content :—your dreams,

Your councils, and your banquetings, will yet

Be haunted by the voice which doth not sleep,

E'en though this maid be spared !—Con- stance, look up !

Thou shalt not die.

Rai. Oh ! death e'en now hath veiled The light of her soft beauty.—Wake, my love ;

Wake at my voice !

Pro. Anselmo, lead her hence, And let her live, but never meet my sight.— Begone !—My heart will burst.

Rai. One last embrace !—

Again life's rose is opening on her cheek ; Yet must we part.—So love is crushed on earth !

But there are brighter worlds !—Farewell, farewell !

[He gives her to the care of ANSELMO.

Con. (slowly recovering). There was a voice which called me.—Am I not

A spirit freed from earth ?—Have I not passed

The bitterness of death ?

Ans. Oh, haste away !

Con. Yes ! Raimond calls me.—He too is released

From his cold bondage.—We are free at last,

And all is well—Away !

[She is led out by ANSELMO.

Rai. The pang is o'er, And I have but to die.

Mon. Now, Procida,

Comes thy great task. Wake ! summon to thine aid

All thy deep soul's commanding energies ; For thou—a chief among us—must pronounce

The sentence of thy son. It rests with thee.

Pro. Ha ! ha !—Men's hearts should be of softer mould

Than in the elder time.—Fathers could doom [voice,

Their children then with an unflinching And we must tremble thus !—Is it not said, That nature grows degenerate, earth being now

So full of days ?

Mon. Rouse up thy mighty heart.

Pro. Ay, thou say'st right. There yet are souls which tower

As landmarks to mankind.—Well, what's the task ?—

There is a man to be condemned, you say ? Is he then guilty ?

All. This we deem of him

With one accord.

Pro. And hath he nought to plead ?

Rai. Nought but a soul unstained.

Pro. Why, that is little.

Stains on the soul are but as conscience deems them,

And conscience may be seared.—But, for this sentence!—

Was't not the penalty imposed on man,
E'en from creation's dawn, that he must die?—

It was: thus making guilt a sacrifice
Unto eternal justice; and we but
Obey Heaven's mandate, when we cast dark
souls

To th' elements from amongst us.—Beit so!
Such be *his* doom!—I have said. Ay, now
my heart

Is girt with adamant, whose cold weight
doth press

Its gaspings down.—Off! let me breathe
in freedom!—

Mountains are on my breast!

[*He sinks back.*]

Mon. Guards, bear the prisoner

Back to his dungeon.

Rai. Father! oh, look up!

Thou art my father still!

*GUIDO, leaving the Tribunal, throws him-
self on the neck of RAIMOND.*

Gui. Oh! Raimond, Raimond!
If it should be that I have wronged thee, say
Thou dost forgive me.

Rai. Friend of my young days,
So may all-pitying Heaven!

[*RAIMOND is led out.*]

Pro. Whose voice was that?

Where is he?—gone?—now I may breathe
once more

In the free air of heaven. Let us away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*A Prison, dimly lighted.*

RAIMOND sleeping. PROCIDA enters.

Pro. (*gazing upon him earnestly*). Can
he then sleep?—Th' o'ershadowing
night hath wrapt

Earth, & t' her stated hours—the stars have
set [their course

Their burning watch; and all things hold
Of wakefulness and rest; yet hath not sleep
Sat on mine eyelids since—but this avails
not!—

And thus *he* slumbers!—Why, this mien
doth seem

As if its soul were but one lofty thought
Of an immortal destiny!—his brow
Is calm as waves whereon the midnight
heavens

Are innaged silently.—Wake, Raimond!
wake!

Thy rest is deep.

Rai. (*starting up*). My father!—Where-
fore here?

I am prepared to die, yet would I not
Fall by *thy* hand.

Pro. 'Twas not for *this* I came.

Rai. Then wherefore?—and upon thy
lofty brow

Why burns the troubled flush?

Pro. Perchance 'tis shame.

Yes! it may well be shame!—for I have
striven

With nature's feebleness, and been o'er-
powered.—

Howe'er it be, 'tis not for *thee* to gaze,

Noting it thus. Rise, let me loose thy
chains.

Arise, and follow me; but let thy step

Fall without sound on earth: I have pre-
pared

The means for thy escape.

Rai. What! *thou*! the austere,
The inflexible Procida! hast *thou* done this,
Deeming me guilty still?

Pro. Upbraid me not!

It is even so. There have been nobler deeds
By Roman fathers done,—but I am weak.
'Therefore, again I say, arise! and haste,
For the night wanes. Thy fugitive course
must be

To realms beyond the deep; so let us part
In silence, and for ever.

Rai. Let *him* fly

Who holds no deep asylum in his breast,
Wherein to shelter from the scoffs of
men!—

I can sleep calmly here.

Pro. Art thou in love

With death and infamy, that so thy choice
Is made, lost boy! when freedom courts
thy grasp?

Rai. Father! to set th' irrevocable seal
Upon that shame wherewith ye have
branded me,

There needs but flight.—What should I
bear from this,

My native land?—A blighted name, to rise
And part me, with its dark remembrances,
For ever from the sunshine!—O'er my soul
Bright shadowings of a nobler destiny
Float in dim beauty through the gloom;
but here,

On earth, my hopes are closed.

Pro. Thy hopes are closed!

And what were they to mine?—Thou wilt
not fly!

Why, let all traitors flock to thee, and learn
How proudly guilt can talk!—Let fathers
 rear
Their offspring henceforth, as the free wild
 birds
Foster their young; when these can mount
 alone,
Dissolving nature's bonds—why should it
 not
Be so with us?
Rai. Oh, father!—Now I feel
What high prerogatives belong to death.
He hath a deep though voiceless eloquence,
To which I leave my cause. His solemn
 veil
Doth with mysterious beauty clothe our
 virtues,
And in its vast oblivious fold, for ever
Give shelter to our faults.—When I am
 gone,
The mists of passion which have dimmed
my name
Will melt like day-dreams; and my
 memory then
Will be—not what it *should* have been—
 for I
Must pass without my fame—but yet, un-
 stained
As a clear morning dewdrop. Oh! the
 grave
Hath rights inviolate as a sanctuary's,
And they should be my own!
Pro. Now, by just Heaven,
I will not thus be tortured!—Were my heart
But of thy guilt or innocence assured,
I could be calm again. But, in this wild
Suspense,—this conflict and vicissitude
Of opposite feelings and convictions—
 what!
Hath it been mine to temper and to bend
All spirits to my purpose; have I raised,
With a severe and passionless energy,
From the dread mingling of their elements,
Storms which have rocked the earth?—And
 shall I now
Thus fluctuate, as a feeble reed, the scorn
And plaything of the winds?—Look on me,
 boy!
Guilt never dared to meet these eyes, and
 keep
Its heart's dark secret close.—Oh, pitying
 Heaven!
Speak to my soul with some dread oracle,
And tell me which is truth.
Rai. I will not plead.
I will not call th' Omnipotent to attest
My innocence. No, father, in thy heart
I know my birthright shall be soon restored;

Therefore I look to death, and bid thee speed
The great absolver.
Pro. Oh! my son, my son!
We will not part in wrath!—the sternest
 hearts,
Within their proud and guarded fastnesses,
Hide something still, round which their
 tendrils cling
With a close grasp, unknown to those who
 dress
Their love in smiles. And such wert thou
 to me!
The all which taught me that my soul was
 cast
In nature's mould.—And I must now hold
 on [thus!
My desolate course alone!—Why, be it
He that doth guide a nation's star should
 dwell
High o'er the clouds in regal solitude,
Sufficient to himself.
Rai. Yet, on that summit,
When with her bright wings glory shadows
 thee,
Forget not him who coldly sleeps beneath,
Yet might have soared as high!
Pro. No, fear thou not! [worm
Thou'lt be remembered long. The canker-
O' th' heart is ne'er forgotten.
Rai. Oh! not thus—
I would not *thus* be thought of.
Pro. Let me deem [looks,
Again that thou art base!—for thy bright
Thy glorious mien of fearlessness and truth,
Then would not haunt me as th' avenging
 powers [well!
Followed the parricide.—Farewell, fare-
I have no tears.—Oh! thus thy mother
 looked,
When with a sad, yet half-triumphant smile,
All radiant with deep meaning, from her
 deathbed
She gave thee to my arms.
Rai. Now death has lost
His sting, since thou believ'st me innocent.
Pro. (*wildly*). Thou innocent!—Am I
thy murderer then?
Away! I tell thee thou hast made my name
A scorn to men!—No! I will *not* forgive
 thee;
A traitor!—What! the blood of Procida
Filling a traitor's veins!—Let the earth
 drink it;
Thou wouldst receive our foes!—but they
 shall meet
From thy perfidious lips a welcome, cold
As death can make it.—Go, prepare thy
 soul!

Rai. Father! yet hear me!

Pro. No! thou'rt skilled to make
E'en shame look fair.—Why should I
linger thus?

(*Going to leave the prison he turns
back for a moment.*)

If there be aught—if aught—for which
thou need'st

Forgiveness—not of me, but that dread
Power

From whom no heart is veiled—delay thou
not

Thy prayer :—Time hurries on.

Rai. I am prepared.

Pro. 'Tis well.

[*Exit PROCIDA.*]

Rai. Men talk of torture!—Can they
wreak

Upon the sensitive and shrinking frame,
Half the mind bears, and lives!—My spirit
feels

Bewildered; on its powers this twilight
gloom

Hangs like a weight of earth.—It should
be morn;

Why, then, perchance, a beam of heaven's
bright sun

Hath grating, ere now, the grating of my
dungeon,

Telling of hope and mercy!

[*Exit into an inner cell.*]

SCENE II.—A Street of Palermo.

Many CITIZENS assembled.

First Cit. The morning breaks; his
time is almost come:

Will he be led this way?

Second Cit. Ay, so 'tis said,
To die before that gate through which he
purposed

The foe should enter in.

Third Cit. 'Twas a vile plot!
And yet I should my hands were pure as his
From the deep stain of blood. Didst hear
the sounds

I' th' air last night?

Second Cit. Since the great work of
slaughter,
Who hath not heard them duly at those
hours

Which should be silent?

Third Cit. Oh! the fearful mingling,
The terrible mimicry of human voices,
In every sound which to the heart doth
speak

Of woe and death.

Second Cit. Ay, there was woman's shrill
And piercing cry; and the low feeble wail

Of dying infants; and the half-suppressed
Deep groan of man in his last agonies!
And now and then there swelled upon the
breeze

Strange, savage bursts of laughter wilder
far

Than all the rest.

First Cit. Of our own fate, perchance,
These awful midnight wallings may be
deemed

An ominous prophecy.—Should France
Her power amongst us, doubt not, we
shall have

Stern reckoners to account with.—Hark!

(*The sound of trumpets is heard at a
distance.*)

Second Cit. 'Twas but

A rushing of the breeze.

Third Cit. E'en now, 'tis said,
The hostile bands approach.

(*The sound is heard gradually drawing
nearer.*)

Second Cit. Again!—that sound
Was no illusion. Nearer yet it swells—
They come, they come!

PROCIDA enters.

Pro. The foe is at your gates;
But hearts and hands prepared shall meet
his onset:

Why are ye loitering here?

Cits. My lord, we came—

Pro. Think ye I know not wherefore?—
'twas to see

A fellow-being die!—Ay, 'tis a sight
Man loves to look on, and the tenderest
hearts

Recoil, and yet withdraw not, from the
scene.

For *this* ye came—What! is our nature
fierce,

Or is there that in mortal agony
From which the soul, exulting in its
strength,

Doth learn immortal lessons?—Hence, and
arm!

Ere the night dews descend, ye will have
seen

Enough of death; for this must be a day
Of battle!—'Tis the hour which troubled
souls

Delight in, for its rushing storms are wings
Which bear them up!—Arm, arm! 'tis
for your homes,

And all that lends them loveliness.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Prison of RAIMOND.*

RAIMOND. ANSELMO.

Rai. And Constance then is safe?—

Heaven bless thee, father;
Good angels bear such comfort.

Ans. I have found

A safe asylum for thine honoured love,
Where she may dwell until serener days,
With Saint Rosalia's gentlest daughters;
those

Whose hallowed office is to tend the bed
Of pain and death, and soothe the parting
soul

With their soft hymns: and therefore are
they called

"Sisters of Mercy."

Rai. Oh! that name, my Constance,
Befits thee well! E'en in our happiest days,
There was a depth of tender pensiveness
Far in thine eye's dark azure, speaking ever
Of pity and mild grief.—Is she at peace?

Ans. Alas! what should I say?

Rai. Why did I ask?

Knowing the deep and full devotedness
Of her young heart's affections?—Oh! the
thought

Of my untimely fate will haunt her dreams,
Which should have been so tranquil!—

And her soul,

Whose strength was but the lofty gift of
love,

Even until death will sicken.

Ans. All that faith

Can yield of comfort, shall assuage her
woes;

And still whate'er betide, the light of
heaven

Rests on her gentle heart. But thou, my
son!

Is thy young spirit mastered, and prepared
For nature's fearful and mysterious change?

Rai. Ay, father! of my brief remaining
task

The least part is to die!—And yet the cup
Of life still mantled brightly to my lips,

Crowned with that sparkling bubble, whose
proud name

Is—glory!—Oh! my soul, from boyhood's
morn,

Hath nursed such mighty dreams!—It
was my hope

To leave a name, whose echo, from the
abyss [winds

Of time, should rise, and float upon the
Into the far hereafter: there to be

A trumpet-sound, a voice from the deep
tomb,

Murmuring—Awake!—Arise!—But this
is past!

Erewhile, and it had seemed enough of
shame

To sleep *forgotten* in the dust—but now—
O God!—the undying record of my grave

Will be,—Here sleeps a traitor!—One
whose crime

Was—to deem brave men might find
nobler weapons

Than the cold murderer's dagger!

Ans. Oh, my son,
Subdue these troubled thoughts! Thou
wouldst not change

Thy lot for theirs, o'er whose dark dreams
will hang

The avenging shadows, which the blood-
stained soul

Doth conjure from the dead!

Rai. Thou'rt right. I would not.

Yet 'tis a weary task to school the heart,
Ere years or griefs have tamed its fiery
spirit

Into that still and passive fortitude,
Which is but learned from suffering.—

Would the hour
To hush these passionate throbings were
at hand!

Ans. It will not be to-day. Hast thou
not heard—

But no—the rush, the trampling, and the
stir

Of this great city, arming in her haste,
Pierce not these dungeon-depths.—The
foe hath reached

Our gates, and all Palermo's youth, and all
Her warrior-men, are marshalled, and
gone forth

In that high hope which makes realities,
To the red field. Thy father leads them on.

Rai. (*starting up*). They are gone
forth! my father leads them on!

All, all Palermo's youth!—No, *one* is left,
Shut out from glory's race!—They are
gone forth!—

Ay! now the soul of battle is abroad,
It burns upon the air!—The joyous winds
Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud
white foam

Of battle's roaring billows!—On my sight
The vision bursts—it maddens! 'tis the
flash, [cloud

The lightning-shock of lances, and the
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze

Of helmets in the sun!—The very steed
With his majestic rider glorying shares

The hour's stern joy, and waves his floating
mane

As a triumphant banner!—Such things are
Even now—and I am here!

Ans. Alas, be calm!

To the same grave ye press,—thou that
dost pine [rule
Beneath a weight of chains,—and they that
The fortunes of the fight.

Rai. Ay! *Thou* canst feel

The calm thou wouldst impart, for unto
thee

All men alike, the warrior and the slave,
Seem, as thou say'st, but pilgrims, pressing
on [same!]

To the same bourne.—Yet call it not the
Their graves, who fall in this day's fight,
will be

As altars to their country, visited

By fathers with their children, bearing
wreaths,

And chanting hymns in honour of the dead:
Will mine be such?

*VITTORIA rushes in wildly, as if
pursued.*

Vit. Anselmo! art thou found!

Haste, haste, or all is lost! Perchance thy
voice,

Whereby they deem Heaven speaks, thy
lifted cross,

And prophet-mien, may stay the fugitives,
Or shame them back to die.

Ans. The fugitives!

What words are these?—the sons of Sicily
Fly not before the foe?

Vit. That I should say

It is too true!

Ans. And thou—thou bleedest, lady!

Vit. Peace! heed not me, when Sicily is
lost!

I stood upon the walls, and watched our
bands,

As, with their ancient, royal banner spread,
Onward they marched. The combat was
begun,

The fiery impulse given, and valiant men
Had sealed their freedom with their blood—
when lo!

That false Alberti led his recreant vassals
To join th' invader's host.

Rai. His country's curse

Rest on the slave for ever!

Vit. Then distrust

E'en of their nobler leaders, and dismay,
That swift contagion, on Palermo's bands

Came like a deadly blight. They fled!—
Oh, shame!

E'en now they fly!—Ay, through the city
gates

They rush, as if all Etna's burning streams
Pursued their winged steps!

Rai. Thou hast not named

Their chief—Di Procida—*He* doth not fly?

Vit. No! like a kingly lion in the toils,

Daring the hunters yet, he proudly strives,
But all in vain! The few that breast the
storm,

With Guido and Montalba, by his side,
Fight but for graves upon the battle-field.

Rai. And I am *here*!—Shall there be
power, O God!

In the roused energies of fierce despair,
To burst my heart—and not to rend my
chains?

Oh, for one moment of the thunderbolt
To set the strong man free!

Vit. (after gazing upon him earnestly).
Why, 'twere a deed

Worthy the fame and blessing of all time,
To loose thy bonds, thou son of Procida!

Thou art no traitor;—from thy kindled
brow

Looks out thy lofty soul!—Arise! go forth,
And rouse the noble heart of Sicily

Unto high deeds again. Anselmo, haste;
Unbind him! Let my spirit still prevail,

Ere I depart—for the strong hand of death
Is on me now.—

[*She sinks back against a pillar.*

Ans. O Heaven! the life-blood streams
Fast from thy heart—thy troubled eyes
grow dim.

Who hath done this?
Vit. Before the gates I stood,

And in the name of him, the loved and lost,
With whom I soon shall be, all vainly strove

To stay the shameful flight. Then from
the foe,

Fraught with my summons to his viewless
home,

Came the fleet shaft which pierced me.

Ans. Yet, oh yet,

It may not be too late. Help, help!
Vit. Away!

Bright is the hour which brings me liberty!

ATTENDANTS enter.

Haste, be those fetters riven!—Unbar the
gates,

And set the captive free!
[*The ATTENDANTS seem to hesitate.*

Know ye not *her*
Who should have worn your country's
diadem?

Atten. Oh, lady, we obey.
[*They take off RAIMOND'S chains.*

He springs up exultingly.

Rai. Is this no dream?—
Mount, eagle! thou art free!—Shall I then
die,
Not 'midst the mockery of insulting crowds,
But on the field of banners, where the
brave
Are striving for an immortality?—
It is e'en so!—Now for bright arms of
proof,
A helm, a keen-edged falchion and e'en
My father may be saved!
Vit. Away, be strong!
And let thy battle-word, to rule the storm,
Be *Conradin*! [*He rushes out.*]

Oh! for one hour of life
To hear that name blent with the exulting
shout [*Power*]
Of victory!—'twill not be!—A mightier
Doth summon me away.

Ans. To purer worlds
Raise thy last thoughts in hope.

Vit. Yes! he is there,
All glorious in his beauty!—*Conradin*!
Death parted us—and death shall re-
unite!—

He will not stay—it is all darkness now;
Night gathers o'er my spirit. [*She dies.*]

Ans. She is gone.
It is an awful hour which stills the heart
That beat so proudly once.—Have mercy,
Heaven! [*He kneels beside her.*]
(*The scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—*Before the gates of Palermo.*

SICILIANS flying tumultuously towards the
Gates.

Voices (without). Montjoy! Montjoy! St.
Denis for Anjou!
Provençals on!
Sic. Fly, fly, or all is lost!

RAIMOND appears in the gateway, armed,
and carrying a banner.

Rai. Back, back, I say! ye men of Sicily!
All is not lost! Oh, shame!—A few brave
hearts [*breasts*]
In such a cause, ere now, have set their
Against the rush of thousands, and sus-
tained,
And made the shock recoil.—Ay, man,
free man, [*deeds*]
Still to be called so, hath achieved such
As heaven and earth have marvelled at;
and souls,
Whose spark yet slumbers with the days
to come [*thus*]
Shall burn to hear: transmitting brightly

Freedom from race to race!—Back! or
prepare,
Amidst your hearths, your bowers, your
very shrines,
To bleed and die in vain!—Turn, follow
me!

Conradin, Conradin!—for Sicily
His spirit fights!—Remember *Conradin*!
[*They begin to rally around him.*]
Ay, this is well!—Now follow me, and
charge!

[*The PROVENÇALS rush in, but are
repulse! by the SICILIANS.*]
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Part of the Field of Battle.*

MONTALBA enters wounded, and supported
by RAIMOND, whose face is concealed by
his helmet.

Rai. Here rest thee, warrior.

Mon. Rest, ay, death is rest,
And such will soon be mine.—But thanks
to thee,

I shall not die a captive. Brave Sicilian!
These lips are all unused to soothing
words, [*won*]
Or I should bless the valour which hath
For my last hour the proud free solitude
Wherewith my soul would gird itself.—Thy
name?

Rai. 'Twill be no music to thine ear,
Montalba.

Gaze—read it thus!

[*He lifts the visor of his helmet.*]

Mon. Raimond di Procida!

Rai. Thou hast pursued me with a
bitter hate,

But fare thee well! Heaven's peace be
with thy soul!

I must away.—One glorious effort more,
And this proud field is won!

[*Exit RAIMOND.*]

Mon. Am I thus humbled?

How my heart sinks within me! But 'tis
death [*dued*]
(And he can tame the mightiest) hath sub-
My towering nature thus!—Yet is he
welcome! [*me!*]

That youth—'twas in his pride he rescued
I was his deadliest foe, and thus he proved
His fearless scorn. Ha! ha! but he shall
fail

To melt me into womanish feebleness.
There I still baffle him—the graves shall seal
My lips for ever—mortal shall not hear
Montalba say—"forgive!" [*He dies.*]
(*The scene closes.*)

The Vespers of Palermo

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*PROCIDA. GUIDO. *And other SICILIANS.*

Pro. The day is ours; but he, the brave unknown, ^[path]
Who turned the tide of battle; he whose
Was victory—who hath seen him?

ALBERTI is brought in, wounded and fettered.

Alb. Procida!

Pro. Besilent, traitor!—Bear him from my sight
Unto your deepest dungeons.

Alb. In the grave
A nearer home awaits me.—Yet one word
Ere my voice fail—thy son—

Pro. Speak, speak!

Alb. Thy son
Knows not a thought of guilt. That trait-
trous plot

Was mine alone. ^[He is led away.]

Pro. Attest it, earth and heaven!
My son is guiltless!—Hear it, Sicily!
The blood of Procida is noble still!—
My son!—He lives, he lives!—His voice
shall speak ^[cast]

Forgiveness to his sire!—His name shall
Its brightness o'er my soul!

Guido. Oh, day of joy!
The brother of my heart is worthy still
The lofty name he bears.

ANSELMO enters.

Pro. Anselmo, welcome!
In a glad hour we meet, for know, my son
Is guiltless.

Ans. And victorious! by his arm
All hath been rescued.

Pro. How! th' unknown—

Ans. Was he!

Thy noble Raimond! By Vittoria's hand
Freed from his bondage in that awful hour
When all was flight and terror.

Pro. Now my cup
Of joy too brightly mantles!—Let me press
My warrior to a father's heart—and die;
For life hath nought beyond!—Why comes
he not?

Anselmo, lead me to my valiant boy!

Ans. Temper this proud delight.

Pro. What means that look?

He hath not fallen?

Ans. He lives.

Pro. Away, away!

Bid the wide city with triumphal pomp
Prepare to greet her victor. Let this hour
Atone for all his wrongs!— ^[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*Garden of a Convent.*

RAIMOND is led in wounded, leaning on ATTENDANTS.

Rai. Bear me to no dull couch, but let
me die

In the bright face of nature!—Lift my
helm,

That I may look on heaven.

First Attendant (to Second Attendant).

Lay him to rest

On this green sunny bank, and I will call
Some holy sister to his aid; but thou
Return unto the field, for high-born men
There need the peasant's aid.

^[Exit SECOND ATTENDANT.]

(To RAIMOND.) Here gentler hands
Shall tend thee, warrior; for in these
retreats

They dwell, whose vows devote them to
the care

Of all that suffer. May'st thou live to bless
them! ^[Exit FIRST ATTENDANT.]

Rai. Thus have I wished to die!—'Twas
a proud strife!

My father blessed th' unknown who
rescued him,

(Blessed him, alas! because unknown!)
and Guido,

Beside me bravely struggling, called aloud,
"Noble Sicilian, on!" Oh! had they
deemed

'Twas I who led that rescue, they had
spurned

Mine aid, though 'twas deliverance; and
their looks

Had fallen, like blights, upon me.—There
is one,

Whose eye ne'er turned on mine, but its
blue light

Grew softer, trembling through the dewy
mist

Raised by deep tenderness!—Oh might
the soul

Set in that eye shine on me ere I perish!
Is't not her voice?

*CONSTANCE enters, speaking to a NUN,
who turns into another path.*

Con. Oh! happy they, kind sister,
Whom thus ye tend; for it is theirs to fall
With brave men side by side, when the
roused heart

Beats proudly to the last!—There are high
souls

Whose hope was such a death, and 'tis
denied!

She approaches RAIMOND.

Young Warrior, is there aught—*thou* here,
my Raimond!

Thou here—and thus!—Oh! is this joy or
woe?

Rai. Joy, be it joy, my own, my blessed
love,

E'en on the grave's dim verge!—yes, it is
joy!

My Constance! victors have been crowned,
ere now,

With the green shining laurel, when their
brows

Wore death's own impress—and it may be
thus

E'en yet, with me!—They freed me, when
the foe

Had half prevailed, and I have proudly
earned,

With my heart's dearest blood, the meed to
die

Within thine arms.

Con. Oh! speak not thus—to die!

These wounds may yet be closed.

[*She attempts to bind his wounds.*
Look on me, love!

Why, there is *more* than life in thy glad
mien,

'Tis full of hope! and from thy kindled eye
Breaks e'en unwonted light, whose ardent
ray

Seems born to be immortal!

Rai. 'Tis e'en so!

The parting soul doth gather all her fires
Around her; all her glorious hopes, and
dreams,

And burning aspirations, to illumine
The shadowy dimness of th' untrodden path

Which lies before her; and, encircled thus,
Awhile she sits in dying eyes, and thence

Sends forth her bright farewell. Thy
gentle cares

Are vain, and yet I bless them.

Con. Say not, vain;

The dying look not thus. We shall not
part!

Rai. I have seen death ere now, and
known him wear

Full many a changeful aspect.

Con. Oh! but none

Radiant as thine, my warrior!—Thou
wilt live!

Look round thee!—all is sunshine—is not
this

A smiling world?

Rai. Ay, gentlest love, a world
Of joyous beauty and magnificence,

Almost too fair to leave!—Yet must we
tame

Our ardent hearts to this!—Oh, weep thou
not!

There is no home for liberty, or love,
Beneath these festal skies!—Be not de-

ceived;

My way lies far beyond!—I shall be soon
That viewless thing which, with its mortal
weeds

Casting off meaner passions, yet, we trust,
Forgets not how to love!

Con. And must this be?

Heaven, Thou art merciful!—Oh! bid our
souls

Depart together!

Rai. Constance! there is strength
Within thy gentle heart, which hath been
proved

Nobly, for me: Arouse it once again!

Thy grief unmans me—and I fain would
meet

That which approaches, as a brave man
yields

With proud submission to a mightier foe.—
It is upon me now!

Con. I will be calm.

Let thy head rest upon my bosom,
Raimond,

And I will so suppress its quick deep sobs,
They shall but rock thee to thy rest.

There is

A world (ay, let us seek it!) where no blight
Falls on the beautiful rose of youth, and
there

I shall be with thee soon!

*PROCIDA and ANSELMO enter. PROCIDA
on seeing RAIMOND starts back.*

Ans. Lift up thy head,
Brave youth, exultingly! for lo! thine hour

Of glory comes!—Oh! doth it come too
late?

E'en now the false Alberti hath confessed
That guilty plot, for which thy life was
doomed

To be th' atonement.

Rai. 'Tis enough! Rejoice,
Rejoice, my Constance! for I leave a name

O'er which thou may'st weep proudly!

[*He sinks back.*
To thy breast

Fold me yet closer, for an icy dart
Hath touched my veins.

Con. And must thou leave me, Raimond?
Alas! thine eye grows dim—its wandering
glance

Is full of dreams.

Rai. Haste, haste, and tell my father
I was no traitor!

The Vespers of Palermo

Pro. (rushing forward). To that father's heart

Return, forgiving all thy wrongs, return !
Speak to me, Raimond!—Thou wert ever kind,

And brave, and gentle! Say that all the
Shall be forgiven! That word from none
but thee

My lips e'er asked.—Speak to me once,
my boy,

My pride, my hope!—And is it with thee
Look on me yet!—Oh! must this woe be
borne?

Rai. Off with this weight of chains! it
is not meet

For a crowned conqueror!—Hark, the
trumpet's voice!

[A sound of triumphant music is heard, gradually approaching.]

Is it not a thrilling call?—What drowsy
spell

Benumbs me thus?—Hence! I am free
again!

Now swell your festal strains, the field is
won!

Sing me to glorious dreams *[He dies.]*

Ans. The strife is past.

There fled a noble spirit!

Con. Hush! he sleeps—
Disturb him not!

Ans. Alas! this is no sleep
From which the eye doth radiantly unclose:
Bow down thy soul, for earthly hope is o'er!

(The music continues approaching. GUIDO enters, with CITIZENS and SOLDIERS.)

Guido. The shrines are decked, the fes-
tive torches blaze—

Where is our brave deliverer?—We are
come

To crown Palermo's victor!

Ans. Ye come too late.

The voice of human praise doth send no
echo

Into the world of spirits.

[The music ceases.]

Pro. (after a pause). Is this dust

I look on—Raimond!—'tis but sleep—a
smile

On his pale cheek sits proudly. Raimond,
wake!

Oh, God! and this was his triumphant
day!

My son, my injured son!

Con. (starting). Art thou his father?

I know thee now.—Hence, with thy dark
stern eye,

And thy cold heart!—Thou canst not wake
him now!

Away! he will not answer but to me,
For none like me hath loved him! He is
mine!

Ye shall not rend him from me.

Pro. Oh! he *knew*

Thy love, poor maid! Shrink from me
now no more!

He knew *thy* heart—but who shall tell him
now

The depth, th' intenseness, and the agony,
Of my suppressed affection?—I have
learned

All his high worth in time to deck his
grave!

Is there not power in the strong spirit's
woe

To force an answer from the viewless world
Of the departed?—Raimond!—speak! for-
give!

Raimond! my victor, my deliverer, hear!
Why, what a world is this!—Truth ever
bursts

On the dark soul too late: and glory
crowns

Th' unconscious dead! And an hour comes
to break

The mightiest hearts!—My son! my son!
is this

A day of triumph?—Ay, for thee alone!

*[He throws himself upon the body of
RAIMOND.]*

[Curtain falls.]

1826

THE FOREST SANCTUARY

Ihr Plätze aller meiner stillen freuden
Euch lass' ich hinter mir auf immerdar !

* * * * *
So ist des Geistes ruf an mich ergangen,
Mich treibt nicht eitles, irdisches verlangen."

Die Jung frau von Orleans.

" Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds."—*Remorse, a Tragedy.*

THE following Poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.

..

THE voices of my home !—I hear them
still !
They have been with me through the
dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloyed
delight !
I hear them still, unchanged,—though
some from earth [mirth—
Are music parted, and the tones of
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through
days more bright ! [come,
Have died in others—yet to me they
Sing of boyhood back—the voices of my
home !

II.

They call me through this hush of woods,
reposing
In the grey stillness of the summer morn ;
They wander by when heavy flowers are
closing,
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and
stars are born ; [burst
Even as a fount's remembered gushings
On the parched traveller in his hour of
thirst,
E'en thus they haunt me with sweet
sounds, till worn [say—
By quenchless longings, to my soul I
Oh ! for the dove's swift wings, that I might
flee away,—

III.

And find mine ark !—yet whither ?—I
must bear
A yearning heart within me to the grave.
I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
Just darkening in its course the lake's
bright wave,
And sighing through the feathery canes—
hath power
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's
cave !— [spread,
So must it be !—These skies above me
Are they my own soft skies ?—Ye rest not
here, my dead !

IV.

Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie
sleeping, [clear,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine
Save one !—a blue, lone, distant main is
sweeping [here !—
High o'er *one* gentle head—ye rest not
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper sway-
ing,
Not thy low ripples, glassy water,
playing
Through my own chestnut groves, which
fill mine ear ; [dwell,
But the faint echoes in my breast that
And for their birth-place moan, as moans
the ocean-shell.

V.

Peace!—I will dash these fond regrets
to earth, [rain
Even as an eagle shakes the cumbering
From his strong pinion. Thou that
gav'st me birth,
And lineage, and once home,—my native
Spain!
My own bright land—my father's land
—my child's!
What hath thy son brought from thee
to the wilds?—
He hath brought marks of torture and
the chain, [breeze;
Traces of things which pass not as a
A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath,
woe,—thy gifts are these.

VI.

A blighted name!—I hear the winds of
morn— [the shiver
Their sounds are not of this!—I hear
Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings,
borne
From the high forest, when the light
leaves quiver: [waving,
Their sounds are not of this!—the cedars
Lend it no tone: His wide savannahs
laving,
It is not murmured by the joyous river!
What part hath mortal name, where
God alone
Speaks to the mighty waste, and through
its heart is known?

VII.

Is it not much that I may worship Him,
With nought my spirit's breathings to
control, [dim,
And feel His presence in the vast, and
And whispering woods, where dying
thunders roll [rejoice
From the far cataracts?—Shall I not
That I have learned at last to know *His*
voice [ing soul
From man's?—I will rejoice!—my soar-
Now hath redeemed her birthright of
the day,
And won, through clouds, to Him, her own
unfettered way!

VIII.

And thou, my boy! that silent at my
knee
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest
eyes,

Filled with the love of childhood, which
I see [disguise;
Pure through its depths, a thing without
Thou that hast breathed in slumber on
my breast,
When I have checked its throbs to give
thee rest,
Mine own! whose young thoughts fresh
before me rise!
Is it not much that I may guide thy
prayer,
And circle thy glad soul with free and
healthful air?

IX.

Why should I weep on thy bright head,
my boy?
Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not
dwell,
Nor lift their banner, with a warrior's
joy,
Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs,
who fell
For Spain of old.—Yet what if rolling
waves
Have borne us far from our ancestral
graves? [rebel
Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart
As mine hath done; nor bear what
have borne,
Casting in falsehood's mould th' indig-
nant brow of scorn.

X.

This shall not be thy lot, my blessed
child! [vain—
I have not sorrowed, struggled, lived in
Hear me! magnificent and ancient wild;
And mighty rivers, ye that meet the
main,
As deep meets deep; and forests, whose
dim shade
The flood's voice, and the wind's, by
swells pervade;
Hear me!—'tis well to die, and not
complain,
Yet, there are hours when the charged
heart must speak, [break!
E'en in the desert's ear to pour itself, or

XI.

I see an oak before me, it hath been
The crowned one of the woods; and
might have flung [green,
Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly
But a wild vine around the stem hath
clung,

From branch to branch close wreaths of
bondage throwing,
Till the proud tree, before no tempest
bowing,
Hath shrunk and died, those serpent-
folds among.
Alas!—alas!—what is it that I see?
An image of man's mind, land of my
sires, with thee!

XII.

Yet art thou lovely!—Song is on thy
hills—
O sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,
That lulled my boyhood, how your
memory thrills [pain!—
The exile's heart with sudden-wakening
Your sounds are on the rocks:—That I
might hear
Once more the music of the moun-
tainer!—
And from the sunny vales the shepherd's
strain
Floats out, and fills the solitary place
With the old tuneful names of Spain's
heroic race.

XIII.

But there was silence one bright, golden
day,
Through my own pine-hung mountains.
Clear, yet lone,
In the rich autumn light the vineyards
lay,
And from the fields the peasant's voice
was gone;
And the red grapes untrodden strewed
the ground,
And the free flocks untended roamed
around:
Where was the pastor?—where the
pipe's wild tone? [among,
Music and mirth were hushed the hills
While to the city's gates each hamlet
poured its throng.

XIV.

Silence upon the mountains!—But
within
The city's gates a rush—a press—a swell
Of multitudes their torrent way to win;
And heavy boomings of a dull, deep bell,
A dead pause following each—like that
which parts [hearts
The dash of billows, holding breathless
Fast in the hush of fear—knell after
knell;

And sounds of thickening steps, like
thunder-rain,
That plashes on the roof of some vast
echoing fane!

What pageant's hour approached?—
The sullen gate
Of a strong ancient prison-house was
thrown
Back to the day. And who, in mourn-
ful state,
Came forth, led slowly o'er its threshold-
stone?
They that had learned, in cells of secret
gloom, [whom
How sunshine is forgotten!—They to
The very features of mankind were grown
Things that bewildered!—O'er their
dazzled sight,
They lifted their wan hands, and cowered
before the light!

XVI.

To this man brings his brother!—Some
were there,
Who with their desolation had entwined
Fierce strength, and girt the sternness
of despair
Fast round their bosoms, even as war-
riors bind
The breastplate on for fight: but brow
and cheek [speak!
Seemed *theirs* a torturing panoply to
And there were some, from whom the
very mind
I had been wrung out: they smiled—
oh! startling smile
Whence man's high soul is fled!—Where
doth it sleep the while?

XVII.

But onward moved the melancholy train,
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to
die.
This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain—
Heaven's offering from the land of
chivalry!
Through thousands, thousands of their
race they moved—
Oh! how unlike all others!—the beloved,
The free, the proud, the beautiful!
whose eye [breath
Grew fixed before them, while a people's
Was hushed, and its one soul bound in
the thought of death!

XVIII.

*It might be that amidst the countless
throng,
There swelled some heart, with Pity's
weight oppressed, [strong ;
For the wide stream of human love is
And woman, on whose fond and faith-
ful breast
Childhood is reared, and at whose knee
the sigh
Of its first prayer is breathed, she, too,
was nigh. [blessed,
But life is dear, and the free footstep
And home a sunny place, where each
may fill
Some eye with glistening smiles,—and
therefore all were still—*

XIX.

*All still—youth, courage, strength!—a
winter laid, [mind!
A chain of palsy, cast on might and
Still, as at noon a southern forest's shade,
They stood, those breathless masses of
mankind ;
Still, as a frozen torrent!—but the wave
Soon leaps to foaming freedom—they,
the brave, [assigned
Endured—they saw the martyr's place
In the red flames—whence is the wither-
ing spell
That numbs each human pulse?—they
saw, and thought it well.*

XX.

*And I, too, thought it well! That very
morn [clung
From a far land I came, yet round me
The spirit of my own. No hand had
torn [hung
With a strong grasp away the veil which
Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed,
I saw,
Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe
I watched the fearful rites ; and if there
sprung
One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,
Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own
poison-cup.*

XXI.

*But I was wakened as the dreamers
waken [of dread
Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek
Rouse up at midnight, when their walls
are taken, [shed
And they must battle till their blood is*

*On their own threshold-floor. A path
for light
Through my torn breast was shattered
by the might
Of the swift thunder-stroke—and Free-
dom's tread [vain,
Came in through ruins, late, yet not in
Making the blighted place all green with
life again.*

*Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass
Of cloud, o'ersweeping, without wind,
the sky,
Dream-like I saw the sad procession pass,
And marked its victims with a tearless
eye. [wrought
They moved before me but as pictures,
Each to reveal some secret of man's
thought,
On the sharp edge of sad mortality,
Till in his place came one—oh! could
it be?
My friend, my heart's first friend!—and
did I gaze on thee?*

XXIII.

*On thee! with whom in boyhood I had
played, [streams;
At the grape-gatherings, by my native
And to whose eye my youthful soul had
laid
Bare, as to Heaven's, its glowing world
of dreams ; [stood,
And by whose side 'midst warriors I had
And in whose helm was brought—oh! I
earned with blood ;
The fresh wave to my lips, when tropic
beams [had passed,
Smote on my fevered brow!—Ay, years
Severing our paths, brave friend!—and
thus we met at last!*

*I see it still—the lofty mien thou borest—
On thy pale forehead sat a sense of
power! [worest,
The very look that once thou brightly
Cheering me onward through a fearful
hour, [spear,
When we were girt by Indian bow and
'Midst the white Andes—even as moun-
tain deer, [javelin-shower
Hemmed in our camp—but through the
We rent our way, a tempest of despair!—
And thou—hadst thou but died with thy
true brethren there!*

XXV.

I call the fond wish back—for thou hast
perished [known
More nobly far, my Alvar!—making
The might of truth; and be thy memory
cherished
With theirs, the thousands, that around
her throne
Have poured their lives out smiling, in
that doom
Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb!—
Ay, with their ashes hath the wind
been sown,
And with the wind their spirit shall be
spread,
Filling man's heart and home with records
of the dead.

XXVI.

Thou Searcher of the Soul! in whose
dread sight [skies,
Not the bold guilt alone, that mocks the
But the scarce-owned, unwhispered
thought of night,
As a thing written with the sunbeam lies;
Thou know'st—whose eye through shade
and depth can see,
That this man's crime was but to wor-
ship Thee,
Like those that made their hearts Thy
sacrifice, [side,
The called of yore; wont by the Saviour's
On the dim Olive-mountain to pray at even-
tide.

XXVII.

For the strong spirit will at times awake,
Piercing the mists that wrap her clay-
abode; [take
And, born of Thee, she may not always
Earth's accents for the oracles of God;
And even for this—O dust, whose mask
is power!
Reed, that wouldst be a scourge thy little
hour!
Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not
trod,
And therefore thou destroyest!—where
were flown
Our hope, if man were left to man's decree
alone?

XXVIII.

But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze
On him, my friend; while that swift
moment threw [days,
A sudden freshness back on vanished
Like water-drops on some dim picture's
hue;

Calling the proud time up, when first I
stood [quick blood
Where banners floated, and my heart's
Sprang to a torrent as the clarion blew,
And he—his sword was like a brother's
worn,
That watches through the field his mother's
youngest born.

XXIX.

But a lance met me in that day's career,—
Senseless I lay amidst th' o'ersweeping
fight, [strangely clear,
Wakening at last—how full, how
That scene on memory flashed!—the
shivery light,
Moonlight, on broken shields—the plain
of slaughter,
The fountain-side—the low sweet sound
of water— [night
And Alvar bending o'er me—from the
Covering me with his mantle!—all the
past
Flowed back—my soul's far chords all
answered to the blast.

XXX.

Till, in that rush of visions, I became
As one that by the bands of slumber
wound, [frame,
Lies with a powerless, but all-thrilling
Intense in consciousness of sight and
sound, [brings
Yet buried in a wildering dream which
Loved faces round him, girt with fear-
ful things!
Troubled even thus I stood, but chained
and bound [keep:—
On that familiar form mine eye to
Alas! I might not fall upon his neck and
weep!

XXXI.

He passed me—and what next?—I
looked on two, [place,
Following his footsteps to the same dread
For the same guilt—his sisters!—Well
I knew
The beauty on those brows, though
each young face
Was changed—so deeply changed!—a
dungeon's air [bear;
Is hard for loved and lovely things to
And ye, O daughters of a lofty race,
Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez!—
flowers
So cherished! were ye then but reared
for those dark hours?

XXXII.

A mournful home, young sisters! had
 ye left, [the wall,
 With your lutes hanging hushed upon
 And silence round the aged man, bereft
 Of each glad voice, once answering to
 his call.
 Alas, that lonely father! doomed to pine
 For sounds departed in his life's decline,
 And 'midst the shadowing banners of his
 hall, [name
 With his white hair to sit, and deem the
 A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by
 you to shame!

XXXIII.

And woe for you, 'midst looks and words
 of love, [long!
 And gentle hearts and faces, nursed so
 How had I seen you in your beauty
 move, [song!—
 Wearing the wreath, and listening to the
 Yet sat, even then, what seemed the
 crowd to shun,
Half veiled upon the clear pale brow of
one,
 And deeper thoughts than oft to youth
 belong,
 Thoughts, such as wake to evening's
 whispery sway,
 Within the drooping shade of her sweet
 eyelids lay.

XXXIV.

And if she mingled with the festive train,
 It was but as some melancholy star
 Beholds the dance of shepherds on the
 plain,
 In its bright stillness present, though
 afar.
 Yet would she smile—and that, too, hath
 its smile—
 Circled with joy which reached her not
 the while,
 And bearing a lone spirit, not at war
 With earthly things, but o'er their form
 and hue [true.
 Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully

XXXV.

But the dark hours wring forth the
 hidden might,
 Which hath lain bedded in the silent
 soul, [night
 A treasure all undreamt of;—as the
 Calls out the harmonies of streams that
 roll

Unheard by day. It seemed as if her
 breast [pressed
 Had hoarded energies, till then sup-
 Almost with pain, and bursting from
 control,
 And finding first that hour their pathway
 free :—
 Could a rose brave the storm, such might
 her emblem be!

XXXVI.

For the soft gloom whose shadow still
 had hung [worn,
 On her fair brow beneath its garlands
 Was fled! and fire, like prophecy's, had
 sprung [scorn—
 Clear to her kindled eye. It might be
 Pride—sense of wrong—ay, the frail
 heart is bound [round,
 By these at times, even as with adamant
 Kept so from breaking!—yet not *thus*
 upborne
 She moved, though some sustaining
 passion's wave [brave!
 Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for the

XXXVII.

And yet, alas! to see the strength which
 clings [ful sight,
 Round woman in such hours!—a mourn-
 Though lovely!—an o'erflowing of the
 springs, [bright!
 The full springs of affection, deep as
 And she, because her life is ever twined
 With other lives, and by no stormy wind
 May thence be shaken, and because the
 light
 Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
 Doth weep such passionate tears—there-
 fore she thus can die.

XXXVIII.

Therefore didst *thou*, through that heart-
 shaking scene, [aside
 As through a triumph move; and cast
 Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for vic-
 tory's mien,
 O faithful sister! cheering thus the guide,
 And friend, and brother of thy sainted
 youth, [truth,
 Whose hand had led thee to the source of
 Where thy glad soul from earth was
 purified;
 Nor wouldst thou, following him through
 all the past,
 That he should see thy step grow tremulous
 at last.

XXXIX.

For thou hadst made no deeper love a
 guest
 'Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than
 that which grows [breast,
 Between the nurtured of the same fond
 The sheltered of one roof; and thus it
 rose
 Twined in with life.—How is it, that the
 hours
 Of the same sport, the gathering early
 flowers [pose,
 Round the same tree, the sharing one re-
 And mingling one first prayer in
 murmurs soft,
 From the heart's memory fade, in this
 world's breath, so oft?

XL.

But thee that breath had touched not;
 thee, nor him,
 The true in all things found!—and thou
 wert blest
 Even then, that no remembered change
 could dim
 The perfect image of affection, pressed
 Like armour to thy bosom!—thou hadst
 kept [and wept,
 Watch by that brother's couch of pain,
 Thy sweet face covering with thy robe,
 when rest
 Fled from the sufferer; thou hadst bound
 his faith
 Unto thy soul;—one light, one hope ye
 chose—one death.

XLI.

So didst thou pass on brightly!—but for
 her, [spoken!—
 Next in that path, how may *her* doom be
 All-merciful! to think that such things
 were, [unbroken!
 And *are*, and seen by men with hearts
 To think of that fair girl, whose path had
 been [scene!
 So strewn with rose-leaves, all one fairy
 And whose quick glance came ever as a
 token
 Of hope to drooping thought, and her
 glad voice
 As a free bird's in spring, that makes the
 woods rejoice.

XLII.

And she to die!—she loved the laughing
 earth [flowers!—
 With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and

Was not her smile even as the sudden
 birth [showers?
 Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal
 Yes! but to meet her fawn-like step, to
 hear
 The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,
 Which, oft unconsciously in happier
 hours
 Flowed from her lips, was to forget the
 sway
 Of Time and Death below,—blight,
 shadow, dull decay.

XLIII.

Could this change be?—the hour, the
 scene, where last [mind:—
 I saw that form, came floating o'er my
 A golden vintage eve;—the heats were
 passed,
 And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,
 Her father sat, where gleamed the first
 faint star
 Through the lime-boughs; and with her
 light guitar,
 She, on the greensward, at his feet
 reclined,
 In his calm face laughed up; some
 shepherd-lay
 Singing, as childhood sings on the lone
 hills at play.

XLIV.

And now—O God!—the bitter fear of
 death, [dread,
 The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing
 Had grasped her!—panting in her quick-
 drawn breath,
 And in her white lips quivering;—on-
 ward led, [eyes,
 She looked up with her dim bewildered
 And there smiled out her own soft bril-
 liant skies,
 Far in their sultry, southern azure
 spread,
 Glowing with joy, but silent!—still they
 smiled,
 Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor
 trembling child.

XLV.

Alas! that earth had all too strong a
 hold, [bloom
 Too fast, sweet Inez! on thy heart, whose
 Was given to early love, nor knew how
 cold
 The hours which follow. There was one,
 with whom,

Young as thou wert, and gentle, and
 untied,
 Thou might'st, perchance, unshrinkingly
 have died;
 But he was far away;—and with thy
 doom [dear,
 Thus gathering, life grew so intensely
 That all the slight frame shook with its
 cold mortal fear!

No aid!—thou too didst pass!—and all
 had passed, [strong!
 The fearful—and the desperate—and the
 Some like the bark that rushes with the
 blast, [along,
 Some like the leaf swept shiveringly
 And some as men that have but one
 more field [shield—
 To fight, and then may slumber on their
 Therefore they arm in hope. But now
 the throng [tide,
 Rolled on, and bore me with their living
 Even as a bark wherein is left no power to
 guide.

XLVII.

Wave swept on wave. We reached a
 stately square [high,
 Decked for the rites. An altar stood on
 And gorgeous, in the midst: a place for
 prayer,
 And praise, and offering. Could the earth
 supply
 No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice, of all
 Which on her sunny lap unhceded fall?
 No fair young firstling of the flock to die,
 As when before their God the Patriarchs
 stood?—
 Look down! man brings Thee, Heaven!
 his brother's guiltless blood!

XLVIII.

Hear its voice, hear!—a cry goes up to
 Thee
 From the stained sod; make Thou Thy
 judgment known
 On him, the shedder!—let his portion be
 The fear that walks at midnight—give
 the moan [say,
 In the wind haunting him a power to
 "Where is thy brother?"—and the
 stars a ray [alone,
 To search and shake his spirit, when
 With the dread splendour of their
 burning eyes!—
 So shall earth own Thy will—mercy, not
 sacrifice!

XLIX.

Sounds of triumphant praise!—the mase
 was sung— [such strains!
 Voices that die not might have poured
 Through Salem's towers might that
 proud chant have rung [plains,
 When the Most High, on Syria's palmy
 Had quelled her foes!—so full it swept,
 a sea [free!—
 Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling
 Oft when the wind, as through resound-
 ing fanes, [power,
 Hath filled the choral forests with its
 Some deep tone brings me back the music
 of that hour.

L.

It died away;—the incense-cloud was
 driven [were said;
 Before the breeze—the words of doom
 And the sun faded mournfully from
 heaven:—
 He faded mournfully! and dimly red,
 Parting in clouds from those that looked
 their last,
 And sighed—"Farewell, thou Sun!"—
 Eve glowed and passed—
 Night—midnight and the moon—came
 forth and shed
 Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood,
 peopled spot—
 Save one—a place of death—and there
 men slumbered not.

LI.

'Twas not within the city—but in sight
 Of the snow-crowned sierras, freely
 sweeping, [height,
 With many an eagle's eyrie on the
 And hunter's cabin, by the torrent
 peeping
 Far off: and vales between, and vine-
 yards lay, [way,
 With sound and gleam of waters on their
 And chestnut woods, that girt the happy
 sleeping [sky
 In many a peasant-home!—the midnight
 Brought softly that rich world round those
 who came to die.

LII.

The darkly-glorious midnight sky of
 Spain,
 Burning with stars!—What had the
 torches' glare
 To do beneath that temple, and profane
 Its holy radiance?—by their wavering
 flare,

I saw beside the pyres—I see thee *now*,
O bright Theresa! with thy lifted brow,
And thy clasped hands, and dark eyes
filled with prayer! [head,
And thee, sad Inez! bowing thy fair
And mantling up thy face, all colourless
with dread!

LIII.

And Alvar! Alvar!—I beheld thee too,
Pale, steadfast, kingly, till thy clear
glance fell [grew,
On that young sister; then perturbed it
And all thy labouring bosom seemed to
swell
With painful tenderness. Why came I
there,
That troubled image of my friend to bear
Thence, for my after-years?—a thing to
dwell [rise,
In my heart's core, and on the darkness
Disquieting my dreams with its bright
mournful eyes?

LIV.

Why came I?—oh! the heart's deep
mystery!—Why [gaze
In man's last hour doth vain affection's
Fix itself down on struggling agony,
To the dimmed eyeballs freezing as
they glaze?
It might be—yet the power to will
seemed o'er—
That my soul yearned to hear his voice
once more! [amaze,
But mine was fettered!—mute in strong
I watched his features as the night-wind
blew,
And torch-light or the moon's passed o'er
their marble hue

LV.

The trampling of a steed!—a tall white
steed, [among—
Rending his fiery way the crowds
A storm's way through a forest—came
at speed, [she flung
And a wild voice cried "Inez!" Swift
The mantle from her face, and gazed
around,
With a faint shriek at that familiar
sound; [sprung,
And from his seat a breathless rider
And dashed off fiercely those who came
to part,
And rushed to that pale girl, and clasped
her to his heart.

LVI.

And for a moment all around gave way
To that full burst of passion!—on his
breast,
Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay,
But blest—in misery's very lap—yet
blest!— [an hour
O love, love strong as death!—from such
Pressing out joy by thine immortal
power, [rest
Holy and fervent love! had earth but
For thee and thine, this world were all
too fair!
How could we thence be weaned to die
without despair?

LVII.

But she—as falls a willow from the storm
O'er its own river streaming—thus re-
clined, [form,
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile
And clasping arms, so passionately
twined
Around his neck—with such a trusting
fold,
A full deep sense of safety in their hold,
As if nought earthly might th' embrace
unbind!
Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's
reach to kill!

LVIII.

Brief rest! upon the turning billow's
height, [heavenly strain,
A strange, sweet moment of some
Floating between the savage gusts of
night, [again
That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark
The hour—the scene—th' intensely
present, rushed
Back on her spirit, and her large tears
gushed
Like blood-drops from a victim; with
swift rain [hour,
Bathing the bosom where she leaned that
As if her life would melt into th' o'er-
swelling shower.

LIX.

But he, whose arm sustained her!—oh!
I knew
"I was vain,—and yet he hoped!—he
fondly strove [woo,
Back from her faith her sinking soul to
As life might yet be hers!—A dream of
love

Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
 Remembering how like hope, like joy,
 like spring, [to move,
 Her smile was wont to glance, her step
 And deem that men indeed, in very truth,
Could mean the sting of death for her soft
 flowering youth!

He wooed her back to life.—"Sweet
 Inez, live!
 My blessed Inez!—visions have beguiled
 Thy heart—abjure them!—thou wert
 formed to give, [smiled
 And to find, joy; and hath not sunshine
 Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine
 own! [alone,
 Or earth will grow too dark!—for thee
 Thee have I loved, thou gentlest! from
 a child, [sca,
 And borne thine image with me o'er the
 Thy soft voice in my soul—speak! Oh!
 yet live for me!"

She looked up wildly: there were
 anxious eyes [thought,
 Waiting that look—sad eyes of troubled
 Alvar's—Theresa's!—Did her childhood
 rise, [fright,
 With all its pure and home-affections
 In the brief glance?—She clasped her
 hands—the strife [of life,
 Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream
 Within her woman's breast so deeply
 wrought,
 It seemed as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm not quiver
 only—break!

LXII.

And thus it was—the young cheek
 flushed and faded,
 As the swift blood in currents came
 and went,
 And hues of death the marble brow
 o'ershaded,
 And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
 Through its white fluttering lids. Then
 tremblings passed [blast
 O'er the frail form, that shook it, as the
 Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
 Its way to peace—the fearful way un-
 known—
 Pale in love's arms she lay—*she!*—what
 had loved was gone!

LXIII.

Joy for thee, trembler!—thou redeemed
 one, joy! [soulless clay,
 Young dove set free!—earth, ashes,
 Remained for baffled vengeance to de-
 stroy;— [cast away
 Thy chain was riven! nor hadst thou
 Thy hope in thy last hour!—though
 love was there, [prayer,
 Striving to wring thy troubled soul from
 And life seemed robed in beautiful array,
 Too fair to leave!—but this might be
 forgiven,
 Thou wert so richly crowned with precious
 gifts of Heaven!

LXIV.

But woe for him who felt the heart grow
 still, [lain
 Which, with its weight of agony, had
 Breaking on his!—Scarce could the
 mortal chill [again,
 Of the hushed bosom, ne'er to heave
 And all the silence curdling round the
 eye,
 Bring home the stern belief that she
 could die, [vain
 That she indeed could die!—for wild and
 As hope might be—his soul *had* hoped
 —'twas o'er—
 Slowly his failing arms dropped from the
 form they bore.

LXV.

They forced him from that spot.—It
 might be well
 That the fierce, reckless words by
 anguish wrung [fell,
 From his torn breast, all aimless as they
 Like spray-drops from the strife of tor-
 rents flung,
 Were marked as guilt.—There are, who
 note these things [strings—
 Against the smitten heart; its breaking
 On whose low thrills once gentle music
 hung—
 With a rude hand of touch unholy trying,
 And numbering then as crimes, the deep,
 strange tones replying.

LXVI.

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair!
 Stood gazing on your parted sister's
 dust;
 I saw your features by the torch's glare,
 And they were brightening with a
 heavenward trust!

I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay,
Melt from my Alvar's glorious mien
away; [the just!
And peace was there—the calmness of
And, bending down the slumberer's
brow to kiss, [clear!
"Thy rest is won," he said; "sweet sister!
praise for this!"

LXVII.

I started as from sleep;—yes! he had
spoken— [source!
A breeze had troubled memory's hidden
At once the torpor of my soul was
broken—
Thought, feeling, passion, woke in ten-
fold force.— [wind,
There are soft breathings in the southern
That so your ice-chains, O ye streams!
unbind,
And free the foaming swiftness of your
course!— [and fell
I burst from those that held me back,
Even on his neck, and cried—"Friend!
brother! fare thee well!"

LXVIII.

Did *he* not say "Farewell"?—Alas! no
breath
Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs
from the throng [death
Told that the mysteries in the face of
Had from their eager sight been veiled
too long. [part
And we were parted as the surge might
Those that would die together, true of
heart.— [strong,
His hour was come—but in mine anguish
Like a fierce swimmer through the mid-
night sea,
Blindly I rushed away from that which was
to be.

LXIX.

Away—away I rushed;—but swift and
high
The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,
Till the transparent darkness of the sky
Flushed to a blood-red mantle in their
hue; [seemed
And, phantom-like, the kindling city
To spread, float, wave, as on the wind
they streamed, [I knew
With their wild splendour chasing me!—
The death-work was begun—I veiled
mine eyes,
Yet stopped in spell-bound fear to catch
the victims' cries.

LXX.

What heard I then?—a ringing shriek
of pain, [ear?—
Such as for ever haunts the tortured
I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing
strain [clear!—
Piercing the flames, untremulous and
The rich, triumphal tones!—I knew
them well,
As they came floating with a breezy
swell! [cheer
Man's voice was there—a clarion voice to
In the mid-battle—ay, to turn the
flying—
Woman's—that might have sung of
heaven beside the dying!

LXXI.

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing
To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and
know
That its glad stream of melody could
spring
Up from th' unsounded gulfs of human
woe! [strong?—
Alvar! Theresa!—what is deep? what
God's breath within the soul!—It filled
that song [glow
From your victorious voices!—but the
On the hot air and lurid skies increased—
Faint grew the sounds—more faint—I
listened—they had ceased!

LXXII.

And thou indeed hadst perished, my
soul's friend!
I might form other ties—but thou alone
Couldst with a glance the veil of dim-
ness rend, [thrown!
By other years o'er boyhood's memory
Others might aid me onward;—thou
and I [early die,
Had mingled the fresh thoughts that
Once flowering—never more!—And thou
wert gone!
Who could give back my youth, my
spirit free,
Or be in aught again what thou hadst been.
to me?

LXXIII.

And yet I wept thee not, thou true and
brave!
I could not weep;—there gathered
round thy name [grave!
Too deep a passion!—*thou* denied a
Thou, with the blight flung on thy
soldier's fame!

Had I not known thy heart from childhood's time?

Thy heart of hearts?—and couldst thou die for crime?—

No! had all earth decreed that death of shame, [decree,

I would have set, against all earth's Th' inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee!

LXXIV.

There are swift hours in life—strong, rushing hours, [might!

That do the work of tempests in their They shake down things that stood as rocks and towers [in light

Unto th' undoubting mind; they pour Where it but startles—like a burst of day For which the uprooting of an oak makes way;—

They sweep the colouring mists from off our sight,

They touch with fire thought's graven page, the roll

Stamped with past years — and lo! it shrivels as a scroll!

LXXV.

And this was of such hours!—the sudden flow

Of my soul's tide seemed whelming me; the glare [fro,

Of the red flames, yet rocking to and Scorched up my heart with breathless thirst for air,

And solitude and freedom. It had been Well with me then, in some vast desert scene, [bear

To pour my voice out, for the winds to On with them, wildly questioning the sky,

Fiercely th' untroubled stars of man's dim destiny.

LXXVI.

I would have called, adjuring the dark cloud; [have said—

To the most ancient Heavens I would "Speak to me! show me truth!"—

through night aloud [dead,

I would have cried to him, the newly "Come back! and show me truth!"—

My spirit seemed Gasping for some free burst, its darkness teemed

With such pent storms of thought!—again I fled—

I fled, a refuge from man's face to gain, Scarce conscious when I paused, entering a lonely fané.

LXXVII.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast! [floor

Silence was round the sleepers whom its Shut in the grave; a shadow of the past, A memory of the sainted steps that wore Erewhile its gorgeous pavement, seemed to brood

Like mist upon the stately solitude, A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er

Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men,

And all was hushed as night in some deep Alpine glen.

More hushed, far more!—for there the wind sweeps by, [loud play!

Or the woods tremble to the streams' Here a strange echo made my very sigh Seem for the place too much a sound of day!

Too much my footstep broke the moonlight, fading, [pervading;

Yet arch through arch in one soft flow And I stood still:—prayer, chant, had died away,

Yet past me floated a funereal breath Of incense.—I stood still—as before God and death!

LXXIX.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long-departed!

Dust—imaged form—with cross, and shield, and crest; [started,

It seemed as if your ashes would have Had a wild voice burst forth above

your rest! [yore

Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of Bear to your thrilling presence what / bore

Of wrath—doubt—anguish—battling in the breast!

I could have poured out words, on that pale air,

To make your proud tombs ring:—no, no! I could not *there!*

LXXX.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thousand years [swept;

Mutely as clouds and reverently had Not by those shrines, which yet the trace

of tears And kneeling votaries on their marble kept!

Ye were too mighty in your pomp of
 gloom [tomb!
 And trophied age, O temple, altar,
 And you, ye dead!—for in that faith ye
 slept,
 Whose weight had grown a mountain's
 on my heart,
 Which could not *there* be loosed.—I
 turned me to depart.

LXXXI.

I turned—what glimmered faintly on
 my sight, [snow
 Faintly, yet brightening as a wreath of
 Seen through dissolving haze?—The
 moon, the night,
 Had waned, and dawn poured in;—
 grey, shadowy, slow.
 Yet dayspring still!—a solemn hue it
 caught,
 Piercing the storied windows, darkly
 fraught [glow;
 With stoles and draperies of imperial
 And soft, and sad, that colouring gleam
 was thrown, [altar shone.
 Where, pale, a pictured form above the

LXXXII.

Thy form, Thou Son of God!—a wrath-
 ful deep,
 With foam, and cloud, and tempest
 round Thee spread,
 And such a weight of night!—a night,
 when sleep [fled.
 From the fierce rocking of the billows
 A bark showed dim beyond Thee, with
 its mast [blast;
 Bowed, and its rent sail shivering to the
 But, like a spirit in Thy gliding tread,
 Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that
 stormy sea
 Through rushing winds, which left a
 silent path for Thee.

LXXXIII.

So still *Thy* white robes fell!—no
 breath of air
 Within their long and slumb'rous folds
 had sway! [hair
 So still the waves of parted, shadowy
 From *Thy* clear brow flowed droopingly
 away!
 Dark were the heavens above Thee,
 Saviour!—dark
 The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining
 bark! [array
 But Thou!—o'er all *Thine* aspect and

Was poured one stream of pale, broad,
 silvery light—
 Thou wert the single star of that all-
 shrouding night!

LXXXIV.

Aid for one sinking!—Thy lone bright-
 ness gleamed
 On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
 With its worn, fearful, *human* look, that
 seemed
 To cry, through surge and blast—"I
 perish—save!"
 Not to the winds—not vainly!—Thou
 wert nigh,
 Thy hand was stretched to fainting
 agony,
 Even in the portals of th' unquiet grave!
 O Thou that art the life! and yet didst
 bear
 Too much of mortal woe to turn from
 mortal prayer!

LXXXV.

But was it not a thing to rise on death
 With its remembered light, that face of
 Thine,
 Redeemer! dimmed by this world's misty
 breath,
 Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?—
 Oh! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
 With its dark depths of grief, love,
 majesty!
 And the pale glory of the brow!—a
 shrine
 Where Power sat veiled, yet shedding
 softly round
 What told that *Thou* couldst be but for a
 time uncrowned!

LXXXVI.

And more than all, the heaven of that
 sad smile!
 The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!
 Did not that look, that very look, ere-
 while,
 Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on the
 dust?
 Wert Thou not such when earth's dark
 cloud hung o'er *Thee*?—
 Surely Thou wert!—my heart grew
 hushed before *Thee*,
 Sinking with all its passions, as the gust
 Sank at *Thy* voice, along its billowy
 way:—
 What had I there to do, but kneel, and
 weep, and pray?

PART SECOND

"Wie diese treue liebe Seele
Von ihrem Glauben voll,
Der ganz allein
Ihr selig machend ist, sich heilig quäle,
Das sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll!"—*Faust*.

"I never shall smile more—but all my days
Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,
An everlasting hymn within my soul."—*WILSON*.

I.

BRING me the sounding of the torrent-
water,
With yet a nearer swell—fresh breeze,
awake!
And river, darkening ne'er with hues of
slaughter
Thy wave's pure silvery green,—and
shining lake, [zone
Spread far before my cabin, with thy
Of ancient woods, ye chainless things
and lone!
Send voices through the forest aisles,
and make [dare,
Glad music round me, that my soul may
Cheered by such tones, to look back on a
dungeon's air!

II.

O Indian hunter of the desert's race!
That with the spear at times, or bended
bow, [chase
Dost cross my footsteps in thy fiery
Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying roe;
Thou that beside the red night-fire thou
heapest,
Beneath the cedars and the star-light
sleeppest,
Thou know'st not, wanderer — never
may'st thou know!
Of the dark holds wherewith man
cumbers earth,
To shut from human eyes the dancing
season's mirth.

There, fettered down from day, to think
the while
How bright in heaven the festal sun is
glowing,
Making earth's loneliest places, with
his smile,
Flush like the rose; and how the streams
are flowing

H

With sudden sparkles through the
shadowy grass, [pass;
And water-flowers, all trembling as they
And how the rich, dark summer-trees
are bowing
With their full foliage;—this to know,
and pine,
Bound unto midnight's heart, seems a stern
lot—'twas mine.

IV.

Wherefore was this?—Because my soul
had drawn
Light from the book whose words are
graved in light! [dawn,
There, at its well-head, had I found the
And day, and noon of freedom:—but
too bright
It shines on that which man to man hath
given,
And called the truth—the very truth
from heaven! [sight,
And therefore seeks he, in his brother's
To cast the mote; and therefore strives
to bind
With his strong chains to earth, what is
not earth's—the mind!

V.

It is a weary and a bitter task
Back from the lip the burning word to
keep.
And to shut out heaven's air with false-
hood's mask,
And in the dark urn of the soul to heap
Indignant feelings—making even of
thought
A buried treasure, which may but be
sought
When shadows are abroad—and night
—and sleep
I might not brook it long—and thus was
thrown [alone,
Into that grave-like cell, to wither there

VI.

And I, a child of danger, whose delight
 Were on dark hills and many-sounding
 seas—
 I, that amidst the Cordillera heights
 Had given Castilian banners to the
 breeze,
 And the full circle of the rainbow seen
 There, on the snows, and in my country
 been
 A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees
 To the Morena crags—how left I not
 Life, or the soul's life, quenched out, on
 that sepulchral spot?

VII.

Because *Thou* didst not leave me, O my
 God! [of old
 Thou wert with those that bore the truth
 Into the deserts from th' oppressor's
 rod,
 And made the caverns of the rock their
 fold;
 And in the hidden chambers of the dead,
 Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed;
 And met when stars met, by their beams
 to hold
 The free heart's communing with Thee,
 —and Thou
 Wert in the midst, felt, owned—the
 Strengtheners then as now!

VIII.

Yet once I sank. Alas! man's wavering
 mind!
 Wherefore and whence the gusts that
 o'er it blow?
 How they bear with them, floating un-
 combined, [go,
 The shadows of the past, that come and
 As o'er the deep the old long-buried
 things, [brings!
 Which a storm's working to the surface
 Is the reed shaken,—and must *we* be so,
 With every wind?—So, Father! must
 we be,
 Till we can fix undimmed our steadfast
 eyes on Thee.

IX.

Once my soul died within me. What
 had thrown [thought
 That sickness o'er it?—Even a passing
 Of a clear spring, whose side, with
 flowers o'ergrown,
 Fondly and oft my boyish steps had
 sought!

Perchance the damp roof's water-drops,
 that fell
 Just then, low tinkling through my
 vaulted cell,
 Intensely heard amidst the stillness,
 caught [welling
 Some tone from memory, of the music,
 Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep
 rocky dwelling.

X.

But so my spirit's fevered longings
 wrought,
 Wakening, it might be, to the faint,
 sad sound, [brought
 That from the darkness of the walls they
 A loved scene round me, visibly around.
 Yes! kindling, spreading, brightening,
 hue by hue,
 Like stars from midnight, through the
 gloom it grew,
 That haunt of youth, hope, manhood!—
 till the bound
 Of my shut cavern seemed dissolved,
 and I
 Girt by the solemn hills and burning pomp
 of sky.

XI.

I looked—and lo! the clear, broad river
 flowing
 Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
 The lone tower dark against a heaven
 all glowing, [sweep
 Like seas of glass and fire!—I saw the
 Of glorious woods far down the moun-
 tain side, [tide,
 And their still shadows in the gleaming
 And the redevening on its waves asleep;
 And 'midst the scene—oh! more than
 all—there smiled
 My child's fair face, and hers, the mother
 of my child!

XII.

With their soft eyes of love and gladness
 raised
 Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood
 Last by that river, and in silence gazed
 On the rich world of sunset:—but a flood
 Of sudden tenderness my soul oppressed,
 And I rushed forward with a yearning
 breast
 To clasp—alas!—a vision!—Wave and
 wood,
 And gentle faces, lifted in the light
 Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from
 my sight.

XIII.

Then darkness!—Oh! th' unutterable
gloom
That seemed as narrowing round me,
making less
And less my dungeon, when, with all
its bloom, [loneliness!
That bright dream vanished from my
It floated off, the beautiful!—yet left
Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus
bereft, [excess,
I lay down, sick with passion's vain
And prayed to die.—How oft would
sorrow weep
Her weariness to death, if he might come
like sleep.

XIV.

But I was roused—and how?—It is no
tale [to tell!
Even 'midst thy shades, thou wilderness,
I would not have my boy's young cheek
made pale,
Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befell
In that drear prison-house. His eye
must grow
More dark with thought, more earnest
his fair brow,
More high his heart in youthful strength
must swell;
So shall it fitly burn when all is told:—
Let childhood's radiant mist the free child
yet infold!

XV.

It is enough that through such heavy
hours,
As wring us by our fellowship of clay,
I lived, and undegraded. We have
powers
To snatch th' oppressor's bitter joy away!
Shall the wild Indian, for his savage
fame,
Laugh and expire, and shall not Truth's
high name [sway?
Bear up her martyrs with all-conquering
It is enough that Torture may be vain—
I had seen Alvar die—the strife was won
from Pain.

XVI.

And faint not, heart of man! though
years wane slow!
There have been those that from the
deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastnesses below
The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,

Down, farther down than gold lies hid,
have nursed
A quenchless hope, and watched their
time, and burst
On the bright day, like wakeners from
the graves!
I was of such at last!—unchained I trod:
This green earth, taking back my freedom
from my God!

XVII.

That was an hour to send its fadeless:
trace
Down life's far-sweeping tide!—A dim,
wild night, [face,
Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's.
Yet how my heart leaped in her blessed
light! [sea—
The shepherd's light—the sailor's on the
The hunter's homeward from the moun-
tains free, [bright
Where its lone smile makes tremulously
The thousand streams!—I could but
gaze through tears—
Oh! what a sight is heaven, thus first
beheld for years!

XVIII.

The rolling clouds!—they have the whole
blue space
Above to sail in—all the dome of sky!
My soul shot with them in their breezy
race [fly,
O'er star and gloom!—but I had yet to
As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot
And strange, I knew—the sunbeam knew
it not;—
Wildest of all the savage glens that lie
In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,
And traversed but by storms, or sounding
eagles' wings.

XIX.

Ay, and I met the storm there!—I had
gained [tread;
The covert's heart with swift and stealthy
A moan went past me, and the dark trees
rained [head;
Their autumn foliage rustling on my
A moan—a hollow gust, and there I
stood
Girt with majestic night, and ancient
wood, [have fled
And foaming water.—Thither might
The mountain Christian with his faith
of yore, [western shore!
When Afric's tambour shook the ringing.

XX.

But through the black ravine the storm
came swelling,— [blast!
Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou
In thy lone course the kingly cedars
felling, [cast!
Like plumes upon the path of battle
A rent oak thundered down beside my
cave, [wave;
Booming it rushed, as booms a deep sea—
A falcon soared; a startled wild-deer
passed;
A far-off bell tolled faintly through the
roar:—
How my glad spirit swept forth with the
winds once more!

XXI.

And with the arrowy lightnings!—for
they flashed,
Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
And brightly shivering where the tor-
rents dashed [spray!
'Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their
And there to stand amidst the pealing
strife,
The strong pines groaning with tem-
pestuous life, [way,—
And all the mountain-voices on their
Was it not joy?—'twas joy in rushing
might,
After those years that wove but one long
dead of night!

XXII.

There came a softer hour, a lovelier
moon,
And lit me to my home of youth again,
Through the dim chestnut shade, where
oft at noon,
By the fount's flashing burst, my head
had lain
In gentle sleep: but now I passed as one
That may not pause where wood-streams
whispering run, [strain,
Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild
Because th' avenger's voice is in the wind,
The foe's quick, rustling step close on the
leaves behind.

XXIII.

My home of youth!—oh! if indeed to
part
With the soul's loved ones be a mourn-
ful thing,
When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,
And bearing all the glories of our spring

For life to breathe on,—is it less to meet,
When these are faded?—who shall call
it sweet?—
Even though love's mingling tears may
haply bring [showers
Balm as they fall, too well their heavy
Teach us how much is lost of all that once
was ours!

XXIV.

Not by the sunshine, with its golden
glow, [ing sky,
Nor the green earth, nor yet the laugh-
Nor the faint flower-scents as they come
and go [by:—
In the soft air, like music wandering
Oh! not by these, th' unfailing, are we
taught [wrought;
How time and sorrow on our frames have
But by the saddened brow, the darkened
eye [gaze,
Of kindred aspects, and the long dim
Which tells us *we* are changed—how
changed from other days!

XXV.

Before my father—in my place of birth,
I stood an alien. On the very floor
Which oft had trembled to my boyish
mirth,
The love that reared me, knew my face
no more! [and crest,
There hung the antique armour, helm
Whose every stain woke childhood in
my breast,
There drooped the banner, with the
marks it bore [frame
Of Paynim spears; and I, the worn in
And heart, what there was I?—another
and the same!

XXVI.

Then bounded in a boy, with clear,
dark eye—
How should *he* know his father?—when
we parted,
From the soft cloud which mantles
infancy,
His soul, just wakening into wonder,
darted [the bride
Its first looks round. Him followed one,
Of my young days, the wife how loved
and tried!
Her glance met mine—I could not speak
—she started [came
With a bewildered gaze;—until there
Tears to my burning eyes, and from my
lips her name.

XXVII.

She knew me then! — I murmured
 "Léonor!"
 And her heart answered! — oh! — the
 voice is known
 First from all else, and swiftest to restore
 Love's buried images, with one low tone
 That strikes like lightning, when the
 cheek is faded, [o'ershaded,
 And the brow heavily with thought
 And all the brightness from the aspect
 gone! — [was fled,
 Upon my breast she sank, when doubt
 Weeping as those may weep that meet in
 woe and dread.

XXVIII.

For there we might not rest. Alas! to
 leave
 Those native towers, and know that
 they must fall
 By slow decay, and none remain to
 grieve [wall!
 When the weeds clustered on the lonely
 We were the last — my boy and I — the
 last [passed!
 Of a long line which brightly thence had
 My father blessed me as I left his hall —
 With his deep tones and sweet, though
 full of years,
 He blessed me there, and bathed my
 child's young head with tears.

XXIX.

I had brought sorrow on his grey hairs
 down,
 And cast the darkness of my branded
 name [nown,
 (For so he deemed it) on the clear re-
 My own ancestral heritage of fame.
 And yet he blessed me! — Father! if the
 dust
 Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust
 Is to behold thee yet, where grief and
 shame
 Dim the bright day no more; and thou
 wilt know
 That not through guilt thy son thus bowed
 thine age with woe!

XXX.

And thou, my Léonor! that unrepining
 If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me,
 When stars — the stars that earliest rise
 — are shining,
 How their soft glance unscales each
 thought of thee!

For on our flight they smiled; their
 dewy rays,
 Through the last olives, lit thy tearful
 gaze [see;
 Back to the home we never more might
 So passed we on, like earth's first exiles,
 turning
 Fond looks where hung the sword above
 their Eden burning.

XXXI.

It was a woe to say, "Farewell, my
 Spain! [well!"
 The sunny and the vintage land, fare-
 I could have died upon the battle-plain
 For thee, my country! but I might not
 dwell [of song
 In thy sweet vales, at peace. — The voice
 Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills
 along;
 The citron's glow is caught from shade
 and dell: [sod
 But what are these! — upon thy flowery
 I might not kneel, and pour my free
 thoughts out to God!

XXXII.

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless
 deep! —
 Strange heart of man! that even 'midst
 woe swells high,
 When through the foam he sees his
 proud bark sweep, [sky!
 Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and
 Yes! it swells high, whate'er he leaves
 behind;
 His spirit rises with the rising wind;
 For, wedded to the far futurity,
 On, on, it bears him ever, and the main
 Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier
 shore to gain.

XXXIII.

Not thus is woman. Closely *her* still
 heart [thing,
 Doth twine itself with even each lifeless
 Which, long remembered, seemed to
 bear its part [cling,
 In her calm joys. For ever would she
 A brooding dove, to that sole spot of
 earth
 Where she hath loved, and given her
 children birth, [may Spring
 And heard their first sweet voices. There
 Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,
 But hath its breath of home, its claim to
 farewell grief.

XXXIV.

I looked on Leonor,—and in there
 seemed
 A cloud of more than pensiveness to rise
 In the faint smiles that o'er her features
 gleamed,
 And the soft darkness of her serious eyes,
 Misty with tender gloom, I called it
 nought
 But the fond exile's pang, a lingering
 thought
 Of her own vale, with all its melodies
 And living light of streams. Her soul
 would rest
 Beneath your shades, I said, bowers of
 the gorgeous west !

XXXV.

Oh ! could we live in visions ! could we
 hold
 Delusion faster, longer, to our breast,
 When it shuts from us, with its mantle's
 fold, [blest !
 That which we see not, and are therefore
 But they, our loved and loving, they to
 whom
 We have spread out our souls in joy and
 gloom,
 Their looks and accents, unto ours ad-
 dressed,
 Have been a language of familiar tone
 Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings
 and unknown.

XXXVI.

I told my heart, 'twas but the exile's
 woe
 Which pressed on that sweet bosom ;—I
 deceived [low,
 My heart but half :—a whisper, faint and
 Haunting it ever, and at times believed,
 Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft
 we seem
 Like those that dream, and *know* the
 while they dream,
 'Midst the soft falls of airy voices grieved,
 And troubled, while bright phantoms
 round them play, [away !
 By a dim sense that all will float and fade

XXXVII.

Yet, as if chasing joy, I wooed the breeze
 To speed me onward with the wings of
 morn.—
 Oh ! far amidst the solitary seas,
 Which were not made for man, what
 man hath borne,

Answering their moan with his !—what
thou didst bear, [care
 My lost and loveliest ! while that secret
 Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn
 By its dull brooding weight, gave way at
 last, [cast !
 Beholding me as one from hope for ever

XXXVIII.

For unto thee, as through all change
 revealed
 Mine inward being lay. In other eyes
 I had to bow me yet, and make a shield,
 To fence my burning bosom, of disguise ;
 By the still hope sustained, ere long to
 win [within,
 Some sanctuary, whose green retreats
 My thoughts unfettered to their source
 might rise,
 Like songs and scents of morn.—But
 thou didst look
 Through all my soul, and thine even unto
 fainting shook.

XXXIX.

Fallen, fallen, I seemed—yet, oh ! not
 less beloved,
 Though from thy love was plucked the
 early pride,
 And harshly, by a gloomy faith reproved,
 And seared with shame !—though each
 young flower had died, [the less
 There was the root,—strong, living, not
 That all it yielded now was bitterness ;
 Yet still such love as quits not misery's
 side, [bracc,
 Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like em-
 Nor turns away from death its pale
 heroic face.

Yes ! thou hadst followed me through
 fear and flight !
 Thou wouldst have followed had my
 pathway led [light
 Even to the scaffold ; had the flashing
 Of the raised axe made strong men shrink
 with dread,
 Thou, 'midst the hush of thousands,
 wouldst have been
 With thy clasped hands beside me kneel-
 ing seen, [head—
 And meekly bowing to the shame thy
 The shame !—oh ! making beautiful to
 view
 The might of human love—fair thing ! so
 bravely true !

XL I.

There was thine agony—to love so well
Where fear made love life's chastener. —
Heretofore [fell,
Whate'er of earth's disquiet round thee
Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim bounds,
could soar [speak
Away to sunshine, and thy clear eye
Most of the skies when grief most
touched thy cheek.
Now, that far brightness faded ! never
more
Couldst thou lift heavenwards for its
hope thy heart,
Since at heaven's gate it seemed that thou
and I must part.

XL II.

Aias ! and life hath moments when a
glance—
(If thought to sudden watchfulness be
stirred,)
A flush—a fading of the cheek perchance,
A word—less, less—the *cadence* of a
word,
Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil be-
neath,
Thence to bring haply knowledge
fraught with death !—
Even thus, what never from thy lip was
heard
Broke on my soul.—I knew that in thy
sight
I stood—howe'er beloved—a recreant from
the light !

XL III.

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the seas
along,—
Oh ! the deep soul it breathed !—the
love, the woe, [song,
The fervour, poured in that full gush of
As it went floating through the fiery
glow
Of the rich sunset !—bringing thoughts
of Spain,
With all her vesper-voices, o'er the main,
Which seemed responsive in its murmur-
ing flow.—
“*Ave sanctissima !*”—how oft that lay
Hath melted from my heart the martyr-
strength away !

Ave sanctissima !
’Tis nightfall on the sea ;
Ora pro nobis !
Our souls rise to Thee !

Watch us, while shadows lie
O’er the dim wa’er spread ;
Hear the heart’s lonely sigh,—
Thine, too, hath bled !

Thou that hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near
Whisper of heaven to faith
Sweet Mother, hear !

Ora pro nobis !
The wave must rock our sleep,
Ora, Mater, ora !
Thou star of the deep !

“*Ora pro nobis, Mater !*”—What a spell
Was in those notes, with day’s last glory
dying
On the flushed waters !—seemed they
not to swell
From the far dust, wherein my sires
were lying [clear
With crucifix and sword ?—Oh ! yet how
Comes their reproachful sweetness to
mine ear ! [plying,
“*Ora !*”—with all the purple waves re-
All my youth’s visions rising in the
strain—
And I had thought it much to bear the
rack and chain !

XL V.

Torture !—the sorrow of affection’s eye,
Fixing its meekness on the spirit’s core,
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,
May pierce than many swords !—and
this I bore [striven
With a mute pang. Since I had vainly
From its free springs to pour the truth
of Heaven
Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor !
Silence rose up where hearts no hope
could share :—
Alas ! for those that love, and may not
blend in prayer !

XL VI.

We could not pray together ’midst the
deep, [lay,
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us
Through days of splendour, nights too
bright for sleep, [way
Soft, solemn, holy !—We were on our
Unto the mighty Cordillera-land,
With men whom tales of that world’s
golden strand

Had lured to leave their vines.—Oh! who
shall say
What thoughts rose in us, when the
 ropic sky
Touched all its molten seas with sunset's
alchemy?

XLVII.

Thoughts no more mingled!—Then
came night—th' intense
Dark blue—the burning stars!—I saw
 thee shine
Once more, in thy serene magnificence,
O Southern Cross! as when thy radiant
sign
First drew my gaze of youth.—No, not
as then;
I had been stricken by the darts of men
Since those fresh days; and now thy
light divine
Looked on mine anguish, while within
me strove
The still small voice against the might of
suffering love.

XLVIII.

But thou, the clear, the glorious! thou
wert pouring
Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,
While she that met thy ray with eyes
adoring,
Stood in the lengthening shadow of the
grave!—
Alas! I watched her dark religious
glance,
As it still sought thee through the
heaven's expanse,
Bright Cross!—and knew not that I
watched what gave [be—
But passing lustre—shrouded soon to
A soft light found no more—no more on
earth or sea!

XLIX.

I knew not all—yet something of unrest
Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean wind!
I said;
Waft us to land, in leafy freshness drest,
Where through rich clouds of foliage
o'er her head, [go by,
Sweet day may steal, and rills unseen
Like singing voices, and the green earth
lie [tread!—
Starry with flowers, beneath her graceful
But the calm bound us 'midst the glassy
main;
Ne'er was her step to bend earth's living
flowers again.

L.

Yes! as if Heaven upon the waves were
sleeping, [lay,
Vexing my soul with quiet, there they
All moveless, through their blue trans-
 parence keeping [day!
The shadows of our sails, from day to
While she—oh! strongest is the strong
heart's woe—
And yet I live! I feel the sunshine's
glow—
And I am he that looked, and saw decay
Steal o'er the fair of earth, th' adored too
much!
It is a fearful thing to love what death may
touch.

LI.

A fearful thing that love and death may
dwell [I—
In the same world!—She 'aded on—and
Blind to the last, there needed death to
tell [die!
My trusting soul that she *could* fade to
Yet, ere she parted, I had marked a
change,—
But it breathed hope—'twas beautiful,
though strange:
Something of gladness in the melody
Of her low voice, and in her words a
flight
Of airy thought—alas! too perilously
bright!

LII.

And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet
wild, [gaze
And quick, and eager, like the flashing
Of some all-wondering and awakening
child, [surveys.—
That first the glories of the earth
How could it thus deceive me?—She
had worn
Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,
A pensive tenderness through happiest
days;
And a soft world of dreams had seemed
to lie
Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual
eye.

LIII.

And I could hope in that strange fire!—
she died, [mien!—
She died, with all its lustre on her
The day was melting from the waters
wide,
And, through its long bright hours her
thoughts had been,

It seemed, with restless and unwonted
yearning, [turning;
To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras
For her fond words were all of vintage-
scene, [breath :—
And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's
Oh ! with what vivid hues life comes back
off on death !

LIV.

And from her lips the mountain-songs
of old,
In wild, faint snatches, fitfully had
sprung ;
Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish
hold,
The "*Rio verde*," on her soul that hung
And thence flowed forth.—But now the
sun was low ;
And watching by my side its last red
glow,
That ever stills the heart, once more she
sung [sound
Her own soft, "*Ora, Mater !*"—and the
Was even like love's farewell—so mourn-
fully profound.

LV.

The boy had dropped to slumber at our
feet ;— [rest
"And I have lulled him to his smiling
Once more ! " she said :—I raised him—
it was sweet,
Yet sad, to see the perfect calm which
blessed
His look that hour ;—for now her voice
grew weak ;
And on the flowery crimson of his cheek,
With her white lips a long, long kiss she
pressed,
Yet light, to wake him not.—Then sank
her head
Against my bursting heart :—What did I
clasp ?—the dead !

LVI.

I called—to call what answers not our
cries, [heard,
By that we loved to stand unseen, un-
With the loud passion of our tears and
sighs
To see but some cold glittering ringlet
stirred, [gaze,
And in the quenched eye's fixedness to
All vainly searching for the parted rays ;
This is what waits us !—Dead !—with
that chill word

To link our bosom-names !—For this we
pour
Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble to
adore !

LVII.

But the true parting came !—I looked :
my last [face ;
On the sad beauty of that slumbering
How could I think the lovely spirit
passed,
Which there had left so tenderly its
trace ?
Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow—
No ! not like Sleep to look upon art thou.
Death, Death !—She lay, a thing for
earth's embrace,
To cover with spring-wreaths. For
earth's ? the wave—
That gives the bier no flower—makes moan
above her grave !

LVIII.

On the mid-seas a knell !—for man was
there, [dead !
Anguish and love—the mourner with his
A long, low-rolling knell—a voice of
prayer—
Dark glassy waters, like a desert
spread,—
And the pale-shining Southern Cross on
high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn
grew red :—
Were these things round me ? Such
o'er memory sweep
Wildly when aught brings back that burial
of the deep.

LIX.

Then the broad, lonely sunrise !—and
the plash
Into the sounding waves !—around her
head
They parted, with a glancing moment's
flash,
Then shut—and all was still. And now
thy bed
Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor !
Once fairest of young brides !—and never
more, [shed
Loved as thou wert, may human tear be
Above thy rest !—No mark the proud
seas keep,
To show where he that wept may pause
again to weep.

LX.

So the depths took thee!—Oh! the
 sullen sense
 Of desolation in that hour compressed!
 Dust going down, a speck, amidst th'
 immense [breast
 And gloomy waters, leaving on their
 The trace a weed might leave there!—
 Dust?—the thing
 Which to the heart was as a living spring
 Of joy, with fearfulness of love possessed,
 Thus sinking!—Love, joy, fear, all
 crushed to this—
 And the wide heaven so far—so fathom-
 less th' abyss!

LXI.

Where the line sounds not, where the
 wrecks lie low,
 'What shall wake thence the dead?—
 Blest, blest are they [know
 That earth to earth intrust; for they may
 And tend the dwelling whence the slum-
 berer's clay
 Shall rise at last; and bid the young
 flowers bloom, [tomb;
 That waft a breath of hope around the
 And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray!
 But thou, what cave hath dimly cham-
 bered thee?
 Vain dreams!—oh! art thou not where
 there is no more sea?

LXII.

The wind rose free and singing:—when
 for ever,
 O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,
 I could have bent my sight with fond
 endeavour
 Down, where its treasure was, its glance
 to strain;
 Then rose the reckless wind!—Before
 our prow
 The white foam flashed—ay, joyously
 —and thou
 Wert left with all the solitary main
 Around thee—and thy beauty in my
 heart,
 And thy meek sorrowing love—oh! where
 could *that* depart?

LXIII.

I will not speak of woe; I may not tell—
 Friend tells not such to friend—the
 thoughts which rent
 My fainting spirit, when its wild farewell
 Across the billows to thy grave was sent,

Thou, there most lonely!—He that sits
 above,
 In His calm glory, will forgive the love
 His creatures bear each other, even if
 blent
 With a vain worship; for its close is dim
 Ever with grief, which leads the wrung
 soul back to Him!

LXIV.

And with a milder pang if now I bear
 To think of thee in thy forsaken rest,
 If from my heart be lifted the despair,
 The sharp remorse with healing in-
 fluence pressed,
 If the soft eyes that visit me in sleep
 Look not reproach, though still they
 seem to weep;
 It is that He my sacrifice hath blessed,
 And filled my bosom, through its in-
 most cell,
 With a deep chastening sense that all at
 last is well.

LXV.

Yes! thou art now—oh! wherefore
 doth the thought [hair,
 Of the wave dashing o'er thy long bright
 The sea—weed into its dark tresses
 wrought; [fair!
 The sand thy pillow—thou that wert so
 Come o'er me still?—Earth, earth!—it
 is the hold
 Earth ever keeps on that of earthly
 mould!
 But *thou* art breathing now in purer air,
 I well believe, and freed from all of error,
 Which blighted here the root of thy sweet
 life with terror.

LXVI.

And if the love, which here was passing
 light,
 Went with what died not—oh! that
this we knew,
 But this!—that through the silence of
 the night, [true,
 Some voice, of all the lost ones and the
 Would speak, and say, if in their far
 repose,
 We are yet aught of what we were to
 those
 We call the dead!—their passionate
 adieu,
 Was it but breath, to perish?—Holier
 trust
 Be mine!—thy love *is* there, but purified
 from dust!

LXVII.

A thing all heavenly!—cleared from
that which hung [mind!
As a dim cloud between us, heart and
Loosed from the fear, the grief, whose
tendrils flung [twined.
A chain, so darkly with its growth en-
This is my hope!—though when the
sunset fades,
When forests rock the midnight on their
shades,
When tones of wail are in the rising wind,
Across my spirit some faint doubt may
sigh;
For the strong hours *will* sway this frail
mortality!

LXVIII.

We have been wanderers since those
days of woe,
Thy boy and I!—As wild birds tend
their young, [roc!
So have I tended him—my bounding
The high Peruvian solitudes among;
And o'er the Andes' torrents borne his
form,
Where our frail bridge hath quivered
'midst the storm. [rung,
But there the war-notes of my country
And, smitten deep of Heaven and man,
I fled
To hide in shades unpierced a marked and
weary head.

LXIX.

But he went on in gladness—that fair
child!
Save when at times his bright eye
seemed to dream, [smiled,
And his young lips, which then no longer
Asked of his mother!—That was but a
gleam [play
Of Memory, fleeting fast;—and then his
Through the wide Llanos* cheered again
our way,
And by the mighty Oronoco stream,
On whose lone margin we have heard
at morn,
From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise-
music borne.

LXX.

So like a spirit's voice! a harping tone,
Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear,

* Savannahs, or great plains of South America.

Such as might reach us from a world
unknown,
Troubling man's heart with thrills of
joy and fear!
'Twas sweet!—yet those deep southern
shades oppressed
My soul with stillness, like the calms
that rest
On melancholy waves: I sighed to hear
Once more earth's breezy sounds, her
foliage fanned,
And turned to seek the wilds of the red
hunter's land.

LXXI.

And we have won a bower of refuge now,
In this fresh waste, the breath of whose
repose [brow,
Hath cooled, like dew, the fever of my
And whose green oaks and cedars round
me close
As temple-walls and pillars, that exclude
Earth's haunted dreams from their free
solitude;
All, save the image and the thought of
those
Before us gone; our loved of early years,
Gone where affection's cup hath lost the
taste of tears.

LXXII.

I see a star—eve's first-born!—in whose
train
Past scenes, words, looks, come back.
The arrowy spire [fane,
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of
fire; [lake
The pine gives forth its odours, and the
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds
wake,
Till every string of nature's solemn lyre
Is touched to answer; its most secret
tone
Drawn from each tree, for each hath
whispers all its own.

LXXIII.

And hark! another murmur on the air,
Not of the hidden rills, or quivering
shades!— [bear,
That is the cataract's, which the breezes
Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as from
the sea
Of the blue, mournful seas, that keep
the dead:

But *they* are far!—the low sun here
 pervades
 Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
 Their stems, till each is made a marvel to
 behold,—

LXXIV.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom!—In such
 an hour,
 The vesper-melody of dying bells
 Wanders through Spain, from each grey
 convent's tower [dells,
 O'er shining rivers poured, and olive-
 By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
 And hamlet, round my home:—and I
 am here, [wells,
 Living again through all my life's fare-
 In these vast woods, where farewell
 ne'er was spoken, [unbroken!
 And sole I list to heaven a sad heart—yet

LXXV.

In such an hour are told the hermit's
 beads; [floats by,
 With the white sail the seaman's hymn
 Peace be with all! whate'er their vary-
 ing creeds, [high!
 With all that send up holy thoughts on

Come to me, boy!—by Guadalquivir's
 vines,
 By every stream of Spain, as day declines,
 Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy
 sky,—
 We, too, will pray; nor yet unheard,
 my child!
 Of Him whose voice *we* hear at eve amidst
 the wild.

At eve?—oh! through all hours!—From
 dark dreams oft
 Awakening, I look forth, and learn the
 might [soft,
 Of solitude, while thou art breathing
 And low, my loved one! on the breast
 of night:
 I look forth on the stars—the shadowy
 sleep
 Of forests—and the lake, whose gloomy
 deep
 Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies'
 light.
 A lonely world!—even fearful to man's
 thought,
 But for His presence felt, Whom here my
 soul hath sought.

1826

LAYS OF MANY LANDS

THE following pieces may so far be considered a series, as each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*"; the execution is, however, different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.

MOORISH BRIDAL SONG

[“It is a custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal-song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home.”—See *The Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli, by the Sister-in-law of Mr. Tully.*]

THE citron-groves their fruit and flowers were strewing
 Around a Moorish palace, while the sigh
 Of low sweet summer winds the branches wooing
 With music through their shadowy bowers went by;
 Music and voices, from the marble halls
 Through the leaves gleaming, and the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal-song came swelling
 To blend with fragrance in those southern shades,
 And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,
 Bright lamps, and dancing steps, and gem-crowned maids;
 And thus it flowed:—yet something in the lay
 Belonged to sadness, as it died away:—

"The bride comes forth! her tears no more are falling
 To leave the chamber of her infant years;
 Kind voices from a distant home are calling;
 She comes like day-spring—she hath done with tears;
 Now must her dark eye shine on other flowers,
 Her soft smile gladden other hearts than ours!—
 Pour the rich odours round!

"We haste! the chosen and the lovely bringing;
 Love still goes with her from her place of birth;
 Deep, silent joy within her soul is springing,
 Though in her glance the light no more is mirth!
 Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years;
 Her sisters weep—but she hath done with tears!—
 Now may the timbrel sound!"

Know'st thou for *whom* they sang the bridal numbers?—
 One whose rich tresses were to wave no more!
 One whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,
 Nor Love's own sigh, to rose-tints might restore!
 Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread.
 Weep for the young, the beautiful,—the dead!

THE BIRD'S RELEASE

[The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the description of Virginia's funeral.—See *Paul and Virginia*.]

Go forth! for she is gone!
 With the golden light of her wavy hair,
 She is gone to the fields of the viewless air;
 She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath passed away!
 It hath passed away like a summer breeze,
 When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
 Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free!
 With thy radiant wing, and thy glancing eye,
 Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
 And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?
 Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
 Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
 Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not—but she is gone!
 Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
 And the smile of her eye from the festal throng;
 She hath left her dwelling lone!

When the waves at sunset shine,
 We may hear thy voice amidst thousands more,
 In the scented woods of our glowing shore;
 But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Lays of Many Lands

Even so with the loved one flown !
 Her smile on the starlight may wander by,
 Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
 Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth ! we have loosed thy chain !
 We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
 Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers ;
 But thou wilt not be lured again.

*Even thus may the summer pour
 All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
 And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed,
 But it wins her back no more !*

THE SWORD OF THE TOMB

A NORTHERN LEGEND

[The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in "Starkother," a tragedy by the Danish poet Oehlenschläger. The sepulchral fire here alluded to, and supposed to guard the ashes of deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the departed spirit were supposed by the Scandinavian mythologists to be the consequence of any profanation of the sepulchre.— See *Oehlenschläger's Plays*.]

" VOICE of the gifted elder time !
 Voice of the charm and the Runic rhyme !
 Speak ! from the shades and the depths
 disclose,
 How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal foes ;
 Voice of the buried past !

" Voice of the grave ! 'tis the mighty hour,
 When Night with her stars and dreams
 hath power, [snows,
 And my step hath been soundless on the
 And the spell I have sung hath laid repose
 On the billow and the blast."

Then the torrents of the North,
 And the forest pines were still,
 While a hollow chant came forth
 From the dark sepulchral hill.

' There shines no sun 'midst the hidden
 dead, tread ;
 But where the day looks not the brave may
 There is heard no song, and no mead is
 poured, [board,
 But the warrior may come to the silent
 In the shadow of the night.

" There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb,
 And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's
 doom ; [deep,
 But soft be thy step through the silence
 And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
 For the viewless have fearful might !"

Then died the solemn lay,
 As a trumpet's music dies,
 By the night-wind borne away
 Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir-trees rocked to the wailing blast,
 As on through the forest the warrior
 passed,— [old,
 Through the forest of Odin, the dim and
 The dark place of visions and legends, told
 By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir-trees rocked, and the frozen ground
 Gave back to his footstep a hollow sound ;
 And it seemed that the depths of those
 awful shades,
 From the dreary gloom of their long
 arcades,
 Gave warning with voice and sign.

But the wild strange magic knows,
 To call wild shape and tone
 From the grey wood's tossing
 boughs,
 When Night is on her throne.

The pines closed o'er him with deeper
 gloom,
 As he took the path to the monarch's tomb ;
 The Pole-star shone, and the heavens were
 bright [Light,
 With the arrowy streams of the Northern
 But his road through dimness lay !

He passed, in the heart of that ancient
wood,
The dark shrine stained with the victim's
blood ;
Nor paused, till the rock where a vaulted
bed
Had been hewn of old for the kingly dead,
Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill
Went shuddering through his
breast,
And the steel-clad man stood still
Before that place of rest.

But he crossed at length, with a deep-
drawn breath,
The threshold-floor of the hall of Death,
And looked on the pale mysterious fire
Which gleamed from the urn of his warrior-
sire,
With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding strain
Like an omen rose on his soul again,—
"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

But the gleaming sword and shield
Of many a battle-day
Hung o'er that urn, revealed
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray.

With a faded wreath of oak-leaves bound,
They hung o'er the dust of the far-
renowned,
Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning voice
Had called to the banquet where gods
rejoice,
And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew near,
And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear,—
"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

And many a Saga's rhyme,
And legend of the grave,
That shadowy scene and time
Called back to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm—and the flame grew
dim,
And the sword in its light seemed to wave
and swim,

And his faltering hand could not grasp it:
well—
From the pale oak-wreath, with a clash it
Through the chamber of the dead!

The deep tomb rang with the heavy sound,
And the urn lay shivered in fragments:
round ;
And a rush, as of tempests, quenched the
And the scattered dust of his warlike sire
Was strewn on the Champion's head.

One moment—and all was still
In the slumberer's ancient hall,
When the rock had ceased to thrill.
With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading, one by one,
The clouds were just tinged by the early
sun,
When there streamed through the cavern
a torch's flame,
And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came—
To seek him in the tomb.

Stretched on his shield, like the steel-girt
slain,
By moonlight seen on the battle-plain;
In a speechless trance lay the warrior there,
But he wildly woke when the torch's glare:
Burst on him through the gloom.

"The morning wind blows free,
And the hour of chase is near:
Come forth, come forth, with me!
What dost thou, Sigurd, here?"

"I have put out the holy sepulchral fire,
I have scattered the dust of my warrior-
sire!
It burns on my head, and it weighs down
my heart;
But the winds shall not wander without
their part
To strew o'er the restless deep!"

"In the mantle of death he was here with-
me now,—
There was wrath in his eye, there was
gloom on his brow;
And his cold, still glance on my spirit fell:
With an icy ray and a withering spell—
Oh! chill is the house of sleep!"

"The morning wind blows free,
And the reddening sun shines clear:
Come forth, come forth, with me!
It is dark and fearful here!"

"He is there, he is there, with his shadowy frown !
 But gone from his head is the kingly crown.—
 The crown from his head, and the spear from his hand,—
 They have chased him far from the glorious land
 Where the feast of the gods is spread !
 "He must go forth alone on his phantom steed,
 He must ride o'er the grave-hills with stormy speed ;
 His place is no longer at Odin's board,
 He is driven from Valhalla without his sword !
 But the slayer shall avenge the dead !"

That sword its fame had won
 By the fall of many a crest,
 But its fiercest work was done
 In the tomb, on Sigurd's breast !

VALKYRIUR SONG

[The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a Northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependents and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile.—See Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, HERBERT'S *Helga*, etc.]

"Tremblingly flashed th' inconstant meteor light,
 Showing thin forms like virgins of this earth,
 Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
 The flush of passion, smile or tear, had seemed
 On the fixed brightness of each dazzling cheek
 Strange and unnatural."—MILMAN.

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep
 Of a vision-haunted night,
 And he looked from his bark o'er the gloomy deep,
 And counted the streaks of light ;
 For the red sun's earliest ray
 Was to rouse his bands that day,
 To the stormy joy of fight !

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,
 And the silent stars on high,
 And there waved not the smoke of one cabin hearth
 Midst the quiet of the sky ;
 And along the twilight bay,
 In their sleep the hamlets lay,
 For they knew not the Norse were nigh !

The Sea-king looked o'er the brooding wave ;
 He turned to the dusky shore,
 And there seemed, through the arch of a tide-worn cave,
 A gleam, as of snow, to pour ;
 And forth, in watery light,
 Moved phantoms, dimly white,
 Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side ;
 And the forms, as they grew more clear
 Seemed each on a tall pale steed to ride,
 And a shadowy crest to rear,
 And to beckon with faint hand,
 From the dark and rocky strand,
 And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
 Before th' unearthly train,
 For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,
 The Choosers of the Slain !
 And a sudden rising breeze
 Bore, across the moaning seas,
 To his ear their thrilling strain.

"There are songs in Odin's Hall,
 For the brave, ere night to fall !
 Doth the great sun hide his ray ?—
 He must bring a wrathful day !
 Sleeps the falchion in its sheath ?—
 Swords must do the work of death !
 Regner !—Sea-king !—*thee* we call !—
 There is joy in Odin's Hall.

"At the feast and in the song,
 Thou shalt be remembered long !
 By the green isles of the flood
 Thou hast left thy track in blood !
 On the earth and on the sea,
 There are those will speak of thee !
 'Tis enough,—the war-gods call,—
 There is mead in Odin's Hall !

"Regner ! tell thy fair-haired bride
 She must slumber at thy side !
 Tell the brother of thy breast,
 Even for him thy grave hath rest !

Tell the raven steed which bore thee,
When the wild wolf fled before thee,
He too with his lord must fall,—
There is room in Odin's Hall!

"Lo! the mighty sun looks forth—
Arm! thou leader of the North!
Lo! the mists of twilight fly,—
We must vanish, thou must die!
By the sword and by the spear,
By the hand that knows not fear,
Sea-king! nobly shalt thou fall!—
There is joy in Odin's Hall!"

There was arming heard on land and wave,
When afar the sunlight spread,
And the phantom forms of the tide-worn
cave
With the mists of morning fled.
But at eve, the kingly hand
Of the battle-axe and brand,
Lay cold on a pile of dead!

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS

A SWISS TRADITION

[The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells; and say that they lie there, in their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land.—See *Quarterly Review*, No. 44.]

[The Grütli, where the confederates held their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of the Forest-cantons, here called the Forest-sea.]

O! enter not yon shadowy cave,
Seek not the bright spars there,
Though the whispering pines that o'er it
wave,
With freshness fill the air:
For there the Patriot Three,
In the garb of old arrayed,
By their native Forest-sea
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore,
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli
shore,

In the name of liberty!
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed;
But their rest is only deep
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lawine thundering by!
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To a Switzer's heart so dear,
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the
tone
Through their eagles' lonely sky:
When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light;—
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,
When away the helm he flung,*
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung!

They shall wake beside their Forest-sea,
In the ancient garb they wore
When they linked the hands that made us
free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore:
And their voices shall be heard,
And be answered with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirred,
And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way;
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crowned casques,† o'er-
thrown,
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kùhreihen's‡ notes must never
sound
In a land that wears the chain,

* The point of rock on which Tell leaped from the boat of Gessler is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensprung*.

† *Crowned Helmwets*, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in Simond's "Switzerland."

‡ The Kùhreihen, the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*.

And the vines on freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain !
And the yellow harvests wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep !

SWISS SONG

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT
BATTLE

[The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient battles with much solemnity: assembling in the open air on the fields where their ancestors fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated. They afterwards walk in procession to chapels, always erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where masses are sung for the souls of the departed.—See *PLANTA'S History of the Helvetic Confederacy.*]

LOOK on the white Alps round !
If yet they gird a land
Where freedom's voice and step are
found,
Forget ye not the band,—
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here, in the narrow battle dell !

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath
rung,
And home our steps may turn,—
Home!—home!—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perished here !

Look on the white Alps round !
Up to their shining snows
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle, rose !
Their caves prolonged the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it passed !

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner and the mail-clad breast,
Borne down, and trampled here !
They saw—and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land !

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen !
By them no steel array was worn,
They stood as peasant-men !
They left the vineyard and the field,
To break an empire's lance and shield !

Look on the white Alps round !
If yet, along their steepes,
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps :
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand !

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When winter stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told,
Forget not then the shepherd race,
Who made the hearth a holy place !

Look on the white Alps round !
If yet the Sabbath-bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening
sound,
Think on the battle dell !
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God !

THE MESSENGER BIRD

[Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.—See *PICART'S Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*]

THOU art come from the spirits' land, thou
bird !
Thou art come from the spirits' land !
Through the dark pine grove let thy voice
be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band !

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost
are there,
They are there—and they weep no more !

And we know they have quenched their
fever's thirst
From the Fountain of Youth ere now,*
For *there* must the stream in its freshness
burst,
Which none may find below !

* An expedition was actually undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the sixteenth century, with the view of discovering a wonderful fountain, believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Lucayo Isles, and to possess the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters.—See *ROBERTSON'S History of America.*

And we know that they will not be lured
to earth

From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of
mirth,

Though their hearts were once with ours :

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's
blaze,

And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our fathers' days,
Which are told to others now !

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain !
Can those who have loved forget ?
We call—and they answer not again—
Do they love—do they love us yet ?

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,
And the father of his child ? [share
And the chief, of those that were wont to
His wanderings through the wild ?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill ;
We know, thou bird ! that their land is
bright,

But say, do they love there still ?

THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA

[An early traveller mentions a people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and, being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers.—*PICART'S Ceremonies and Religious Customs.*]

["J'ai passé moi-même," says Chateaubriand, in his "*Souvenirs d'Amérique*," "chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait à pleurer à la vue d'un voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des amis partis pour la Contrée des Ames, et depuis longtemps *en voyage*."]]

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
We looked for the youth of the sunny
glance, [dance ;
Whose step was the fleetest in chase or
The light of his eye was a joy to see,
The path of his arrows a storm to flee !
But there came a voice from a distant shore:
He was called—he is found 'midst his
tribe no more ! [burn,
He is not in his place when the night-fires
But we look for him still—he will yet re-
turn !—

His brother sat with a drooping brow
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress-
bough ; [pine,

We roused him—we bade him no longer
For we heard a step—but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
We looked for the maid of the mournful
song— [long !

Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us
We told her the youth of her love was gone,
And she went forth to seek him—she passed
alone ;

We hear not her voice when the woods are
still,
From the bower where it sang, like a
silvery rill.

The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
The winter is white on his lonely head,
He hath none by his side when the wilds
we track,

He hath none when we rest—yet she
comes not back ! [shine,
We looked for her eye on the feast to
For her breezy step—but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
We looked for the chief who hath left the
spear
And the bow of his battles forgotten here !
We looked for the hunter, whose bride's
lament

On the wind of the forest at eve is sent :
We looked for the first-born, whose
mother's cry

Sounds wild and shrill through the mid-
night sky !—

Where are they?—thou'rt seeking some
distant coast— [lost !

Oh, ask of them, stranger!—send back the
Tell them we mourn by the dark blue
streams,

Tell them our lives but of them are dreams !
Tell how we sat in the gloom to pine,
And to watch for a step—but the step was
thine !

THE ISLE OF FOUNTS

AN INDIAN TRADITION

["The River St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land ; one of which the-

present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth; they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return, which, after a number of difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of, so charming a country: but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot."—BARTKRAM'S *Travels through North and South Carolina*.]

[The additional circumstances in the "Isle of Founts" are merely imaginary.]

SON of the stranger! wouldst thou take
O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
To reach the still and shining lake
Along whose banks the west winds
play?—

Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

Lull but the mighty Serpent King,*
'Midst the grey rocks, his old domain;
Ward but the cougar's deadly spring,—
Thy step that lake's green shore may
gain;

And the bright Isle, when all is passed,
Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow streams,
Clear as within thine arrow's flight,
The Isle of Founts, the Isle of dreams,
Floats on the wave in golden light;
And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

And breathings from their sunny flowers,
Which are not of the things that die,
And singing voices from their bowers,
Shall greet thee in the purple sky;
Soft voices, even like those that dwell
Far in the green reeds hollow cell.

* The Cherokees believe that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of the rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the "bright old inhabitants."

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise
From the deep chambers of the earth?
The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave
birth?*

Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the
waves.

The emerald waves!—they take their hue
And image from that sunbright shore;
But wouldst thou launch thy light canoe,
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar,
Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,
The dreamy land should still recede!

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst hear
The music of its flow'ry shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its glades;
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play!

But woe for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray-showers to the
lake!

Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake,
For ever pouring through his dreams
The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lip shall burn,
Parched with the fever's agony!
From the blue mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary
quest;—

Had they not seen th' untrodden shore,
And could they 'midst our wilds find
rest?

The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills,
With visions in their darkened eye,
Their joy was not amidst the hills,
Where elk and deer before us fly;
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung.

* The stones on the banks of the Orinoco, called by the South American missionaries *Lajas de Musica*.

They bent no more the forest-bow,
They armed not with the warrior band,
The moons waned o'er them dim and
slow—

They left us for the spirits' land !
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger ! if at eve
Silence be 'midst us in thy place,
Yet go not where the mighty leave
The strength of battle and of chase !
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh ! seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

THE BENDED BOW

[It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow*; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.—See *The Cambrian Antiquities*.]

THERE was heard the sound of a coming
foe, [Bow,
There was sent through Britain a Bended
And a voice was poured on the free winds
far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

" Heard ye not the battle-horn ?—
Reaper ! leave thy golden corn !
Leave it for the birds of heaven :
Swords must flash, and spears be riven !
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red ! "

And the reaper armed, like a freeman's son,
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed
on.

" Hunter ! leave the mountain-chase !
Take the falchion from its place !
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey !
Let the deer ungalled sweep by,—
Arm thee ! Britain's foes are nigh ! "

And the hunter armed ere the chase was
done, [on.
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed

" Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast !
Stay not till the song hath ceased :
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,

Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—
Arm thee ! Britain's foes must fall. "

And the chieftain armed, and the horn
was blown, [on.
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed

" Prince ! thy father's deeds are told
In the bower and in the hold !
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung !—
Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bards a tale of thee ! "

And the prince came armed, like a leader's
son, [on.
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed

" Mother ! stay thou not thy boy !
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer !
Maiden ! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart ! "

And the Bended Bow and the voice passed
on,
And the bards made song for a battle won.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

[It is recorded of Henry I., that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.]

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on ;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son ?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain ;—
Why comes not death to those who
He never smiled again ! [mourn ?—

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair ;—
He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round ;
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring :

A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep ;—
He never smiled again !

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board ; [tears,
Graves, which true love had bathed with
Were left to heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years ;—
He never smiled again !

CEUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER

[The body of Henry II. lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.]

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier,
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as Noon's broad light, was flung
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censor's
breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there :
As if each deeply-furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show,—
Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul ;
And solemn were the strains they poured
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and
sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement
rang
With a sounding thrill of dread ;

And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear,
But his proud heart through its breast-
plate shook,
When he stood beside the bier !
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasped hands o'er it raised ;—
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast,—
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppressed !
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain—
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, ev'n like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
'Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

"Oh, father ! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father ! once again,
I weep—behold, I weep !
Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire,
To hear thee bless thy son.

"Speak to me ! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred !
Hear me, but hear me !—father, chief,
My king ! I *must* be heard !—
Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?—woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot !

"Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright !
And father, father ! but for me,
They had not been so white !
I bore thee down, high heart ! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive ;—
Oh ! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say—'forgive !'

"Thou wert the noblest king,
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are
proved
In war, the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert—and *there* thou art!

Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie,—
How will that sad, still face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE

['Here (at Brereton, in Cheshire) is one thing
incredibly strange; but attested, as I myself
have heard, by many persons, and commonly
believed. Before any heir of this family dies,
there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies
of trees swimming on the water for several
days.'—CAMDEN'S *Britannia*]

YES! I have seen the ancient oak,
On the dark, deep water cast,
And it was not felled by the woodman's
stroke,
Or the rush of the sweeping blast;
For the axe might never touch that tree,
And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
By an arrow in the fight,
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest
leaf,
At the crashing of its might!
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,
And the spray of the lake as a fountain's
flew!

'Tis fallen! but think thou not I weep
For the forest's pride o'erthrown;
An old man's tears lie far too deep,
To be poured for this alone!
But by that sign too well I know,
That a youthful head must soon be low!

A youthful head, with its shining hair,
And its bright, quick-flashing eye—
Well may I weep! for the boy is fair,
Too fair a thing to die!

But on his brow the mark is set—
Oh! could *my* life redeem him yet!

He bounded by me as I gazed
Alone on the fatal sign,
And it seemed like sunshine when he
raised
His joyous glance to mine!
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
So full of life—but he must die!

He must, he must! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell,
But an heir of his fathers died.
And he—there's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice—yet he must die!

I've borne him in these arms, that now
Are nerveless and unstrung;
And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung?
I must!—yon green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast!

The noble boy!—how proudly sprung
The falcon from his hand!
It seemed like youth to see *him* young,
A flower in his father's land!
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is
nigh, [must die,
For the tree hath fallen, and the flower

Say not 'tis vain!—I tell thee, some
Are warned by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night;
And they must go!—and he too, he—
Woe for the fall of the glorious 'Tree!

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

[It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the
passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the
approach of war. He is supposed to issue with
his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein,
and traverse the air to the opposite castle of
Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted that the
sound of his phantom horses and hounds was
heard by the Duke of Baden before the com-
mencement of the last war in Germany.]

THY rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,
If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savage horn, from the mountain
tower,
As the Wild Night-Huntsman passed,
And the roar of the stormy chase went by,
Through the dark unquiet sky!

The stag sprang up from his mossy
bed

When he caught the piercing sounds,
And the oak-boughs crashed to his antlered
head,

As he flew from the viewless hounds;
And the falcon soared from her craggy
height,

Away through the rushing night!

The banner shook on its ancient hold,
And the pine in its desert place,
As the cloud and tempest onward rolled
With the din of the trampling race;
And the glens were filled with the laugh
and shout,
And the bugle, ringing out!

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup
fell,
At the castle's festive board,
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell
Of the harp's triumphal chord;
And the Minnesinger's thrilling lay
In the hall died fast away.*

The convent's chanted rite was stayed,
And the hermit dropped his beads,
And a trembling ran through the forest-
shade,
At the neigh of the phantom steeds;
And the church-bells pealed to the rocking
blast
As the Wild Night-Huntsman passed.

The storm hath swept with the chase
away,
There is stillness in the sky,
But the mother looks on her son to-day
With a troubled heart and eye,
And the maiden's brow hath a shade of
care
'Midst the gleam of her golden hair.

The Rhine flows bright, but its waves ere
long
Must hear a voice of war,
And the clash of spears our hills among,
And a trumpet from afar;
And the brave on a bloody turf must
lie,
For the Huntsman hath gone by!

* *Minnesinger, love-singer*,—the wandering
 minstrels of Germany were so called in the
 Middle Ages.

BRANDENBURGH HARVEST- SONG *

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

THE corn, in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain;
The sickle's gleam is bright;
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
Our harvest lay!—
Alas! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day!

On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,—
We know its cause too well,
She is no more!

Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue,—
Now o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew!

THE SHADE OF THESEUS

ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION

Know ye not when our dead
From sleep to battle sprang!—
When the Persian charger's tread
On their covering greensward rang!
When the trampling march of foes
Had crushed our vines and flowers,
When jewelled crests arose
Through the holy laurel bowers;

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crowned,
And armed for Greece that day;
But the falcions made no sound
On his gleaming war-array.
In the battle's front he stood,
With his tall and shadowy crest:
But the arrows drew no blood,
Though their path was through his
breast.

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

* For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.

His sword was seen to flash
Where the boldest deeds were done;
But it smote without a clash;
The stroke was heard by none!
His voice was not of those
That swelled the rolling blast,
And his steps fell hushed like snows—
'Twas the shade of Theseus passed!

When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,
With a fiery charge he bore;
And the Mede left many a bow
On the sounding ocean-shore.
And the foaming waves grew red,
And the sails were crowded fast,
When the sons of Asia fled.
As the shade of Theseus passed!

When banners caught the breeze.
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR MYRIOLOGUE

[“ Les Chants Funèbres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de *Myriologia*, comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, plaintes. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mère, ses filles, ses sœurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et la bouche, en épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, la douleur qu'elle ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là elles changent de vêtements, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la cérémonie nuptiale, avec cette différence, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendans. Ces apprêts terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deuil; toutes se rangent en cercle autour du mort, et leur douleur s'exhale de nouveau, et, comme la première fois, sans règle et sans contrainte. A ces plaintes spontanées succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce: ce sont les *Myriologues*. Ordinairement c'est la plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première; après elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisines. Les *Myriologues* sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poésie.”—*Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, par C. FAURIEL.]

- A WAIL was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother sung.—
“ Ianthis! dost thou sleep?—Thou sleep'st!—but this is not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillowed on my breast!
I lulled thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis! my sweet son!
As in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have done!—
How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now?
And that I die not, seeing death on thy pale glorious brow?
- “ I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave!
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave!
Though mournfully thy smile is fixed, and heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie;
And fast is bound the springing step, that seemed on breezes borne,
When to thy couch I came and said,—‘Wake, hunter, wake! 'tis morn: t'
Yet art thou lovely still, my flower! untouched by slow decay,—
And I, the withered stem, remain—I would that grief might slay!
- “ Oh! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be!
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee!
I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high;—
A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die!
That thou must die, my fearless one! where swords were flashing red.—
Why doth a mother live to say—My first-born and my dead?
They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won—
Speak *thou*, and I will hear! my child, Ianthis! my sweet son! ’

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
A fair-haired bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung.—

“ Ianthis ! look st thou not on *me* ?—Can love indeed be fled ?
When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head ?
I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis, my beloved !
And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved !—
That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side—
It would have been a blessed thing together had we died !

“ But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword ?
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board ?
Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine ?
Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine ?
And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
Fast gushing like a mountain-spring !—and couldst thou thus depart ?
Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath ?—
Oh ! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death !

“ Yes ! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread !
But not where noble blood flowed forth, where sounding javelins flew—
Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu ?
What now can breathe of gladness more, what scene, what hour, what tone ?
The blue skies fade with all their lights, they fade, since thou art gone !
Even *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmoved—
Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis ! my beloved !

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung.—

“ Ianthis ! brother of my soul !—oh ! where are now the days
That laughed among the deep green hills, on all our infant plays,
When we two sported by the streams, or tracked them to their source,
And like a stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless course ?—
I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend !—

“ I come with flowers—for spring is come !—Ianthis ! art thou *here* ?
I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier !
Thou shouldst be crowned with victory's crown—but oh ! more meet *they* seem,
The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream !
More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low—
Alas ! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow !
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send,—
Woe ! that it smiles, and not for thee !—my brother and my friend !”

ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE

WHERE is the summer, with her golden sun ?—
That festal glory hath not passed from earth :
For me alone the laughing day is done !
Where is the summer with her voice of mirth ?—
Far in my own bright land !

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and die
On the green hills ?—the founts, from sparry caves
Through the wild places bearing melody ?
The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves ?—
Far in my own bright land !

Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining,
 The virgin-dances, and the choral strains?
 Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining
 The spring's first roses for their sylvan fanes?—
 Far in my own bright land!

Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs,
 The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades!
 The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,
 And the pine forests, and the olive shades?—
 Far in my own bright land!

Where the deep haunted grots, the laurel bowers,
 The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams?
 Oh! that my life were as a southern flower's!
 I might not languish then by these chill streams,
 Far from my own bright land!

THE PARTING SONG

[This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his "Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne," and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.]

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home
 Such as to early thought gives images,
 The longest treasured, and most oft recalled,
 And brightest kept, of love!—a mountain home,
 That, with the murmur of its rocking pines
 And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart
 Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,
 And half unconscious prayer;—a Grecian home,
 With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,
 And, through the dimness of its olive shades,
 Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam
 Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.

And this was what he left!—Yet many leave
 Far more:—the glistening eye, that first from theirs
 Called out the soul's bright smile; the gentle hand,
 Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps
 To where the violets lay; the tender voice,
 That earliest taught them what deep melody
 Lives in affection's tones. *He* left not these.
 Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part
 With all a mother's love!—A bitterer grief
 Was his—to part *unloved*!—of her unloved,
 That should have breathed upon his heart, like spring
 Fostering its young faint flowers!

Yet had he friends,
 And they went forth to cheer him on his way
 Unto the parting spot;—and she too went,
 That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.
 The parting spot was reached:—a lone deep glen,
 Holy, perchance, of vore, for cave and fount

Lays of Many Lands

Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes ; and above,
 The silence of the blue, still, upper heaven
 Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore
 Their crowning snows.—Upon a rock he sprung,
 The unbeloved one, for his home to gaze
 Through the wild laurels back ; but then a light
 Broke on the stern, proud sadness of his eye,
 A sudden quivering light, and from his lips
 A burst of passionate song.

“ Farewell, farewell !
 I hear thee, O thou rushing stream !—thou’rt from my native dell,
 Thou’rt bearing thence a mournful sound !—a murmur of farewell !
 And fare thee well—flow on, my stream !—flow on, thou bright and free :
 I do but care that in thy voice one tone laments for me ;
 But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood’s loving years,
 And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my tears :
 The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known ;
 The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept alone !

“ I see thee once again, my home ! thou’rt there amidst thy vines,
 And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.
 It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through thy groves,
 The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves !—
 The hour *the mother* loves !—for *me* beloved it hath not been ;
 Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smilest, a blessed scene !
 Whose quiet beauty o’er my soul through distant years will come—
 Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home ?

“ Not as the dead !—no, not the dead !—We speak of *them*—we keep
Their names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep !
 We hallow even the lyre they touched, we love the lay they sung,
 We pass with softer step the place *they* filled our band among !
 But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth
 No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth !
 I go !—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell,
 When mine is a forgotten voice.—Woods, mountains, home, farewell !

“ And farewell, mother !—I have borne in lonely silence long,
 But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong !
 And I will speak ! though but the wind that wanders through the sky,
 And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and rolling streams reply.
 Yes ! I will speak !—within my breast whate’er hath seemed to be,
 There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gushed for thee !
 Brightly it would have gushed, but thou, my mother ! thou hast thrown
 Back on the forests and the wilds what should have been thine own !

“ Then fare thee well ! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,
 Since thou hast sons of statelier mien, and fairer brow than mine !
 Forgive me that thou couldst not love !—it may be, that a tone
 Yet from my burning heart may pierce through thine, when I am gone !
 And thou, perchance, mayst weep for him on whom thou ne’er hast smiled,
 And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected child !
 Might but my spirit *then* return, and ‘midst its kindred dwell,
 And quench its thirst with love’s free tears !—‘Tis all a dream—farewell ! “

"Farewell!"—the echo died with that deep word,
Yet died not so the late repentant pang
By the strain quickened in the mother's breast!
There had passed many changes o'er her brow,
And cheek, and eye; but into one bright flood
Of tears at last all melted; and she fell
On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,
"Return, return, my son!"—The echo caught
A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,
Murmuring—"Return, my son!"

THE SULIOTE MOTHER

[It is related, in a French Life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into their mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.]

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky,
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foeman's armour shines?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast,
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?—
That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son;
They had heaped high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come!
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirred,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Sulis wild!
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armèd sire?—
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swelled the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

Lays of Many Lands

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?—
 Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—
 Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!
 He too hath blessed thee, as I have done!
 Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
 And fast the fair child bore:
 A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was over!

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD

[The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.—See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.]

"'Tis hard to lay into the earth
 A countenance so benign! a form that walked
 But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!"—WILSON

COME near! Ere yet the dust
 Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
 Look on your brother; and embrace him now,
 In still and solemn trust!
 Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed
 On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!
 What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
 Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
 Gladdening its hearth and race?
 Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed.
 Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!
 For tears befit earth's partings! Yesterday,
 Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
 And sunshine seemed to dwell
 Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed.—
 Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest.

Look yet on him whose eye
 Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth.
 Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
 The beings born to die?—
 But not where death has power may love be blessed.
 Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest!

How may the mother's heart
 Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
 The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain—
 The lovely must depart!
 Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
 Come near! and bear the early called to rest!

Look on him ! Is he laid
 To slumber from the harvest or the chase ?—
 Too still and sad the smile upon his face ;
 Yet that, even that must fade :
 Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest.
 Come near ! and bear the mortal to his rest !

His voice of mirth hath ceased
 Amidst the vineyards ! there is left no place
 For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
 At the gay bridal-feast !
 Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast.
 Come near ! weep o'er him ! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
 Whose spirit's light is quenched ! For him the past
 Is sealed : he may not fall, he may not cast
 His birthright's hope away !
 All is not *here* of our beloved and blessed.—
 Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest !

1828

RECORDS OF WOMAN

ARABELLA STUART

[“The Lady Arabella,” as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret but early-discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape ; and, having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked ; and at break of day a French vessel engaged to receive her was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him ; but this wish was overruled by her companions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, “which,” says D’Israeli, “occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower ; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The time passed ; the waves were rising ; Arabella was not there ; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered, to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella ; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a large sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders.” Arabella, meantime, whilst imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the king’s service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank. “What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history, but enough is known—that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and, if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that it was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remaining among her papers.—D’ISRAELI’S *Curiosities of Literature*.]

The following poem, meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuations of her thoughts and feelings, is supposed to commence during the time of her first imprisonment, whilst

her mind was yet buoyed up by the consciousness of Seymour's affection, and the cherished hope of eventual deliverance.]

"And is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?"—BYRON.

"Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto."—PINDEMONTE.

I.

'Twas but a dream ! I saw the stag leap free,
Under the boughs where early birds were singing :
I stood o'ershadowed by the greenwood tree,
And heard, it seemed, a sudden bugle ringing
Far through a royal forest. Then the fawn
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
To secret covert ; and the smooth turf shook,
And lilies quivered by the glade's lone brook.
And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,
A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,
Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
Into the deep wood's heart ; and all passed by
Save one—I met the smile of *one* clear eye,
Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou* wert there,
Seymour ! A soft wind blew the clustering hair
Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,
And fling, methought, thy hunting spear away,
And, lightly graceful in thy green array,
Bound to my side. And we, that met and parted
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour
Even like the mingling of sweet streams, beneath
Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest-flowers.

II.

'Tis past ! I wake
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend ! Yet fostering, for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be ;
And feeling still my woman-spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervour, and prevail—
Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,
Through hearts now cold ; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish. In this trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chilled and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III.

And thou too art in bonds ! Yet droop thou not,
O my beloved ! there is *one* hopeless lot,

But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
 Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
 When darkness, from the vainly doting sight
 Covers its beautiful! If thou wert gone

To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow—
 If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone

Of earnest tenderness, which now, even now
 Seems floating through my soul, were music taken
 For ever from this world—oh! thus forsaken,
 Could I bear on? Thou livest, thou livest, thou'rt mine!
 With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
 And by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,
 Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV.

And lo! the joy that cometh with the morning,

Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care!

I have not watched in vain, serenely scorning

The wild and busy whispers of despair!

Thou hast sent tidings, as of Heaven—I wait

The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.

Oh! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate

As a star shoots!—but on the breezy sea

We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour!

Will not my heart, o'erburdened by its bliss,

Faint and give way within me, as a flower

Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss?

Yet shall I *fear* that lot—the perfect rest,

The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,

After long suffering won? So rich a close

Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

V.

Sunset! I tell each moment. From the skies

The last red splendour floats along my wall,

Like a king's banner! Now it melts, it dies!

I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,

The expected voice; my quick heart throbbed too soon.

I must keep vigil till yon rising moon

Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam,

Through my lone lattice poured, I sit and dream

Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,

Under the vine or in the citron grove,

May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,

And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.

I hear my veins beat. Hark! a bell's slow chime!

My heart strikes with it. Yet again—'tis time!

A step!—a voice!—or but a rising breeze?

Hark!—haste!—I come, to meet thee on the seas!

* * * * *

VI.

Now never more, oh! never, in the worth

Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth

Trust fondly—never more! The hope is crushed

That lit my life, the voice within me hushed

*That spoke sweet oracles ; and I return
 To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,
 Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost !
 No tempest met our barks—no billow tossed ;
 Yet were they severed, even as we must be,
 That so have loved, so striven our hearts to free
 From their close-coiling fate ! In vain—in vain !
 The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,
 And press out life. Upon the deck I stood,
 And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,
 Like some proud bird of ocean ; then mine eye
 Strained out, one moment earlier to descry
 The form it ached for, and the bark's career
 Seemed slow to that fond yearning : it drew near,
 Fraught with our foes ! What boots it to recall
 The strife, the tears ? Once more a prison wall
 Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my sight,
 And joyous glance of waters to the light,
 And thee, my Seymour !—thee !*

I will not sink.

Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy chain that bound thee !
 And this shall be my strength—the joy to think
 That thou mayest wander with heaven's breath around thee,
 And all the laughing sky ! This thought shall yet
 Shine o'er my heart a radiant amulet,
 Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken ;
 And unto me, I know, thy true love's token
 Shall one day be deliverance, though the years
 Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

My friend ! my friend ! where art thou ? Day by day,
 Gliding like some dark mournful stream away,
 My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
 Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
 Round hall and hamlet ; summer with her smile
 Fills the green forest : young hearts breathe their vows ;
 Brothers long parted meet ; fair children rise
 Round the glad board ; hope laughs from loving eyes :
 All this is in the world !—These joys lie sown,
 The dew of every path ! On *one* alone
 Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer
 Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers !
 By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent ;
 O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
 And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
 Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen
 Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,
 Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
 Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to you
 Hath murmured, and the rill. My soul grows faint
 With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
 Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,
 The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me !

IX.

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—

O Love and Freedom ! ye are lovely things !

With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,

And by the streams. But I—the blood of kings,

A proud unmingling river, through my veins

Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts are chains !

Kings !—I had silent visions of deep bliss,

Leaving their thrones far distant ; and for this

I am cast under their triumphal car,

An insect to be crushed ! Oh ! heaven is far—

Earth pitiless !

Dost thou forget me, Seymour ? I am proved

So long, so sternly ! Seymour, my beloved !

There are such tales of holy marvels done

By strong affection, of deliverance won

Through its prevailing power ! Are these things told

Till the young weep with rapture, and the old

Wonder, yet dare not doubt ; and thou ! oh, thou !

Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay ?—

Thou canst not ! Through the silent night, even now,

I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray

Still first for thee. O gentle, gentle friend !

How shall I bear this anguish to the end ?

Aid !—comes there yet no aid ? The voice of blood

Passes heaven's gate, even ere the crimson flood

Sinks through the greensward ! Is there not a cry

From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,

To pierce the clouds ? Hear, Mercy !—hear me ! None

That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun

Have heavier cause ! Yet hear !—my soul grows dark !—

Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark

On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,

And bearing to the abyss, unseen, unknown,

Its freight of human hearts ? The o'ermastering wave,

Who shall tell how it rushed—and none to save !

Thou hast forsaken me ! I feel, I know,

There would be rescue if this were not so.

Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,

Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is poured,

Thou'rt where the dancers meet ! A magic glass

Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,

Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall ;

I see one shadow, stateliest there of all—

Thine ! What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair,

Whispering light words, and mocking my despair ?

It is not well of thee ! My love was more

Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore ;

And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,

With all its blighted hopes around it lying :

Even thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—

Yet smile, smile on ! too bright art thou for grief !

Death ! What ! is death a locked and treasured thing,

Guarded by swords of fire ? a hidden spring,

A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,

As if the world within me held no cure ?

Wherefore not spread free wings—Heaven, Heaven control
 These thoughts!—they rush—I look into my soul
 As down a gulf, and tremble at the array
 Of fierce forms crowding it! Give strength to pray,
 So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is stilled.
 Father in heaven, Thou, only Thou, canst sound
 The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish filled,
 For human line too fearfully profound.
 Therefore, forgive, my Father! if Thy child,
 Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
 And sinned in her despair! It well may be
 That Thou wouldst lead my spirit back to Thee,
 By the crushed hope too long on this world poured—
 The stricken love which hath perchance adored
 A mortal in Thy place! Now let me strive
 With Thy strong arm no more! Forgive, forgive!
 Take me to peace!

And peace at last is nigh.
 A sign is on my brow, a token sent
 The o'erworn dust from home: no breeze flits by,
 But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
 Of many mysteries.

Hark! the warning tone
 Deepens—its word is *Death*! Alone, alone,
 And sad in youth, but chastened, I depart,
 Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
 Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,
 Even in this hour o'ershadowing fearfulness,
 Thee, its first love! O tender still, and true!
 Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw
 Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,
 Though but a moment!

Now, with fainting frame,
 With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
 To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
 I bless thee! Peace be on thy noble head,
 Years of bright fame when I am with the dead!
 I bid this prayer survive me, and retain
 Its might, again to bless thee, and again!
 Thou hast been gathered into my dark fate
 Too much; too long, for my sake, desolate
 Hath been thine exiled youth: but now take back,
 From dying hands, thy freedom, and re-track
 (After a few kind tears for her whose days
 Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways
 Of hope, and find thou happiness! Yet send
 Even then, in silent hours, a thought, dear friend!
 Down to my voiceless chamber; for thy love
 Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
 Though bought with burning tear! It is the sting
 Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing
 In this cold world! What were it, then, if thou,
 With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now?
 Too keen a pang. Farewell! and yet once more,
 Farewell! The passion of long years I pour

Into that word ! Thou hearest not—but the woe
 And fervour of its tones may one day flow
 To thy heart's holy place : there let them dwell,
 We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet. Farewell !

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE *

"Fear ! I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death ?
 A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom ?
 I will not live degraded."—*Sardanapalus*.

COME from the woods with the citron-flowers,
 Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
 Maids of bright Scio ! They came, and the breeze
 Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas ;
 They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
 The bride of the morn, with her train-around.
 Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
 Like starry dew's midst the roses there ;
 Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
 Heaved by her heart through its golden zone.
 But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
 Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil ;
 Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
 Though clear as a flower which the light looks through ;
 And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
 For the aspect of woman at times too high,
 Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
 Of the soul sent up o'er its fervent beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,
 Like one that is leaving his native shore ;
 She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
 As it greenly waved by the threshold stone ;
 She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
 Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
 Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears
 Flow to the dream of her early years !
 Holy and pure are the drops that fall
 When the young bride goes from her father's hall ;
 She goes unto love yet untried and new,
 She parts from love which hath still been true :
 Mute be the song and the choral strain,
 Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again !
 She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
 Like a babe that sobs itself to rest ;
 She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
 In *his* that waited her dawning smile—
 Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less
 For the gush of nature's tenderness !
 She lifted her graceful head at last—
 The choking swell of her heart was past ;
 And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
 In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

* Founded on a circumstance related in the Second Series of the *Curiosities of Literature*.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WHY do I weep? To leave the vine
 Whose clusters o'er me bend;
 The myrtle—yet, oh, call it mine!—
 The flowers I love to tend.
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear
 Like shadows o'er me sweep;
 I leave my sunny childhood here,
 Oh! therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played
 Through many a joyous hour,
 Where the silvery green of the olive shade
 Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
 Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,
 In song, in prayer, in sleep,
 Have been as we may be no more—
 Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
 Must now light other feet,
 With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,
 Thy homeward step to greet.
 Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
 Lay tones of love so deep,
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
 I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast
 Pouring out joy and woe,
 I have found that holy place of rest
 Still changeless—yet I go!
 Lips, that have lulled me with your strain!
 Eyes, that have watched my sleep!
 Will earth give love like *yours* again?—
 Sweet mother! let me weep!

And like a slight young tree that throws
 The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
 Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
 Is the human heart—as a mountain spring
 That works its way, through the torrent's foam,
 To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!
 It is well!—the cloud on her soul that lay,
 Hath melted in glittering drops away.
 Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!
 She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
 Mother! on earth it must still be so:
 Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,
 Ye may track their way by the swells of song;
 Ye may catch through the foliage their white robes' gleam,
 Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a shadowy stream;
 Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread
 Is over the deep-veined violet's bed;
 They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,
 An arch for the triumph of youth and love!

Still and sweet was the home that stood
 In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
 With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
 As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
 Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
 Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
 Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,
 Making a gleam round the lone abode ;
 Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
 Scattered out rays like a glancing river ;
 Stars of jasmine its pillars crowned,
 Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound ;
 And brightly before it a fountain's play
 Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
 To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
 Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
 And the guests were met by that fountain side.
 They lifted the veil from Eudora's face—
 It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
 With lips of love, and a brow serene,
 Meet for the soul of the deep-wood scene.
 Bring wine, bring odours !—the board is spread ;
 Bring roses ! a chaplet for every head !
 The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered
 On the young and fair from the world embowered ;
 The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,
 The winds amid scented boughs were laid ;
 And there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
 A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush ! be still ! Was that no more
 Than the murmur from the shore ?
 Silence !—did thick rain-drops beat
 On the grass like trampling feet !
 Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword !
 The groves are filled with a pirate horde !
 Through the dim olives their sabres shine !—
 Now must the red blood stream for wine !

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,
 The woods with the shrieks of the maidens rang ;
 Under the golden-fruited boughs
 There were flashing poniards and darkening brows—
 Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,
 And the dying soon on a greensward bed.
 —Eudora, Eudora ! *thou* dost not fly !—
 She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
 With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow
 Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,
 And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
 That sought his young bride out mournfully.
 She knelt down beside him—her arms she wound
 Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,
 As if the passion of that fond grasp
 Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.

But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
 The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there :
 They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
 And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
 And a hush of fear through the summer grove,—
 So closed the triumph of Youth and Love !

Gloomy lay the shore that night,
 When the moon, with sleeping light,
 Bathed each purple Sciote hill—
 Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
 O'er the wave no gay guitar
 Sent its floating music far ;
 No glad sound of dancing feet
 Woke the starry hours to greet.
 But a voice of mortal woe,
 In its changes wild or low,
 Through the midnight's blue repose,
 From the sea-beat rocks arose,
 As Eudora's mother stood
 Gazing o'er the Ægean flood,
 With a fixed and straining eye—
 Oh ! was the spoiler's vessel nigh ?
 Yes ! there, becalmed in silent sleep,
 Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
 On a sea of molten silver, dark
 Brooding it frowned, that evil bark !
 There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
 Moveless and black from the tall still mast ;
 And the heavy sound of its flapping sail
 Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
 Hushed was all else—had ocean's breast
 Rocked e'en Eudora that hour to rest ?

To rest ? the waves tremble !—what piercing cry
 Bursts from the heart of the ship on high ?
 What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
 Shoots from the deck up ? Fire ! 'tis fire !
 There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
 Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow ;
 There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
 And the dashing of water—but fruitless all !
 Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
 The might and wrath of the rushing flame !
 It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,
 That coils up a tree from a dusky brake ;
 It hath touched the sails, and their canvas rolls
 Away from its breath into shrivelled scrolls ;
 It hath taken the flag's high place in the air,
 And reddened the stars with its wavy glare ;
 And sent out bright arrows, and soared in glee,
 To a burning mount 'midst the moonlight sea.
 The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
 Eudora ! Eudora ! where, where art thou ?
 The slave and his master alike are gone—
 Mother ! who stands on the deck alone ?

The child of thy bosom !—and lo ! a brand
 Blazing up high in her lifted hand !
 And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
 Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare :
 And her fragile form to its loftiest height
 Dilated, as if by the spirit's might ;
 And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught—
 Oh ! could this work be of woman wrought ?
 Yes ! 'twas her deed !—by that haughty smile,
 It was hers : she hath kindled her funeral pile !
 Never might shame on that bright head be,
 Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free !

Proudly she stands like an Indian bride,
 On the pyre with the holy dead beside ;
 But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
 As the flames to her marriage robe draw near,
 And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
 To the form they must never unfold again.
 —One moment more, and her hands are clasped—
 Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped—
 Her sinking knee unto heaven is bowed,
 And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
 And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move ;—
 Now the night gathers o'er Youth and Love !

THE SWITZER'S WIFE

[Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of a heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

“ Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
 Save woman's quietness of thought ;
 And yet around her is a light
 Of inward majesty and might.”—M. J. J.

* * * * *

“ Wer solch ein herz an sienem Busen drückt,
 Der kann fur herd und hof mit freuden fechten.”
Wilhelm Tell.

It was the time when children bound to meet
 Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
 And when the herd's returning bells are sweet,
 In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
 And the last note of that wild horn swells by
 Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
 Touched with the crimson of the dying hour,
 Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
 And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower ;
 But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
 Then first looked mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,
 That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
 Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be
 With some deep care, and thus can find no more
 The accustomed joy in all which evening brings,
 Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him—sad, yet mild
 In her beseeching mien!—he marked it not.
 The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child
 Rang from the greensward round the sheltered spot,
 But seemed unheard; until at last the boy
 Raised from his heaped-up flowers a glance of joy,

And met his father's face. But then a change
 Passed swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
 And a quick sense of something dimly strange
 Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
 So often climbed, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;
 But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
 Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
 Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent and said,
 "What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey—
 That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away?"

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
 Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
 Missing the smile from thine? Oh, cheer thee! bend
 To his soft arms: unseal thy thoughts e'en now!
 Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
 Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,
 But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
 Was loosened from his soul; its inmost place
 Not yet unveiled by love's o'ermastering hand.
 "Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where on high
 The white Alps glittered through the solemn sky:

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
 And their free torrents; for the days are come
 When tyranny lies couched by forest rills,
 And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
 Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear—
 Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

"The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been
 Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
 Under my household tree, if not serene,
 Yet with the faces best beloved in sight:
 To-morrow eve may find me chained, and thee—
 How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek ;²
 Back on the linden stem she leaned her form ;
 And her lip trembled as it strove to speak,
 Like a frail harp-string shaken by the storm.
 'Twas but a moment, and the faintness passed,
 And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
 With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
 Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
 And timid in her happiness the while,
 Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour—
 Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
 And took her fair child to her holy breast,
 And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might
 As it found language :—" Are we thus oppressed ?
 Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
 And man must arm, and woman call on God !

" I know what thou wouldst do ;—and be it done !
 Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.
 Trust me to Heaven, my husband ! this, thy son,
 The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free !
 And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
 May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

" Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
 Of my desponding tears ; now lift once more,
 My hunter of the hills ! thy stately head,
 And let thine eagle glance my joy restore !
 I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued—
 Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

" Go forth beside the waters, and along
 The chamois paths, and through the forests go ;
 And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
 To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.
 God shall be with thee, my beloved ! Away !
 Bless but thy child, and leave me—I can pray ! "

He sprang up, like a warrior youth awaking
 To clarion sounds upon the ringing air ;
 He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
 From his dark eyes fell o'er her braided hair ;
 And " worthy art thou," was his joyous cry,
 " That man for thee should gird himself to die !

" My bride, my wife, the mother of my child !
 Now shall thy name be armour to my heart :
 And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
 Be taught of thee to choose the better part !
 I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell :
 Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps. Farewell ! "

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
 In the clear starlight : he the strength to rouse
 Of the free hills ; she, thoughtful for his sake,
 To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
 Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep
 With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

PROPERZIA ROSSI

[Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.]

“ Tell me no more, no more
 Of my soul's lofty gifts ! Are they not vain
 To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?
 Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
 One true heart unto me, whereon my own
 Might find a resting-place, a home for all
 Its burden of affections ? I depart,
 Unknown, though Fame goes with me ; I must leave
 The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
 Shall give my name a power to win such tear
 As would have made life precious.”

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more !
 And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
 My soul away ! Let earth retain a trace
 Of that which lit my being, though its race
 Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream !
 From my deep spirit one victorious gleam
 Ere I depart ! For thee alone, for thee !
 May this last work, this farewell triumph be—
 Thou, loved so vainly ! I would leave enshrined
 Something immortal of my heart and mind,
 That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
 Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
 Of lost affection—something that may prove
 What she hath been, whose melancholy love
 On thee was lavished ; silent pang and tear,
 And fervent song that gushed when none were near,
 And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
 Stealing the brightness from her life away—
 While thou—Awake ! not yet within me die !
 Under the burden and the agony
 Of this vain tenderness—my spirit, wake !
 Even for thy sorrowful affection's sake,
 Live ! in thy work breathe out !—that he may yet,
 Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
 Thine unrequited gift.

It comes ! the power
 Within me born flows back—my fruitless dower
 That could not win me love. Yet once again
 I greet it proudly, with its rushing train

Of glorious images : they throng—they press—
A sudden joy lights up my loneliness—
I shall not perish all !

The bright work grows
Beneath my hand, unfolding as a rose,
Leaf after leaf, to beauty ; line by line,
I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,
Through the pale marble's veins. It grows !—and now
I give my own life's history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne !—thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments ; but oh ! more fair,
Touched into lovelier being by the glow
Which in me dwells, as by the summer light
All things are glorified. From thee my woe
Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,
When I am passed away. Thou art the mould,
Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, the untold,
The self-consuming ! Speak to him of me,
Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,
With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye—
Speak to him, lorn one ! deeply, mournfully,
Of all my love and grief ! Oh ! could I throw
Into thy frame a voice—a sweet, and low,
And thrilling voice of song ! when he came nigh,
To send the passion of its melody
Through his pierced bosom—on its tones to bear
My life's deep feeling, as the southern air
Wafts the faint myrtle's breath—to rise, to swell,
To sink away in accents of farewell,
Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow
Surely my parted spirit yet might know,
If love be strong as death !

Now fair thou art,
Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart !
Yet all the vision that within me wrought,
I cannot make thee. Oh ! I might have given
Birth to creations of far nobler thought ;
I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,
Things not of such as die ! But I have been
Too much alone ! A heart whereon to lean,
With all these deep affections that o'erflow
My aching soul, and find no shore below ;
An eye to be my star ; a voice to bring
Hope o'er my path like sounds that breathe of spring :
These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain.
Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain
Are ever but as some wild fitful song,
Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
In dirge-like echoes.

Yet the world will see
Little of this, my parting work ! in thee.

Thou shalt have fame ! Oh, mockery ! give the reed
 From storms a shelter—give the drooping vine
 Something round which its tendrils may entwine—
 Give the parched flower a raindrop, and the meed
 Of love's kind words to woman ! Worthless fame !
 That in *his* bosom wins not for my name
 The abiding place it asked ! Yet how my heart,
 In its own fairy world of song and art,
 Once beat for praise ! Are those high longings o'er ?
 That which I have been can I be no more ?
 Never ! oh, never more ! though still thy sky
 Be blue as then, my glorious Italy !
 And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
 Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still ;
 And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams
 Unchanged on forms, instinct with poet-dreams.
 Never ! oh, never more ! Where'er I move,
 The shadow of this broken-hearted love
 Is on me and around ! Too well *they* know
 Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
 When there the blight hath settled ! But I go
 Under the silent wings of peace to dwell ;
 From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
 The inward burning of those words—" *in vain*,"
 Seared on the heart—I go. 'Twill soon be past !
 Sunshine and song, and bright Italian heaven,
 And thou, oh ! thou, on whom my spirit cast
 Unvalued wealth—who knowest not what was given
 In that devotedness—the sad, and deep,
 And unrepaid—farewell ! If I could weep
 Once, only once, beloved one ! on thy breast,
 Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest !
 But that were happiness !—and unto me
 Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was formed to be
 So richly blessed ! With thee to watch the sky,
 Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh ;
 With thee to listen, while the tones of song
 Swept even as part of our sweet air along—
 To listen silently ; with thee to gaze
 On forms, the deified of olden days—
 This had been joy enough ; and hour by hour,
 From its glad well-springs drinking life and power,
 How had my spirit soared, and made its fame
 A glory for thy brow ! Dreams, dreams !—the fire
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name—
 As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre
 When its full chords are hushed—awhile to live,
 And one day haply in thy heart revive
 Sad thoughts of me. I leave it, with a sound,
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound ;
 I leave it, on my country's air to dwell—
 Say proudly yet—" 'Twas hers who loved me well ! "

GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH

[The Baron Von der Wart, accused—though it is believed unjustly—as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonising hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart; or, Fidelity unto Death.*]

“Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers o’er us;
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee.”—JOANNA BAILLIE.

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

“And bid me not depart,” she cried;
“My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side—
Peace! peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it? *Mine is here—*
I will not leave thee now.

“I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory’s living power
To strengthen me through *this*!
And thou, mine honoured love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
From woman’s breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, Love! of mortal agony
Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak!

The wind rose high—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:—
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near;

While she sat striving with despair

- Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow

With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
Had stilled his heart so oft.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses pressed
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last !

She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit passed !

While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not !

IMELDA

" Sometimes

The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda."—*Italy, a Poem*

" *Passa la bella, Donna, e par che dorma.*"—Tasso.

WE have the myrtle's breath around us here,
Amidst the fallen pillars : this hath been
Some Naiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,
Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,
Up through the shadowy grass the fountain wells,
And music with it, gushing from beneath
The ivied altar ! That sweet murmur tells
The rich wild flowers no tale of woe or death ;
Yet once the wave was darkened, and a stain
Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not of rain—
On the dim violets by its marble bed,
And the pale shining water-lily's head.

Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair girl met

One whom she loved, by this lone temple's spring,
Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,

And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring
All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle pair,
With the blue heaven of Italy above,
And citron-odours dying on the air,

And light leaves trembling round, and early love
Deep in each breast. What recked *their* souls of strife
Between their fathers ! Unto them young life
Spread out the treasures of its vernal years ;

And if they wept, they wept far other tears
Than the cold world brings forth. They stood that hour
Speaking of hope ; while tree, and fount, and flower,

And star, just gleaming through the cypress boughs,
Seemed holy things, as records of their vows.

But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying tread
Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew
The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled
Up where the cedars make yon avenue
Dim with green twilight : pausing there, she caught—
Was it the clash of swords? A swift dark thought
Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it passed,
And from her eye the sunny sparkle took
One moment with its feartuiness, and shook
Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast
Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once more,
She stilled her heart to listen—all was o'er ;
Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,
Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

That night Imelda's voice was in the song—
Lovely it floated through the festive throng
Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night
Her eye looked starry in its dazzling light,
And her cheek glowed with beauty's flushing dyes,
Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies—
A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze
Followed her form beneath the clear lamp's blaze,
And marvelled at its radiance. But a few
Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue
With something of dim fear ; and in that glance
Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,
Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,
Comes not unmasked. Howe'er this were, the time
Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime
Alike : and when the banquet's hall was left
Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft ;
When trembling stars looked silvery in their wane,
And heavy flowers yet slumbered, once again
There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,
Through the dim cedar shade—the step of one
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,
Of one that panted with some secret dread.
What did Imelda there ? She sought the scene
Where love so late with youth and hope had been.
Bodings were on her soul ; a shuddering thrill
Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill
Met her with melody—sweet sounds and low :
We hear them yet, they live along its flow—
Her voice is music lost ! The fountain-side
She gained—the wave flashed forth—'twas darkly dyed
Even as from warriors' hearts ; and on its edge,
Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,
There lay, as lulled by stream and rustling sedge,
A youth, a graceful youth. " Oh ! dost thou sleep?
Azzo ! " she cried, " my Azzo ! is this rest ? "
But then her low tones faltered :—" On thy breast
Is the stain—yes, 'tis blood ! And that cold cheek—
That moveless lip :—thou dost not slumber ?—speak,

Speak, Azzo, my beloved ! No sound—no breath—
 What hath come thus between our spirits ? Death !
 Death ?—I but dream—I dream !” And there she stood.
 A faint fair trembler, gazing first on blood,
 With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,
 Her form sustained by that dark stem alone,
 And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,
 Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold ;
 When from the grass her dimmed eye caught a gleam—
 ’Twas where a sword lay shivered by the stream—
 Her brother’s sword !—she knew it ; and she knew
 ’Twas with a venom’d point that weapon slew !
 Woe for young love ! But love is strong. There came
 Strength upon woman’s fragile heart and frame ;
 There came swift courage ! On the dewy ground
 She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round
 Like a long silken stole ; she knelt, and pressed
 Her lips of glowing life to Azzo’s breast,
 Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight !
 Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night !
 —So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing
 Through the green forests of the Apennines,
 With all her joyous birds their free flight winging.
 And steps and voices out amongst the vines.
 What found that dayspring *here* ? Two fair forms laid
 Like sculptured sleepers ; from the myrtle shade
 Casting a gleam of beauty o’er the wave,
 Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave ?
 Could it be so indeed ? That radiant girl,
 Decked as for bridal hours !—long braids of pearl
 Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,
 As tears might shine, with melancholy light ;
 And there was gold her slender waist entwining ;
 And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright !
 And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
 And round her marble brow red roses dying.
 But she died first !—the violet’s hue had spread
 O’er her sweet eyelids with repose oppressed ;
 She had bowed heavily her gentle head,
 And on the youth’s hushed bosom sunk to rest.
 So slept they well !—the poison’s work was done ;
 Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.

EDITH

A TALE OF THE WOODS

“ Du Heilige ! rufe dein Kind zurück !
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.”—*Wallenstein.*

THE woods—oh ! solemn are the boundless woods
 Of the great western world when day declines,
 And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
 More deep the rustling of the ancient pines,

When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,
Awful it is for human heart to bear
The might and burden of the solitude !
Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes, there sate
One young and fair ; and oh ! how desolate !
But undismayed—while sank the crimson light,
And the high cedars darkened with the night.
Alone she sate ; though many lay around,
They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,
Were severed from her need and from her woe,
Far as death severs life. O'er that wild spot
Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low,
And left them, with the history of their lot,
Unto the forest oaks—a fearful scene
For her whose home of other days had been
'Midst the fair halls of England ! But the love
Which filled her soul was strong to cast out fear ;
And by its might upborne all else above,
She shrank not—marked not that the dead were near.
Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell ;
Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,
While heavily she felt his life-blood well
Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound
With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound—
Yet hoped, still hoped ! Oh ! from such hope how long
Affection woos the whispers that deceive,
Even when the pressure of dismay grows strong !
And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe
The blow indeed can fall. So bowed she there
Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
Filled all her soul. Now poured the moonlight down,
Veining the pine-stems through the foliage brown,
And fire-flies, kindling up the leafy place,
Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
Whereby she caught its changes. To her eye,
The eye that faded looked through gathering haze,
Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze,
When voice was not ; that fond, sad meaning passed—
She knew the fulness of her woe at last !
One shriek the forest heard—and mute she lay
And cold, yet clasping still the precious clay
To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and Death !
Ye have sad meetings on this changeable earth,
Many and sad !—but airs of heavenly breath
Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
Is far apart.

Now light of richer hue
Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew ;
The pines grew red with morning ; fresh winds played ;
Bright-coloured birds with splendour crossed the shade,
Flitting on flower-like wings ; glad murmurs broke
From reed, and spray, and leaf—the living strings
Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke
Into young life and joy all happy things.

And she, too, woke from that long dreamless trance,
 'The widowed Edith : fearfully her glance
 Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
 And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change
 Flashed o'er her spirit, even ere memory swept
 The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept ;
 Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
 Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
 Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,
 With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now.
 Where was she? 'Midst the people of the wild,
 By the red hunter's fire : an aged chief,
 Whose home looked sad—for therein played no child—
 Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,
 To that lone cabin of the woods ; and there,
 Won by a form so desolately fair,
 Or touched with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,
 O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung ;
 While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
 The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,
 Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,
 And leaning on his bow.

And life returned,
 Life, but with all its memories of the dead,
 To Edith's heart ; and well the sufferer learned
 Her task of meek endurance—well she wore
 The chastened grief that humbly can adore
 'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,
 Even as a breath of spring's awakening air,
 Her presence was ; or as a sweet wild tune
 Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon
 Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen
 A daughter to the land of spirits go ;
 And ever from that time her fading mien,
 And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,
 Had haunted their dim years : but Edith's face
 Now looked in holy sweetness from her place,
 And they again seemed parents. Oh ! the joy,
 The rich deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,
 Fear, that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth
 The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth
 Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,
 On something all its own ! that kindly glow,
 Which to shut inward is consuming pain,
 Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,
 When, like the sunshine, freed. And gentle cares
 The adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs
 Who loved her thus. Her spirit dwelt the while
 With the departed, and her patient smile
 Spoke of farewells to earth ; yet still she prayed,
 E'en o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
 One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace
 Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
 Had been among the wilds ; for well she knew
 The secret whisper of her bosom true,
 Which warned her hence.

And now, by many a word,
 Linked unto moments when the heart was stirred—

By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn, ^{ly}
Sung when the woods at eve grew hushed and dim—
By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
All eloquent with childlike piety—
By the still beauty of her life she strove
To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love
Poured out on her so freely. Nor in vain
Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain
The soul in gentle bonds; by slow degrees
Light followed on, as when a summer breeze
Parts the deep masses of the forest shade,
And lets the sunbeam through—her voice was made
Even such a breeze; and she, a lowly guide,
By faith and sorrow raised and purified,
So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
Until their prayers were one. When morning spread
O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
Touched into golden bronze the cypress bough,
And when the quiet of the Sabbath time
Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
Wakened the wilderness, their prayers were one.
Now might she pass in hope—her work was done!
And she *was* passing from the woods away—
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades. Her eye was bright
Even yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs: for spring again had come,
The sunny spring! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things—when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves the blossoms wake:
Is it not brighter, then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours, with the breezes' play,
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin door
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore.
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
"My father!"—to the grey-haired chief she spoke—
"Knowest thou that I depart?" "I know, I know,"
He answered mournfully, "that thou must go
To thy beloved, my daughter!" "Sorrow not
For me, kind mother!" with meek smiles once more
She murmured in low tones: "one happy lot
Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore;
For we have prayed together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust

To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
 Under the cedar shade : where he is gone,
 Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
 And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
 My childhood's prayer was learned—the Saviour's prayer
 Which now ye know—and I shall meet you there.
 Father and gentle mother ! ye have bound
 The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
 By Mercy's children." From the matron's eye
 Dropped tears, her sole and passionate reply.
 But Edith felt them not ; for now a sleep
 Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep,
 Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
 And mantling up his stately head in woe,
 "Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,
 In sounds like those by plaintive waters rolled.

"Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
 And the hunter's hearth away :
 For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
 Daughter ! thou canst not stay.

"Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
 Where the skies are ever clear :
 The corn-month's golden hours will come,
 But they shall not find thee here.

"And we shall miss thy voice, my bird !
 Under our whispering pine ;
 Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,
 But not a song like thine.

"A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill
 Telling of winter gone,
 Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
 A farewell in its tone.

"But thou, my bright one ! thou shalt be
 Where farewell sounds are o'er ;
 Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
 No fear of parting more.

"The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
 And the wind's wild moanings by,
 Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
 'Midst flowers—not such as die.

"The shadow from thy brow shall melt,
 The sorrow from thy strain,
 But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt
 Our heart shall thirst in vain.

"Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
 When thou, its light, art fled ;
 Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
 Unto the happy dead.

"And we will follow thee, our guide !
And join that shining band :
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land !"

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath :
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

THE INDIAN CITY

"What deep wounds ever closed without a sear ?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it."—*Childe Harold*.

ROYAL in splendour went down the day
On the plain where an Indian city lay,
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
Red, as if fused in the burning sky ;
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
A bright stream's way through each long arcade,
'Till the pillared vaults of the banian stood
Like torch-lit aisles 'midst the solemn wood ;
And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,
As a tree 'midst the genii gardens old,
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water-vase from the palmy shade,
Came gliding light as the desert's roc,
Down marble steps, to the tanks below ;
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,
As the molten glass of the wave was stirred,
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,
Told where the Bramin bowed in prayer.
—There wandered a noble Moslem boy
Through the scene of beauty in breathless joy ;
He gazed where the stately city rose,
Like a pageant of clouds, in its red repose ;
He turned where birds through the gorgeous gloom
Of the woods went glancing on starry plume ;
He tracked the brink of the shining lake,
By the tall canes feathered in tuft and brake
Till the path he chose, in its mazes, wound
To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrined
In a rocky urn, from the sun and wind,
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
Far down through its dark still purity.
The flood beyond, to the fiery west,
Spread out like a metal mirror's breast :

At that lone bay in its dimness deep,
 Seemed made for the swimmer's joyous leap,
 For the stag athirst from the noontide's chase,
 For all free things of the wild wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky
 Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye ;
 Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,
 From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave ;
 Dashing the spray-drops, cold and white,
 O'er the glossy leaves in his young delight,
 And bowing his locks to the waters clear—
 Alas ! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother looked from her tent the while,
 O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile :
 She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
 Had stayed the march of her pilgrim train,
 Calmly to linger a few brief hours
 In the Bramin city's glorious bowers ;
 For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,
 The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

II.

The moon rose clear in the splendour given
 To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven ;
 The boy from the high-arched woods came back—
 Oh ! what had he met in his lonely track ?
 The serpent's glance through the long reeds bright ?
 The arrowy spring of the tiger's might ?
 No ! yet as one by a conflict worn,
 With his graceful hair all soiled and torn,
 And a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye,
 And a gash on his bosom—he came to die !
 He looked for the face to his young heart sweet,
 And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.

“ Speak to me ! whence does the swift blood run ?
 What hath befallen thee, my child, my son ? ”
 The mist of death on his brow lay pale,
 But his voice just lingered to breathe the tale,
 Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,
 And wounds from the children of Brahma borne.
 This was the doom for a Moslem found
 With a foot profane on their holy ground—
 This was for sullyng the pure waves, free
 Unto them alone—'twas their god's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look—
 The mother shrieked not then nor shook :
 Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,
 Rending her mantle to stanch its flood ;
 But it rushed like a river which none may stay,
 Bearing a flower to the deep away.
 That which our love to the earth would chain,
 Fearfully striving with Heaven in vain—
 That which fades from us while yet we hold,
 Clasped to our bosoms, its mortal mould,

Was fleeting before her, afar and fast ;
One moment—the soul from the face had passed !
Are there no words for that common woe ?—
Ask of the thousands its depth that know !
The boy had breathed, in his dreaming rest,
Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast ;
He had stood, when she sorrowed, beside her knee,
Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee ;
He had kissed from her cheek the widow's tears,
With the loving lip of his infant years :
He had smiled o'er her path like a bright spring day—
Now in his blood on the earth he lay !
Murdered ! Alas ! and we love so well
In a world where anguish like this can dwell !

She bowed down mutely o'er her dead—
They that stood round her watched in dread ;
They watched—she knew not they were by—
Her soul sat veiled in its agony.
On the silent lips she pressed no kiss—
Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this :
She shed no tear, as her face bent low
O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow ;
She looked but into the half-shut eye
With a gaze that found there no reply,
And, shrieking, mantled her head from sight,
And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might.

And what deep change, what work of power,
Was wrought on her secret soul that hour ?
How rose the lonely one ? She rose
Like a prophetess from dark repose !
And proudly flung from her face the veil,
And shook the hair from her forehead pale,
And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,
With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood—
Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky
A brow in its regal passion high,
With a close and rigid grasp she pressed
The blood-stained robe to her heaving breast,
And said—"Not yet, not yet I weep,
Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep !
Not till yon city, in ruins rent,
Be piled for its victim's monument.
Cover his dust ! bear it on before !
It shall visit those temple gates once more."

And away in the train of the dead she turned,
The strength of her step was the heart that burned ;
And the Bramin groves in the starlight smiled,
As the mother passed with her slaughtered child.

Hark ! a wild sound of the desert's horn
Through the woods round the Indian city borne,
A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar—
War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war !

The Bramin looked from the leaguered towers—
He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers ;
And the lake that flashed through the plantain shade,
As the light of the lances along it played ;
And the canes that shook as if winds were high,
When the fiery steed of the waste swept by ;
And the camp as it lay like a billowy sea,
Wide round the sheltering banian-tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart
That was the place of a wounded heart.
Oh ! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that cries against mighty wrong ;
And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
Doth the ire of a crushed affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had passed,
And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.
There had been words from her pale lips poured,
Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.
The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
And the dark chief of Araby grasped his spear,
Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
And a vow was recorded that doomed its fall.
Back with the dust of her son she came,
When her voice had kindled that lightning flame ;
She came in the might of a queenly foe,
Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;
But a deeper power on her forehead sate—
There sought the warrior his star of fate :
Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,
And the faintest tone from her lip was caught
As a sibyl's breath of prophetic thought.
—Vain, bitter glory !—the gift of grief,
That lights up vengeance to find relief,
Transient and faithless !—it cannot fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor still
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die !

Sickening she turned from her sad renown,
As a king in death might reject his crown.
Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—
She withered faster from day to day ;
All the proud sounds of that bannered plain,
To stay the flight of her soul were vain ;
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
As on that eve when the fair boy died :
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell ;
She spoke, and her voice, in its dying tone,
Had an echo of feelings that long seemed flown.

She murmured a low, sweet cradle-song,
 Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng—
 A song of the time when her boy's young cheek
 Had glowed on her breast in its slumber meek.
 But something which breathed from that mournful strain
 Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again ;
 And starting, as if from a dream, she cried—
 " Give him proud burial at my side !
 There, by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,
 When the temples are fallen, make there our grave."
 And the temples fell, though the spirit passed,
 That stayed not for victory's voice at last ;
 When the day was won for the martyr dead,
 For the broken heart and the bright blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquished the Tartar steed
 Bore in the avenger with foaming speed ;
 Free swept the flame through the idol fanes,
 And the streams glowed red, as from warrior veins ;
 And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
 Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
 Till a city of ruin begirt the shade
 Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.

Palace and tower on that plain were left,
 Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft ;
 The wild vine mantled the stately square,
 The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,
 And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—
 This was the work of one deep heart wrung !

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE

—" There is but one place in the world—
 Thither, where he lies buried !

There, there is all that still remains of him :
 That single spot is the whole earth to me."

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

" Alas ! our young affections run to waste,
 Or water but the desert."—*Childe Harold*.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
 A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
 Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown
 From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
 Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
 Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread
 In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
 As chieftains passed ; and solemnly the swell
 Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
 Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver,
 Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
 Wore man's mute anguish sternly ;—but of one,
 Oh, who shall speak ? What words *his* brow unveil ?
 A father following to the grave his son !—
 That is no grief to picture ! Sad and slow,
 Through the wood-shadows, moved the knightly train,

With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low—
 Fair even when found amidst the bloody slain,
 Stretched by its broken lance. They reached the lone
 Baronial chapel, where the forest-gloom
 Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
 Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.
 Stately they trod the hollow-ringing aisle,
 A strange deep echo shuddered through the pile,
 Till crested heads at last in silence bent
 Round the De Coucis' antique monument,
 When dust to dust was given :—and Aymer slept
 Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
 Whose brodered folds the Syrian wind had swept
 Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine.
 So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave
 Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave
 And the pale image of a youth, arrayed
 As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid
 In slumber on his shield. Then all was done—
 And still around the dead. His name was heard
 Perchance when wine-cups flowed, and hearts were stirred
 By some old song, or tale of battle won
 Told round the hearth ; but in his father's breast
 Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed
 On to their mark ; and in his friend's clear eye
 There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by ;
 And with the brethren of his fields, the feast
 Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased
 Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide
 Bears back affection from the grave's dark side ;
 Alas ! to think of this !—the heart's void place
 Filled up so soon !—so like a summer cloud,
 All that we loved to pass and leave no trace !—
 He lay forgotten in his early shroud.
 Forgotten ?—not of all ! The sunny smile
 Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,
 And the dark locks, whose breezy waving threw
 A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew
 From the bright brow ; and all the sweetness lying
 Within that eagle eye's jet radiance deep,
 And all the music with that young voice dying,
 Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap
 As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived
 Still in one breast, whose silent love survived
 The pangs of kindred sorrow. Day by day,
 On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,
 Through the dim fane soft summer odours breathing,
 And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,
 And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing
 In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing
 Through storied windows down. The violet there
 Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly ;—
 And the rose image all things fleet and fair ;
 And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,
 Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,
 As for an altar, wove the radiant band ?
 Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells,
 That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,

To blush through every season? Blight and chill
 Might touch the changing woods; but duly still
 For years those gorgeous coronals renewed,
 And brightly claspings marble spear and helm,
 Even through mid-winter, filled the solitude
 With a strange smile—a glow of summer's realm.
 Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring
 Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring
 In lone devotedness!

One spring morn rose,
 And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid—
 Oh! not as 'midst the vineyards, to repose
 From the fierce noon—a dark-haired peasant maid.
 Who could reveal her story? That still face
 Had once been fair; for on the clear arched brow
 And the curved lip there lingered yet such grace
 As sculpture gives its dreams; and long and low
 The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—
 For death was on its lids—fell mournfully.
 But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
 Dimmed, the slight form all wasted, as by care.
 Whence came that early blight? Her kindred's place
 Was not amidst the high De Couci race;
 Yet there her shrine had been! She grasped a wreath—
 The tomb's last garland!—This was love in death.

INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG

[An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's "Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River."]

"Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air."—*Bride of Messina*, translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

"Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman."—*The Prairie*.

DOWN a broad river of the western wilds,
 Piercing thick forest-glooms, a light canoe
 Swept with the current: fearful was the speed
 Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
 Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
 Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,
 Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,
 Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
 A woman stood! Upon her Indian brow
 Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved
 As if triumphantly. She pressed her child,
 In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
 And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
 Above the sound of waters, high and clear,
 Wafting a wild proud strain—a song of death.

"ROLL swiftly to the spirit's land, thou mighty stream and free!
 Father of ancient waters, roll! and bear our lives with thee!
 The weary bird that storms have tossed would seek the sunshine's calm,
 And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to the woods of balm.

- "Roll on!—my warrior's eye hath looked upon another's face,
And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's trace:
My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream,
He flings away the broken reed. Roll swifter yet, thou stream!
- "The voice that spoke of other days is hushed within *his* breast,
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest;
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone—
I cannot live without that light. Father of waves! roll on!
- "Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the chase?
The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny place?
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and decked his couch of yore?—
He will not! Roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better shore!
- "Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land must flow,
Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this woe;
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft away
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.
- "And thou, my babe! though born, like me, for woman's weary lot,
Smile!—to that wasting of the heart, my own! I leave thee not;
Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away—
Thy mother bears thee far, young fawn! from sorrow and decay.
- "She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are heard to weep,
And where the unkind one hath no power again to trouble sleep;
And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening from a dream:
One moment, and that realm is ours. On, on, dark rolling stream!"

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS

[*"Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims, au sein de son triomphe: Jacques d'Arc, son père, y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes de Charles VII. y furent entrées; et comme les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnée, elle se vit pour un instant au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père vertueux."*—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

"Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earth-born frame
Above mortality:
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring!"

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within? Within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—
The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage! While 'midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day

With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim.
As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar stone,
With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleaming,
Silent and radiant stood? The helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn!—Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form!
Was that the leader through the battle storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joanne, the lovely dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.
Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,
And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
Daughter of victory!—A triumphant strain,
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound:
Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Man gives to glory on her high career!
Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that filled
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled
One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart. "Joanne!"—Who spoke
Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
Under one roof? "Joanne!"—*that* murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth! She turned—she knew
Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,
The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—
"Father! and ye, my brothers!" On the breast
Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Even in an instant, to their native track

Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no more,
 The plumes, the banners : to her cabin-door,
 And to the Fairy's Fountain in the glade,
 Where her young sisters by her side had played,
 And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
 Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
 Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
 In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
 Where o'er her father's roof the beech leaves hung,
 Was in her heart ; a music heard and felt,
 Winning her back to nature. She unbound
 The helm of many battles from her head,
 And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
 Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said—
 " Bless me, my father ! bless me ! and with thee,
 To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
 Let me return ! "

Oh ! never did thine eye
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy
 Wander again, Joanne ! Too much of fame
 Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name ;
 And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
 The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
 Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow
 The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

PAULINE

"To die for what we love ! Oh ! there is power
 In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this* :
 It is to *live* without the vanished light
 That strength is needed."

"Così trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno
 Della vita mortal il fiore e'l verde."—Tasso.

ALONG the starlit Seine went music swelling,
 Till the air thrilled with its exulting mirth ;
 Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
 For cares of stricken hearts were found on earth ;
 And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
 A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,
 Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung,
 And from the painted walls a stream of light
 On flying forms beneath soft splendour flung ;
 But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
 Was one—the lady from the Danube side.*

Pauline, the meekly bright ! though now no more
 Her clear eye flashed with youth's all-tameless glee,
 Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
 There in soft rest lay beautiful to see ;
 A charm with graver, tenderer, sweetness fraught—
 The blending of deep love and matron thought.

* The Princess Pauline Schwartzberg. The story of her fate is beautifully related in
 "L'Allemagne."

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky
Sat on her brow beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurked there no secret boding in her breast?
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh?
Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
'Midst the light laughter of festivity.
Whence come those tones? Alas! enough we know
To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

Who spoke of evil when young feet were flying
In fairy rings around the echoing hall?
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,
Glad pulses beating unto music's call?
Silence!—the minstrels pause—and hark! a sound,
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drowned!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking—
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed!
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
One moment holds them still in breathless dread.
The wild fierce lustre grows—then bursts a cry—
Fire! through the hall and round it gathering—fly!

And forth they rush, as chased by sword and spear,
To the green coverts of the garden bowers—
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers;
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she—Pauline? the hurrying throng
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along—
Till now the threshold of that death is past,
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

"Bertha! where art thou? Speak! oh, speak, my own!"
Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,
Powerless had sunk within the blazing pile;
A young bright form, decked gloriously for death,
With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath.

But oh! thy strength, deep love! There is no power
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
And forth like banners from each lattice wave:
Back, back she rushes through a host combined—
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise?
None!—Courage there stood still—and never more
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!
Was one bright meeting theirs, one wild farewell?
And died they heart to heart?—Oh! who can tell?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
 On that sad palace, 'midst its pleasure shades ;
 Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smok;
 And lonely stood its marble colonnades :
 But yester eve their shafts with wreaths were bound,
 Now lay the scene one shrivelled scroll around !

And bore the ruins no recording trace
 Of all that woman's heart had dared and done?
 Yes ! there were gems to mark i.s mortal place,
 That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone !
 Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,
 Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.

And they were all !—the tender and the true
 Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
To deep lone chastened thoughts of grief and love.
Oh ! we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such woe !

JUANA

[Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles v., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress ; and, being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of returning life.]

" It is but dust thou lookst upon. This love,
 This wild and passionate idolatry,
 What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
 Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
 So must it ever end : too much we give
 Unto the things that perish."

THE night wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace room,
 And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,
 And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,
 Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,
 Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free :
 No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,
 Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watched by the cold slumberer's side,
 On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride ;
 Only her full impassioned eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,
 A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul, like shadows of a cloud,
 Amidst the silent room of death the dreamer spoke aloud ;
 She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried, " Thou yet wilt wake,
 And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one ! for thy sake.

" They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be ;
 Fairest and stateliest of the earth ! who spoke of death for *thee* ?
 They would have wrapped the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,
 But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, robed and crowned !

" With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death?
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimmed and strong.

" I know thou hast not loved me yet ; I am not fair like thee,
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee !
A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek—
Oh ! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart to seek.

" But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord ! and hear st how I have kept
A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed and wept—
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days have past—
Surely that humble patient love *must* win back love at last !

" And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile !
No more in vain affection s thirst my weary soul shall pine—
Oh ! years of hope deferred were paid by one fond glance of thine !

" Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou comest from the chase—
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face !
Thou'lt reckon no more though beauty's gift mine aspect may not bless ;
In thy kind eyes, this deep, deep love shall give me loveliness.

" But wake ! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice
In the sound to which it ever leaped, the music of thy voice.
Awake ! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,
And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured forth day by day,
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,
Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's breast,
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his rest,
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the wind—
But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair behind.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL

" A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman !—a power to suffer and to love ;
Therefore thou so canst pity."

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—
" Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come"—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood,
Like a king's son ; though from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the island blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright
And high around him blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow.

Lighting the victim's face : but who could tell
 Of what within his secret heart befell,
 Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a thought
 Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
 That its full image, pictured to his eye
 On the dark ground of mortal agony,
 Rose clear as day !—and he might see the band
 Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,
 Where the laburnums drooped ; or haply binding
 The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding ;
 Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
 Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,
 Where sat their mother ; and that mother's face
 Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
 Where so it ever smiled !—Perchance the prayer
 Learned at her knee came back on his despair ;
 The blessing from her voice, the very tone
 Of her "*Good-night*" might breathe from boyhood gone.
 —He started and looked up : thick cypress boughs,
 Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
 In the broad stormy firelight ; savage brows,
 With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
 Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
 Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
 Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom—
 Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
 That happy hall in England !—Idle fear !
 Would the winds tell it?—Who might dream or hear
 The secret of the forests?—To the stake
 They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
 His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
 Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
 Of many hearts !—the fondly reared—the fair,
 Gladdening all eyes to see !—And fettered there
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.
 He thought upon his God.—Hush ! hark ! a cry
 Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity—
 A step hath pierced the ring !—Who dares intrude
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?—
 A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
 Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
 Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
 Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
 For *hers* had mourned a playmate-brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong ;
 And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
 Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
 His bright head on her bosom, and around
 His form her slender arms to shield it wound
 Like close Liannes ; then raised her glittering eye,
 And clear-toned voice, that said, " He shall not die !"
 " He shall not die !"—the gloomy forest thrilled
 To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell

On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were stilled,
 Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
 They gazed—their dark souls bowed before the maid,
 She of the dancing step in wood and glade !
 And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
 As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
 Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
 Something of heaven in silence felt and seen ;
 And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath ;
 From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
 They quenched the brand beneath the cypress-tree :
 " Away !" they cried, " young stranger, thou art free !"

COSTANZA

" Art thou then desolate ?
 Of friends, of hopes forsaken ? Come to me !
 I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved false ?
 Flatterers deceived thee ? Wanderer, come to me !
 Why didst thou ever leave me ? Knowest thou all
 I would have borne, and called it joy to bear,
 For thy sake ? Knowest thou that thy voice hath power
 To shake me with a thrill of happiness
 By one kind tone ?—to fill mine eyes with tears
 Of yearning love ? And thou—oh ! thou didst throw
 That crushed affection back upon my heart ;
 Yet come to me !—it died not."

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell
 Through the stained window of her lonely cell,
 And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow,
 Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow,
 While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw
 Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's hue—
 Seemed all a vision's mist of glory, spread
 By painting's touch around some holy head,
 Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye,
 Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,
 What solemn fervour lived ! And yet what woe
 Lay like some buried thing, still seen below
 The glassy tide ! Oh ! he that could reveal
 What life had taught that chastened heart to feel,
 Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years
 And wasted love and vainly bitter tears !
 But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone,
 And of the gentle saint no more was known
 Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made
 A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,
 Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn
 Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,
 And ancient solitude ; where hidden streams
 Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams
 Music for weary hearts ! 'Midst leaves and flowers
 She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,
 All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread
 To the sick peasant on his lowly bed

Came and brought hope ! while scarce of mortal birth
He deemed the pale fair form that held on earth
Communion but with grief.

Ere long, a cell,
A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone
Gleamed through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well ;
And a sweet voice, of rich yet mournful tone,
Told the Calabrian wilds that duly there
Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.
And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again
Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,
That made the cypress quiver where it stood,
In day's last crimson soaring from the wood
Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,
Other and wilder sounds in tumult met
The floating song. Strange sounds !—the trumpet's peal,
Made hollow by the rocks—the clash of steel ;
The rallying war-cry. In the mountain pass
There had been combat ; blood was on the grass,
Banners had strewn the waters ; chiefs lay dying,
And the pine branches crashed before the flying.

And all was changed within the still retreat,
Costanza's home : there entered hurrying feet,
Dark looks of shame and sorrow—mail-clad men,
Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,
Scaring the ringdoves from the porch roof, bore
A wounded warrior in. The rocky floor
Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,
As there they laid their leader, and implored
The sweet saint's prayers to heal him : then for flight,
Through the wide forest and the mantling night,
Sped breathlessly again. They passed—but he,
The stateliest of a host—alas ! to see
What mother's eyes have watched in rosy sleep,
Till joy, for very fulness, turned to weep,
Thus changed !—a fearful thing ! His golden crest
Was shivered, and the bright scarf on his breast—
Some costly love-gift—rent : but what of these ?
There were the clustering raven locks—the breeze,
As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,
Might scarcely lift them ; steeped in bloody showers,
So heavily upon the pallid clay
Of the damp cheek they hung.—The eyes' dark ray,
Where was it ?—And the lips—they gasped apart,
With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,
Still proudly beautiful ! but that white hue—
Was it not death's—that stillness—that cold dew
On the scarred forehead ? No ! his spirit broke
From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke
To wander in wild dreams ; and there he lay,
By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,
The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken
Of all save one. *She* fled not. Day by day—
Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,
Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone ;
Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving
His brow with tears that mourned the strong man's raving.

He felt them not, nor marked he light veiled form
Still hovering nigh ! yet sometimes, when that storm

Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low
As a young mother's by the cradle singing,
Would soothe him with sweet *aves*, gently bringing
Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow
Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
Of memory dawned upon the cloud of dreams,
And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,
And gazing round him from his leafy bed,
He murmured forth, "Where am I? What soft strain
Passed like a breeze across my burning brain?
Back from my youth it floated, with a tone
Of life's first music, and a thought of one—
Where is she now? and where the gauds of pride,
Whose hollow splendour lured me from her side?
All lost !—and this is death !—I *cannot* die
Without forgiveness from that mournful eye !
Away ! the earth hath lost her. Was she born
To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn?
My first, my holiest love !—her broken heart
Lies low, and I—unpardoned I depart."

But then Costanza raised the shadowy veil
From her dark locks and features brightly pale,
And stood before him with a smile—oh ! ne'er
Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear—
And said, "Cesario ! look on me ; I live
To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.
I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust,
As should be Heaven's alone—and Heaven is just !
I bless thee—be at peace !"

But o'er his frame
Too fast the strong tide rushed—the sudden shame,
The joy, the amaze ! He bowed his head—it fell
On the wronged bosom, which had loved so well ;
And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there—
His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

MADELINE

A DOMESTIC TALE

"Who should it be?—Where shouldst thou look for kindness ;
When we are sick, where can we turn for succour ;
When we are wretched, where can we complain ;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother ?"—JOANNA BAILLIE.

"My child, my child, thou leavest me ! I shall hear
The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear
With its first utterance : I shall miss the sound
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,
And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight's close,
And thy 'Good-night' at parting for repose.
Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone

Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
 My child ! and thou, along the moonlit sea,
 With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
 Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,
 Fading to air. Yet blessings with thee go !
 Love guard thee, gentlest ! and the exile's woe
 From thy young heart be far ! And sorrow not
 For me, sweet daughter ! in my lonely lot,
 God shall be with me. Now, farewell ! farewell !
 Thou that hast been what words may never tell
 Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
 When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to raise
 In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
 That still sought mine : these moments are gone by—
 Thou too must go, my flower ! Yet with thee dwell
 The peace of God ! One, one more gaze : farewell !

This was a mother's parting with her child—
 A young meek bride, on whom fair Fortune smiled,
 And wooed her with a voice of love away
 From childhood's home : yet there, with fond delay,
*She lingered on the threshold, heard the note
 Of her caged bird through trellised rose-leaves float,
 And fell upon her mother's neck and wept,
 Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
 Gushed o'er her soul, and many a vanished day,
 As in one picture traced, before her lay.*

But the farewell was said ; and on the deep,
 When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,
 With a calmed heart, young Madeline ere long
 Poured forth her own sweet solemn vesper-song,
 Breathing of home. Through stillness heard afar,
 And duly rising with the first pale star,
 That voice was on the waters ; till at last
 The sounding ocean solitudes were passed,
 And the bright land was reached, the youthful world
 That glows along the West : the sails were furled
 In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
 Looked on the home that promised hearts untried
 A bower of bliss to come. Alas ! we trace

The map of our own paths, and long ere years
 With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,
 On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears !
 That home was darkened soon : the summer breeze
 Welcomed with death the wanderers from the seas :
 Death unto one, and anguish—how forlorn !

To her that, widowed in her marriage morn,
 Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,
 Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,
 Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,
 As from the sun shut out on every side
 By the close veil of misery. Oh ! but ill,
 When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
 Bears its first blow ! it knows not yet the part
 Which life will teach—to suffer and be still,
 And with submissive love to count the flowers
 Which yet are spared, and through the future hours

To send no busy dream ! *She* had not learned
 Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turned
 In weariness from life. Then came the unrest,
 The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
 The haunting sounds of voices far away,
 And household steps : until at last she lay
 On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
 Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing streams
 In her own sunny land ; and murmuring oft
 Familiar names, in accents wild yet soft,
 To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
 Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
 To strangers ? Oh ! could strangers raise the head
 Gently as *hers* was raised ? Did strangers shed
 The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow
 And wasted cheek with half-unconscious flow ?
 Something was there that, through the lingering night,
 Outwatches patiently the taper's light—
 Something that faints not through the day's distress,
 That fears not toil, that knows not weariness—
 Love, true and perfect love ! Whence came that power,
 Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower ?
 Whence ?—who can ask ? The wild delirium passed,
 And from her eyes the spirit looked at last
 Into her *mother's* face, and waking knew
 The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
 The kind sweet smile of old !—and had *she* come.
 Thus in life's evening from her distant home,
 To save her child ? Even so—nor yet in vain :
 In that young heart a light sprang up again,
 And lovely still, with so much love to give,
 Seemed this fair world, though faded ; still to live
 Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
 That rocked her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
 "Sweet mother ! gentlest mother ! can it be ?"
 The lorn one cried ; "and do I look on thee ?
 Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,
 peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more."

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB

"This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom ; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the King brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother."—*SHERER'S Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*]

"In sweet pride upon that insult keen
 She smiled ; then drooping mute and broken-hearted,
 To the cold comfort of the grave departed."—MILMAN.

It stands where northern willows weep,
 A temple fair and lone ;
 Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep

From cypress branches thrown ;
 While silently around it spread,
 Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined
A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm :
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
The mantle's quiet flow,
The gentle yet majestic grace
Throned on the matron brow :
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought ;
A kingly emblem—nor unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought :
She whose high heart finds rest below,
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,
Of dying scent and hue ;
She was a mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true !
Oh ! hallowed long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief !

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoiled,
The standard of their sires borne down,
The shield's bright blazon soiled :
She met the tempest, meekly brave,
I then turned o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumbered : but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout, and signal flame
Sent on from tower to tower !
Fast through the realm a spirit moved—
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep ;
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep :
Her grief, a bitter viâl poured
To sanctify the avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again
His pinion to the sun ;
And the strong land shook off its chain—
So was the triumph won !
But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone
Still blends with victory's !—*She was gone !*

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR

[On the roadside, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription :—
"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd April 1616."—See notes to the *Pleasures of Memory*.]

"Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales, pursued
Each mountain scene magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke reared,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour?"—ROGERS.

MOTHER and child ! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place,
Where, to the love of many years,
Was given one last embrace—
Oh ! ye have shrined a spell of power
Deep in your record of that hour !

A spell to waken solemn thought—
A still small undertone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught
With many a treasure gone ;
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
Though long untroubled—of remorse.

For who that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother's love hath known—
The *one* love changing not ?

Alas ! and haply learned its worth
First with the sound of "Earth to earth !"

But thou, high-hearted daughter ! thou,
O'er whose bright honoured head
Blessings and tears of holiest flow
E'en here were fondly shed—
Thou from the passion of thy grief,
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For, oh ! though painful be the excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In nature's fount no bitterness
Of nature's mingling dwells ;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more
Which thy young heart first knew ?

And all—was all in this world o'er
 With ties thus close and true?
 It was! On earth no other eye
 Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
 Where, deep within thy breast,
 The sounds and dreams of other days
 With memory lay at rest;
 No other smile to thee could bring
 A gladdening, like the breath of spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still
 Its lone memorial keeps,
 While on thy name, 'midst wood and hill,
 The quiet sunshine sleeps,

And touches, in each graven line,
 Of reverential thought a sign;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
 The impress of the dead,
 Think of the love embodied there
 As of a vision fled?—
 A perished thing, the joy and flower
 And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so!—I will not bow me so
 To thoughts that breathe despair!
 A loftier faith we need below,
 Life's farewell words to bear.
 Mother and child!—your tears are past—
 Surely your hearts have met at last!

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS *

'Ne me plaignez pas—si vous sachiez
 Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargnées!'

I stood beside thy lowly grave;
 Spring odours breathed around,
 And music, in the river wave,
 Passed with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun
 In the bright air glanced by,
 And a glad murmur seemed to run
 Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough
 That fringed the ruins near;
 Young voices were abroad—but thou
 Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee
 Thou in whose woman's mind
 The ray that brightens earth and sea,
 The light of song, was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering
 low,
 With a dread curtain drawn
 Between thee and the golden glow
 Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom
 Thou wouldst have loved so well,
 To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
 Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
 In their bright reckless play,

Might feel the flush and life of spring—
 And thou wert passed away.

But then, e'en then, a nobler thought
 O'er my vain sadness came;
 The immortal spirit woke, and wrought
 Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
 Thou must have looked ere now,
 Than all that round our pathway shed
 Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
 Yet beautiful is earth! [fear,
 What see'st thou, then, where no dim
 No haunting dream hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
 Thou gavest—but where thou art,
 The sway is not with changeable hours—
 There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
 A voice not loud but deep:
 The glorious bowers of earth among,
 How often didst thou weep?

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
 Thy tender thoughts and high?—
 Now peace the woman's heart hath
 found,
 And joy the poet's eye.

* Mrs. Tighe, author of "Psyche."

1830

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS

A SPIRIT'S RETURN

"They tell but dreams—a lonely spirit's dreams ;
 Yet ever through their fleeting imagery
 Wanders a vein of melancholy love,
 An aimless thought of home ; as in the song
 Of the caged skylark ye may deem there dwells
 A passionate memory of blue skies and flowers,
 And living streams—far off."

"This is to be a mortal,
 And seek the things beyond mortality."—*Manfred*

THY voice prevails ; dear Friend, my gentle Friend !
 This long-shut heart for thee shall be unsealed,
 And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend
 Over the troubled stream, yet once revealed
 Shall its freed waters flow ; then rocks must close
 For evermore, above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky
 Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie ;
 Come to the woods, where all strange wandering sound
 Is mingled into harmony profound ;
 Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the wind
 Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,
 The trembling reeds and fountains :—Our own dell,
 With its green dimness and Æolian breath,
 Shall suit th' unveiling of dark records well—
 Hear me in tenderness and silent faith !

Thou knew'st me not in life's fresh vernal noon—
 I would thou hadst !—for then my heart on thine
 Had poured a worthier love ; now, all o'erworn
 By its deep thirst for something too divine,
 It hath but fitful music to bestow,
 Echoes of harp-strings, broken long ago.

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,
 As a lone forest-bird 'midst ocean's foam ;
 For me the silver cords of brotherhood
 Were early loosed ;—the voices from my home
 Passed one by one, and Melody and Mirth
 Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fulness of a heart that burned
 For the deep sympathies of mind, I turned
 From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought
 In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs fraught,
 In every still small voice and sound of power,
 And flute-note of the wind through cave and bower.

A perilous delight !—for then first woke
 My life's lone passion, the mysterious quest
 Of secret knowledge ; and each tone that broke,
 From the wood-arches or the fountain's breast,
 Making my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,
 But ministered to that strange inborn fire.
 'Midst the bright silence of the mountain-dells,
 In noontide-hours or golden summer-eves,
 My thoughts have burst forth as a gale that swells
 Into a rushing blast, and from the leaves
 Shakes out response :—O thou rich world unseen !
 Thou curtained realm of spirits !—thus my cry
 Hath troubled air and silence—dost thou lie
 Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen
 Shut from us ever ?—The resounding woods,
 Do their depths teem with marvels ?—and the floods,
 And the pure fountains, leading secret veins
 Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,
 Have they bright dwellers ?—are their lone domains
 Peopled with beauty, which may never still
Our weary thirst of soul ?—Cold, weak and cold,
Is Earth's vain language, piercing not one fold
Of our deep being !—Oh, for gifts more high !
For a seer's glance to rend mortality !
 For a charmed rod, to call from each dark shrine
 The oracles divine !

I woke from those high fantasies, to know
 My kindred with the Earth—I woke to love :—
 Oh, gentle Friend ! to love in doubt and woe,
 Shutting the heart the worshipped name above,
 Is to love deeply—and *my* spirit's dower
 Was a sad gift, a melancholy dower
 Of so adoring ;—with a buried care,
 And with the overflowing of a voiceless prayer,
 And with a deepening dream, that day by day,
 In the still shadow of its lonely sway,
 Folded me closer ;—till the world held nought
 Save the *one* Being to my centred thought.
 There was no music but his voice to hear,
 No joy but such as with *his* step drew near ;
 Light was but where he looked—life where he moved—
 Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.
 Oh ! but such love is fearful !—and I knew
 Its gathering doom. The soul's prophetic sight
 Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw
 O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light,
 Too sorrowfully clear ;—an undertone.
 Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone
 Whispering of grief.—Of grief ?—be strong, awake !
 Hath not thy love been victory, O my soul ?
 Hath not its conflict won a voice to shake
 Death's fastnesses ?—a magic to control
 Worlds far removed ?—from o'er the grave to thee
 Love hath made answer ; and *thy* tale should be
 Sung like a lay of triumph !—Now return,
 And take thy treasure from its bosomed urn,
 And lift it once to light !

In fear, in pain,
 I said I loved—but yet a heavenly strain
 Of sweetness floated down the tearful stream,
 A joy flashed through the trouble of my dream !
 I knew myself beloved !—we breathed no vow,
 No mingling visions might our fate allow,
 As unto happy hearts ; but still and deep,
 Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,
 Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,
 So did my soul that costly knowledge keep
 So jealously !—a thing o'er which to shed,
 When stars alone beheld the drooping head,
 Lone tears ! yet oftentimes burdened with the excess
 Of our strange nature's quivering happiness.

But, oh ! sweet Friend ! we dream not of love's might
 Till Death has robed with soft and solemn light
 The image we enshrined.—Before *that* hour,
 We have but glimpses of the o'ermastering power
 Within us laid !—*then* doth the spirit-flame
 With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame ;
 The wings of that which pants to follow fast
 Shake their clay-bars, as with a prisoned blast,—
 The sea is in our souls !

He died *he* died,
 On whom my lone devotedness was cast !
 I might not keep one vigil by his side,
 I, whose wrung heart watched with him to the last :
 I might not once his fainting head sustain,
 Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour of pain,
 Nor say to him, " Farewell ! "—He passed away—
 Oh ! had *my* love been there, its conquering sway
 Had won him back from death !—but thus removed,
 Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-line hath proved,
 Joined with the unknown, the viewless,—he became
 Unto my thoughts another, yet the same—
 Changed—hallowed—glorified !—and his low grave
 Seemed a bright mournful altar—mine, all mine :—
 Brother and Friend soon left me *that* sole shrine,
 The birthright of the Faithful !—*their* world's wave
 Soon swept them from its brink.—Oh ! deem thou not
 That on the sad and consecrated spot
 My soul grew weak !—I tell thee that a power
 There kindled heart and lip ;—a fiery shower
 My words were made ;—a might was given to prayer,
 And a strong grasp to passionate despair,
 And a dread triumph !—Knowest thou what I sought ?
 For what high boon my struggling spirit wrought ?—
 Communion with the dead !—I sent a cry
 Through the veiled empires of eternity,
 A voice to cleave them ! By the mournful truth,
 By the lost promise of my blighted youth,
 By the strong chain a mighty love can bind
 On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er mind ;
 By words, which in themselves are magic high,
 Armed, and inspired, and winged with agony ;
 By tears, which comfort not, but burn, and seem
 To bear the heart's blood in their passion-stream ;

I summoned, I adjured!—with quickened sense,
With the keen vigil of a life intense,
I watched, an answer from the winds to wring;
I listened, if perchance the stream might bring
Token from worlds afar: I taught *one* sound
Unto a thousand echoes; one profound
Implying accent to the tomb, the sky;
One prayer to night,—“Awake, appear, reply!”

Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all, which tears can move, with life is fled?
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not!—there is a large lone star,
Now burning o’er yon western hill afar,
And under its clear light there lies a spot,
Which well might utter forth—Believe it not!

I sat beneath that planet,—I had wept
My woe to stillness; every night-wind slept;
A hush was on the hills; the very streams
Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams,
And the dark tree o’ershadowing me that hour,
Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower
Whereon I gazed unconsciously:—there came
A low sound, like the tremor of a flame,
Or like the light quick shiver of a wing,
Flitting through twilight woods, across the air;
And I looked up!—Oh! for strong words to bring
Conviction o’er thy thought!—Before me there,
He, the Departed, stood!—Ay, face to face—
So near, and yet how far!—his form, his mien,
Gave to remembrance back each burning trace
Within:—Yet something awfully serene,
Pure,—sculpture-like,—on the pale brow, that wore
Of the once beating heart no token more;
And stillness on the lip—and o’er the hair
A gleam, that trembled through the breathless air;
And an unfathomed calm, that seemed to lie
In the grave sweetness of the illumined eye;
Told of the gulfs between our being set,
And, as that unsheathed spirit-glance I met,
Made my soul faint:—with *fear*?—Oh! *not* with fear!
With the sick feeling that in *his* far sphere
My love could be as nothing!—But he spoke—
How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill
In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill
My bosom’s infinite?—O Friend, I woke
Then first to heavenly life!—Soft, solemn, clear,
Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear,
Yet strangely seemed as if the while they rose
From depths of distance, o’er the wide repose
Of slumbering waters wafted, or the dells
Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells;
But, as they murmured on, the mortal chill
Passed from me, like a mist before the morn,
And, to that glorious intercourse upborne,
By slow degrees, a calm, divinely still,

Possessed my frame :—I sought that lighted eye,—
 From its intense and searching purity
 I drank in *soul* !—I questioned of the dead—
 Of the hushed, starry shores their footsteps tread—
 And I was answered :—if remembrance there,
 With dreamy whispers fill the immortal air ;
 If Thought, here piled from many a jewel-heap,
 Be treasure in that pensive land to keep ;
 If Love, o'ersweeping change, and blight, and blast,
 Find *there* the music of his home at last ;
 I asked, and I was answered :—Full and high
 Was that communion with eternity,
 Too rich for aught so fleeting !—Like a knell
 Swept o'er my sense its closing words,—“ Farewell ;
 On earth we meet no more ! ”—and all was gone—
 The pale bright settled brow—the thrilling tone—
 The still and shining eye !—and never more
 May twilight gloom or midnight hush restore
 That radiant guest !—One full-fraught hour of heaven,
 To earthly passion's wild implorings given,
 Was made my own—the ethereal fire hath shivered
 The fragile censer in whose mould it quivered,
 Brightly, consumingly !—What now is left ?—
 A faded world, of glory's hues bereft,
 A void, a chain !—I dwell, 'midst throngs, apart,
 In the cold silence of the stranger's heart ;
 A fixed, immortal shadow stands between
 My spirit and life's fast-receding scene ;
 A gift hath severed me from human ties,
 A power is gone from all earth's melodies,
 Which never may return ;—their chords are broken—
 The music of another land hath spoken,—
 No after-sound is sweet !—this weary thirst !—
 And I have heard celestial fountains burst !—
 What *here* shall quench it ?

Dost thou not rejoice,

When the spring sends forth an awakening voice
 Through the young woods ?—Thou dost !—And in that birth
 Of early leaves, and flowers, and songs of mirth,
 Thousands, like thee, find gladness !—Couldst thou know
 How every breeze then summons *me* to go !
 How all the light of love and beauty shed
 By those rich hours, but woos me to the Dead !
 The *only* beautiful that change no more,
 The only loved !—the dwellers on the shore
 Of spring fulfilled !—The Dead !—*whom* call we so ?
 They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
 Things wrapt from us !—Away !—within me pent,
 That which is barred from its own element
 Still droops or struggles !—But the day *will* come—
 Over the deep the free bird finds its home,
 And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet greets
 The sea at last ; and the winged flower-seed meets
 A soil to rest in ;—shall not *I*, too, be,
 My spirit-love ! upborne to dwell with thee ?
 Yes ! by the power whose conquering anguish stirred
 The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was heard,

Whose agony of triumph won thee back
Through the dim pass no mortal step may track;
Yet shall we meet!—that glimpse of joy divine
Proved thee for ever and for ever mine!

THE LADY OF PROVENCE *

"Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness,
A gathered mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace."—DONNE.

THE war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France;
It had stilled the harp of the Troubadour,
And the clash of the tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay
On the old Provençal shore;
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's breath,
His shroud of armour wore.
And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,
Gave quivering life to the slumber pale
Of stern forms couched in their marble mail,
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
As leaders in many a bold career,
And haughty their stillness looked and high,
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory:
But meekly the voice of the lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose;
Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,
Under their banners of battle she prayed;
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
Upraised to the Virgin's portrayed above,
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
And her fragile frame, at every blast,
That full of the savage war-horn passed,
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart,
When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—
So knelt she in her woe;
A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
Oh! they reckon not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust had stirred below!

Hark! a swift step! she hath caught its tone,
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan;
Is her lord returned with his conquering bands?
No! a breathless vassal before her stands!—

* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

"Hast thou been on the field?—Art thou come from the host?"
 "From the slaughter, Lady!—All, all is lost!
 Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
 Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe.
 And thy lord," his voice took a sadder sound—
 "Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
 There are those who tell that the leader's plume
 Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom.

—A change o'er her mien and her spirit passed!
 She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
 She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,
 With a glance, as of sudden royalty:
 The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow,
 Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and brow,
 And her young voice rose, till the peasant shock
 At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look:
 —"Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
 And fear not to say that their son hath fled?—
 Away! he is lying by lance and shield,—
 Point me the path to his battle-field!"

The shadows of the forest
 Are about the lady now;
 She is hurrying through the midnight on,
 Beneath the dark pine bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
 There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief;
 The branches that rock to the tempest-strife,
 Are groaning like things of troubled life;
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by
 With a funeral march through the gloomy sky;
 The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
 When she reached the field of the warrior-dead:
 There lay the noble, the valiant, low—
 Ay! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe;
 There lay the *loved*—on each fallen head
 Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed;
 Sisters were watching in many a home
 For the fettered footstep, no more to come;
 Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,
 Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken;
 And the fire was heaped, and the bright wine poured,
 For those now needing nor hearth nor board.
 Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
 And oh! ye beloved of women, farewell!

Silently, with lips compressed,
 Pale hands clasped above her breast,
 Stately brow of anguish high,
 Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye,
 Silently, o'er that red plain,
 Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seemed as a charging cry,
 Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh ;
 Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
 Sudden and shrill from the mountains borne ;
 And her maidens trembled ;—but on *her* ear
 No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;
 They had less of mastery to shake her now,
 Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen bough.
 She searched into many an unclosed eye,
 That looked, without soul, to the starry sky ;
 She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—

Not there, not there he lay !
 " Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—lead on ! "
 And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree
 That waved o'er a fountain red ;
 Oh ! swiftest *there* had the currents free
 From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed,
 And the scattered plumage streamed,
 And the broken shields were tossed,
 And the shivered lances crossed,
 And the mail-clad sleepers round
 Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there ! the leader amidst his band,
 Where the faithful had made their last vain stand ;
 He was there ! but affection's glance alone
 The darkly-changed in that hour had known ;
 With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,
 And a banner of France to his bosom clasped,
 And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
 And the face—oh ! speak not of that dead face !
 As it lay to answer love's look no more,
 Yet never so proudly loved before !
 She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,
 The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;
 She felt the full presence, the might of Death,
 Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
 And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
 As she turned to his followers—" Your lord is there !
 Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest !—
 Bear him away with his sires to rest ! "

Another day—another night—
 And the sailor on the deep
 Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
 From the lordly chapel sweep :

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
 As if that rite were in terror done ;
 Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
 And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial-hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
 Through the aisle the mourners go ;
 With a hushed and stealthy tread,
 Bearing on the noble dead,
 Sheathed in armour of the field—
 Only his wan face revealed.
 Whence the still and solemn gleam
 Doth a strange sad contrast seem
 To the anxious eyes of that pale band
 With torches wavering in every hand,
 For they dread each moment the shout of war
 And the burst of the Moslem scimitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
 No brother of battle, no princely friend ;
 No sound comes back like the sounds of yore,
 Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor ;
 By the red fountain the valiant lie,
 The flower of Provençal chivalry ;
 But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,
 Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
 To the verge of his own ancestral grave ;
 She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,
 But the struggling passion must now have way.
 In the cheek, half seen through her mourning veil,
 By turns does the swift blood flush and fail ;
 The pride on the lip is lingering still,
 But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill ;
 Anguish and Triumph are met at strife,
 Rending the chords of her frail young life,
 And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
 Lifting her voice, as if Death might hear.—

" I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
 My soul hath risen for thy glory strong !
 Now call me hence, by thy side to be,
 The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
 The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
 Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me forth !
 Give me my home on thy noble heart,—
 Well have we loved, let us both depart ! "
 And pale on the breast of the Dead she lay
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;
 The *living* cheek !—Oh ! it was not vain,
 That strife of the spirit to rend its chain ;
 She is there at rest in her place of pride,
 In death how queen-like—a glorious bride !

Joy for the freed One !—she might not stay
 When the crown had fallen from her life away ;
 She might not linger—a weary thing,
 A dove, with no home for its broken wing,
 Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
 That know not its own land's melodies.
 From the long heart-withering early gone ;
 She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO

[*"Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe ; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie !"—MADAME DE STAËL.*]

THERE was music on the midnight ;—
From a royal fane it rolled,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly tolled.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hushed the listener's breath ;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the mid-
night—
A sound of many feet ;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street :
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it neared the minster-gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was
shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave ;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom ;
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
'Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewelled robes fell strangely still—
'The drapery on her breast
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stonelike was its rest !

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow !
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stepped Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush
profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came ?

Was not the settled aspect fair ?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face ?

Death ! Death ! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of life ?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife ?—
It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the Dead !

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
Lest the strong heart should fail :
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not,
Which once his star had been ;
To every form his glance was turned,
Save of the breathless queen :
Though something, won from the grave's
embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas ! the crown, the sceptre,
'The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those
gifts,
Alike of wasted worth !
The rites are closed,—bear back the Dead
Unto the chamber deep !
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep !

There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding
aisle
In dark procession go ;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay !

And tearlessly and firmly
 King Pedro led the train,—
 But his face was wrapt in his folding
 robe,
 When they lowered the dust again.

'Tis hushed at last the tomb above,
 Hymns die, and steps depart :
 Who called thee strong as Death,
 Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

"O sanctissima, O purissima !
 Dulcis Virgo Maria,
 Mater amata, intemerata,
 Ora, ora pro nobis."—*Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.*

IN the deep hour of dreams,
 Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea,
 And by the starlight gleams,
 Mother of Sorrows ! lo, I come to thee.

Unto thy shrine I bear
 Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie
 All, all unfolded there,
 Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move,
 In thy still beauty, through an earthly home,
 Thou knowest the grief, the love,
 The fear of woman's soul ;—to thee I come !

Many, and sad, and deep,
 Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast ;
 Thou, too, couldst watch and weep—
 Hear, gentlest mother ! hear a heart opprest !

There is a wandering bark
 Bearing one from me o'er the restless waves ;
 Oh ! let thy soft eye mark
 His course ;—be with him, Holiest, guide and save !

My soul is on that way ;
 My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim ;
 Through the long weary day,
 I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.

Aid him,—and me, too, aid !
 Oh ! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess !
 On thy weak child is laid
 The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er *him* is poured
 My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven a part ;
 Too fearfully adored,
 Oh ! make not him the chastener of my heart !

I tremble with a sense
 Of grief to be ;—I hear a warning low—
 Sweet mother ! call me hence !
 This wild idolatry must end in woe.

'Hark! how the wind swept by!
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—
Hope of the sailor's eye,
And maiden's heart, blest mother, guide and save!

The grave is silent :—and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight—silent all, and lone !
Oh ! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has Earth ?—Hear, pity, speak, mine own !
Answer me, answer me !

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE

"For all his wildness and proud fantasies,
I love him!"—CROLY.

THY heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds,
Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent-sounds;
And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air,
And where the Lauwine's * peal is heard—hunter! thy heart is there!

I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend! but better, better far,
Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;
In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pine—
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights,
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights;
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine—
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine.

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth,
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
With all the kind and laughing eyes, that in its firelight shine,
To sit forsaken in thy hut,—yet know that thou art mine!

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee—for thee—all reckless as thou art!
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell—
Yet, yet I would not change that lot,—oh no! I love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow!
Mournful!—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long, long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine,—
And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou com'st at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine,—
For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will be thine!

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD†

IN the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead;
In the darkness of the forest-grounds
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as Love and Scorn.

* The avalanche.

† An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhabitants, particularly on the death of his only child, gave up his farm soon afterwards, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forests to join the Canadian Indians.—See TUDOR'S *Letters on the Eastern States of America*.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defiled ;
On to th' ancestral wilderness,
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have asked the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—
"Go, bring us back thine own !"
And the streams from all the hunters' hills
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters,
That yet untamed may roll ;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoiler's dwellings,
For evermore, behind ;

Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind'.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watched my child's decay ;
Uncheered, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is near" ?
There was none !—pale race, farewell !

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back !—I bore thee laughing thence
I bear thee slumbering now !

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone ;
I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son !

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead ;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

SONG OF EMIGRATION

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee ;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air ;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main !"
This was the free and the joyous strain—
"There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star ;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But alas ! that we should go"—
Sang the farewell voices then—
"From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen !"

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow,
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough ;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline ;

Songs of the Affections

And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still.

" But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children played
'Midst the birds and honey-bees ! "

" Ah, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free !
None shall say, ' Hither, no further pass ! '
We will track each step through the wavy grass ;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night. "

" But oh ! the grey church-tower,
And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
And the sheltered garden-bower,—
We have bid them all farewell ! "

" We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace ;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods !
And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay, alone, before. "

" But who shall teach the flowers,
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?—
Home, home and friends, farewell ! "

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER *

" If I could see him, it were well with me ! "—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls ;
And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed,
But their lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and flowers below,
The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets,—and a gloom came o'er his brow :
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal's tone ;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, " Thou art mine, fair city ! thou city of the sea !
But oh ! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?—
I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

" My brother ! O my brother ! thou art gone,—the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave ;
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on ;
There was *one* to love me in the world,—my brother ! thou art gone !

* The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish Ballads in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

" In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
We stood together side by side ; one hope was ours,—one path ;
Thou hast wrapped me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast ;
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh ! bravest heart, and best !

" I see the festive lights around ;—o'er a dull sad world they shine ;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro !—where is *thine* ?
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply !—
O brother ! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry !

" I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly ;—my *friend* hath passed away !
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again !

" I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown ;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown ;
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother ! thou flower of chivalry !

" I am lonely—I am lonely ! this rest is even as death !
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath ,
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother ? where ?—in thy low and early grave !"

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light ;
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
" My brother ! O my brother ! best and bravest ! thou art gone !"

THE RETURN

" HAST thou come with the heart of thy childhood back ?
The free, the pure, the kind ?"
—So murmured the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain-wind.

" Hath thy soul been true to its early love ?"
Whispered my native streams ;
" Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and grove,
Still revered its first high dreams ?"

" Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent-halls ?"
—Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air,
From the old ancestral walls.

" Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is nigh ?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,
With the mother's trusting eye ?"—

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain,
As I answered—" O ye shades !
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades.

"I have turned from my first pure love aside,
O bright and happy streams!
Light after light in my soul have died,
The day-spring's glorious dreams.

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath passed—
The prayer at my mother's knee;
Darkened and troubled I come at last,
Home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,
To soften and atone;
And oh! ye scenes of those blessed years,
They shall make me again your own."

THE VAUDOIS WIFE *

"Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress:
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think—
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess—
That thou to me hast been all tenderness,
And friend, to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in dust."
Gertrude of Wyoming.

THY voice is in my ear, beloved!
Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting-place,
And yet I must depart.
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain—though mighty—vain!

Thou see'st mine eye grow dim, beloved!
Thou see'st my life-blood flow,—
Bow to the chastener silently,
And calmly let me go!
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,
My spirit they detain;
I know that from thine agony
Is wrung that burning rain.
Best, kindest, weep not;—make the pang,
The bitter conflict, less—
Oh! sad it is, and yet a joy,
To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! Let the thought of death
A solemn peace restore!
The voice that must be silent soon,
Would speak to thee once more,
That thou mayst bear its blessing on
Through years of after-life—
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words,
Showered on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new!
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here!

* The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

I bless thee for the last rich boon
 Won from affection tried,
 The right to gaze on death with thee,
 To perish by thy side !
 And yet more for the glorious hope
 Even to *these* moments given—
 Did not *thy* spirit ever lift
 The trust of *mine* to Heaven ?

Now be *thou* strong ! Oh ! knew we not
 Our path must lead to this ?
 A shadow and a trembling still
 Were mingled with our bliss !
 We plighted our young hearts when storms
 Were dark upon the sky,
 In full, deep knowledge of their task
 To suffer and to die !

Be strong ! I leave the living voice
 Of this, my martyred blood,
 With the thousand echoes of the hills,
 With the torrent's foaming flood,—
 A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
 A token on the air,
 To rouse the valiant from repose,
 The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love !
 Ay, joyously endure !
 Our mountains must be altars yet,
 Inviolable and pure ;
 There must our God be worshipped still
 With the worship of the free—
 Farewell !—there's but *one* pang in death
 One only,—leaving thee !

THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW

“ All my pretty ones !
 Did you say all ?
 * * * * *
 Let us make medicine of this great revenge,
 To cure this deadly grief ! ”—*Macbeth*.

My battle-vow !—no minster walls
 Gave back the burning word,
 Nor cross nor shrine the low deep tone
 Of smothered vengeance heard :
 But the ashes of a ruined home
 Thrilled, as it sternly rose,
 With the mingling voice of blood that shook
 The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,
 But where my children lay,
 And the startled vulture, at my step,
 Soared from their precious clay.
 I stood amidst my dead alone—
 I kissed their lips—I poured,
 In the strong silence of that hour,
 My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering floor,
 The blackened threshold-stone,
 The bright hair torn, and soiled with blood,
 Whose fountain was my own ;
 These, and the everlasting hills,
 Bore witness that wild night ;
 Before them rose th' avenger's soul,
 In crushed affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of heaven,
 With keen looks would upbraid,
 If from my heart the fiery vow,
 Seared on it then, could fade.
 They have no cause !—Go, ask the streams
 That by my paths have swept,
 The red waves that unstained were born—
 How hath my faith been kept ?

And other eyes are on my soul,
 That never, never close,
 The sad, sweet glances of the lost—
 They leave me no repose ;
 Haunting my night-watch 'midst the rocks,
 And by the torrent's foam,
 Through the dark-rolling mists they shine,
 Full, full of love and home !

Alas ! the mountain-eagle's heart,
 When wronged, may yet find rest ;
 Scorning the place made desolate,
 He seeks another nest.
 But I—your soft looks wake the thirst
 That wins no quenching rain ;
 Ye drive me back, my beautiful !
 To the stormy fight again !

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE

"Thither where he lies buried!
That single spot is the whole world to me."
COLERIDGE'S Wallenstein.

THY voice was in my soul! it called me on;
 O my lost friend! thy voice was in my soul:
 From the cold, faded world, whence thou art gone,
 To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,
 I come, I come!

Now speak to me again! we loved so well—
 We loved! oh! still I know that still we love!
 I have left all things with thy dust to dwell,
 Through these dim aisles in dreams of thee to rove:
 This is my home!

Speak to me in the thrilling minster's gloom.
 Speak! thou hast died, and sent me no farewell!
 I will not shrink;—oh! mighty is the tomb,
 But one thing mightier which it cannot quell,
 This woman's heart!

This lone, full, fragile heart!—the strong alone
 In love and grief—of both the burning shrine!
 Thou, my soul's friend! with grief hast surely done,
 But with the love which made thy spirit mine,
 Say, couldst thou part?

I hear the rustling banners: and I hear
 The wind's low singing through the fretted stone;
 I hear not thee; and yet I feel thee near—
 What is this bound that keeps thee from thine own?
 Breathe it away!

I wait thee—I adjure thee! hast thou known
 How I have loved thee! couldst thou dream it all?
 Am I not here, with night and death alone,
 And fearing not? and hath my spirit's call
 O'er thine no sway?

Thou *canst* not come! or thus I should not weep!
 Thy love is deathless—but no longer free!
 Soon would its wing triumphantly o'ersweep
 The viewless barrier, if such power might be,
 Soon, soon, and fast!

But I shall come to thee! our souls' deep dreams,
 Our young affections, have not gushed in vain;
 Soon in one tide shall blend the severed streams,
 The worn heart break its bonds—and death and pain
 Be with the past!

THE SISTERS OF SCIO

"As are our hearts, our way is one,
And cannot be divided. Strong affection
Contends with all things, and o'ercometh all things.
Will I not live with thee? will I not cheer thee?
Wouldst thou be lonely then? wouldst thou be sad?"

JOANNA BAILLIZ.

- "SISTER, sweet sister! let me weep awhile!
Bear with me—give the sudden passion way!
Thoughts of our own lost home, our sunny isle,
Come, as a wind that o'er a reed hath sway;
Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears;—
Oh! could my life melt from me in these tears!
- "Our father's voice, our mother's gentle eye,
Our brother's bounding step—where are they, where?
Desolate, desolate our chambers lie!
—How hast *thou* won thy spirit from despair?
O'er *mine* swift shadows, gusts of terror, sweep;—
I sink away—bear with me—let me weep!"
- "Yes! weep, my sister! weep, till from thy heart
The weight flow forth in tears; yet sink thou not!
I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,
For thee, my gentle one! our orphan lot
To meet in quenchless trust; my soul is strong—
Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might ere long.
- "A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,
A memory of our old victorious dead,—
These mantle me with power! and though their fires
In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
Yet shall they light us onward, side by side;—
Have the wild birds, and have not *we*, a guide?
- "Cheer, then, beloved! on whose meek brow is set
Our mother's image—in whose voice a tone,
A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,
An echo of our childhood's music gone;—
Cheer thee! thy sister's heart and faith are high;
Our path is one—with thee I live and die!"

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "'O God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?'—'Look where he is,' replied the cruel King, 'and now go and greet

him whom you have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way.
*Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.*

*And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;*
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead,—
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now.—
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father, oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!"

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet,
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met,
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,—for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead!—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?—
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!"

" Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still ! keep down thine ire,—
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire !
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
 Thou canst not—and a king ! His dust be mountains on thy head ! "

He loosed the steed ; his slack hand fell,—upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—then turned from that sad place :
 His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—
 His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS

" To a mysteriously consorted pair
 This place is consecrate ; to death and life,
 And to the best affections that proceed
 From this conjunction."—WORDSWORTH.

[At Hindelbank, near Berne, she is represented as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the sound of the last trumpet. An inscription on the tomb concludes thus :—" Here am I, O God ! with the child whom Thou hast given me."]

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
 O bride of stricken love ! in anguish hither !
 Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year
 Plucked on the bosom of the dead to wither ;
 Hopes, from their source all holy, though of earth,
 All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told ; of Sabbath hours ;
 Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting ;
 Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers ;
 And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting —
 But thou, young mother ! to thy gentle heart
 Didst take thy babe, and meekly so depart.

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence !
 Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art sleeping !
 A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
 Of triumph, blent with nature's gush of weeping,
 As, kindling up the silent stone, I see
 The glorious vision, caught by faith, of thee.

Slumberer ! love calls thee, for the night is past ;
 Put on the immortal beauty of thy waking !
 Captive ! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast,
 The long, victorious note, thy bondage breaking ?
 Thou hear'st, thou answer'st, " God of earth and heaven !
 Here am I, with the child whom Thou hast given ! "

THE EXILE'S DIRGE

" Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages,
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."—*Cymbeline*.

[“ I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites.

He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sang as they bore the body along; the words '*mein Gott*,' '*mein Bruder*,' and '*Vaterland*' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn.—FLINT'S *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi*.]

THERE went a dirge through the forest's gloom.
—An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung
In the slumberer's native tongue)—
"Friend and brother! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be:—
Long the Exile's woe hath lain
On thy life a withering chain;
Music from thine own blue streams
Wandered through thy fever-dreams,
Voices from thy country's vines
Met thee midst the alien pines,
And thy true heart died away;
And thy spirit would not stay.

So swelled the chant! and the deep wind's moan
Seemed through the cedars to murmur—"Gone!"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine
Stands the home that once was thine—
Brother! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian arrow flies!
He that blest thine infant head
Fills a distant greensward bed;
She that heard thy lisping prayer
Slumbers low beside him there;
They that earliest with thee played
Rest beneath their own oak shade,
Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore
Haply, brother! part ye more;
God hath called thee to that band
In the immortal Fatherland!"

"The *Fatherland*!"—with that sweet word
A burst of tears midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee,
Rich would many a meeting be!
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourned and lost one found!
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air;
Loved and bright things to resign,
As even now this dust of thine;
Yet to hope!—to hope in Heaven,
Though flowers fall, and ties be riven—
Yet to pray! and wait the hand
Beckoning to the Fatherland!"

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom;—
They had reached the Exile's lonely tomb.

THE DREAMING CHILD

" *Alas ! what kind of grief should thy years know ?
Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them.*"—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AND is there sadness in *thy* dreams, my boy ?
What should the cloud be made of ?—blessed child !
Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,
All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear, yet mild :

And now thou tremblest !—wherefore ?—in *thy* soul
There lies no past, no future.—Thou hast heard
No sound of presage from the distance roll,
Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy word.

From thee no love hath gone ; thy mind's young eye
Hath looked not into Death's, and thence become
A questioner of mute Eternity,
A weary searcher for a viewless home :

Nor hath thy sense been quickened unto pain,
By feverish watching for some step beloved ;
Free are thy thoughts, an ever-changeful train,
Glancing like dewdrops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion tossed,
How art thou wildered in the cave of sleep !
My gentle child ! midst what dim phantoms lost,
Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep ?

Awake ! they sadden me—those early tears,
First gushings of the strong dark river's flow,
That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with coming years,
Th' unfathomable flood of human woe !

Awful to watch, e'en rolling through a dream,
Forcing wild spray-drops but from childhood's eyes !
Wake, wake ! as yet *thy* life's transparent stream
Should wear the tinge of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms unknown.
Where now thy thoughts dismayed and darkling rove ;
Come to the kindly region all thine own,
The home, still bright for thee with guardian love.

Happy, fair child ! that yet a mother's voice
Can win thee back from visionary strife !—
Oh ! shall *my* soul, thus wakened to rejoice,
Start from the dreamlike wilderness of life ?

THE CHARMED PICTURE

*"Oh! that those lips had language!—Life hath passed
With me but roughly since I saw thee last."—COWPER.*

- THINE eyes are charmed—thine earnest eyes—
Thou image of the dead!
A spell within their sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed.
- Oft in their meek blue light enshrined,
A blessing seems to be,
And sometimes there my wayward mind
A still reproach can see:
- And sometimes Pity—soft and deep,
And quivering through a tear;
Even as if Love in heaven could weep,
For Grief left drooping here.
- And oh! my spirit needs that balm,
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth;
And in the night-hour's haunted calm,
And by the lonely hearth.
- Look on me *thus*, when hollow praise
Hath made the weary pine
For one true tone of other days,
One glance of love like thine!
- Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along,
On wings that struggle to be free,
As bursts of skylark song.
- In vain, in vain;—too soon are felt
The wounds they cannot flee;
Better in childlike tears to melt,
Pouring my soul on thee!
- Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone,
Whence is thy power of change,
Thus ever shadowing back my own,
The rapid and the strange?
- Whence are they charmed—those earnest eyes?
—I know the mystery well!
In mine own trembling bosom lies
The spirit of the spell!
- Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born—
Oh! change no longer, thou!
For ever be the blessing worn
On thy pure thoughtful brow!

PARTING WORDS

"One struggle more, and I am free."—BYRON.

- LEAVE me, oh, leave me!—unto all below
Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell;
Thou mak'st those mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace!
- Leave me!—thy footstep, with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong for aught that loves and dies, to bear
Oh! bid the conflict cease!
- I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
Thou bidst the peace, the reverential hush,
The still submission, from my thoughts depart:
Dear one! this must not be.
- The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days;
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
 The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
 Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
 They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,
 Too much—and death is here!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
 From the old beech-roots flashing into day?
 Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow?
 Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
 From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
 Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!
 —Not now! 'twill not be now!—my aching sight
 Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
 Bearing all strength away!

Leave me!—thou com'st between my heart and Heaven!
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die!
 —Why must our souls thus love, and thus be riven?
 —Return! thy parting wakes mine agony!—
 Oh, yet awhile delay!

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD *

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
 Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
 Thou'rt leaving me, without thy voice,
 In a lonely home to dwell;
 And from the hills, and from the hearth,
 And from the household tree,
 With thee departs the lingering mirth,
 The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
 Thou'rt speeding to the shore
 Where the dirgelike tone of parting words
 Shall smite the soul no more!
 And thou wilt see our holy dead,
 'The lost on earth and main;
 Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
 Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood
 That yet his name is heard
 On the blue mountains, whence his youth
 Passed like a swift bright bird.

The light of his exulting brow,
 The vision of his glee,
 Are on me still—oh! still I trust
 That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
 The rose, cut down in spring,
 That yet my gushing soul is filled
 With lays she loved to sing. [dreams,
 Her soft, deep eyes look through my
 Tender and sadly sweet;—
 Tell her my heart within me burns
 Once more that gaze to meet!

And tell our white-haired father,
 That in the paths he trode,
 The child he loved, the last on earth,
 Yet walks and worships God.
 Say that his last fond blessing yet
 Rests on my soul like dew,
 And by its hallowing might I trust
 Once more his face to view.

* "Messages from the living to the dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time, and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections."—See the *Notes to Mrs. Brunton's Works*.

And tell our gentle mother,
That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.

Happy thou art that soon, how soon
Our good and bright will see !—
Oh ! brother, brother ! may I dwell
Ere long, with them and thee !

THE SOLDIER'S DEATHBED

[*"Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht ! da ich noch ein Bube war—war's mein Lieblingsgedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben !"—Die Rauber.*]

Like thee to die, thou sun !—My boyhood's dream
Was this ; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet the hour
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
Nature's deep longings :—Oh, for some kind eye,
Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze ;
Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
Some voice, to speak of hope and brighter days,
Beyond the pass of shadows !—But I go,
I, that have been so loved, go hence alone ;
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends ! it may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,
Mingles its cadence while you speak of me :
Of me your soldier, midst the mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles dying,
Far, far away !—and oh ! your parting prayer—
Will not his name be fondly murmured there ?
It will !—A blessing on that holy hearth !
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.
Mother ! I may not hear thy voice again ;
Sisters ! ye watch to greet my step in vain ;
Young brother, fare thee well !—on each dear head
Blessing and love a thousandfold be shed,
My soul's last earthly breathings !—May your home
Smile for you ever !—May no winter come,
No *world*, between your hearts ! May e'en your tears,
For my sake, full of long-remembered years,
Quicken the true affections that entwine
Your lives in one bright bond !—I may not sleep
Amidst our fathers, where those tears might shine
Over my slumbers ; yet your love will keep
My memory living in the ancestral halls,
Where shame hath never trod ;—the dark night falls,
And I depart.—The brave are gone to rest,
The brothers of my combats, on the breast
Of the red field they reaped ;—their work is done—
Thou, too, art set !—farewell, farewell, thou sun !
The last lone watcher of the bloody sod
Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

THE IMAGE IN THE HEART

TO * * * *

" True, indeed, it is,
That they whom death has hidden from our sight,
Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with them
The future cannot contradict the past—
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone."—WORDSWORTH.

" The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."—BYRON

I CALL thee blest !—though now the voice be fled,
Which, to thy soul, brought dayspring with its tide,
And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
Eyes that ne'er looked on thine but light was thrown
Far through thy breast :

And though the music of thy life be broken,
Or changed in every chord, since he is gone,
Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,
O thou, the deeply, but the brightly lone !
I call thee blest.

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
As 'mid the waste an isle of fount and palm,
For ever green !—the world's breath enters not,
The passion-tempests may not break its calm ;
'Tis thine, all thine !

Thither, in trust unbaffled, mayst thou turn,
From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn,
That, filled with waters of sweet memory, lies
In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy home !—there is no power in change
To reach that temple of the past ;—no sway,
In all time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,
To sweep the still transparent peace away
From its hushed air !

And oh ! that glorious image of the dead !
Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest
And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
Its high gifts fearlessly !—I call thee blest,
If only there !

Blessed, for the beautiful within thee dwelling,
Never to fade !—a refuge from distrust,
A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust
With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved !—it is no dream,
 No false mirage for *thee*, the fervent love,
 The rainbow still unreached, the ideal gleam,
 That ever seems before, beyond, above,
 Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth
 Singled and marked, hast *known* its home and place !
 And the high memory of its holy worth,
 To this our life a glory and a grace
 For thee hath given.

And art thou not still fondly, truly loved ?
 Thou art !—the love his spirit bore away,
 Was not for death !—a treasure but removed,
 A bright bird parted for a clearer day,—
 Thine still in heaven !

THE LAND OF DREAMS

“ And dreams, in their development, have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They make us what we were not—what they will,
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by.”—BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND ! thou land of dreams !
 A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
 Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,—
 A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
 When the wavy shadows float by, and part
 Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,
 Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,
 With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
 Amidst whose ruins there glide and play
 Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,
 Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth,—
 All the sere flowers of our days gone by,
 And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes ! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
 A realm of treasures, a realm of graves !
 And the shapes through thy mysteries that come and go
 Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe.

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of sleep !
 Thou art all one world of affections deep,—
 And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,
 That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair ;
All the beloved of my soul are there !
The forms my spirit most pines to see,
The eyes, whose love hath been life to me :

They are there,—and each blessed voice I hear,
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear ;
But undertones are in each, that say,—
“ It is but a dream ; it will melt away ! ”

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow ;
I listen to music of long ago ;
But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay,—
“ It is but a dream ; it will melt away ! ”

I sit by the hearth of my early days ;
All the home-faces are met by the blaze,—
And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say,
“ It is but a dream ; it will melt away ! ”

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,
And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone !
Oh ! a haunted heart is a weight to bear,—
Bright faces, kind voices ! where are ye, where ?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,
The past, as it fled by my own blue streams !
Make not my spirit within me burn
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return !

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,
From the world or the grave, take thy solemn light,
And oh ! with the loved, whom no more I see,
Show me my home, as it yet may be !

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear ;
So my soul may bear on through the long, long day,
Till I go where the beautiful melts not away !

THE TWO HOMES

“ Oh ! if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal too ? ”

SEE'ST thou my home ?—'tis where yon woods are waving,
In their dark richness, to the summer air ;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hills a vein of light,—tis there !

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, coloured with the skies !
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home ! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track ;
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there prayed for—there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye ;
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother
—Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's decline :
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—
There laughs *my* home—sad stranger ! where is thine ?

Ask'st thou of mine ?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away ;
'Tis where I too, am loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they ?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling ;
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air !
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving ?
Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on thine !
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother !
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene !
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

“Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might ? a reed, upborne
By an o'er-mastering current !”

GENTLE and lovely form,
What didst thou hear,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear ?

Banner and shivered crest,
Beside thee strown,
Tell that amidst the best
Thy work was done !

Yet strangely, sadly fair,
O'er the wild scene,
Gleams through its golden hair
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—
Earth-bound the free ;
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee ?

Slumberer ! *thine* early bier
Friends should have crowned,

Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices clear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still !

And the swift charger sweep,
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep,—
Why camest thou here ?

Why?—ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever, where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground
Proud reapers came,—
Some, for that stirring scound,
A warrior's name;

Some, for the stormy play
And joy of strife;
And some, to fling away
A weary life;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame;

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
So, through the tempest's hour,
To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust!

THE DESERTED HOUSE

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,
O silent house! once filled with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days!
My children's birthplace! yet for me
It is too much to look on thee.

Too much! for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished now,
Follow ~~the~~ where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, lone spot! my spirit's gaze,
To lift, through tears, my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high?

Oh! many are the mansions there,
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shade from things gone by
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread;
We miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,*
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres;
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore
The severed wreath is bound once more!

Holy ye were, and good, and true!
No change can cloud my thoughts of you;
Guide me, like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high!

* From an ancient Hebrew dirge:—

Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead;
For he is at rest, and we in tears!

THE STRANGER'S HEART

THE stranger's heart! Oh! wound it not! Then are the stranger's thoughts oppressed—
 A yearning anguish is its lot; His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.
 In the green shadow of thy tree
 The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
 Glad music round thy household eaves:
 To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
 The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
 A lovely sight at fall of day;—

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
 Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
 Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
 Far, far are those who prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
 The voices of thy kindred band—
 Oh! midst them all when blest thou art,
 Deal gently with the stranger's heart!

COME HOME!

COME home!—there is a sorrowing breath
 In music since ye went,
 And the early flower-scents wander by,
 With mournful memories blent.
 The tones in every household voice
 Are grown more sad and deep,
 And the sweet word—*brother*—wakes a wish
 To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved! come home!—the hour
 Of many a greeting tone,
 The time of hearth-light and of song,
 Returns—and ye are gone!
 And darkly, heavily it falls
 On the forsaken room,
 Burdening the heart with tenderness,
 That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering ones?
 With all your boyhood's glee
 Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
 Or on the lone mid-sea?
 By stormy hills of battles old?
 Or where dark rivers foam?—
 Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
 Back, ye beloved, come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
 And swift birds, o'er the main!
 Our love is grown too sorrowful—
 Bring us its youth again!
 Bring the glad tones to music back!
 Still, still your home is fair,
 The spirit of your sunny life
 Alone is wanting there!

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION

*"Implora pace!"**

ONE draught, kind Fairy; from that fountain deep,
 To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
 And lone affections, which are griefs, to steep
 In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;
 And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
 One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
 Wealth, gathered long and slowly;
 Thoughts divine
 Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
 The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine;—
 Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
 A pyramid so fair?

* Quoted from a letter of Lord Byron's.

Pour from the fount ! and let the draught
 efface [amassed,
 All the vain lore by memory's pride
 So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
 And fill the hollow channels of the past ;
 And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf
 Rase the one master-grief !

Yet pause once more !—all, *all* thy soul
 hath known,
 Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must
 fade ! [tone
 Is there no voice whose kind awakening
 A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath
 made ? [recall ?—
 No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would
 Think, wouldst thou part with all ?

Fill with forgetfulness !—there are, there
are
 Voices whose music I have loved too well ;
 Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
 Never ! oh—never, in my home to dwell !
 Take their soft looks from off my yearning
 soul—
 Fill high th' oblivious bowl !

Yet pause again !—with memory wilt thou
 cast

The undying hope away, of memory born ?
 Hope of re-union, heart to heart at last,
 No restless doubt between, no rankling
 thorn ?

Wouldst thou erase all records of delight
 That make such visions bright ?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high !—yet stay—
 'Tis from the past we shadow forth the
 land [our way,
 Where smiles, long lost, again shall light
 And the soul's friends be wreathed in one
 bright band :— [rill,
 Pour the sweet waters back on their own
 I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose image
 nought
 May dim within the temple of my breast—
 For their love's sake, which now no earthly
 thought
 May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
 Though the past haunt me as a spirit,—yet
 I ask not to forget.

TO A REMEMBERED PICTURE *

They haunt me still—those calm, pure,
 holy eyes !
 Their piercing sweetness wanders
 through my dreams ;
 The soul of music that within them lies
 Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden
 gleams !
 Life—spirit-life—immortal and divine—
 Is there—and yet how dark a death was
 thine !

Could it *be* ! could it be—meek child of
 song ? [brow—
 The might of gentleness on that fair
 Was the celestial gift no shield from
 wrong ?
 Bare it no talisman to ward the blow ?
 Ask if a flower upon the billows cast,
 Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush
 the blast ?

Are there not deep, sad oracles to read
 In the clear stillness of that radiant
 face ? [bleed,
 Yes, even like thee must gifted spirits
 Thrown on a world, for heavenly things
 no place !

Bright exiled birds that visit alien skies,
 Pouring on storms their suppliant mel-
 odies ;

And seeking ever some true, gentle
 breast
 Whereon their trembling plumage
 might repose,
 And their free song notes, from that
 happy nest,
 Gush as a fount that forth from sunlight
 flows.
 Vain dream ! the love whose precious
 balms might save,
 Still, still denied—they struggle to the
 grave.

Yet my heart shall not sink !—another
 doom,
 Victim ! hath set its promise in thine
 eye ;
 A light is there, too quenchless for the
 tomb,
 Bright earnest of a nobler destiny ;
 Telling of answers, in some far-off sphere,
 To the deep souls that find no echo
 here.

* That of Rizzio at Holyrood.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Published in Blackwood's Magazine, April, 1818

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

• A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament. —MILTON.

MARKED ye the mingling of the City's
throng, [bright?—
Each mien, each glance, with expectation
Prepare the pageant and the choral song,
The pealing chimes, the blaze of festal
light!
And hark! what rumour's gathering sound
is nigh?
Is it the voice of joy, that murmur deep?—
Away, be hushed, ye sounds of revelry!
Back to your homes, ye multitudes, to
weep!
Weep! for the storm hath o'er us darkly
past, [the blast!
And England's Royal Flower is broken by

Was it a dream? so sudden and so dread
That awful fiat o'er our senses came!
So loved, so blest, is that young spirit fled,
Whose bright aspirings promised years of
fame? [destroyed
Oh! when hath life possessed, or Death
More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that
smiled?
When hath the spoiler left so dark a void?
For all is lost—the mother and her child!
Our morning-star hath vanished, and the
tomb
Throws its deep-lengthened hade o'er
distant years to come

III.

Angel of Death did no presaging sign
Announce thy coming, and thy way pre-
pare?
No warning voice, no harbinger was thine,
Danger and fear seemed passed—but thou
wert there!
Prophetic sounds along the earthquake's
path
Foretell the hour of Nature's awful throes;
And the volcano, ere it burst in wrath,
Sends forth some herald from its dread
repose;

But *thou*, dark spirit! swift and unfore-
seen,
Cam'st like the lightning's flash, when
heaven is all serene.

IV.

And she is gone!—the royal and the
young!
In soul commanding, and in heart benign;
Who, from a race of kings and heroes
sprung,
Glowed with a spirit lofty as her line.
Now may the voice she loved on earth so
well [vain;
Breathe forth her name unheeded and in
Nor can those eyes, on which her own
would dwell, [again.
Wake from that breast one sympathy
The ardent heart, the towering mind are
fled, [dead.
Yet shall undying love still linger with the

Oh! many a bright existence we have seen
Quenched in the glow and fulness of its
prime; [hath been
And many a cherish'd flower, ere now,
Cropt ere its leaves were breathed upon
by time.
We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,
Whose fields of triumph gave them but a
bier;
And we have wept when soaring genius
died,
Checked in the glory of his mid career!
But here our hopes were centred—all is
o'er; [and is no more!
All thought in this absorbed,—she was,—

VI.

We watched her childhood from its earliest
hour, [caught;
From every word and look bright omens
While that young mind developed all its
power,
And rose to energies of loftiest thought!

On her was fixed the patriot's ardent eye,
One hope still bloomed,—one vista still
was fair; [sky,
And when the tempest swept the troubled
She was our day-spring—all was cloud-
less *there*; [gaze,
And oh, how lovely broke on England's
E'en through the mist and storm, the light
of distant days!

VII.

Now hath one moment darkened future
years,
And changed the track of ages yet to be!—
Yet, mortal! midst the bitterness of tears,
Kneel, and adore th' inscrutable decree!
Oh! while the clear perspective smiled in
light, [excess;
Wisdom should *then* have tempered hope's
And, Lost One! when we saw thy lot so
bright,
We might have trembled at its loveliness!
Joy is no earthly flower—nor framed to
bear,
In its exotic bloom, life's cold ungenial air.

VIII.

All smiled around thee—youth, and love,
and praise, [thine!
Hearts all devotion and all truth were
On thee was riveted a nation's gaze,
As on some radiant and unsullied shrine.
Heiress of Empires! thou art passed away
Like some fair vision, that arose to throw,
Bright o'er one hour of life, a fleeting ray,
Then leave the rest to solitude and woe!
Oh! who shall dare to woo such dreams
again?
Who hath not wept to know that tears for
thee were vain?

IX.

Yet there is one who loved thee—and
whose soul [melt;
With mild affections nature formed to
His mind hath bowed beneath the stern
control
Of many a grief—but *this* shall be unfelt!
Years have gone by—and given his
honoured head
A diadem of snow—his eye is dim—
Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath
spread—
The past, the future, are a dream to him!
Yet, in the darkness of his fate, alone
He dwells on earth, while thou, in life's
full pride, art gone!

X.

The Chastener's hand is on us—we may
weep, [past,
But not repine—for many a storm hath
And, pillowed on her own majestic deep,
Hath England slept unshaken by the blast!
And war hath raged o'er many a distant
plain,
Trampling the vine and olive in his path;
While she, that regal daughter of the main,
Smiled in serene defiance of his wrath!
As some proud summit, mingling with the
sky,
Hears calmly, far below, the thunders roll
and die.

XI.

Her voice hath been th' awakener, and her
name [might,
The gathering word of nations—in her
And all the awful beauty of her fame,
Apart she dwelt in solitary light.
High on her cliffs alone and firm she stood,
Fixing the torch upon her beacon-tower;
That torch, whose flame, far streaming
o'er the flood, [hour.
Hath guided Europe through her darkest
—Away, vain dreams of glory!—in the
dust
Be humbled, Ocean-queen! and own thy
sentence just!

XII.

Hark! 'twas the death-bell's note! which,
full and deep,
Unmixed with aught of less majestic tone,
While all the murmurs of existence sleep,
Swell on the stillness of the air alone!
Silent the throngs that fill the darkened
street, [mart;
Silent the slumbering Thames, the lonely
And all is still, where countless thousands
meet, [heart!
Save the full throbbing of the awestruck
All deeply, strangely, fearfully serene,
As in each ravaged home th' Avenging One
had been.

XIII.

The sun goes down in beauty—his farewell,
Unlike the world he leaves, is calmly
bright;
And his last mellowed rays around us
dwell, [light,
Lingering, as if on scenes of young de-
They smile and fade—but, when the day
is o'er,
What slow procession moves, with
measured tread?—

Lo! those who weep for her who weeps
no more, [dead!
A solemn train! the mourners and the
While, bright o'er high, the moon's un-
troubled ray
Looks down, as earthly hopes are passing
thus away.

XIV.

But other light is in that holy pile,
Where, in the house of silence, kings
repose; [aisle,
There, through the dim arcade and pillared
The funeral torch its deep-red radiance
throws.
There pall, and canopy, and sacred strain,
And all around, the stamp of woe may
bear;
But grief, to whose full heart those forms
are vain—
Grief unexpressed, unsoothed by them—
is there.
No darker hour hath fate for him who
mourns,
Than when the all he loved, as dust, to
dust returns.

XV.

We mourn—but not *thy* fate, Departed
One!
We pity, but the living, not the dead;
A cloud hangs o'er us—"the bright day
is done"—*
And with a father's hopes, a nation's fled.
And he, the chosen of thy youthful breast,
Whose soul with thine had mingled every
thought:
He, with thine early fond affections blest,
Lord of a mind with all things lovely
fraught;
What but a desert to his eye that earth,
Which but retains of thee the memory of
thy worth!

Oh! there are griefs for nature too intense,
Whose first rude shock but stupefies the
soul, [sense
Nor hath the fragile and o'erlaboured
Strength e'en to *feel*, at once, their dread
control. [hour,
But when 'tis past, that still and speechless
Of the sealed bosom and the tearless eye,

* The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

SHAKESPEARE.

Then the roused mind awakes, with tenfold
power
To grasp the fulness of its agony!
Its death-like torpor vanished—and its
doom, [nature's bloom,
To cast its own dark hues o'er life and

XVII.

And such *his* lot, whom thou hast loved
and left,
Spirit! thus early to thy home recalled!
So sinks the heart, of hope and thee bereft,
A warrior's heart! which danger ne'er
appalled.
Years may pass on—and, as they roll along,
Mellow those pangs which now his bosom
rend; [throng,
And he once more, with life's unheeding
May, though alone in soul, in seeming
blend;
Yet still, the guardian-angel of his mind
Shall thy loved image dwell, in Memory's
temple shrined.

Yet must the days be long, ere time shall
steal [with thee,
Aught from *his* grief, whose spirit dwells
Once deeply bruised, the heart at length
may heal,
But all it was—oh! never more shall be!
The flowers, the leaf, o'erwhelmed by
winter snow, [showers return,
Shall spring again, when beams and
The faded cheek again with health may
glow, [burn;
And the dim eye with life's warm radiance
But the bright freshness of the mind's
young bloom, [the tomb,
Once lost, revives alone in worlds beyond

XIX.

But thou!—thine hour of agony is o'er,
And thy brief race in brilliance hath been
run; [no more,
While faith, that bids fond nature grieve
Tells that thy crown—though not on
earth—is won!
Thou, of the world so early left, hast known
Naught but the bloom of sunshine—and
for thee,
Child of propitious stars! for thee alone,
The course of love ran smooth, and
brightly free. [given:
Not long such bliss to mortal could be
It is enough for earth, to catch one glimpse
of heaven!

XX.

What though as yet the noonday of thy
fame
Rose in its glory, on thine England's eye,
The grave's deep shadows o'er thy pro-
spect came? [die!
Ours is that loss—and thou wert blest to
Thou mightst have lived to dark and evil
years,
To mourn thy people changed, thy skies
o'ercast;
But thy spring-morn was all undimmed
by tears, [last!
And thou wert loved and cherished to the
And thy young name, ne'er breathed in
runder tone,
Thus dying, thou hast left to love and grief
alone.

XXI.

Daughter of Kings! from that high sphere
look down
Where still, in hope, affection's thoughts
may rise;
Where dimly shines to thee that mortal
crown
Which earth displayed to claim thee from
the skies.
Look down! and if thy spirit yet retain
Memory of aught that once was fondly dear,
Soothe, though unseen, the hearts that
mourn in vain,
And in their hours of loneliness—be near!
Blest was thy lot e'en here—and one faint
sigh,
Oh! tell those hearts, hath made that bliss
Eternity!

Brownhyffa, 23rd Dec. 1817.

1820

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF
GEORGE THE THIRD

"Among many nations was there no king like
him."—NEHEMIAH.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a
great man fallen this day in Israel?"—SAMUEL.

ANOTHER warning sound! The funeral
bell,

Startling the cities of the isle once more
With measured tones of melancholy swell,
Strikes on th awakened heart from shore
to shore. [dust,

He at whose coming monarchs sink to
The chambers of our palaces hath trod,
And the long-suffering spirit of the just,
Pure from its ruins, hath returned to
God!

Yet may not England o'er her Father weep:
Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too many,
and too deep.

Vain voice of Reason, hush!—they yet
must flow,

The unrestrained, involuntary tears;
A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,
Roused by the glorious shades of
vanished years.

Tell us no more 'tis not the time for grief,
Now that the exile of the soul is past,
And Death, blest messenger of Heaven's
relief, [last;

Hath borne the wanderer to his rest at

L. 1

For him, Eternity hath tenfold day.
We feel, we know, 'tis thus—yet Nature
will have way.

What though amidst us, like a blasted oak,
Saddening the scene where once it nobly
reigned,

A dread memorial of the lightning-stroke,
Stamped with its fiery record, he re-
mained;

Around that shattered tree still fondly clung
Th undying tendrils of our love, which
drew

Fresh nurture from its deep decay, and
sprung

Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin true;
While England hung her trophies on the
stem,

That desolately stood, unconscious e'en of
THEM.

Of *them* unconscious! Oh, mysterious
doom!

Who shall unfold the counsels of the
skies?

His was the voice which roused, as from
the tomb,

The realm's high soul to loftiest energies!
His was the spirit, o'er the isles which
threw

The mantle of its fortitude; and wrought
In every bosom, powerful to renew

Each dying spark of pure and generous
thought;

The star of tempests! beaming on the mast,
The seaman's torch of Hope, midst perils
deepening fast.*

Then from th' unslumbering influence of
his worth, [land;
Strength, as of inspiration, filled the
A young, but quenchless, flame went
brightly forth,
Kindled by him—who saw it not expand!
Such was the will of Heaven. The gifted
seer, [to face,
Who with his God had communed face
And from the house of bondage and of fear,
In faith victorious, led the chosen race;
He through the desert and the waste their
guide, [and died.
Saw dimly from afar, the promised land—

O full of days and virtues! on thy head
Centred the woes of many a bitter lot;
Fathers have sorrowed o'er their beauteous
dead, [have forgot;
Eyes, quenched in night, the sunbeam
Minds have striven buoyantly with evil
years, [at length;
And sunk beneath their gathering weight
But Pain for thee had filled a cup of tears,
Where every anguish mingled all its
strength; [stand,
By thy lost child we saw thee weeping
And shadows deep around fell from th'
Eternal hand.

Then came the noon of glory, which thy
dreams, [phesied;
Perchance of yore, had faintly pro-
But what to thee the splendour of its beams?
The ice-rock glows not 'midst the sum-
mer's pride! [burst,
Nations leaped up to joy—as streams that
At the warm touch of spring, their frozen
chain, [they nursed,
And o'er the plains, whose verdure once
Roll in exulting melody again;
And bright o'er earth the long majestic line
Of England's triumphs swept, to rouse all
hearts—but thine.

Oh! what a dazzling vision, by the veil
That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut from
thee,

* The glittering meteor, like a star which
often appears about a ship during tempests; if
seen upon the mainmast, it is considered by
the sailors as an omen of good weather.—See
Dampier's Voyages.

When sceptred chieftains thronged, with
palms, to hail [sea f

The crowning isle, th' anointed of the
Within thy palaces the lords of earth
Met to rejoice—rich pageants glittered
by,

And stately revels imaged, in their mirth,
The old magnificence of chivalry.
They reached not thee—amidst them, yet
alone,
Stillness and gloom begirt one dim and
shadowy throne.

Yet there was mercy still—if joy no more
Within that blasted circle might intrude,
Earth had no grief, whose footstep might
pass o'er

The silent limits of its solitude!
If all unheard the bridal song awoke
Our hearts full echoes, as it swelled on
high;

Alike unheard the sudden dirge, that broke
On the glad strain, with dread solemnity!
If the land's rose unheeded wore its
bloom, [tomb.
Alike unfelt the storm, that swept it to the

And she, who, tried through all the stormy
past, [hour
Severely, deeply proved, in many an
Watched o'er thee, firm and faithful to the
last, [power;

Sustained, inspired by strong affection's
If to thy soul ner voice no music bore,
If thy closed eye and wandering spirit
caught [explore
No light from looks, that fondly would
Thy mien, for traces of responsive
thought;

Oh! thou wert spared the pang that would
have thrilled
Thine inmost heart, when Duty met
anxious bosom stilled.

Thy loved ones fell around thee, Man-
hood's prime,
Youth with its glory, in its fulness, Age—
All, at the gates of their eternal clime
Lay down, and closed their mortal pil-
grimage; [flowers,
The land wore ashes for its perished
The grave's imperial harvest. Thou
meanwhile [towers,

Didst walk unconscious through thy royal
The one that wept not in the tearful isle!
As a tired warrior, on his battle-plain,
Breathes deep in dreams amidst the mour-
ners and the slain.

And who can tell what visions might be
thine?

The stream of thought, though broken,
still was pure!

Still o'er that wave the stars of heaven
might shine, [endure!

Where earthly image would no more
Though many a step, of once-familiar
sound,

Came as a stranger's o'er thy closing ear,
And voices breathed forgotten tones
around,

Which that paternal heart once thrilled
to hear; [powers
The mind hath senses of its own, and
To people boundless worlds, in its most
wandering hours.

Nor might the phantoms to thy spirit
known

Be dark or wild, creations of remorse;
Unstained by thee, the blameless past had
thrown [course;

No fearful shadows o'er the future's
For thee no cloud, from memory's dread
abyss, [tyrant's eye;

Might shape such forms as haunt the
And closing up each avenue of bliss,

Murmur their summons, to "despair
and die!" [cease,

No! e'en though joy depart, though reason
Still virtue's ruined home is redolent of
peace.

They might be with thee still—the loved,
the tried, [thee still!

The fair, the lost—they might be with
More softly seen, in radiance purified

From each dim vapour of terrestrial ill;
Long after earth received them, and the note
Of the last requiem o'er their dust was
poured, [float

As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might
Those forms, from us withdrawn—to
thee restored!

Spirits of holiness, in light revealed,
To commune with a mind whose source
of tears was sealed.

Came they with tidings from the worlds
above, [rest?

Those viewless regions where the weary
Severed from earth, estranged from mortal
love, [blest?

Was thy mysterious converse with the
Or shone their visionary presence bright

With human beauty?—did their smiles
renew

Those days of sacred and serene delight,
When fairest beings in thy pathway
grew?

Oh! Heaven hath balm for every wound it
makes, [ne'er forsakes.

Healing the broken heart; it smites—but

These may be phantasies—and this alone,
Of all we picture in our dreams, is sure;
That rest, made perfect, is at length thine
own,

Rest, in thy God immortally secure!
Enough for tranquil faith; released from all
The woes that graved Heaven's lessons
on thy brow,

No cloud to dim, no fetter to intral,
Haply thine eye is on thy people now;

Whose love around thee still its offerings
shed,

Though vainly sweet as flowers, Grief's
tribute to the dead.

But if th' ascending, disembodied mind,
Borne, on the wings of morning, to the
skies,

May cast one glance of tenderness behind,
On scenes once hallowed by its mortal
ties, [lay

How much hast thou to gaze on! all that
By the dark mantle of thy soul concealed.

The might, the majesty, the proud array
Of England's march o'er many a noble
field,

All spread beneath thee, in a blaze of light,
Shine like some glorious land, viewed from
an Alpine height.

Away, presumptuous thought!—departed
saint! [play

To thy freed vision what can earth dis-
Of pomp, of royalty, that is not faint,
Seen from the birthplace of celestial day?

Oh! pale and weak the sun's reflected rays,
E'en in their fervour of meridian heat,

To him, who in the sanctuary may gaze
On the bright cloud that fills the mercy-
seat! [abode,

And thou may'st view, from thy divine
The dust of empires flit, before a breath
of God.

And yet we mourn thee! Yes! thy place
is void [image dwelt,

Within our hearts—there veiled thine
But cherished still; and o'er that tie de-
stroyed,

Though Faith rejoice, fond Nature still
must melt.

Beneath the long-loved sceptre of thysway,
Thousands were born, who now in dust
repose, [grey]

And many a head, with years and sorrows
Wore youth's bright tresses when thy
star arose; [dawn]

And many a glorious mind, since that fair
Hath filled our sphere with light, now to
its source withdrawn.

Earthquakes have rocked the nations—
things revered, [down]

Th' ancestral fabrics of the world, went
In ruins, from whose stones Ambition
reared

His lonely pyramid of dread renown.
But when the fires, that long had slum-
bered, pent [force]

Deep in men's bosoms, with volcanic
Bursting their prison-house, each bulwark
rent,

And swept each holy barrier from their
course,

Firm and unmoved, amidst that lava-flood,
Still, by thine arm upheld, our ancient
landmarks stood.

Be they eternal!—be thy children found
Still, to their country's altars, true like
thee! [sound]

And while "the name of Briton" is a
Of rallying music to the brave and free,
With the high feelings, at the word which
swell, [dom's flame]

To make the breast a shrine for Free-
Be mingled thoughts of him, who loved so
well,

Who left so pure, its heritage of fame!
Let earth with trophies guard the con-
queror's dust,

Heaven in our souls embalms the memory
of the just.

All else shall pass away—the thrones of
kings,

The very traces of their tombs depart;
But number not with perishable things

The holy records Virtue leaves the heart,
Heirlooms from race to race—and oh! in
days, [blest]

When, by the yet unborn, thy deeds are
When our sons learn "as household
words" thy praise,

Still on thine offspring may thy spirit
rest!

And many a name of that imperial line,
Father and patriot! blend, in England's
songs, with thine!

LINES

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE ON THE
SEASHORE

O WANDERER! would thy heart forget
Each earthly passion and regret,
And would thy wearied spirit rise
To commune with its native skies;
Pause for a while, and deem it sweet
To linger in this calm retreat;
And give thy cares, thy griefs, a short
suspense,
Amidst wild scenes of lone magnificence.

Unmixed with aught of meaner tone,
Here Nature's voice is heard alone:
When the loud storm, in wrathful hour,
Is rushing on its wing of power,
And spirits of the deep awake,
And surges foam, and billows break,
And rocks and ocean-caves around,
Reverberate each awful sound;
That mighty voice, with all its dread
control,
To loftiest thought shall wake thy thrilling
soul.

But when no more the sea-winds rave,
When peace is brooding on the wave,
And from earth, air, and ocean rise
No sounds but plaintive melodies;
Soothed by their softly mingling swell,
As daylight bids the world farewell,
The rustling wood, the dying breeze,
The faint low rippling of the seas,
A tender calm shall steal upon thy breast,
A gleam reflected from the realms of rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath stung,
Friends have deceived, neglect hath
wrong?
Hast thou some grief that none may
know,
Some lonely, secret, silent woe?
Or have thy fond affections fled
From earth, to slumber with the dead?—
Oh! pause awhile—the world disown,
And dwell with Nature's self alone!
And though no more she bids arise
Thy soul's departed energies,
And though thy joy of life is o'er,
Beyond her magic to restore;
Yet shall her spells o'er every passion
steal,
And soothe the wounded heart they cannot
heal.

DIRGE OF A CHILD

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being ! seen and gone !
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest Departed One !
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes ! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub-scul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
That never felt a storm !
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence :
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed, with all thy loveliness !

Oh ! hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty ! fair, as brief !
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief !
Now not a sullyng breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb ;
No sculptured image there shall mourn ;
Ah ! fitter far the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn.
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews must be
The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with Nature's brightest wreath ;
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe ;
And oft, upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh ! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit ! visit our repose ;
And bear, from thine own world of rest,
Some balm for human woes !
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine to messenger of heaven !

INVOCATION

HUSHED is the world in night and sleep,
Earth, Sea, and Air are still as death ;
Too rude to break a calm so deep,
Were music's faintest breath.

Descend, bright visions ! from aerial
bowers,
Descend to gild your own soft, silent hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,
The weary day have mortals past ;
Now, dreams of bliss ! be yours to reign,
And all your spells around them cast ;
Steal from their hearts the pang, their eyes
the tear, [sphere.
And lift the veil that hides a brighter

Oh ! bear your softest balm to those
Who fondly, vainly, mourn the dead,
To them that world of peace disclose,
Where the bright soul is fled :
Where Love, immortal in his native clime,
Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight
from time.

Or to his loved, his distant land,
On your light wings the exile bear,
To feel once more his heart expand
In his own genial mountain-air ;
Hear the wild echoes' well-known strains
repeat, [music sweet.
And bless each note, as Heaven's own

But oh ! with Fancy's brightest ray,
Blest dreams ! the bard's repose illumine ;
Bid forms of heaven around him play,
And bowers of Eden bloom !
And waft his spirit to its native skies,
Who finds no charm in life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,
Through folded leaves no murmurs
creep, [light
Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling
Falls on the placid brow of sleep.
Descend, bright visions ! from your airy
bower : [hour.
Dark, silent, solemn is your favourite

TO THE MEMORY OF
GENERAL SIR EDWARD
PAKENHAM

BRAVE spirit ! mourned with fond regret,
Lost in life's pride, in valour's noon,
Oh ! who could deem thy star should set
So darkly and so soon !

Fatal, though bright, the fire of mind
Which marked and closed thy brief career ;
And the fair wreath, by Hope entwined,
Lies withered on thy bier.

The soldier's death hath been thy doom,
The soldier's tear thy meed shall be;
Yet, son of war! a prouder tomb
Might Fate have reared for thee.

*Thou shouldst have died, O high-souled
chief!*

*In those bright days of glory fled,
When triumph so prevailed o'er grief,
We scarce could mourn the dead.*

Noontide of fame! each tear-drop then
Was worthy of a warrior's grave:
When shall affection weep again
So proudly o'er the brave?

There on the battle-fields of Spain,
'Midst Roncesvalles' mountain-scene,
Or on Vittoria's blood-red plain,
Meet had thy deathbed been.

We mourn not that a hero's life
Thus in its ardent prime should close;
Hadst thou but fallen in nobler strife,
But died 'midst conquered foes!

Yet hast thou still (though Victory's flame
In that last moment cheered thee not)
Left Glory's isle another name,
That ne'er may be forgot:

And many a tale of triumph won,
Shall breathe that name in Memory's ear,
And long may England mourn a son
Without reproach or fear.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR HENRY ELLIS

WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

["Happy are they who die in youth, when
their renown is around them."—*OSSIAN.*]

WEEP'ST thou for him, whose doom was
sealed

On England's proudest battle-field?
For him, the lion-heart, who died
In victory's full resistless tide?

Oh, mourn him not!
By deeds like his that field was won,
And Fate could yield no Valour's son
No brighter loe.

He heard his band's exulting cry,
He saw the vanquished eagles fly;
And envied be his death of fame,
It shed a sunbeam o'er his name
That nought shall dim:

No cloud obscured his glory's day,
It saw no twilight of decay—
Weep not for him!

And breathe no dirge's plaintive moan,
A hero claims far loftier tone!
Oh! proudly should the war-song swell,
Recording how the mighty fell

In that dread hour,
When England, 'midst the battle-storm—
The avenging angel—reared her form
In tenfold power.

Yet gallant heart! to swell thy praise,
Vain were the minstrel's noblest lays;
Since he, the soldier's guiding star,
The Victor-chief, the lord of war,
Has owned thy fame:
And oh! like *his* approving word,
What trophied marble could record
A warrior's name?

GUERRILLA SONG

FOUNDED ON THE STORY RELATED OF THE
SPANISH PATRIOT MINA

Oh! forget not the hour, when through
forest and vale, [native halls;
We returned with our chief to his dear
Through the woody Sierra there sighed
not a gale, [battlement walls;
And the moonbeam was bright on his
And nature lay sleeping in calmness and
light, [on our sight.
Round the home of the valiant, that rose

We entered that home—all was loneliness
round, [the grave;
The stillness, the darkness, the peace of
Not a voice, not a step, bade its echoes
resound, [the brave!
Ah! such was the welcome that waited
For the spoilers had passed, like the
poison-wind's breath,
And the loved of his bosom lay silent in
death.

Oh! forget not that hour—let its image
be near, [our rest,
In the light of our mirth, in the dreams of
Let its tale awake feelings too deep for a
tear, [each breast,
And rouse into vengeance each arm and
Till cloudless the dayspring of liberty
shine
O'er the plains of the olive, and hills of
the vine.

THE AGED INDIAN

WARRIORS ! my noon of life is past
The brightness of my spirit flown ;
I crouch before the wintry blast,
Amidst my tribe I dwell alone ;
The heroes of my youth are fled,
They rest among the warlike dead.

'Ye slumberers of the narrow cave !
My kindred-chiefs in days of yore,
Ye fill an unremembered grave, [more,
Your fame, your deeds, are known no
The records of your wars are gone,
Your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from earth,
To join the brethren of his prime ;
Then will the memory of your birth
Sleep with the hidden things of time.
With him, ye sons of former days !
Fades the last glimmering of your praise.

His eyes, that hailed your spirits' flame,
Still kindling in the combat's shock,
Have seen, since darkness veiled your
fame,
Sons of the desert and the rock !
Another, and another race,
Rise to the battle and the chase.

Descendants of the mighty dead !
Fearless of heart, and firm of hand !
O ! let me join their spirits fled,
O ! send me to their shadowy land.
Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart,
He shrinks not from the friendly dart.

These feet no more can chase the deer,
The glory of this arm is flown ;—
Why should the feeble linger here,
When all the pride of life is gone ?
Warriors ! why still the stroke deny,
Think ye Ontara fears to die ?

He feared not in his flower of days,
When strong to stem the torrent's force,
When through the desert's pathless maze
His way was as an eagle's course !
When war was sunshine to his sight
And the wild hurricane, delight !

Shall then the warrior tremble *now* ?
Now when his envied strength is o'er ?
Hung on the pine his idle bow,
His pirogue useless on the shore ?
When age hath dimmed his failing eye,
Shall he, the joyless, fear to die ?

Sons of the brave ! delay no more,
The spirits of my kindred call ;
Tis but one pang, and all is o'er !
Oh ! bid the aged cedar fall !
To join the brethren of his prime,
The mighty of departed time.

EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS

SOFT skies of Italy ! how richly drest,
Smile these wild scenes in your purpled
glow ! [west,
What glorious hues, reflected from the
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow !

Yon torrent, foaming down the granite
steep,
Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam ;
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty
sleep, [stream.
Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain-

Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
That still at eve its lofty temple knows ;
From rock and torrent fade the tints away,
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose :
While through the pine-wood gleams the
vesper star,
And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes
afar.

D'IRGE OF THE HIGHLAND
CHIEF IN "WAVERLEY"

SON of the mighty and the free !
High-minded leader of the brave !
Was it for lofty chief like thee,
To fill a nameless grave ?
Oh ! if amidst the valiant slain,
The warrior's bier had been thy lot,
E'en though on red Culloden's plain,
We then had mourned thee not.

But darkly closed thy dawn of fame,
That dawn whose sunbeam rose so fair ;
Vengeance alone may breathe thy name,
The watchword of Despair !
Yet oh ! if gallant spirit's power
Hath e'er ennobled death like thine,
Then glory marked *thy* parting hour,
Last of a mighty line !

O'er thy own towers the sunsh'ne falls,
But cannot chase their silent gloom ;
Those beams that gild thy native walls
Are sleeping on thy tomb !

Spring on thy mountains laughs the while
Thy green woods wave in vernal air,
But the loved scenes may vainly smile :
Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle-sound
Is mingling with the torrent's roar,
Unmarked, the wild deer sport around :
Thou lead'st the chase no more !
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,
Those halls where pealed the choral strain :
They hear the wind's deep murmuring
thrill,
And all is hushed again.

No banner from the lonely tower
Shall wave its blazoned folds on high ;
There the tall grass and summer flower
Unmarked shall spring and die.
No more thy bard for other ear,
Shall wake the harp once loved by thine—
Hushed be the strain *thou* canst not hear,
Last of a mighty line !

THE CRUSADERS WAR-SONG

CHIEFTAINS, lead on ! our hearts beat
high,
Lead on to Salem's towers !
Who would not deem it bliss to die,
Slain in a cause like ours ?
The brave who sleep in soil of thine,
Die not entombed but shrined, O Palestine !

Souls of the slain in holy war !
Look from your sainted rest,
Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,
To mingle with the blest ;
Tell us how short the death-pang's power,
How bright the joys of your immortal
bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel train !
Pour forth your loftest lays ;
Each heart shall echo to the strain
Breathed in the warrior's praise.
Bid every string triumphant swell
The inspiring sounds that heroes love so
well.

Salem ! amidst the fiercest hour,
The wildest rage of fight,
Thy name shall lend our falchions power,
And nerve our hearts with might.
Enviéd be those for thee that fall,
Who find their graves beneath thy sacred
wall.

For them no need that sculptured tomb
Should chronicle their fame,
Or pyramid record their doom,
Or deathless verse their name ;
It is enough that dust of thine
Should shroud their forms, O blessed
Palestine !

Chieftains, lead on ! our hearts beat high.
For combat's glorious hour :
Soon shall the red-cross banner fly
On Salem's loftiest tower !
We burn to mingle in the strife,
Where but to die ensures eternal life.

THE DEATH OF CLANRONALD

[It was in the battle of Sheriffmoor that young
Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of
the right wing. His death dispirited the assail-
ants, who began to waver. But Glengary, chief
of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from
the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his
head cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-
morrow for mourning !" The Highlanders re-
ceived a new impulse from his words, and,
charging with redoubled fury, bore down all be-
fore them.—See the *Quarterly Review* article
of "Culloden Papers."]

OH ! ne'er be Clanronald the valiant forgot !
Still fearless and first in the combat, he fell ;
But we paused not one teardrop to shed
e'er the spot,
We spared not one moment to murmur
"Farewell."

We heard but the battle-word given by
the chief, [grief !]
"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for

And wildly, Clanronald ! we echoed the
vow

With the tear on our cheek, and the sword
in our hand ;

Young son of the brave ! we may weep for
thee now, [thy band,

For well has thy death been avenged by
When they joined, in wild chorus, the cry
of the chief, [grief !]

"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for

Thy dirge in that hour was the bugle's wild
call, [brave ;

The clash of the claymore, the shout of the
But now thy own bard may lament for thy
fall, [grave—

And the soft voice of melody sigh o'er thy
While Albion remembers the words of the
chief, [grief !]

"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for

Thou art fallen, O fearless one ! flower of
thy race :
Descendant of heroes ! thy glory is set :
But thy kindred, the sons of the battle and
chase, [yet !
Have proved that thy spirit is bright in them.
Nor vainly have echoed the words of the
chief, [grief !"
"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for

TO THE EYE

THRONE of expression ! whence the spirit's
ray
Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,
Where fancy's fire, affection's melting
beam, [supreme,
Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn
And many a feeling, words can ne'er impart,
Finds its own language to pervade the
heart ;
Thy power, bright orb, what bosom hath
not felt,
To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt !
And by some spell of undefined control,
With magnet-influence touch the secret
soul !

Light of the features ! in the morn of youth
Thy glance is nature, and thy language
truth ; [sway,
And ere the world, with all-corrupting
Hath taught e'en thee to flatter and betray,
The ingenuous heart forbids thee to reveal,
Or speak one thought that interest would
conceal ;

While yet thou seemest the cloudless
mirror, given

But to reflect the purity of heaven ;
O ! then how lovely, there unveiled, to trace
The unsullied brightness of each mental
grace !

When Genius lends thee all his living light,
Where the full beams of intellect unite ;
When Love illumines thee with his varying
ray
Where trembling Hope and tearful Rapture
play,
Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam subduces,
Tempering its lustre with a veil of dew ;
Still does thy power, whose all-command-
ing spell

Can pierce the mazes of the soul so well,
Bid some new feeling to existence start,
From its deep slumbers in the inmost heart.

And O ! when thought, in ecstasy sublime,
That soars triumphant o'er the bounds of
time, [blaze,
Fires thy keen glance with inspiration's
The light of heaven, the hope of nobler
days, [high,
(As glorious dreams, for utterance far too
Flash through the mist of dim mortality ;)
Who does not own, that through thy light-
ning beams
A flame unquenchable, unearthly, streams ?
That pure, though captive effluence of the
sky,
The vestal ray, the spark that cannot die !

THE HERO'S DEATH

LIFE's parting beams were in his eye,
Life's closing accents on his tongue,
When round him, pealing to the sky,
The shout of victory rung !

Then, ere his gallant spirit fled,
A smile so bright illumed his face—
Oh ! never, of the light it shed,
Shall memory lose a trace !

His was a death, whose rapture high
Transcended all that life could yield ;
His warmest prayer was so to die,
On the red battle-field !

And they may feel, who loved him most,
A pride so holy and so pure :
Fate hath no power o'er those who boast
A treasure thus secure !

ON A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI

WHENCE art thou, flower ? From holy
ground,

Where freedom's foot hath been !
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field ! thy birth
Was not where spears have crossed,
And shivered helms have strewn the earth,
'Midst banners won and lost.

But where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours
Pure hands were raised to heaven :

And vows were pledged that man should
 roam

Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallowed the pastoral sod ;
And souls grew strong for battle there,
Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
That calm devoted band,
And rose, and made their spirits felt
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grütli's free-born flower !
Even in thy pale decay
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL

AND was thy home, pale withered thing,
Beneath the rich blue southern sky ?
Wert thou a nursling of the Spring,
The winds, and suns of glorious Italy ?

Those suns in golden light, e'en now,
Look o'er the Poet's lovely grave,
Those winds are breathing soft, but thou
Answering their whisper, there no more
 shalt wave.

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow
May cluster in their purple bloom,
But on th' o'ershadowing ilex-bough
Thy breezy place is void, by Virgil's
 tomb.

Thy place is void—oh ! none on earth,
This crowded earth, may so remain,
Save that which souls of loftiest birth
Leave when they part, their brighter
 home to gain.

Another leaf ere now hath sprung
On the green stem which once was
 thine—
When shall another strain be sung
Like his whose dust hath made that spot
 a shrine ?

FOR A DESIGN OF A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL

CREATURE of air and light,
Emblem of that which may not fade or
 die,

Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the south wind through the glow-
 ing sky ?

What lures thee thus to stay,
With Silence and Decay,
Fixed on the wreck of cold Mortality ?

The thoughts once chambered there
Have gathered up their treasures ~~and are~~
 gone—

Will the dust tell us where
They that have burst the prison-house are
 flown ?

Rise, nursling of the day,
If thou wouldst trace their way—
Earth hath no voice to make the secret
 known.

Who seeks the vanished bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?—
Far thence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous in the woods to dwell.
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn !
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon
 ruined cell.

A FRAGMENT

REST on your battle-fields, ye brave !
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,
Your dirge be in the moaning wave—
We call you back no more ! —

Oh ! there was mourning when ye fell,
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,
An agony, a wild farewell—
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame ;
The hills keep record of your name,
And never can a touch of shame
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,
When bright names from their place fall
 fast ;
And ye that with your glory passed,
We cannot mourn you now.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

SON of the ocean isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erwayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done !—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone ;—
There slumber England's dead !

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow's flight be sped !
Why should *they* reckon, whose task is
done ?—
There slumber England's dead !

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !
Let the forest-wreaths be shed :
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done,
Even *there* sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave !
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS

WRITTEN FOR AN EISTEDDVOB, OR MEETING OF WELSH BARDS

Held in London, May 22nd, 1822

[The *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the British bards, were anciently ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon ; or, according to the expression employed on these occasions, "in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the circle of federation. The presiding bard stood on a large stone (Maen Gorsedd, or the stone of assembly), in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting. The bards always stood in their uni-coloured robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the circle of federation.—See OWEN'S *Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.]

WHERE met our bards of old ?—the glorious throng,
They of the mountain and the battle-song ?
They met—oh ! not in kingly hall or bower,
But where wild Nature girt herself with power :
They met—where streams flashed bright from rocky caves,
They met—where woods made moan o'er warriors' graves,

And where the torrent's rainbow spray was cast,
 And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,
 And 'midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
 The crested Roman in his hour of pride ;
 And where the Carnedd,* on its lonely hill,
 Bore silent record of the mighty still ;
 And where the Druid's ancient Cromlech † frowned,
 And the oaks breathed mysterious murmurs round :—
 There thronged th' inspired of yore !—on plain or height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light,
 And, baring unto heaven each noble head,
 Stood in the circle, where none else might tread.
 Well might their lays be lofty !—soaring thought
 From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught :
 Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,
 Which startled eagles from their lone domains,
 And, like a breeze, in chainless triumph, went
 Up through the blue resounding firmament !

Whence came the echoes to those numbers high ?—
 'Twas from the battle-fields of days gone by !
 And from the tombs of heroes, laid to rest
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast ;
 And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,
 Severed by cloud and storm, from all below ;
 And the turf-mounds, ‡ once girt by ruddy spears,
 And the rock-altars of departed years.

Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,
 The winds a thousand wild responses bore ;
 And the green land, whose every vale and glen
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,
 On all her hills, awakening to rejoice,
 Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.
 For us, not ours the festival to hold,
 'Midst the stone-circles, hallowed thus of old ;
 Not where great Nature's majesty and might
 First broke, all-glorious, on our infant sight ;
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and brave ;
 Not by the mountain-llyn, § the ocean wave,
 In these late days we meet !—dark Mœna's shore,
 Eryri's || cliffs resound with harps no more !

But, as the stream (though time or art may turn
 The current, bursting from its caverned urn,
 To bathe soft vales of pasture and of flowers,
 From Alpine glens, or ancient forest-bowers),
 Alike, in rushing strength or sunny sleep,
 Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep ;
 Thus, though our paths be changed, still warm and free,
 Land of the bard ! our spirit flies to thee !

* *Carnedd*, a stone barrow, or cairn.

† *Cromlech*, a Druidical monument, or altar. The word means a stone of covenant.

‡ The ancient British chiefs frequently harangued their followers from small artificial mounds of turf.—See PENNANT.

§ *Llyn*, a lake or pool.

|| *Eryri*, Snowdon.

To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,
 Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song !
 Nor yield our souls one patriot-feeling less,
 To the green memory of thy loveliness,
 Than theirs, whose harp-notes pealed from every height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light !

ELYSIUM

[“ In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth ; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes, that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the Infernal Regions.”—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme*.]

FAIR wert thou in the dreams
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers
 And summer winds and low-toned silvery streams,
 Dim with the shadows of thy laurel bowers,
 Where, as they passed, bright hours
 Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
 To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things !

Fair wert thou, with the light
 On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
 From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
 Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
 Of glory, fading fast
 Along the mountains !—but *thy* golden day
 Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
 A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,
 From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
 And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
 To summer's breezy sigh,
 And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath
 Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death !

And the transparent sky
 Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
 Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made harmony
 Solemn and sweet ; yet troubling not the brain
 With dreams and yearnings vain,
 And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
 From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
 Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel ?
 Called from the dim procession of the dead,
 Who 'midst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might dwell,
 And listen to the swell
 Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
 The spirit wandering in the immortal gale ?

They of the sword, whose praise,
 With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round !
 They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays

Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,
 And in all regions found
 Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—and became
 In man's deep heart as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought!
 Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied—
 Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths, had sought
 The soul's far birthplace—but without a guide!
 Sages and seers, who died,
 And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
 Born 'midst the olive woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most *loved* are they
 Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice,
 In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way;
 The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice;
 And gentle hearts rejoice
 Around their steps; till silently they die,
 As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,
 'Midst her green valleys, earth retained no trace,
 Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
 A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
 A dim and vacant place
 In some sweet home;—thou hadst no wreaths for *these*,
 Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless trees!

The peasant at his door
 Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,
 And songs on every wind! From *thy* bright shore
 No lovelier vision floated round his head—
 Thou wert for nobler dead!
 He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
 And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell.

The slave, whose very tears
 Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
 Kept the mute woes and burning thoughts of years.
 As embers in a burial-urn compressed;
 He might not be thy guest!
 No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
 Came o'er *his* path, and whispered "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
 Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
 Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
 The child at rest before the mother lay,
 E'en so to pass away,
 With its bright smile!—Elysium! what wert *thou*?
 To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
 For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
 With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
 And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown
 Which, in its clear eye, shone

Like spring's first waking ! but that light was past—
Where went the dewdrop swept before the blast ?

Not where *thy* soft winds played,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep !
Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions, fade !
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep !
Fade with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love ! *

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars, in the shadowy grass
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky ;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

* As originally written, the two following stanzas, the eighth and an omitted one, finished the poem :—

For the most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice,
In regal halls !—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps ; till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And the world knows not then—
Nor then nor ever—what pure thoughts are fled ;
Yet these are they who on the souls of men
Come back when Night her folding veil hath spread—
The long-remembered dead !
But not with thee might aught save glory dwell—
Fade, fade away, thou shore of asphodel.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
 Where the violets lie may be now your home,
 Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !
 With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
 The waters are sparkling 'in grove and glen !
 Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye !—ye are changed since ye met me last !
 There is something bright from your features passed !
 There is that come over your brow and eye
 Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !
 Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness yet—
 Oh ! what have ye looked on since last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here
 All whom I saw in the vanished year !
 There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
 Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light ;
 There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
 No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
 As if for a banquet all earth were spread ;
 There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
 And had not a sound of mortality !—
 Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains passed ?—
 Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last !

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now,
 Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !
 Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
 She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race ;
 With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
 They are gone from amongst you in silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
 Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !—
 But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
 I shall find them there, with their eyes of light !
 Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
 I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !

For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON

Yes, it is ours!—the field is won,
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield!

Let me not hear your trumpets ring,
Swell not the battle-horn!
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne.

Speak not of victory!—in the name
There is too much of woe!
Hushed be the empty voice of Fame—
Call me back *his* whose graceful head is low.

Speak not of victory!—from my halls
The sunny hour is gone!
The ancient banner on my walls
Must sink ere long—I had but him—but one!

Within the dwelling of my sires
The hearths will soon be cold,
With me must die the beacon-fires
That streamed at midnight from the mountain-hold.

And let them fade, since *this* must be,
My lovely and my brave!
Was thy bright blood poured forth for me,
And is there but for stately youth a grave?

Speak to me once again, my boy!
Wilt thou not hear my call?
Thou wert so full of life and joy,
I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou couldst fall.

Thy mother watches from the steep
For thy returning plume;
How shall I tell her that thy sleep
Is of the silent house, th' untimely tomb?

Thou didst not seem as one to die,
With all thy young renown!—
Ye saw his falchion's flash on high,
In the mid-fight, when spears and crests went down!

Slow be your march!—the field is won!
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield.

THE FUNERAL GENIUS

AN ANCIENT STATUE

[“*Debout, couronné de fleurs, les bras élevés et posés sur sa tête, et le dos appuyé contre un pin, ce génie semble exprimer par son attitude le repos des morts. Les bas-reliefs des tombeaux offrent souvent des figures semblables.*”—VISCONTI, *Description des Antiques du Musée Royal.*]

THOU shouldst be looked on when the starlight falls
Through the blue stillness of the summer air,
Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls;
It hath too fitful and too wild a glare!
And thou!—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems
To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow ; for so the dead
Were crowned of old, with pale spring flowers like these :
Sleep on thine eye hath sunk ; yet softly shed,
As from the wing of some faint southern breeze :
And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom
Which of the grove seems breathing—not the tomb.

They feared not death, whose calm and gracious thought
Of the last hour, hath settled thus in thee !
They who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,
And laid thy head against the forest-tree,
As that of one, by music's dreamy close,
On the wood-violes lulled to deep repose.

They feared not death !—yet who shall say his touch
Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair ?
Doth he bestow, or will he leave so much
Of tender beauty as thy features wear ?
Thou sleeper of the bower ! on whose young eyes
So still a night, a night of summer, lies !

Had they seen aught like thee ?—Did some fair boy
Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest ?—
His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,
But drooping, as with heavy dews oppressed !
And his eye veiled so softly by its fringe,
And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge ?

Oh ! happy, if to them the one dread hour
Made known its lessons from a brow like thine !
If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power
Came by a look, so tranquilly divine !—
Let him who *thus* hath seen the lovely part,
Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart !

But thou, fair slumberer ! was there less of woe,
Or love, or terror, in the days of old,
That men poured out their gladdening spirit's flow,
Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold,
And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king
Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting ?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid
Far more than we—for loftier faith is ours !
Their gems were lost in ashes—yet they made
The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,
With fragrant wreaths, and summer boughs arrayed,
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed
O'er its dim precincts ?—do we not entrust,
But for a time, its chambers with our dead,
And strew immortal seed upon the dust ?—
Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,
When living light hath touched the brow of death ?

THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS

AND there they sleep!—the men who stood
In arms before th' exulting sun,
And bathed their spears in Persian blood,
And taught the earth how freedom might be won.

They sleep!—th' Olympic wreaths are dead,
Th' Athenian lyres are hushed and gone;
The Dorian voice of song is fled—
Slumber, ye mighty! slumber deeply on!

They sleep, and seems not all around
As hallowed unto glory's tomb?
Silence is on the battle-ground,
The heavens are loaded with a breathless gloom.

And stars are watching on their height,
But dimly seen through mist and cloud;
And still and solemn is the light
Which folds the plain, as with a glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen! here thy beams
Are not as those the shepherd loves,
Nor look they down on shining streams,
By Naiads haunted, in their laurel groves:

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,
In shadowy quiet, 'midst its vines;
No temple gleaming from the steep,
'Midst the grey olives, or the mountain pines—

But o'er a dim and boundless waste,
Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's, brood,
Where man's departed steps are traced
But by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And be it thus!—what slave shall tread
O'er freedom's ancient battle-plain?
Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,
When their bright land sits weeping o'er her chains:

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,
And where the Spartan sword flashed high,
And where the pæan strains were sung,
From year to year swelled on by liberty!

Here should no voice, no sound, be heard,
Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
Save of the leader's charging word,
Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through heaven!

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave!
No vines festoon your lonely tree!
No harvest o'er your war-field wave,
Till rushing winds proclaim—the land is free!

THE VIEW FROM CASTRI

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants here,
 Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie ;
 There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
 Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers nigh :
 There have been voices, through the sunny sky,
 And the pine-woods, their choral hymn-notes sending,
 And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,
 With incense-clouds around the temple blending,
 And throngs, with laurel-boughs, before the altar bending.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles
 Brought to the day-god's now forsaken throne ;
 Thunders have pealed along the rock-defiles,
 When the far-echoing battle-horn made known
 That foes were on their way !—the deep wind's moan
 Hath chilled th' invader's heart with secret fear,
 And from the Sibyl-grottoes, wild and lone,
 Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,
 From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk !—but thou unchanged art there !
 Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams !
 Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
 With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams,
 And all thy founts of song ! their bright course teems
 With inspiration yet ; and each dim haze,
 Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems
 As with its mantle, veiling from our gaze
 The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days !

Away, vain phantasies !—doth less of power
 Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,
 Though in deep stillness now, the ruin's flower
 Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy breast ?
 —Lift through the free blue heavens thine arrowy crest !
 Let the great rocks their solitude regain !
 No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest
 With their full chords,—but silent be the strain !
 Thou hast a mightier voice to speak th' Eternal's reign !

THE FESTAL HOUR

WHEN are the lessons given
 That shake the startled earth ?—When wakes the foe,
 While the friend sleeps !—When falls the traitor's blow ?
 When are proud sceptres riven,
 High hopes o'erthrown ?—It is, when lands rejoice,
 When cities blaze, and lift th' exulting voice,
 And wave their banners to the kindling heaven !

Fear ye the festal hour !
 When mirth o'erflows, then tremble !—'Twas a night
 Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance, and light,

When through the regal bower
The trumpet pealed, ere yet the song was done,
And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,
And tramping armies, ruthless in their power.

The marble shrines were crowned :
Young voices, through the blue Athenian sky,
And Dorian reeds, made summer-melody,
And censers waved around ;
And lyres were strung, and bright libations poured,
When, through the streets, flashed out th' avenging sword,
Fearless and free, the sword with myrtles bound ! *

Through Rome a triumph passed :
Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams went by
That long array of glorious pageantry,
With shout and trumpet-blast.
An empire's gems their starry splendour shed
O'er the proud march ; a king in chains was led ;
A stately victor, crowned and robed, came last. †

And many a Dryad's bower
Had lent the laurels, which, in waving play,
Stirred the warm air, and glistened round his way,
As a quick-flashing shower.
O'er his own porch, meantime, the cypress hung,
Through his fair halls a cry of anguish rung—
Woe for the dead !—the father's broken flower !

A sound of lyre and song,
In the still night, went floating o'er the Nile,
Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile,
Swept with that voice along ;
And lamps were shining o'er the red wine's foam,
Where a chief revelled in a monarch's dome,
And fresh rose garlands decked a glittering throng.

'Twas Antony that bade
The joyous chords ring out !—but strains arose
Of wilder omen at the banquet's close !
Sounds, by no mortal made, ‡
Shook Alexandria through her streets that night,
And passed—and with another sunset's light,
The kingly Roman on his bier was laid.

Bright 'midst its vineyards lay
The fair Campanian city, § with its towers
And temples gleaming through dark olive bowers,
Clear in the golden day ;
Joy was around it as the glowing sky,
And crowds had filled its halls of revelry,
And all the sunny air was music's way.

* The sword of Harmodius.

† Paulus Æmilius, one of whose sons died a few days before, and another shortly after, his triumph on the conquest of Macedon, when Perseus, king of that country, was led in chains.

‡ See the description given by Plutarch, in his *Life of Antony*, of the supernatural sounds heard in the streets of Alexandria, the night before Antony's death.

§ Herculaneum, of which it is related that all the inhabitants were assembled in the theatres, when the shower of ashes, which covered the city, descended.

A cloud came o'er the face
 Of Italy's rich heaven !—Its crystal blue
 Was changed, and deepened to a wrathful hue
 Of night, o'ershadowing space,
 As with the wings of death !—in all his power
 Vesuvius woke, and hurled the burning shower,
 And who could tell the buried city's place ?

Such things have been of yore,
 In the gay regions where the citrons blow,
 And purple summers all their sleepy glow
 On the grape-clusters pour ;
 And where the palms to spicy winds are waving,
 Along clear seas of melted sapphire, laving,
 As with a flow of light, their southern shore.

Turn we to other climes !
 Far in the Druid-Isle a feast was spread,
 'Midst the rock-altars of the warrior-dead,*
 And ancient battle-rhymes
 Were chanted to the harp ; and yellow mead
 Went flowing round, and tales of martial deed,
 And lofty songs of Britain's elder time.

But ere the giant-fane
 Cast its broad shadows on the robe of even,
 Hushed were the bards, and, in the face of heaven,
 O'er that old burial-plain
 Flashed the keen Saxon dagger !—Blood was streaming,
 Where late the mead-cup to the sun was gleaming,
 And Britain's hearths were heaped that night in vain.—

For they returned no more !
 They that went forth at morn, with reckless heart,
 In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear their part ;
 And, on the rushy floor,
 And the bright spears and bucklers of the walls,
 The high wood-fires were blazing in their halls ;
 But not for them—they slept—their feast was o'er !

Fear ye the festal hour !
 Ay, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows !
 Tame down the swelling heart !—the bridal rose
 And the rich myrtle's flower
 Have veiled the sword !—Red wines have sparkled fast
 From venomed goblets, and soft breezes passed,
 With fatal perfume, through the revel's bower.

Twine the young glowing wreath !
 But pour not all your spirit in the song,
 Which through the sky's deep azure floats along,
 Like summer's quickening breath !
 The ground is hollow in the path of mirth ;
 Oh ! far too daring seems the joy of earth,
 So darkly pressed and girdled in by death !

* Stonehenge.

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

[“In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well attested that this prince repeatedly declared he ‘would trample the audacious rustics under his feet’; and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death.

“The 15th of October, 1315, dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line with various emotions. Montfort de Tettwang led the cavalry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The fifty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winterthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullen, and dismayed.”—*PLANTA'S History of the Helvetic Confederacy.*]

THE wine-month* shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,
But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,
Than the vintage music, rung.
A sound, through vaulted cave,
A sound, through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
—'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war,
With a thousand of their own.
And through the forest glooms
Flashed helmets to the day,
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's† wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrian passed;
And the Schreckhorn's‡ rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
Up 'midst the Righi snows,
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazoned streamers, and lances tall,
Moved onwards, in princely state.
They came, with heavy chains,
For the race despised so long—
But amidst his Alp-domains
The herdsman's arm is strong!

* *Wine-month*, the German name for October.

† Hasli, a wild district in the canton of Berne.

‡ Schreckhorn, the *peak of terror*, a mountain in the canton of Berne.

Miscellaneous Poems

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
 When they entered the rock-defile,
 And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
 • *Their bugles rung the while.*
 But on the misty height,
 Where the mountain-people stood,
There was stillness, as of night,
 When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
 And a pause—but not of fear,
 While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
 Of the hostile shield and spear.
 On wound those columns bright
 Between the lake and wood,
 But they looked not to the misty height
 Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
 All helmed and mail-arrayed,
 And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
 In the rustling forest shade.
 There were prince and crested knight,
 Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
 When a shout arose from the misty height
 Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
 Their startled foes among,
 With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown
 —Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
 They came, like *lauwine* * hurled
 From Alp to Alp in play,
 When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
 And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crashed on the mountain-side,
 And the Switzers rushed from high,
 With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
 Of the Austrian chivalry:
 Like hunters of the deer,
 They stormed the narrow dell,
 And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
 Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
 And a cry of wild dismay,
 And many a warrior met his fate
 From a peasant's hand that day!
 And the empire's banner then
 From its place of waving free,
 Went down before the shepherd-men,
 The men of the Forest-sea.

* *Lauwine*, the Swiss name for the avalanche.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
 The cuirass and the shield,
 And the war-horse dashed to the reddening-lake
 From the reapers of the field !
 The field—but not of sheaves—
 Proud crests and pennons lay,
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves,
 In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh ! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
 When the Austrian turned to fly,
 And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
 Had a fearful death to die !
 And the leader of the war
 At eve unhelmed was seen,
 With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills
 Went back from the battle-toil,
 To their cabin homes 'midst the deep-green hills,
 All burdened with royal spoil.
 There were songs and festal fires
 On the soaring Alps that night,
 When children sprang to greet their sires
 From the wild Morgarten fight.

SONG

FOUNDED ON AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE

AWAY ! though still thy sword is red
 With life-blood from my sire,
 No drop of thine may now be shed
 To quench my bosom's fire ;
 Though on my heart 'twould fall more blest
 Than dews upon the desert's breast.

I've sought thee 'midst the sons of men,
 Through the wide city's fanes ;
 I've sought thee by the lion's den,
 O'er pathless, boundless plains ;
 No step that marked the burning waste,
 But mine its lonely course hath traced.

Thy name hath been a baleful spell
 O'er my dark spirit cast ;
 No thought may dream, no words may tell,
 What there unseen hath passed :
 This withered cheek, this faded eye,
 Are seals of thee—behold ! and fly !

Hath not my cup for thee been poured,
 Beneath the palm-tree's shade ?
 Hath not soft sleep thy frame restored,
 Within my dwelling laid ?
 What though unknown—yet who shall rest
 Secure—if not the Arab's guest ?

Miscellaneous Poems

Haste thee ! and leave my threshold-floor
 Inviolat and pure !
 Let not thy presence tempt me more,—
 Man may not thus endure !
 Away ! I bear a fettered arm,
 A heart that burns—but must not harm !

Begone ! outstrip the swift gazelle !
 The wind in speed subdue !
 Fear cannot fly so swift, so well
 As vengeance shall pursue ;
 And hate, like love, in parting pain,
 Smiles o'er *one* hope—we meet again !

To-morrow—and the avenger's hand,
 'The warrior's dart is free !
 E'en now, no spot in all thy land,
 Save *this*, had sheltered thee :
 Let blood the monarch's hall profane—
 'The Arab's tent must bear no stain !

Fly ! may the desert's fiery blast
 Avoid thy secret way !
 And sternly, till thy steps be past,
 Its whirlwinds sleep to-day !
 I would not that thy doom should be
 Assigned by Heaven to aught but me.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH

[The beautiful constellation of the Cross is seen only in the southern hemisphere. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spanish traveller in South America.]

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
 Where savannahs, in boundless magnificence, spread,
 And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
 The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fir-tree waves o'er me, the fire-flies' red light
 With its quick-glancing splendour illumines the night ;
 And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth
 How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn
 In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,
 Bright Cross of the South ! and beholding thee shine,
 Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main
 My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,
 And planted their faith in the regions that see
 Its unperishing symbol emblazoned in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the ocean unknown,
 Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,
 Hath their spirit been cheered by thy light, when the deep
 Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep !

As the vision that rose to the lord of the world,*
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurled ;
Even such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou.

And to me, as I traversed the world of the west,
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest ;
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,
Thy hues have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on—my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not ;
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee !

But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes, and of visions divine ;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.

THE SLEEPER OF MARATHON

I LAY upon the solemn plain,
And by the funeral mound,
Where those who died not there in vain,
Their place of sleep had found.

'Twas silent where the free blood gushed,
When Persia came arrayed—
So many a voice had there been lushed,
So many a footstep stayed.

I slumbered on the lonely spot
So sanctified by death :
I slumbered—but my rest was not
As theirs who lay beneath.

For on my dreams, that shadowy hour,
They rose—the chainless dead—
All armed they sprang, in joy, in power,
Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears, on that red field,
Flash as in time gone by—
Chased to the seas without his shield,
I saw the Persian fly.

I woke—the sudden trumpet's blast
Called to another fight—
From visions of our glorious past,
Who doth not wake in might ?

TO MISS F. A. L.

ON HER BIRTHDAY

WHAT wish can friendship form for thee,
What brighter star invoke to shine ?
Thy path from every thorn is free,
And every rose is thine !

Life hath no purer joy in store,
Time hath no sorrow to efface ;
Hope cannot paint one blessing more
Than memory can retrace !

Some hearts a boding fear might own,
Had Fate to *them* thy portion given
Since many an eye by tears alone
Is taught to gaze on heaven !

And there are virtues oft concealed,
Till roused by anguish from repose,
As odorous trees no balm will yield
Till from their wounds it flows.

But fear not *thou* the lesson fraught
With Sorrow's chastening power to
know ;
Thou need'st not thus be sternly taught,
"To melt at others' woe."

Then still, with heart as blest, as warm,
Rejoice thou in thy lot on earth :
Ah ! why should virtue dread the *storm*,
If *sunbeams* prove her worth ?

* Constantine the Great.

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF THE ALBUM OF THE SAME

WHAT first should consecrate as thine,
The volume, destined to be fraught
With many a sweet and playful line,
With many a pure and pious thought?

It should be, what a loftier strain
Perchance less meetly would im-
part;

What never yet was poured in vain,—
The blessing of a grateful heart—

For kindness, which hath soothed the hour
Of anxious grief, of weary pain,
And oft, with its beguiling power,
Taught languid Hope to smile again.

Long shall that fervent blessing rest
On thee and thine, and heavenwards
borne,

Call down such peace to soothe *thy* breast,
As *thou* wouldst bear to all that mourn.

TO THE SAME

ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER

SAY not 'tis fruitless, Nature's holy tear,
Shed by affection o'er a parent's bier!
More blest than dew on Hermon's brow that falls,
Each drop to life some latent virtue calls;
Awakes some purer hope, ordained to rise,
By earthly sorrow strengthened for the skies,
Till the sad heart, whose pangs exalt its love,
With its lost treasure, seeks a home—above.

But grief will claim her hour,—and He, whose eye
Looks pitying down on Nature's agony;
He, in whose love the righteous calmly sleep,
Who bids us hope, forbids us not to weep!
He, too, hath wept—and sacred be the woes
Once borne by Him, their inmost source who knows,
Searches each wound, and bids His Spirit bring
Celestial healing on its dove-like wing!

And who but He shall soothe, when one dread stroke,
Ties, that were fibres of the soul, hath broke?
Oh! well may those, yet lingering here, deplore
The vanished light, that cheers their path no more!
Th' Almighty hand, which many a blessing dealt,
Sends its keen arrows not to be unfelt!
By fire and storm Heaven tries the Christian's worth,
And joy departs, to wean us from the earth,
Where still too long, with beings born to die,
Time hath dominion o'er Eternity.

Yet not the less, o'er all the heart hath lost,
Shall Faith rejoice when Nature grieves the most;
Then comes her triumph! through the shadowy gloom
Her star in glory rises from the tomb,
Mounts to the day-spring, leaves the cloud below,
And gilds the tears that cease not yet to flow!
Yes, all is o'er! fear, doubt, suspense are fled,
Let brighter thoughts be with the virtuous dead;
The final ordeal of the soul is past,
And the pale brow is sealed to Heaven at last!*

* "Till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads."—Rev. vii. 3.

And thou, loved spirit ! for the skies mature,
Steadfast in faith, in meek devotion pure ;
Thou that didst make the home thy presence blest,
Bright with the sunshine of thy gentle breast,
Where peace a holy dwelling-place had found,
Whence beamed her smile benignantly around ;
Thou, that to bosoms widowed and bereft,
Dear, precious records of thy worth hast left,
The treasured gem of sorrowing hearts to be,
Till Heaven recall surviving love to thee !

O cherished and revered ! fond memory well
On thee, with sacred, sad delight, may dwell !
So pure, so blest thy life, that death alone
Could make more perfect happiness thine own ;
He came—thy cup of joy, serenely bright,
Full to the last, still flowed in cloudless light ;
He came—an angel, bearing from on high
The all it wanted—Immortality !

A DIRGE

WEEP for the early lost !—
How many flowers were mingled in the
crown
Thus, with the lovely, to the grave gone
down,
E'en when life promised most !
How many hopes have withered ! They
that bow
To Heaven's dread will, feel all its mysteries
now.

Did the young mother's eye
Behold her child, and close upon the day,
Ere from its glance th' awakening spirit's
ray

In sunshine could reply ?
—Then look for clouds to dim the fairest
morn ?

Oh ! strong is faith, if woelikethis be borne.

For there is hushed on earth
A voice of gladness—there is veiled a face,
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent
place

By the once-joyous hearth ;
A smile hath passed, which filled its home
with light,
A soul, whose beauty made that smile so
bright !

But there is power with faith !
Power, e'en though nature o'er the untimely
grave
Must weep, when God resumes the gem
He gave ;

For sorrow comes of Death,
And with a yearning heart we linger on,
When they, whose glance unlocked its
founts, are gone !

But glory from the dust,
And praise to Him, the merciful, for those
On whose bright memory love may still
repose

With an immortal trust !
Praise for the dead, who leave us, when
they part
Such hope as she hath left—" the pure in
heart ! "

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS !

I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes the
flowers ;

For we have wandered far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go ; but when you pause to hear
From distant hills the Sabbath-bell
On summer-winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerily smiles the ruddy blaze ;
For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stirred,
Think of me then ! I go, I go !

ANGEL VISITS

"No more of talk where God or angel guest,
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast."—MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed?

Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?

Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted

Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore?

Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,

And ye—our faded earth beholds you not!

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,

Man wandered from his Paradise away;

Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,

Came down, high guests! in many a later day,

And with the patriarchs, under vine or oak,

'Midst noontide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,

Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,

That saw your hosts ascending and descending

On those bright steps between the earth and sky:

Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,

And worshipped awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's * brook ye passed, such radiance wearing

As mortal vision might but ill endure;

Along the stream the living chariot bearing,

With its high crystal arch, intensely pure;

And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,

Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive Mount, by night appearing,

'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done.

Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,

Fraught with the breath of God, to aid His Son?

—Haply of those that, on the moonlit plains,

Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours! Your heavenly dwelling

Ye left, and by the unsealed sepulchral stone,

In glorious raiment sat; the weepers telling,

That *He* they sought had triumphed, and was gone,

Now have ye left us for the brighter shore;

Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,

With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,

Though the fresh glory of those days be over,

When, 'midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps me;

Are ye not near, when faith and hope rise high,

When love, by strength, o'er masters agony?

* Ezek.

Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,
 Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave?
 When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,
 Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?
 Dreams! But a deeper thought our souls may fill;
 One, One is near—a spirit holier still!

IVY SONG

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME IVY LEAVES GATHERED FROM THE RUINED
 CASTLE OF RHEINFELS ON THE RHINE

OH! how could Fancy crown with *thee*
 In ancient days the God of Wine,
 And bid thee at the banquet be
 Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant! is where each sound
 Of revelry hath long been o'er,
 Where song's full notes once pealed around,
 But now are heard no more.

The Roman on his battle-plain,
 Where kings before his eagles bent,
 Entwined thee with exulting strains
 Around the victor's tent;
 Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
 Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
 Better thou lovest the silent scene
 Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
 The bards and heroes of the past;
 Where, through the halls of glory gone,
 Murmurs the wintry blast;
 Where years are hastening to efface
 Each record of the grand and fair;
 Thou, in thy solitary grace,
 Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
 Beneath a blue Italian sky,
 Hath nought of beauty left by time,
 Save thy wild tapestry!
 And, reared 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
 To wave where banners waved of yore,
 O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,
 Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
 Those eyries of a vanished race—
 Homes of the mighty, whose renown
 Hath passed, and left no trace.
 But there thou art!—thy foliage bright
 Unchanged the mountain storm can brave!
 Thou, that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 Or deck the humblest grave!

'Tis still the same ! Where'er we tread,
 The wrecks of human power we see—
 The marvels of all ages fled
 Left to decay and thee !
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August, in beauty, grace, and strength ;
 Days pass—thou ivy never sere !
 And all is thine at length !

TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN ON HIS BIRTHDAY

WHERE sucks the bee now ? Summer is flying,
 Leaves round the elm-tree faded are lying ;
 Violets are gone from their grassy dell,
 With the cowslip cups, where the fairies dwell ;
 The rose from the garden hath passed away—
 Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal day !

For love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled
 Ever around thee, my gentle child !
 Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,
 And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.
 Roses may vanish, but *this* will stay—
 Happy and bright is thy natal day !

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST

FEAR was within the tossing bark
 When stormy winds grew loud,
 And waves came rolling high and dark,
 And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
 And baffled in their skill ;
 But One was there, who rose and said
 To the wild sea—*Be still !*

And the wind ceased—it ceased ! that word
 Passed through the gloomy sky ;
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,
 And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
 And silence on the blast ;
 They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
 When sultry day is past.

O Thou ! that in its wildest hour
 Didst rule the tempest's mood,
 Send Thy meek spirit forth in power,
 Soft on our souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride
 Thy mandate to fulfil !
 Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
 Speak, and say—*Peace, be still !*

EPITAPH

OVER THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS, A CHILD AND A YOUTH

THOU that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,
 And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,
 And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,
 Come to this tomb !—it hath a voice for thee !
 Pray ! Thou art blest—ask strength for sorrow's hour :
 Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the smile of youth
 Thy thousand hopes, rejoicing to behold
 All the heart's depths before thee bright with truth,
 All the mind's treasures silently unfold,
 Look on this tomb!—for thee, too, speaks the grave,
 Where God hath sealed the fount of hope He gave.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

EARTH! guard what here we lay in holy trust,
 That which hath left our home a darkened place,
 Wanting the form, the smile, now veiled with dust,
 The light departed with our loveliest face.
 Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's hope is free—
 We have but lent the beautiful to thee.

But Thou, O Heaven! keep, keep what *Thou* hast taken,
 And with our treasure keep our hearts on high;
 The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
 The faith, the love, the lofty constancy—
 Guide us where these are with our sister flown—
 They were of Thee, and Thou hast claimed Thine own!

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea! And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
 For ever and the same; Hath died in Galilee.
 The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—
 Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
 From the rich bowers of earth,
 And hushed is many a lovely one
 Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore
 Along the wave, is still;
 The harp of Judah peals no more
 On Zion's awful hill.

The Mermon's lyre hath lost the chord
 That breathed the mystic tone;
 And the songs at Rome's high triumphs
 Are with her eagles flown. [poured,

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
 O'er stream and mountain free;

But thou art swelling on, thou deep!
 Through many an olden clime,
 Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
 Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
 To every wind and sky,
 And all our earth's green shores rejoice
 In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
 The sunset's heaven of gold;
 And the still midnight hears the sound,
 Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
 Where sceptred cities rose!
Thou speakest of One who doth not
 So may our hearts repose. [change—

THE CHILD AND DOVE

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE OF LADY LOUISA RUSSELL

THOU art a thing on our dreams to rise,
 'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,
 And to fling bright dew from the morning back,
 Fair form! on each image of childhood's track.

Thou art a thing to recall the hours
 When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers,
 When a world was our own in some dim sweet grove,
 And treasure untold in one captive dove.

Are they gone? can we think it while *thou* art there,
 Thou joyous child with the clustering hair?
 Is it not spring that indeed breathes free
 And fresh o'er each thought, while we gaze on thee?

No! never more may we smile as thou
 Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow;
 Yet something it is, in our hearts to shine
 A memory of beauty undimmed as thine—

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
 To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace,
 To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne
 One vision away of the cloudless morn.

A DIRGE

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Young spirit, rest thee now!
 Even while with us thy footstep trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to its place on high!—
 They that have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers
 Whence thy meek smile is gone;
 But oh!—a brighter home than ours
 In heaven is now thine own.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE

‘Oh! fondly, fervently, those two had loved,
 Had mingled minds in Love’s own perfect trust;
 Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years;
 —And thus they met.”

“HASTE, with your torches, haste! make firelight round!
 They speed, they press: what hath the miner found?
 Relic or treasure—giant sword of old?
 Gems bedded deep—rich veins of burning gold?
 —Not so—the dead, the dead! An awe-struck band,
 In silence gathering round the silent stand,
 Chained by one feeling, hushing e’en their breath,
 Before the thing that, in the might of death,
 Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
 A sleeper, dreaming not!—a youth with hair
 Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)
 O’er his cold brow: no shadow of decay

Had touched those pale, bright features—yet he wore
 A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
 Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng
 A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,
 As if through many tears, through vigils long,
 Through weary strainings;—all had been for him!
 Those two had loved! And there he lay, the dead,
 In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood
 With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
 And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
 Had long since ebb'd—a meeting sad and strange!
 —Oh! are not meetings in this world of change
 Sadder than partings oft! She stood there, still,
 And mute, and gazing—all her soul to fill
 With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,
 'Midst that rude cavern, touched with sculpture's grace,
 By torchlight and by death: until at last
 From her deep heart the spirit of the past
 Gushed in low broken tones—"And there thou art!
 And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
 As for a few brief hours! My friend, my friend!
 First love, and only one! Is this the end
 Of hope deferred, youth blighted? Yet thy brow
 Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
 Smiles—how unchanged!—while I, the worn, and weak,
 And faded—oh! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
 If thou couldst look on me!—a withered leaf,
 Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief!
 Better to see thee thus! For thou didst go
 Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
 Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night
 How have I called thee! With the morning light
 How have I watched for thee!—wept, wandered, prayed,
 Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,
 In search of thee!—bound my worn life to one—
 One torturing hope! Now let me die! 'Tis gone.
 Take thy betrothed!" And on his breast she fell,
 —Oh! since their youth's last passionate farewell,
 How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong,
 Joining in death whom life had parted long!
 They had one grave—one lonely bridal-bed,
 No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed!
 His name had ceased—*her* heart outlived each tie,
 Once more to look on that dead face, and die!

ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN!"

SING, sing in memory of the brave departed,
 Let song and wine be poured!
 Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless hearted,
 Our brethren of the sword!

Oft at the feast, and in the fight, their voices
 Have mingled with our own;
 Fill high the cup! but when the soul rejoices,
 Forget not who are gone.

They that stood with us, 'midst the dead and dying,
 On Albuera's plain ;
 They that beside us cheerily tracked the flying,
 Far o'er the hills of Spain ;

They that amidst us, when the shells were showering
 From old Rodrigo's wall,
 The rampart scaled, through clouds of battle towering,
 First, first at Victory's call ;

They that upheld the banners, proudly waving,
 In Roncesvalles' dell,
 With England's blood, the southern vineyards laving—
 Forget not how they fell !

Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed,
 Let song and wine be poured !
 Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless hearted,
 Our brethren of the sword !

HAUNTED GROUND

*"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever—it may be a sound,
 A tone of music, summer eve, or spring,
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric train, wherewith we are darkly bound."*—BYRON.

YES, it is haunted, this quiet scene,
 Fair as it looks, and all softly green ;
 Yet fear thou not—for the spell is thrown,
 And the might of the shadow, on me alone.

Are thy thoughts wandering to elves and
 fays,
 And spirits that dwell where the water
 plays?
 Oh! in the heart there are stronger powers,
 That sway, though viewless, this world of
 ours !

Have I not lived 'midst these lonely dells,
 And loved and sorrowed, and heard fare-
 wells,
 And learned in my own deep soul to look,
 And tremble before that mysterious book ?

Have I not, under these whispering leaves,
 Woven such dreams as the young heart
 weaves?
 Shadows — yet unto which life seemed
 bound ;
 And is it not—is it not haunted ground ?

Must I not hear what *thou* hearest not,
 Troubling the air of the sunny spot ?

Is there not something to rouse but me,
 Told by the rustling of every tree ?

Song hath been here, with its flow of
 thought ;
 Love, with its passionate visions fraught ;
 Death, breathing stillness and sadness
 round ;
 And is it not—is it not haunted ground ?

Are there no phantoms, but such as come
 By night from the darkness that wraps the
 tomb?—
 A sound, a scent, or a whispering breeze,
 Can summon up mightier far than these !

But I may not linger amidst them here !
 Lovely they are, and yet things to fear ;
 Passing and leaving a weight behind,
 And a thrill on the chords of the stricken
 mind.

Away, away ! that my soul may soar
 As a free bird of blue skies once more !
 Here from its wing it may never cast
 The chain by those spirits brought back
 from the past.

Doubt it not—smile not—but go thou, too,
Look on the scenes where thy childhood
grew—

Where thou hast prayed at thy mother's
knee, [free ;
Where thou hast roved with thy brethren

Go thou, when life unto thee is changed,
Friends thou hast loved as thy soul, estranged ;

When from the idols thy heart hath made,
Thou hast seen the colours of glory fade.

Oh ! painfully then, by the wind's low
sigh,
By the voice of the stream, by the flower-
cup's dye,
By a thousand tokens of sight and sound,
Thou wilt feel thou art treading on haunted
ground.

THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF JOHN HUNTER

Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods,
Where the Red Indian lays his father's
dust,

And, by the rushing of the torrent floods,
To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust ?
Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming
main,

To pour itself upon the wilds again ?

They are gone forth, the desert's warrior
race,

By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe ;
But where art thou, the swift one in the
chase, [bow ?

With thy free footstep and unfailing
Their singing shafts have reached the
panther's lair,

And where art thou?—thine arrows are
not there.

They rest beside their streams—the spoil
is won— [bough ;

They hang their spears upon the cypress
The night-fires blaze, the hunter's work is
done—

They hear the tales of old—but where
art thou ? [pine,

The night-fires blaze beneath the giant
And there a place is filled that once was
thine.

For thou art mingling with the city's
throng, [aside ;

And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow
Child of the forests ! thou art borne along,
E'en as ourselves, by life's tempestuous
tide, [rest ?

But will this be ? and canst thou *here* find
Thou hadst thy nurture on the desert's
breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to thine
ear [streams ?

From the savannah-land, the land of
Hearest thou not murmurs which none
else may hear ?

Is not the forest's shadow on thy dreams ?
They call—wild voices call thee o'er the
main, [again.

Back to thy free and boundless woods

Hear them not ! hear them not !—thou
canst not find [thine !

In the far wilderness what once was
Thou hast quaffed knowledge from the
founts of mind,

And gathered loftier aims and hopes
divine ;

Thou knowest the soaring thought, the
immortal strain—

Seek not the deserts and the woods again.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF

IN the full tide of melody and mirth,
While joy's bright spirit beams from
every eye,

Forget not him, whose soul, though fled
from earth,

Seems yet to speak in strains that can-
not die.

Forget not him, for many a festal hour,
Charmed by those strains, for us has
lightly flown ;

And memory's visions, mingling with their
power,

Wake the heart's thrill at each familiar
tone.

<p><i>Blest be the harmonist, whose well-known lays Revive life's m'orning dreams, when youth is fled, And, fraught with images of other days, Recall the loved, the absent, and the dead.</i></p>	<p><i>His the dear art whose spells awhile renew Hope's first illusions in their tenderest bloom— Oh ! what were life, unless such moments threw Bright gleams, "like angel visits," o'er its gloom?</i></p>
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THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS

<p>YES ! thou hast met the sun's last smile From the haunted hills of Rome ; By many a bright Ægean isle Thou hast seen the billows foam.</p> <p>From the silence of the Pyramid, Thou hast watched the solemn flow Of the Nile, that with its waters hid The ancient realm below.</p> <p>Thy heart hath burned, as shepherds sung Some wild and warlike strain, [rung Where the Moorish horn once proudly Through the pealing hills of Spain.</p> <p>And o'er the lonely Grecian streams Thou hast heard the laurels moan, With a sound yet murmuring in thy dreams Of the glory that is gone.</p> <p>But go thou to the pastoral vales Of the Alpine mountains old, If thou wouldst hear immortal tales By the wind's deep whispers told !</p> <p>Go, if thou lovest the soil to tread Where man hath nobly striven, And life, like incense, hath been shed, An offering unto Heaven.</p> <p>For o'er the snows, and round the pines, Hath swept a noble flood ; The nurture of the peasant's vines Hath been the martyr's blood !</p> <p>A spirit, stronger than the sword, And loftier than despair, Through all the heroic region poured, Breathes in the generous air.</p>	<p>A memory clings to every steep Of long-enduring faith, And the sounding streams glad record keep Of courage unto death.</p> <p>Ask of the peasant <i>where</i> his sires For truth and freedom bled ? Ask, where were lit the torturing fires Where lay the holy dead ?</p> <p>And he will tell thee, all around, On fount, and turf, and stone, Far as the chamois' foot can bound, Their ashes have been sown !</p> <p>Go, when the Sabbath-bell is heard * Up through the wilds to float, When the dark old woods and caves are stirred To gladness by the note ;</p> <p>When forth, along their thousand rills, The mountain people come, Join thou their worship on those hills Of glorious martyrdom.</p> <p>And while the song of praise ascends, And while the torrent's voice, Like the swell of many an organ, blends, Then let thy soul rejoice.</p> <p>Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn, Through shame, through death, made strong, Before the rocks and heavens have borne Witness of God so long !</p>
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* See Gilley's *Researches among the Valleys of Piedmont* for an interesting account of a Sabbath day among the upper regions of the Vaudois. The inhabitants of these Protestant valleys, who, like the Swiss, repair with their flocks and herds to the summit of the hills during the summer, are followed thither by their pastors, and at that season of the year assemble on that sacred day to worship in the open air.

SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER

PILGRIM | oh say, hath thy cheek been
fanned
By the sweet winds of my sunny land?
Knowest thou the sound of its mountain
pines?
And hast thou rested beneath its vines?

Hast thou heard the music still wander-
ing by,
A thing of the breezes, in Spain's blue
Floating away o'er hill and heath [sky,
With the myrtle's whisper, the citron's
breath?

Then say, are there fairer vales than those
Where the warbling of fountains for ever
flows?

Are there brighter flowers than mine own,
which wave
O'er Moorish ruin and Christian grave?

O sunshine and song! they are lying far
By the streams that look to the western
star;
My heart is fainting to hear once more
The water-voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for thee,
And brave, my Spain! though thou art
not free;
But I call them blest—they have rent *their*
chain—
They sleep in thy valleys, my sunny
Spain!

TROUBADOUR SONG

THE warr.or crossed the ocean's foam
For the stormy fields of war;
The maid was left in a smiling home
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin showers
Poured on the steel-clad line;
Her step was 'midst the summer flowers,
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,
And the red blood stained his crest;

While she—the gentlest wind of heaven
Might scarcely fan her breast!

Yet a thousand arrows passed him by,
And again he crossed the seas;
But she had died as roses die,
That perish with a breeze—

As roses die, when the blast is come,
For all things bright and fair—
There was death within the smiling home—
How had death found her there?

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"—*Marmion*.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the
sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What glad looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's
chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !
 By thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet fanes. [peep,
 Through glowing orchards forth they
 Each from its nook of leaves ;
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

| The free fair homes of England !
 Long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be reared
 To guard each hallowed wall !
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God !

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE

" I have dreamt thou wert
 A captive in thy hopelessness ; afar
 From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
 Whose image unto thee is as a dream
 Of fire and slaughter ; I can see thee wasting,
 Sick for thy native air."—L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
 Over the crests of the billows far ;
 They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
 Where the deep had foamed to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board ;
 By the glare of the torch-light the mead was poured ;
 The hearth was heaped with the pine-boughs high,
 And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme
 Their songs of the sword and the olden time ;
 And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
 Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
 They had summoned a softer voice to sing ;
 And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
 Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood,—in her mournful eyes
 Lay the clear midnight of southern skies ;
 And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,
 Half-veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
 Seemed struck with the blight of some inward flame,
 And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
 Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush passed, like a crimson haze,
 O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze ;
 No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,
 But a token of fever at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
 With her long locks crowned for her bridal-day,
 And brought to die of the burning dreams
 That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow—
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low ;
But it swelled into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

"THEY bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land ! of thee !
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful-sounding sea ?
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ? in silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure, deep sapphire sky.
How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth—
Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the north ?

" Yet thus it shall be once, once more ! My spirit shall awake,
And through the mists of death shine out, my country, for thy sake !
That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty and the light,
And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight !
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily !

" There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence ! but, oh ! their glorious blue !
Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue !
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,
And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloudless dome :
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more.

" And there are haunts in that green land—oh ! who may dream or tell
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell !
By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves ;
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,
And the violets gleam like amethysts from the dewy moss beneath.

" And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day—
Sweet sounds ! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of heaven away ;
They wander through the olive woods, and o'er the shining seas—
They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy breeze ;
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there,—it were a bliss to die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily !

" I may not thus depart—farewell ! Yet no, my country ! no !
Is not love stronger than the grave ? I feel it must be so !
My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again.
Its passion deepens—it prevails !—I break my chain—I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my home ! "

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre—
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire—
And her dark rich tresses in many a fold,
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall—
 A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall;
 She had poured out her soul with her song's last tone;
 The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!—
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain!—
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!—
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main;
 Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, thy depths have more!—the waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry,—
 Dash o'er them, ocean, in thy scornful play!
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.—
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'crthrown—
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
 Restore the dead, thou sea!

BRING FLOWERS

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
 To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured;
 Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
 Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !
 He comes with the spoils of nations back,
 The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
 The turf looks red where he won the day—
 Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;
 Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
 And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers !

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !
 They were born to blush in her shining hair :
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
 Her place is now by another's side—
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early dead !
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed !
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
 They are nature's offering, their place is *there* !
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
 With a voice of promise they come and part,
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
 They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers !

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN

“ALAS ! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair,
 She had not known her child.”—*Marmion*.

REST, pilgrim, rest !—thou'rt from the Syrian land,
 Thou'rt from the wild and wondrous East, I know,
 By the long-withered palm-branch in thy hand,
 And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.
 Alas ! the bright, the beautiful, who part,
 So full of hope, for that far country's bourne !
 Alas ! the weary and the changed in heart,
 And dimmed in aspect, who like thee return !

Thou'rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at last :
 Through the high chestnuts lightly plays the breeze,
 The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is past,
 The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.

Miscellaneous Poems

*Thou'rt faint and worn—hear'st thou the fountain welling
By the grey pillars of yon ruined shrine?
See'st thou the dewy grapes, before thee swelling?—
He that hath left me trained that loaded vine!*

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)
That I might sit and hear the sound I love,
Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper chime.
And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever,
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parched lips' fever—
There in his place thou'rt resting—where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,
But once again!—how oft it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remembered strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou seen
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien,
And the dark eye of this Italian shore?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!—on heaven and earth
It smiled—as if man were not dust it smiled!
The very air seemed kindling with his mirth,
And I—my heart grew young before my child!
My blessed child!—I had but him—yet he
Filled all my home even with o'erflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—
Where is he now?—my pride, my flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dewdrop—then his forehead wore
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—
I knew these woods might be his world no more!
He loved me—but he left me!—thus they go,
Whom we have reared, watched, blessed, too much adored!
He heard the trumpet of the Red-Cross blow,
And bounded from me with his father's sword!

Thou weep'st—I tremble—thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf; the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain
Where hosts have met—speak! answer! was *he* there?
Oh! hath his smile departed?—Could the grave
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?—
No! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—
That look gives hope—I knew it could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer!—some fond mother's glance
O'er thee too brooded in thine early years—
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,
Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—what art thou?
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?
Look up! oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!—
Is it—alas! yet joy!—my son, my son!

THEKLA'S SONG; OR, THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

respect:
1.

"Tis not merely
The human being's *pride* that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of *love*
This visible nature, and this common world,
Are all too narrow."—COLERIDGE'S *Translation of Wallenstein*.

ASK'ST thou my home?—my pathway wouldst thou know,
When from thine eye my floating shadow passed?
Was not my work fulfilled and closed below?
Had I not lived and loved?—my lot was cast.

Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is gone,
That, melting into song her soul away,
Gave the spring-breeze what witched thee in its tone?—
But while she loved, she lived, in that deep lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found?—
Yes! we are one, oh! trust me, we have met,
Where nought again may part what love hath bound,
Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt *thou* find us, there with us be blest,
If as *our* love *thy* love is pure and true!
There dwells my father,* sinless and at rest,
Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dust
Drew to the stars of heaven his mortal ken,
There it is with us, even as is our trust,
He that believes, is near the holy *then*.

There shall each feeling beautiful and high,
Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day;—
Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye!
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

THE REVELLERS

RING, joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
They are here—the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.—
But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,
In a pause of the thrilling melody!

* Wallenstein.

And it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring flowers of the festal wreath !
Ye hat to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song !

Ring, joyous chords !—but who art *thou*
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,
And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
Thou hast loved, fair girl ! thou hast loved too well ;
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell ;
Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth !
Mourn on !—yet come thou not here the while,
It is but a pain to see thee smile !
There is not a tone in our songs for thee—
Home with thy sorrows flee !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !—
But what dost thou with the revel's train?
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes ;
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye.
Away ! there's a void in thy yearning breast,
Thou weary man ! wilt thou *here* find rest?
Away ! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead !
Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth—
Back to thy silent hearth !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring forth again !
A swifter still, and a wilder strain !—
But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,
And thy cup be crowned with the foaming wine,
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
I know thee !—it is but the wakeful fear
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here !
I know thee !—thou fearest the solemn night,
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might !
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done !
And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away !—
Back to thy home and pray !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !
A swifter still, and a wilder strain !
And bring fresh wreaths !—we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
On ! through the maze of the fleet dance, on !—
But where are the young and the lovely ?—gone !
Where are the brows with the red rose crowned,
And the floating forms with the bright zone bound ?
And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet !—
They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all—
Alas ! the forsaken hall !

THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP

SLEEP 'midst thy banners furled !
 Yes ! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,
 With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,
 Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world !
 Sleep while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast—
 Oh ! strong is night—for thou too art at rest !

Stillness hath smoothed thy brow,
 And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,
 Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee,
 Alike unconscious and defenceless thou !
 Tread lightly, watchers ! now the field is won,
 Break not the rest of Nature's weary son !

Perchance some lovely dream
 Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing
 To the green places of thy boyish daring,
 And all the windings of thy native stream ;—
 Why, this were joy ! upon the tented plain,
 Dream on, thou conqueror !—be a child again !

But thou wilt wake at morn,
 With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,
 And thy dark, troubled thoughts all earth o'ersweeping,
 So wilt thou rise, oh ! thou of woman born !
 And put thy terrors on, till none may dare
 Look upon thee—the tired one, slumbering there !

Why, so the peasant sleeps
 Beneath his vine !—and man must kneel before thee
 And for his birthright vainly still implore thee !
 Shalt thou be stayed because thy brother weeps ?—
 Wake ! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world,
 Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furled !

Forget that thou, even thou,
 Hast feebly shivered when the wind passed o'er thee,
 And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,
 And felt the night-dew chill thy fevered brow !
 Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on !—
 Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

OUR LADY'S WELL *

FOUNT of the woods ! thou art hid no more
 From Heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore !
 For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
 And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls ;
 And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,
 As the boughs are swayed o'er thy silvery glass ;

* A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin.

And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
 When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone;
 And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—
 • Bright Fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the vale! thou art sought no more
 By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
 When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
 And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.
 There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,
 Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers!
 But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
 And there may the reaper his forehead lave;
 And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
 Bright Fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the Virgin's ruined shrine!
 A voice that speaks of the past is thine!
 It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh,
 With the notes that ring through the laughing sky;
 'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,
 And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard!—
 Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,
 To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?—
 'Tis that all on earth is of *Time's* domain—
 He hath made thee nature's own again!

Fount of the chapel with ages grey!
 Thou art springing freshly amidst decay!
 Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
 And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now!
 Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
 In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought;
 If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
 Or prayer, from a chastened heart, to Heaven,—
 Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,
 Who hath made thee nature's own again!

THE PARTING OF SUMMER

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,
 Glad Summer, fare thee well!
 Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
 In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
 Of thy latest lingering day,
 Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
 How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
 Thine hours have floated by,
 To the joyous birds of the woodland
 boughs,
 The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
 To the wild deer wandering free:

And brightly 'midst the garder. flowers,
 To the happy murmuring bee:

But how to human bosoms,
 With all their hopes and fears,
 And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
 To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
 Thou hast flown in burning dreams
 Of the woods, with all their whispering
 leaves,
 And the blue rejoicing streams;—

To the wasted and the weary
 On the bed of sickness bound,
 In swift delirious fantasies,
 That changed with every sound;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings, wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again !

And unto me, glad Summer !
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep naught hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows, from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed :

In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside—
Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh ! thou gentle Summer !
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar !

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free ;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be !

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS

. . . . "Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."—WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight !
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our fathers loved !

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear,
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note mad lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall :
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plumed sheaves ;
The woodman, by the starlight pale,
Cheered homeward through the leaves :
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be !—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove ;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer :
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirred
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall breathe their names again ;
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where, like the stag, they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved !

THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR

COME, while in freshness and dew it lies,
To the world that is under the free, blue
skies ! [care—
Leave ye man's home, and forget his
There breathes no sigh on the dayspring's
air.

N

Come to the woods, in whose mossy
dells
A light all made for the poet dwells ;
A light, coloured softly by tender leaves,
Whence the primrose a mellower glow
receives.

The stock-dove is there in the beechen-tree,
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee ;
And the voice of cool waters 'midst feathery
fern, furn.
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden

There is life, there is youth, there is tame-
less mirth,
Where the streams, with the lilies they
wear, have birth ;
There is peace where the alders are whis-
pering low ; [woe !
Come from man's dwellings, with all their

**Yes! we will come—we will leave behind
The homes and the sorrows of human kind;
It is well to rove where the river leads
Its bright, blue vein along sunny meads :**

It is well through the rich, wild woods
to go,
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and
doe ;
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,
When the heart has been fretted by worldly
stings :

And to watch the colours that flit and pass,
With insect-wings through the wavy grass;
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash-tree's
bark,
Borne in with a breeze through the foliage
dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings be,
As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea ;
To the woods, to the dingles where violets
 blow,
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if, by the forest-brook, we meet
A line like the pathway of former feet ;
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,
We reach the grey ruins of tower or
cot :—

If the cell, where a hermit of old hath
prayed,
Lift up its cross through the solemn
shade ;—
Or if some nook where the wild-flowers
wave,
Bear token sad of a mortal grave.—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be
stayed,
There our quick spirits awhile delayed ;
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,
And win back our hearts to their sym-
pathies.

For what, though the mountains and skies
be fair,
Steeped in soft hues of the summer air,—
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and
dreams,
That lights up all nature with living
gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,
Where it hath poured forth its vows to
Heaven;
Where to repose it hath brightly past,
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by that soul, amidst groves and rills,
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,
We, only we, may be linked to God!

KINDRED HEARTS

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same
touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow:
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns :

It may be that the breath of spring—
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times
A sorrowful delight !
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night ;
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine
own,
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
 And steadfast love of years;
 The kindly, that from childhood grew,
 The faithful to thy tears!
 If there be one that o'er the dead
 Hath in thy grief borne part, [bed,—
 And watched through sickness by thy
 Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
 Wherein bright spirits blend,
 Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
 With the same breeze that bend,
 For that full bliss of thought allied,
 Never to mortals given,—
 Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
 Or lift them unto heaven.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS *

<p>'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours, As they floated in light away, By the opening and the folding flowers, That laugh to the summer's day.</p> <p>Thus had each moment its own rich hue, And its graceful cup and bell, [dew, In whose coloured vase might sleep the Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.</p> <p>To such sweet signs might the time have flowed In a golden current on, Ere from the garden, man's first abode, The glorious guests were gone.</p> <p>So might the days have been brightly told— Those days of song and dreams—</p>	<p>When shepherds gathered their flocks of old By the blue Arcadian streams.</p> <p> So in those isles of delight, that rest Far off in a breezeless main, Which many a bark, with a weary quest, Has sought, but still in vain.</p> <p> Yet is not life, in its real flight, Marked thus—even thus—on earth, By the closing of one hope's delight, And another's gentle birth!</p> <p>Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower, Shutting in turn, may leave A lingerer still for the sunset hour, A charm for the shaded eve.</p>
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THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
 In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;
 His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
 And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
 And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
 Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
 Telling the cedars and the pines that there
 Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
 And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
 Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour shone
 With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
 And he too paused in reverence by that grave,
 Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
 Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;
 Till, as a wind might stir a withered oak,
 On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

* Formed by Linnæus.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said—
 " I listened for the words, which, years ago,
 Passed o'er these waters : though the voice is fled
 Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
 Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
 Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

" Ask'st thou of him, whose house is lone beneath ?
 I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
 When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,
 To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.
 Many the times of flowers have been since then—
 Many, but bringing naught like *him* again !

" Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,
 O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe ;
 Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
 Laying the cedars like the corn-stalks low ;
 But to spread tidings of all holy things,
 Gladdening our souls, as with the morning's wings.

" Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
 I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
 Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
 Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone ?
 He told of One, the grave's dark bonds who broke,
 And our hearts burned within us as he spoke.

" He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
 Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell :
 Bright must they be !—for *there* are none that die,
 And none that weep, and none that say ' Farewell !'
 He came to guide us thither ;—but away
 The happy called him, and he might not stay.

" We saw him slowly fade,—athirst, perchance,
 For the fresh waters of that lovely clime ;
 Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
 And on his gleaming hair no touch of time,—
 Therefore we hoped ;—but now the lake looks dim,
 For the green summer comes,—and finds not him !

" We gathered round him in the dewy hour
 Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree ;
 From his clear voice, at first, the words of power
 Came low, like moanings of a distant sea ;
 But swelled and shook the wilderness ere long,
 As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

" And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
 And his white eyelids fluttered, and his head
 Fell back, and mist upon his forehead hung,—
 Know'st thou not how we pass to join the dead ?
 It is enough !—he sank upon my breast—
 Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest !

" We buried him where he was wont to pray,
 By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide ;

We reared this Cross in token where he lay,
 For on the Cross, he said, his Lord had died !
 Now hath he surely reached, o'er mount and wave,
 That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave.

" But I am sad !—I mourn the clear light taken
 Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,
 The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
 And the true words forgotten, save by one,
 Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
 Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast.

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling eye :—
 " Son of the Wilderness ! despair thou not,
 Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
 And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot !
 Heaven darkly works ;—yet where the seed hath been,
 There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen.

" Hope on, hope ever !—by the sudden springing
 Of green leaves which the winter hid so long ;
 And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
 After cold silent months, the woods among ;
 And by the rending of the frozen chains,
 Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains ;

" Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,
 But as a lovely song to leave no trace,
 Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken,
 And the full dayspring rise upon thy race !
 And fading mists the better path disclose,
 And the wide desert blossom as the rose."

So by the Cross they parted, in the wild,
 Each fraught with musings for life's after-day,
 Memories to visit *one*, the forest's child,
 By many a blue stream in its lonely way ;
 And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs to press
 Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

IN sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
 A wanderer proudly stood
 Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
 Of Egypt's awful flood—
 The cradle of that mighty birth,
 So long a hidden thing to earth !

He heard in life's first murmuring sound,
 A low mysterious tone—
 A music sought, but never found
 By kings and warriors gone.
 He listened—and his heart beat high :
 That was the song of victory !

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
 Rushed burning through his frame,—
 The depths of that green solitude
 Its torrents could not tame ;
 Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
 Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars. Across his soul
 There swept a sudden change :
 E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal
 A shadow dark and strange
 Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
 O'er triumph's hour—and *is this all ?*

No more than this! What seemed it
now
 First by that spring to stand?
 A thousand streams of lovelier flow
 Bathed his own mountain-land!
 Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
 Their wild, sweet voices, called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,
 His childhood's haunt of play,
 Where brightly through the beechen
 shade
 Their waters glanced away;
 They called him, with their sounding
 waves,
 Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought
 Of each familiar scene,

Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
 With all that lay between—
 The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
 The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and
 pride?
 The spirit born to roam?
 His altered heart within him died
 With yearnings for his home!
 All vainly struggling to repress
 The gush of painful tenderness.

He wept! The stars of Afric's heaven
 Beheld his bursting tears,
 E'en on that spot where fate had given
 The meed of toiling years!—
 O Happiness! how far we flee
 Thine own sweet paths in search of
 thee!

CASABIANCA

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but he had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm—
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
 Without his father's word;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—" Say, father, say
 If yet my task is done!"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 If I may yet be gone!
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And looked from that lone post of death
 In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
 " My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and
 shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part :—
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart.

OUR DAILY PATHS*

"Naught shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."—WORDSWORTH.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise;
We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath an aged tree,
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne downwards by the bee;
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is thrown,
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground.

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths—but sorrow too is there:
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air!
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we will,
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill?
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftentimes bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles, back,
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope, and mirth,
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!
A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies!

* Written at the suggestion of Dugald Stewart.

LAST RITES

By the mighty minster's bell,
Tolling with a sudden swell !
By the colours half-mast high,
O'er the sea hung mournfully ;
Know, a prince hath died !

By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground
By the volleying muskets' tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills
Reverently the ancient hills,*
Learn, that from his harvests done,
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright ;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep ! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose !

Which is the tenderest rite of all ?
Buried virgin's coronal,
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,
Farewell gun for warrior dead,
Herdsman's funeral hymn ?

Tells not each of human woe,
Each of hope and strength brought low
Number each with holy things,
If one chastening thought it brings,
Ere life's day grow dim !

THE HEBREW MOTHER

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion ; for the boy was vowed
Unto the Temple service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So passed they on,
O'er Judah's hills ; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest ;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er her cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
Lay like a twilight star 'midst palmy shades,
Making its bank green gems along the wild,
There, too, she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reached,
The Earth's One Sanctuary—and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light, like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm

* A custom still retained at rural funerals, in some parts of England and Wales.

Clung e'en as joy clings—the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—“Alas !” she cried.

“Alas ! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me ;
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me ;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart ?

“How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late, along the mountains, at my side ?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair !

“And oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away ?
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill !

“Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn ;
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

“And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear ?

“What have I said, my child ?—Will *He* not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?
Shall *He* not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?—
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

“I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !
And thou shalt be His child.

“Therefore, farewell !—I go, my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks.—
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me ;
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength.—Farewell !”

THE WRECK

ALL night the booming minute gun
 Had pealed along the deep,
 And mournfully the rising sun
 Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
 A bark from India's coral strand,
 Before the raging blast,
 Had veiled her topsails to the sand
 And bowed her noble mast.

'The queenly ship!—brave hearts had
 striven,
 And true ones died with her!—
 We saw her mighty cable riven,
 Like floating gossamer.
 We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
 A star once o'er the seas—
 Her anchor gone, her deck upturn—
 And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away,—
 The rocks with pearls were sown,
 And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
 Flashed out o'er fretted stone.
 And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
 Like ashes by a breeze;
 And gorgeous robes—but oh! that shore
 Had sadder things than these!

We saw the strong man still and low,
 A crushed reed thrown aside;
 Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
 Not without strife he died.

And near him on the seaweed lay—
 Till then we had not wept—
 But well our gushing hearts might say,
 That there a *mother* slept!

For her pale arms a babe had prest,
 With such a wreathing grasp,
 Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
 Yet not undone the clasp.
 Her very tresses had been flung
 To wrap the fair child's form,
 Where still their wet long streamers
 hung,
 All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
 Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
 Like slumber's, trustingly serene,
 In melancholy grace.
 Deep in her bosom lay his head,
 With half-shut violet eye—
He had known little of her dread,
 Nought of her agony!

Oh! human love, whose yearning heart
 Through all things vainly true,
 So stamps upon thy mortal part
 Its passionate adieu—
 Surely thou hast another lot,
 There is some home for thee,
 Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
 The moaning of the sea!

THE TRUMPET

'THE trumpet's voice hath roused the
 land,
 Light up the beacon-pyre!—
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire.
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast—
 And, hark! was that the sound of seas?—
 A king to war went past.

'The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth.

The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye—
They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and
 bound

The falchion to his side;
 E'en for the marriage altar crowned
 The lover quits his bride.
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By *earthly* clarion spread!—
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the Dead?

EVENING PRAYER

AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL

Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
 Who giveth, upbraiding not;
 That His light in thy heart become not dim,
 And His love be unforget;
 And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
 Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."—BERNARD BARTON

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
 With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely!—Childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
 Gaze—yet what see'st thou in those fair, and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?—
 Thou see'st what Grief must nurture for the sky,
 What Death must fashion for Eternity!

Oh! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress,
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
 Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breast th' untroubled springs
 Of Hope make melody where'er ye tread,
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
 Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
 Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
 And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
 And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
 To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
 And to make idols, and to find them clay,
 And to bewail that worship,—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
 Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
 And oh! to love through all things,—therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
 On through the dark days fading from their prime,
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
 Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given
 The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

THE HOUR OF DEATH

"Il est dans la Nature d'aimer à se livrer à l'idée même qu'on redoute."—*Corinne*.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal care;
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's huc shall tinge the golden grain
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

THE LOST PLEIAD

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."—BYRON.

AND is there glory from the heavens departed?—
Oh! void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence—
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
'Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning—
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
'E'en as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?—
Bowed be our hearts to think on what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER

"The inviolate island of the sage and free."—BYRON.

ROCKS of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array,
And rise *ye* like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam:
Oh! thus for ever guard the land,
The severed Land of Home!

I have left rich blue skies behind,
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way;
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours,
Hath soothed me with its lay.

The Isles of Greece, the Hills of Spain,
The purple Heavens of Rome,—
Yes, all are glorious;—yet again,
I bless thee, Land of Home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land!
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band,
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,
Their steps are on thy plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea:
Oh! be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS

*THE kings of old have shrine and tomb,
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!*

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's
sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth?—by no proud
stone

Their narrow couch of rest is known;
The still sad glory of their name
Hallows no fountain unto Fame;
No—not a free the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude:

*It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the young flowers our children sow
Take root in holy dust below.*

Oh! that the many rustling leaves,
Which round our homes the Summer
weaves,

Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky,
To tell where those blest slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be stilled,
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?—
But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
So let it be!—Like him, whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret,—but their sod
Unknown to man, is marked of God!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

"Pregar, pregar, pregar,
Ch'...ro ponno i mortali al pianger nati?"—ALFIERI.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;
Pray—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;

Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-place;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL

"Von Baumen, aus Wellen, aus Mauern,
Wie ruft es dir freundlich und lind;
Was hast du zu wandern, zu trauern?
Komm' spielen, du freundliches Kind!"—LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

OH! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer birds are calling,
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,
From their banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours—
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return?—
Sweet dews may freshen soon
The flower, within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again
To the freedom of the woods,
To the birds' triumphant strain,
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?—
Along thine own pure air
There are young sweet voices borne—
Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee;
And by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed—
Oh! when wilt thou return?

THE WAKENING

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep-mid sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming
glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall
side,
That holds through the tumult her path of
pride.

And some—oh, well may *their* hearts re-
joice!—
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice:
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis
gone.

And some, in the camp, to the bugle's
breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing
heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be
won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning
bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
When the bright sun mounts in the laugh-
ing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's
horn,
And some to the din from the city borne,
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn
woods.

So are we roused on this chequered earth;
Each unto light hath a daily birth;
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or
sweet,
Are the voices which first our upspringing
meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the
call,
Which from the dust shall awaken us all:
One!—but to severed and distant dooms,
How shall the sleepers arise from the
tombs?

THE BREEZE FROM SHORE

["Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life."—CHANNING.]

Joy is upon the lonely seas,
When Indian forests pour
Forth, to the billow and the breeze,
Their odours from the shore;
Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

Oh! welcome are the winds that tell
A wanderer of the deep
Where, far away, the jasmines dwell,
And where the myrrh-trees weep!
Blest on the sounding surge and foam
Are tidings of the citron's home!

The sailor at the helm they meet,
And hope his bosom stirs,
Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to greet
The fair earth's messengers,
That woo him, from the moaning main,
Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales
Of many a flowering glade,
And fount's bright gleam, in island vales
Of golden-fruited shade:

Across his lone ship's wake they bring
A vision and a glow of spring.

And, O ye masters of the lay!
Come not even thus your songs
That meet us on life's weary way,
Amidst her toiling throngs?
Yes! o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter clime
That in our birth hath part;
Their tones are of the world, which
time
Sears not within the heart:
They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.

They call us, with a voice divine,
Back to our early love,—
Our vows of youth at many a shrine,
Whence far and fast we rove.
Welcome high thought and holy strain,
That make us Truth's and Heaven's
again.

THE DYING IMPROVISATORE *

'My heart shall be poured over thee—and break.'—*Prophecy of DANTE.*

THE spirit of my land,
It visits me once more!—though I must die
Far from the myrtles which thy breeze hath fanned,
My own bright Italy!

It is, it is thy breath,
Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame
Is shaken by the wind,—in life and death
Still trembling, yet the same!

Oh! that love's quenchless power
Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,
And through thy groves its dying music shower,
Italy! Italy!

* Sestini, the Roman Improvisatore, when on his deathbed at Paris, is said to have poured forth a Farewell to Italy, in his most impassioned poetry.

The nightingale is there,
The sunbeam's glow, the citron flower's perfume,
The south wind's whisper in the scented air—
It will not pierce the tomb!

Never, oh! never more,
On thy Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall dwell,
Or watch the bright waves melt along thy shore—
My Italy! farewell!

Alas!—thy hills among
Had I but left a memory of my name,
Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song,
Unto immortal fame!

But like a lute's brief tone,
Like a rose-odour on the breezes cast,
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen and gone,
So hath my spirit passed—

Pouring itself away
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
That which within him triumphs, beats, or burns,
Into a fleeting lay;

That swells, and floats, and dies,
Leaving no echo to the summer woods
Of the rich breathings and impassioned sighs
Which thrilled their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me!
Friends! that upon its murmurs oft have hung
When from my bosom, joyously and free,
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue
Of midnight heavens, and on the star-lit sea,
And when woods kindle into spring's first hue,
Sweet friends! remember me!

And in the marble halls
Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear
And poet-thoughts embodied light the walls,
Let me be with you there!

Fain would I bind, for you,
My memory with all glorious things to dwell!
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew—
Sweet friends! bright land! farewell!

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

[“Oh! mein Geist, ich fühle es in mir, strebt nach etwas Ueberirdischem, das keinem Menschen gegönnt ist.”—TIECK.]

THE chord, the harp's full chord is hushed,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed
But yesterday.

Miscellaneous Poems

Th' awakening note, the breeze-like swell,
 The full o'ersweeping tone,
 The sounds that sighed "Farewell, farewell!"
 Are gone—all gone!

The love, whose fervent spirit passed
 With the rich measure's flow;
 The grief, to which it sank at last—
 Where are they now?

They are with the scents by summer's breath
 Borne from a rose now shed:
 With the words from lips long sealed in death—
 For ever fled.

The sea-shell of its native deep
 A moaning thrill retains;
 But earth and air no record keep
 Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams,
 They woke in floating by;
 The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams—
 Could these too die?

They died! As on the water's breast
 The ripple melts away,
 When the breeze that stirred it sinks to rest—
 So perished they!

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
 And mournful in their close,
 Passing, and finding not on earth
 Aim or repose.

Whence were they?—like the breath of flowers,
 Why thus to come and go?
 A long, long journey must be ours
 Ere this we know!

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH

"Was mir fehlt?—Mir fehlt ja alles,
 Bin so ganz verlassen hier!"—*Tyrolese Melody.*

THE hearth, the hearth is desolate! the fire is quenched and gone
 That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;
 The place where mirth and music met is hushed through day and night.
 Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that there made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,
 Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more.
 Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's joy or mirth,
 Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung.
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone :
The hearth, the hearth is desolate ! the bright fire quenched and gone !

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee ?
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on earth or sea ?
Oh ! some are hushed, and some are changed, and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again.

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,
Alas ! the brother knows not now when fall the sister's tears !
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone :
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quenched and gone !

Not so—'tis *not* a broken chain :—thy memory binds them still,
Thou holy hearth of other days ! though silent now and chill.
The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice, the mother's prayer, though called from earth away,
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway ;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone !

THE DREAMER

[“ There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind ; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind ; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.”—*English Opium-eater*.]

“ Thou hast been called, O Sleep, the friend of woe,
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so.”—SOUTHEY.

PEACE to thy dreams ! thou art slumbering now—
The moonlight's calm is upon thy brow ;
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies 'midst the hush of thy heart at rest—
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Peace ! The sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay,
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bowed thee as winds bow the willow's head,
The yearnings for faces and voices gone—
All are forgotten ! Sleep on, sleep on !

Are they forgotten ? It is not so !
Slumber divides not the heart from its woe.
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy grass :
Tremblest thou, Dreamer ? O Love and Grief !
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf !

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still ;

On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye,
 There's a large tear gathering heavily—
 A rain from the clouds of thy spirit pressed :
 Sorrowful Dreamer ! this is not rest !

It is Thought at work amidst buried hours—
 It is Love keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.—
 Oh, we bear within us mysterious things !
 Of Memory and Anguish, unfathomed springs ;
 And Passion—those gulfs of the heart to fill
 With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still.

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
 Flinging the peace of our couch away !
 Well might we look on our souls in fear—
 They find no fount of oblivion here !
 They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
 How know we if under the wings of death ?

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE

' Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.'—*Psalms* lv.

OH ! for thy wings, thou dove !
 Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast ;
 That, borne like thee above,
 I too might flee away, and be at rest !

Where wilt thou fold those plumes,
 Bird of the forest-shadows, holiest bird ?
 In what rich leafy glooms,
 By the sweet voice of hidden waters stirred ?

Over what blessed home,
 What roof with dark, deep summer foliage crowned,
 O fair as ocean's foam !
 Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam around ?

Or seek'st thou some old shrine
 Of nymph or saint, no more by votary wooed,
 Though still, as if divine,
 Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude ?

Yet wherefore ask thy way ?
 Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim, thou art !
 Unto the greenwood spray,
 Bearing no dark remembrance at thy heart !

No echoes that will blend
 A sadness with the whispers of the grove ;
 No memory of a friend
 Far off, or dead, or changed to thee, thou dove !

Oh ! to some cool recess
 Take, take me with thee on the summer wind,
 Leaving the weariness
 And all the fever of this life behind :

The aching and the void
 Within the heart whereunto none reply,
 The young bright hopes destroyed—
 Bird! bear me with thee through the sunny sky!

Wild wish, and longing vain,
 And brief upspringing to be glad and free!
 Go to thy woodland reign;
 My soul is bound and held—I may not flee.

For even by all the fears
 And thoughts that haunt my dreams—untold, unknown,
 And burning woman's tears,
 Poured from mine eyes in silence and alone;

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
 High 'midst the gorgeous Isles of Cloud to soar,
 Soon the strong cords of love
 Would draw me earthwards—homewards—yet once more.

PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE *

[“Souvent l'âme, fortifiée par la contemplation des choses divines, voudrait déployer ses ailes vers le ciel. Elle croit qu'au terme de sa carrière un rideau va se lever pour lui découvrir des scènes de lumière; mais quand la mort touche son corps périssable, elle jette un regard en arrière vers les plaisirs terrestres et vers ses compagnes mortelles.”—SCHLEGEL.]

Translated by MADAME DE STÄEL.

FEARFULLY and mournfully
 Thou bidd'st the earth farewell,
 And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one!
 In a brighter land to dwell.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing!
 The sunshine of that shore
 Around thee, as a glorious robe,
 Shall stream for evermore.

The breezy music wandering
 Thence through th' Elysian sky,
 Hath no deep tone that seems to float
 From a happier time gone by:

And there the day's last crimson
 Gives no sad memories birth,
 No thought of dead or distant friends,
 Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully
 Thou bidd'st that earth farewell,
 Although thou'rt passing, loveliest one!
 In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless—
 The sunny wave's repose,
 The wood with its rich melodies,
 The summer and its rose.

A land that sees no parting,
 That hears no sound of sighs,
 That waits thee with immortal air—
 Lift, lift those anxious eyes!

Oh! how like *thee*, thou trembler!
 Man's spirit fondly clings
 With timid love, to this, its world
 Of old familiar things!

We pant, we thirst for fountains
 That gush not here below!
 On, on we toil, allured by dreams
 Of the living water's flow.

We pine for kindred natures
 To mingle with our own;
 For communings more full and high
 Than aught by mortal known.

We strive with brief aspirings
 Against our bonds in vain;
 Yet summoned to be free at last,
 We shrink—and clasp our chain.

And fearfully and mournfully
 We bid the earth farewell,
 Though passing from its mists, like thee,
 In a brighter world to dwell.

* Written for a picture in which Psyche, on her flight upwards, is represented looking back sadly and anxiously to the earth.

THE BOON OF MEMORY

"Many things answered me."—*Manfred*.

*I GO, I go!—and must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood played,
By my own streams?
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?*

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glee?
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Poured full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought!
And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low,
With me be fraught!

And Memory answered me:—"Wild wish and vain!
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core.
The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows filled, new flowers o'ergrown,
Is theirs no more."

Hast *thou* such power, O Love?—and Love replied,
"It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,
Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust!"

Song, is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;
Filled with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,
Where it would rest.

And Song made answer—"It is not in me,
Though called immortal; though my gifts may be
All but divine.

A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst live—
This is not mine ! ”

Death, Death ! wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfil ?
And Death, the Strong One, spoke :—“ I can but still
Each vain regret.
What if forgotten ?—All thy soul would crave,
Thou, too, within the mantle of the grave,
Wilt soon forget.

Then did my heart in lone faint sadness die,
As from all nature's voices one reply,

But one—was given :
“ Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer ! with a tone
To send thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in heaven.”

IVAN THE CZAR *

“ Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus, Ich muss
Ihn wieder haben ! . . .
. Trostlose allmacht,
Die nicht einmal in Gräber ihren arm
Verlangern, eine kleine Ubereilung
Mit Menschenleben nicht verbessern kann ! ”—SCHILLER.

He sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar,
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war ;
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead—
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed
Through the rich tent made way ;
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely
watched,
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,
From his full bosom broke—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke !

The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony.

“ There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath ;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death !
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honour of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son !

“ Well might I know death's hue and
mien—
But on *thine* aspect, boy !
What, till this moment, have I seen
Save pride and tameless joy ?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall ?

* “ Ivan le Terrible, étant devenu vieux, assiégait Novgorod. Les Boyards le voyant affaibli demanda s'il ne voulait pas donner le commandement à son fils. Sa fureur était si grande à cette proposition, que rien ne put l'apaiser ; son fils se prosterna à ses pieds ; il le repoussa avec un coup d'une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père alors au désespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut que peu de mois à son fils.”—*Dix Années d'Exil*, par MADAME DE STAËL.

"I will not bear that still cold look—
 Rise up, thou fierce and free!
 Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
 All, save this calm, from thee!
 Lift brightly up, and proudly,
 Once more thy kindling eyes!
 Hath my word lost its power on earth?
 I say to thee, arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well!
 Thou didst not! and art gone,
 In bitterness of soul, to dwell
 Where man must dwell alone.
 Come back, young fiery spirit!
 If but one hour, to learn
 The secrets of the folded heart
 That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child
 That in mine arms I pressed:
 Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
 Like summer on my breast!

I reared thee as an eagle,
 To the chase thy steps I led;
 I bore thee on my battle-horse:
 I look upon thee—dead!

"Lay down my warlike banners here,
 Never again to wave,
 And bury my red sword and spear,
 Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!
 And leave me!—I have conquered,
 I have slain—my work is done!
 Whom have I slain?—ye answer not—
 Thou too art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured
 Through the dark resounding night,
 And the battle knew no more his sword,
 Nor the foaming steed his might.
 He heard strange voices moaning
 In every wind that sighed; [shrank—
 From the searching stars of heaven he
 Humbly the conqueror died.

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY

[Founded on the following circumstance related in the *Percy Anecdotes* of imagination:—

"It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, the Irish bard, even in his gayest mood, never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief; and, addressing himself in Irish to her mother: 'Madam,' said he, 'I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us; nay,' said he emphatically, 'she will not survive twelve months.' The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard."]

"Thy cheek too swiftly flushes, o'er thine eye
 The lights and shadows come and go too fast;
 Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy voice
 Are sounds of tenderness too passionate
 For peace on earth: oh! therefore, child of song!
 'Tis well thou shouldst depart."

A SOUND of music, from amidst the hills,
 Came suddenly, and died; a fitful sound
 Of mirth, soon lost in wail.—Again it rose,
 And sank in mournfulness.—There sat a
 bard
 By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept
 Flashing through rock and wood: the
 sunset's light
 Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming hair,
 And the wind's whisper in the mountain
 ash
 Whose clusters drooped above. His head
 was bowed, [touch
 His hand was on his harp, yet thence its

Had drawn but broken strains; and many
 stood
 Waiting around, in silent earnestness,
 The unchaining of his soul, the gush of
 song—
 Many and graceful forms!—yet one alone
 Seemed present to his dream; and she,
 indeed,
 With her pale virgin brow, and changeful
 cheek,
 And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
 Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks
 And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,
 E'en painfully!—a creature to behold

With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught
unseen
Should waft the vision from us, leaving
earth
Too dim without its brightness! Did
such fear
O'ershadow in that hour the gifted one
By his own rushing stream? Once more
he gazed
Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more
From the deep chords his wandering hand
brought out [strain
A few short festive notes, an opening
Of bridal melody, soon dashed with grief—
As if some wailing spirit in the strings
Met and o'ermastered him; but yielding
then
To the strong prophet impulse, mournfully
Like moaning waters o'er the harp he
poured
The trouble of his haunted soul, and
sang—

Voice of the grave!
I hear thy thrilling call;
It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,
In the sere leaf's trembling fall!
In the shiver of the tree,
I hear thee, O thou voice!
And I would thy warning were but for me,
That my spirit might rejoice.

' But thou art sent
For the sad earth's young and fair,
For the graceful heads that have not bent
To the wintry hand of care!
They hear the wind's low sigh,
And the river sweeping free,
And the green reeds murmuring heavily,
And the woods—but they hear not thee!

" Long have I striven
With my deep-foreboding soul,
But the full tide now its bounds hath
riven,
And darkly on must roll.
There's a young brow smiling near,
With a bridal white rose wreath—
Unto me it smiles from a flowery bier,
Touched solemnly by death!

" Fair art thou, Morna!
The sadness of thine eye
Is beautiful as silvery clouds
On the dark-blue summer-sky!

And thy voice comes like the sound
Of a sweet and hidden rill, [round—
That makes the dim woods tuneful
But soon it must be still!

" Silence and dust
On thy sunny lips must lie—
Make not the strength of love thy trust,
A stronger yet is nigh!
No strain of festal flow
That my hand for thee hath tried,
But into dirge-notes wild and low
Its ringing tones have died.

" Young art thou, Morna!
Yet on thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
A spirit hath been shed!
And the glance is thine which sees
Through nature's awful heart—
But bright things go with the summer-
breeze,
And thou too must depart!

" Yet, shall I weep?
I know that in thy breast
There swells a fount of song too deep,
Too powerful for thy rest!
And the bitterness I know,
And the chill of this world's breath—
Go—all undimmed in thy glory, go!
Young and crowned bride of death!

" Take hence to heaven
Thy holy thoughts and bright,
And soaring hopes, that were not given
For the touch of mortal blight!
Might we follow in thy track,
This parting should not be!
But the spring shall give us violets back,
And every flower but the

There was a burst of tears around the bard;
All wept but one—and she serenely stood,
With her clear brow and dark religious eye
Raised to the first faint star above the hills,
And cloudless; though it might be that her
cheek
Was paler than before. So Morna heard
The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring returned,
Bringing the earth her lovely things
again,—
All, save the loveliest far! A voice, a
A young sweet spirit gone. [smile.,

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE

FROM THE "PORTRAIT GALLERY," AN UNFINISHED POEM

"If there be but one spot on thy name,
One eye thou fearest to meet, one human voice
Whose tones thou shrinkest from—Woman! veil thy face,
And bow thy head—and die!"

THOU see'st her pictured with her shining hair
(Famed were those tresses in Provençal song),
Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair
Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along
Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving
'Midst the rich curls; and oh! how meekly loving
Its earnest looks are lifted to the face
Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace!
Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less
Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,
Than might beseem a mother's; on her brow
Something too much there sits of native scorn,
And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,
As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.
These may be dreams—but how shall woman tell
Of woman's shame, and not with tears? She fell!
That mother left that child!—went hurrying by
Its cradle—haply not without a sigh,
Haply one moment o'er its rest serene
She hung. But no! it could not thus have been.
For *she went on*!—forsook her home, her hearth,
All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,
To live a gaudy and dishonoured thing,
Sharing in guilt the splendours of a king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,
Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife.
He recked no more of glory: grief and shame
Crushed out his fiery nature, and his name
Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls
Crept year by year: the minstrel passed their walls;
The warder's horn hung mute. Meantime the child,
On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,
A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew
Into sad youth; for well, too well, she knew
Her mother's tale! Its memory made the sky
Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye;
Checked on her lip the flow of song, which fain
Would there have lingered; flushed her cheek to pain
If met by sudden glance; and gave a tone
Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,
E'en to the spring's glad voice. Her own was low
And plaintive. Oh! there lie such depths of woe
In a *young* blighted spirit! Manhood rears
A haughty brow, and age has done with tears;
But youth bows down to misery, in amaze
At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days;—

And thus it was with her. A mournful sight
 In one so fair—for she indeed was fair;
 Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light—
Hers were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,
 And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek
 Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek,
 Still that fond child's—and oh! the brow above
 So pale and pure! so formed for holy love
 To gaze upon in silence!—But she felt
 That love was not for her, though hearts would melt
 Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given
 Went with her; and low prayers, that called on Heaven
 To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn
 With alms before her castle gate she stood,
 Midst peasant groups: when, breathless and o'erworn,
 And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,
 A stranger through them broke;—the orphan maid,
 With her sweet voice and proffered hand of aid,
 Turned to give welcome; but a wild sad look
 Met hers—a gaze that all her spirit shook;
 And that pale woman, suddenly subdued
 By some strong passion, in its gushing mood,
 Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears
 As rain the hoarded agonies of years
 From the heart's urn; and with her white lips pressed
 The ground they trod; then, burying in her vest
 Her brow's deep flush, sobbed out—"Oh undefiled!
 I am thy mother—spurn me not, my child!"

Isaure had prayed for that lost mother; wept
 O'er her stained memory, while the happy slept
 In the hushed midnight; stood with mournful gaze
 Before yon picture's smile of other days,
 But never breathed in human ear the name
 Which weighed her being to the earth with shame.
 What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,
 The dark remembrances, the altered guise,
 Awhile o'erpowered her? From the weeper's touch
 She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much
 For that all-humbled one; its mortal stroke
 Came down like lightning, and her full heart broke
 At once in silence. Heavily and prone
 She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold stone
 Those long fair tresses—*they* still brightly wore
 Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more—
 Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty rolled,
 And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.

Her child bent o'er her—called her: 'twas too late—
 Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate!
 The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—
 How didst thou fall, O bright-haired Ermengarde!



THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES

"O good old man ! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times."—*As you Like It*.

FALLEN was the house of Giafar ; and its name,
The high romantic name of Barmecide,
A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
By the swift 'Tigris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
Had so passed sentence : but man's chainless heart
Hides that within its depths which never yet
The oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate
Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased ;
The lights, the perfumes, and the genii tales
Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
Was there—the fountain's ; through those eastern courts,
Over the broken marble and the grass,
Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice ! An aged man,
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
His silvery hair, came day by day, and sate
On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,
A tone that shook them with its answering thrill,
To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
He told that sad yet stately solitude,
Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,
Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,
By song or high recital of their deeds,
Bright solemn shadows of its vanished race
To people their own halls : with these alone,
In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts
Held still unbroken converse. He had been
Reared in this lordly dwelling, and was now
The ivy of its ruins, unto which
His fading life seemed bound. Day rolled on day,
And from that scene the loneliness was fled ;
For crowds around the grey-haired chronicler
Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
Fear with deep feeling strives ; till, as a breeze
Wanders through forest branches, and is met
By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
The spirit of his passionate lament,
As through their stricken souls it passed, awoke
One echoing murmur.—But this might not be
Under a despot's rule, and, summoned thence,
The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne :
Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,
And with his white lips rigidly compressed ;
Till, in submissive tones, he asked to speak
Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
Was it to sue for grace ? His burning heart
Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,

And he was changed!—and thus, in rapid words,
The o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way:—

“And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,
With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave?
What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land?
I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band!

“My chiefs! my chiefs! the old man comes that in your halls was nursed—
That followed you to many a fight, where flashed your sabres first—
That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart:—
Oh! must the music of that name with him from earth depart?

“It shall not be! A thousand tongues, though human voice were still,
With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill;
The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wandering seeds are sown,
And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.

“For it is not as a flower whose scent with the drooping leaves expires,
And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires—
It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the sword,
It hath left upon our desert sands a light in blessings poured.

“The founts, the many gushing founts which to the wild ye gave,
Of you, my chiefs! shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave;
And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's way,
Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

“The very walls your bounty reared for the stranger's homeless head,
Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead!
Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cittern rung,
And the serpent in your palaces lie coiled amidst its young.

“It is enough! Mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees—
I leave your name in lofty faith to the skies and to the breeze!
I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair,
And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs! are there.”

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
O'er Haroun's eyes had gathered, and a thought—
Oh! many a sudden and remorseful thought—
Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyred race,
O'erflowed his softening heart.—“Live! live!” he cried,
“Thou faithful unto death! Live on, and still
Speak of thy lords—they *were* a princely band!”

THE SPANISH CHAPEL *

“Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's early morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.”—MOORE.

I MADE a mountain brook my guide
Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wandered on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance;

* Suggested by a scene beautifully described in the *Recollections of the Peninsula*.

A dim and deeply bosomed grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest bee.

The darkness of the chestnut-bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below
Checked its exulting play;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom and whispery sound,
Not to be told, but felt;

While sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,
And there a sight—how strangely sweet!—
My steps in wonder bound.

For, on a brilliant bed of flowers,
E'en at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep?—oh! ne'er on childhood's eye
And silken lashes pressed,

Did the warm *living* slumber lie
With such a weight of rest!

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheeks' pure marble dyed—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped—the smooth round arm was chill,
'The soft lips' breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely child was dead!

"Alas!" I cried, "fair faded thing!
'Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a woe, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years!"

But then a voice came sweet and low—
I turned, and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadowed image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

"Stranger! thou pitiest me," she said,
With lips that faintly smiled,
"As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

"But know, the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to heaven!"

THE KAISER'S FEAST

[Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the Empire in the twelfth century, that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany; and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—Miss Benger's *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*.]

"Kaiser feasted in his hall—
The red wine mantled high;
Banner, were trembling on the wall
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's
flame, [crowned,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly from that rich board
Why rose the wassail band?
The strings were hushed—the knights
made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood ;
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face
Flushed the proud warrior-blood :
And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he
cried ;
"Wherefore this mourning vest ;
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest?"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son !
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one !
Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
Thy brother's children see !

"And where is he, thy brother—where?
He in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew !
How would his arms thy neck entwine,
His fond lips press thy brow !
My son ! oh, call these orphans thine !—
Thou hast no brother now !

"What ! from their gentle eyes doth
nought
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers ?

Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When reared together there ; [flew—
Through the old woods like fawns ye.
Where is thy brother—where?

"Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen !
How is it that such things can be
As though they ne'er had been ?
Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave !
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offered to the grave.

"And let them, let them there be poured !
Though all unfelt below—
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
Shall soften as they flow.
Oh ! death is mighty to make peace ;
Now bid his work be done !
So many an inward strife shall cease—
Take, take these babes, my son !"

His eye was dimmed—the strong man
shook
With feelings long suppressed ;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strained them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight ;
And eyes were wet 'midst the brave that
met
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

TASSO AND HIS SISTER

[*"Devant vous est Sorrente ; là demeurait la sœur de Tasse, quand ils vint en pèlerin demander à cette obscure amie, un asile contre l'injustice des princes. — Ses longues douleurs avaient presque égaré sa raison ; il ne lui restait plus que du génie."*—*Corinne*.]

SHE sat where on each wind that sighed
The citron's breath went by ;
While the deep gold of eventide
Burned in the Italian sky.
Her bower was one where daylight's
close

Full oft sweet laughter found,
As thence the voice of childhood rose
To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful, at her knee,
Her children stood that hour,
Their bursts of song and dancing glee
Hushed as by words of power.

With bright, fixed, wondering eyes that
gazed
Up to their mother's face ;
With brows through parting ringlets.
They stood in silent grace. [raised,,

While she—yet something o'er her look
Of mournfulness was spread—
Forth from a poet's magic book
The glorious numbers read ;
The proud, undying lay, which poured
Its light on evil years ;
His of the gifted Pen and Sword,*
The triumph and the tears.

* It is scarcely necessary to recall the well-known Italian saying, that Tasso with his sword and pen was superior to all men.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
Which Venice once might hear
Sung on her glittering seas at night,
By many a gondolier ;
Of him she read, who broke the charm
That wrapt the myrtle grove ;
Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,
That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page
glowed,
Young holy hearts were stirred ;
And the meek tears of woman flowed
Fast o'er each burning word.
And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf
Came sweet each pause between ;
When a strange voice of sudden grief
Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turned—a way-worn man
In pilgrim garb stood nigh,
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
Of proud yet mournful eye.
But drops that would not stay for pride,
From that dark eye gushed free,
As, pressing his pale brow, he cried,
“Forgotten! e'en by thee!

“Am I so changed?—and yet we two
Oft hand in hand have played—
This brow hath been all bathed in dew,
From wreaths which thou hast made.
We have knelt down and said one prayer
And sung one vesper strain—
My thoughts are dim with clouds of care—
Tell me those words again!

“Life hath been heavy on my head ;
I come a stricken deer,
Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled
To bleed in stillness here.”—
She gazed—till thoughts that long had
slept,
Shook all her thrilling frame—
She fell upon his neck, and wept,
And breathed her brother's name.

Her *brother's* name!—and who was he,
The weary one, th' unknown,
That came, the bitter world to flee,
A stranger to his own?—
He was the bard of gifts divine,
To sway the hearts of men ;
He of the song for Salem's shrine,
He of the Sword and Pen!

ULLA ; OR, THE ADJURATION

“Yet speak to me! I have outwatched the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness. Speak to me!
This once—once more!”—*Manfred*.

“THOU'RT gone!—thou'rt slumbering low
With the sounding seas above thee:
It is but a restless woe,
But a haunting dream to love thee!

Thrice the glad swan has sung
To greet the spring-time hours,
Since thine oar at parting flung
The white spray up in show'ers.

There's a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and round thy home ;
Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou'rt surely of them—come!

'Twas Ulla's voice! Alone she stood
In the Iceland summer night,
Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,
From a dark rock's beetling height.

The storm sweeps o'er thy head,
But the depths are hushed around thee.

“I know thou hast thy bed [thee ;
Where the sea-weed's coil hath bound

What wind shall point the way
To the chambers where thou'rt lying?
Come to me thence, and say
If thou thought'st on me in dying?

I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless lip and cheek :
Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou'rt surely of them—speak!

She listened—'twas the wind's low moan,
 'Twas the ripple of the wave,
 'Twas the waking osprey's cry alone,
 As it started from its cave.

"I know each fearful spell
 Of the ancient Runic lay,
 By the might of woman's tears, by the passion of her sighs,
 Come to me from the ocean's dead!—by the vows we pledged—arise!"

Again she gazed with an eager glance,
 Wandering and wildly bright!—
 She saw but the sparkling waters dance
 To the arrowy northern light.

"By the slow and struggling death
 Of hope that loathed to part,
 By the fierce and withering breath
 Of despair on youth's high heart—
 By the weight of gloom which clings
 To the mantle of the night,
 By the heavy dawn which brings
 Nought lovely to the sight—
 By all that from my weary soul thou hast wrung of grief and fear,
 Come to me from the ocean's dead! Awake, arise, appear!"

Was it her yearning spirit's dream?
 Or did a pale form rise,
 And o'er the hushed wave glide and gleam,
 With bright, still, mournful eyes?

"Have the depths heard? They have!
 My voice prevails—thou'rt there,
 Where the long-lost things lie hid, where the bright ones have their home,
 We will sleep among the ocean's dead. Stay for me, stay!—I come!"

There was a sullen plunge below,
 A flashing on the main;
 And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's
 Shut, and grew still again. [woe—

TO WORDSWORTH

TIME is a strain to read among the hills,
 The old and full of voices,—by the source
 Of some free stream, whose gladdening
 presence fills

The solitude with sound; for in its course
 Even such is thy deep song, that seems a
 part heart.

Of those high scenes, a fountain from their
 Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
 'To the still breast in sunny garden
 bowers, [awaken,

Where vernal winds each tree's low tones
 And bud and bell with changes mark
 the hours. [the day

There let thy thoughts be with me, while
 Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
 When night hath hushed the woods, with
 all their birds, [were sweet

There, from some gentle voice, that lay
 As antique music, linked with household
 words;

O

While in pleased murmurs woman's lip
 might move,
 And the raised eye of childhood shine in
 love.

Or, where the shadows of dark solemn
 yews [ground,
 Brood silently o'er some lone burial-
 Thy verse hath power that brightly might
 diffuse

A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around;
 From its own glow of hope and courage
 high,

And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.
 True bard and holy!—thou art e'en as one
 Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
 In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
 Sees where the springs of living waters
 lie;

Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touched by
 thee,
 Bright healthful waves flow forth, to each
 glad wanderer free.

A MONARCH'S DEATHBED

[The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called John the Parricide, was left to die by the wayside, and only supported in his last moments by a female peasant, who happened to be passing.]

A MONARCH on his deathbed lay
Did censers waft perfume,
And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,
Through his proud chamber's gloom?
He lay upon a greensward bed,
Beneath a darkening sky—
A lone tree waving o'er his head,
A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fallen as warriors fall,
Where spear strikes fire with spear?
Was there a banner for his pall,
A buckler for his bier?
Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms
Had strewn the bloody sod,
Where he, the helpless lord of realms,
Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends with words of cheer
And princely vassals nigh?
And priests, the crucifix to rear
Before the glazing eye?
A peasant girl that royal head
Upon her bosom laid,
And, shrinking not for woman's dread,
The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat: from hill and wood
Red sank the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood—
Treason its worst had done.
With her long hair she vainly pressed
The wounds, to stanch their tide—
Unknown, on that meek humble breast,
Imperial Albert died!

TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER

"Umile in tanta gloria."—PETRARCH.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light from this world taken, while it shone
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
How shall our grief, if mournful these
things be,
Flow forth, O thou of many gifts! for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us
heard?
And that deep soul of gentleness and

Have we not felt its breath in every word
Wont from thy lips as Hermon's dew to
shower?
Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts
Of heaven they were, and thither have
returned.

How shall we mourn thee? With a lofty
trust,
Our life's immortal birthright [above!
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the
just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a
glance of love,
And yet can weep!—for nature thus de-
The friend that leaves us, though for
happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture, be allowed!
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
Not to decay, but unto death hast bowed,
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had
won.

Praise! for yet one more name with power
endowed
To cheer and guide us, onward as we
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from
the dead
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led!

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

LOWLY upon his bier
The royal conqueror lay,
Baron and chief stood near—
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle,
Crowds mutely gazing streamed,
Altar and tomb, the while,
Through mists of incense gleamed:

And by the torches' blaze
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him with the sound
Of requiems to repose,
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose:—

"Forbear, forbear!" it cried,
 "In the holiest name forbear!
 He hath conquered regions wide,
 But he shall not slumber *there*."

"By the violated hearth
 Which made way for yon proud shrine,
 He hath harvested which this earth
 Hath borne to me and mine;

"By the home even here o'erthrown,
 On my brethren's native spot,—
 Hence! with his dark renown
 Cumber our birthplace not!

"Will my sire's unransomed field
 O'er which your censers wave,
 To the buried spoiler yield
 Soft slumber in the grave?

"The tree before him fell
 Which we cherished many a year,
 But its deep root yet shall swell
 And heave against his bier."

"The land that I have tilled
 Hath yet its brooding breast
 With my home's white ashes filled—
 And it shall not give him rest."

"Each pillar's massy bed
 Hath been wet by weeping eyes,—
 Away! bestow your dead
 Where no wrong against him cries!"

Shame glowed on each dark face
 Of those proud and steel-girt men,
 And they bought with gold a place
 For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him
 Whose banner flew so far!
 And a peasant's tale could dim
 The name, a nation's star!

One deep voice thus arose
 From a heart which wrongs had
 riven—
 Oh! who shall number those
 That were but heard in Heaven?*

* For the particulars of this and other scarcely less remarkable circumstances which attended the obsequies of William the Conqueror, see Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, vol. iv. p. 480.

THE ADOPTED CHILD

"WHY wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child? [wild,

Thy home on the mountain is bleak and
 A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
 Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
 Where many an image of marble gleams,
 And the sunshine of picture for ever
 streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers
 play, [summer-day,
 Through the long bright hours of the
 They find the red cup-moss where they
 climb, [thyme;
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented
 And the rocks where the heath-flower
 blooms they know—
 Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
 Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest
 well;
 Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
 Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
 And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
 Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains
 heard."

"My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
 A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
 She sings it under our own green tree,
 To the babe half-slumbering on her knee:
 I dreamt last night of that music low—
 Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to
 rest,
 She hath taken the babe on her quiet
 breast;
 Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy,
 no more;
 Nor hear her song at the cabin door.—
 Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
 And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest
 dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home
 away?
 —But I know that my brothers are there
 at play, [bell,
 I know they are gathering the foxglove's
 Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling
 well,
 Or they launch their boats where the bright
 streams flow—
 Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers
 now, [brow,
 They sport no more on the mountain's
 They have left the fern by the spring's
 green side, [tried.—
 And the streams where the fairy barks were
 Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
 For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny
 hill?— [still,
 But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it
 And the red-deer bound in their gladness
 free,
 And the turf is bent by the singing bee,
 And the waters leap, and the fresh winds
 blow—
 Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

THE DEPARTED

"Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre."—BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way
 To the spirit's distant shore?
 Earth's mightiest men, in armed array,
 Are thither gone before.

The warrior kings, whose banner
 Flew far as eagles fly, [not,
 They are gone where swords avail them
 From the feast of victory.

And the seers, who sat of yore
 By orient palm or wave, [lore—
 They have passed with all their starry
 Can ye still fear the grave?—

We fear, we fear!—the sunshine
 Is joyous to behold,
 And we reck not of the buried kings,
 Or the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink!—the bards whose lays
 Have made your deep hearts burn,
 They have left the sun, and the voice of
 praise,
 For the land whence none return:

And the beautiful, whose record
 Is the verse that cannot die,
 They too are gone with their glorious
 bloom,
 From the gaze of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
 Of the earth's departed flowers,
 And the masters of the mighty song
 In their far and fadeless bowers?

Those songs are high and holy,
 But they vanquish not our fear;
 Not from *our* path those flowers are gone—
 We fain would linger here!

Linger then yet awhile,
 —As the last leaves on the bough!
 Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile
 That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
 In your walks, that now are still;
 There are seats left void in your earthly
 homes,
 Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more, [heart!
 That made spring-time in your
 Kindred and friends are gone before,—
 And ye still fear to part?—

We fear not now, we fear not!
 Though the way through darkness
 bends;
 Our souls are strong to follow *them*,
 Our own familiar friends!

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE

"I come
 To this sweet place for quiet.
 Every tree
 And bush and fragrant flower and hilly path
 And thymy mound that flings into the wind
 Its morning incense is my friend."

BARRY CORNWALL

THERE were thick leaves above me and
 around, [hood's sleep,
 And low sweet sighs, like those of child-
 Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
 As of soft showers on water—dark and
 deep
 Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still,
 They seemed but pictured gloom—a
 hidden rill,
 Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
 Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam
 Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm
 shed, [boughs down,
 Came pouring through the woven beech-
 And steeped the magic page wherein I read
 Of roval chivalry and old renown,

A tale of Palestine.*—Meanwhile the bee
Swept past me with a tone of summer hours
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of
flowers, [free,
Blue skies, and amber sunshine; brightly
On filmy wings the purple dragon-fly
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by!
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.

But ere long,
All sense of these things faded, as the spell,
Breathing from that high gorgeous tale,
grew strong, [I heard;—
On my chained soul—'twas not the leaves
A Syrian wind the lion-banner stirred,
Through its proud floating folds—'twas
not the brook,
Singing in secret through its grassy glen—
A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
Pealed from the desert's lonely heart, and
shook [are high,
The burning air.—Like clouds when winds
O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,
And tents rose up, and sudden lance and
spear [lay clear,
Flash'd where a fountain's diamond wave
Shadowed by graceful palm-trees.—Then
the shout
Of merry England's joy swelled freely out,
Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose
glorious hue [blue;
Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of
And harps were there—I heard their sound-
ing strings,
As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.
The bright masque faded—unto life's worn
track [back?—
What called me, from its flood of glory,
A voice of happy childhood!—and they
passed, [blast—
Banner, and harp, and Paynim trumpet's
Yet might I scarce bewail the vision gone,
My heart so leapt to that sweet laughter's
tone.

THE INVOCATION

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF A SISTER-
IN-LAW

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
As a swift breeze hath flown?—

And the stars answered me—"We roll
In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die!"

Oh! many-toned and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?—
And the wind murmured in reply—
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?— [part,
The bright clouds answered—"We de-
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in the heart
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then, thou voice of God within!
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me, through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?—
And the voice answered—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* task fulfil,
Thine is to trust to Heaven!"

THE DEATH-DAY OF KORNER

A SONG for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high—
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die.

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrilled to the name of his God alone,
And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow, [met
Like a southern stream that no frost hath
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride.

* "The Talisman."—*Tales of the Crusaders.*

He hath left a voice in his trumpet lays
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after-days,
Like a watch-fire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
'Midst all high thought;
And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride!

A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND

"His very heart athirst

To gaze at Nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands possessed
With visions prompted by intense desire;
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find:
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more."

COWPER.

THE hollow dash of waves!—the ceaseless
roar!—

Silence, ye billows!—vex my soul no more.
There's a spring in the woods by my
sunny home,

Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam;
Oh! the fall of that fountain is sweet to
hear, [ear!

As a song from the shore to the sailor's
And the sparkle which up to the sun it
throws

Through the feathery fern and the olive
boughs,

And the gleam on its path as it steals away
Into deeper shades from the sultry day,
And the large water-lilies that o'er its bed
Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread,
They haunt me! I dream of that bright
spring's flow,

I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe!

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clanging
cry,
My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound
Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut
round?

Know ye it, brethren! where bowered it
lies

Under the purple of southern skies?
With the streamy gold of the sun that
shines

In through the cloud of its clustering vines,
And the summer breath of the myrtle
flowers,

Borne from the mountain in dewy hours,
And the fire-fly's glance through the dark-
ening shades,

Like shooting stars in the forest glades,
And the scent of the citron at eve's dim
fall— [all?

Speak! have ye known, have ye felt them

The heavy rolling surge! the rocking
mast!— [thou blast,
Hush! give my dream's deep music way,

Oh, the glad sounds of the joyous earth!
The notes of the singing cicada's mirth,
The murmurs that live in the mountain
pines,

The sighing of reeds as the day declines,
The wings flitting home through the crim-
son glow

That steeps the wood when the sun is low,
The voice of the night-bird that seeds a
thrill

To the heart of the leaves when the winds
are still—

I hear them!—around me they rise, they
swell, [dwell—

They call back my spirit with Hope to
They come with a breath from the fresh
spring-time,

And waken my youth in its hour of prime.

The white foam dashes high—away, away!
Shroud my green land no more thou
blinding spray!

It is there!—down the mountains I see the
sweep

Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep,
With the burden and glory of flowers that
they bear

Floating upborne on the blue summer air,
And the light pouring through them in
tender gleams, [streams!

And the flashing forth of a thousand
Hold me not, brethren! I go, I go

To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles
blow,

To the depths of the woods, where the
shadows rest, [breast,

Massy and still, on the greensward's

To the rocks that resound with the water:
play— [way]
I hear the sweet laugh of my fount—give

Give way!—the booming surge, the tem-
pest's roar, [more.
The sea-bird's wail shall vex my soul no

THE EFFIGIES

"Der rasche kampf verewigt einen Mann :
Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied.
Allein die Thränen, die unendlichen
Der überbliebenen, der verlass'nen Frau,
Zählt keine Nachwelt."—ГОТТИЕ.

WARRIOR ! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the stained window shed ;
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,
Flung out o'er many a fight ;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight ;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine ;
A haughty heart and a kingly glance—
Chief ! were not these things thine ?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council board ;
In festal halls a chair of state,
When the blood-red wine was poured ;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard :
Surely these things were all thine own—
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman ! whose sculptured form at rest
By the armed knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er a breast
In matron robes arrayed ;
What was *thy* tale?—O gentle mate
Of him, the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of *thee* ?

He wooed a bright and burning star—
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that followed far
His fast-receding plume ;

The heart-sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze ;
The pang—but when did *Fame* take heed
Of griefs obscure as *these* ?

Thy silent and secluded hours
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er thy brodered flowers,
With spirit far away ;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains ;
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine !—long years
With tasks unguerdoned fraught—
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought ;
Prayer at the cross in fervour poured,
Alms to the pilgrim given—
Oh ! happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven !

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
Those populous borders—wide the world
recedes, [filled ;
And towns shoot up and fertile realms are
The land is full of harvests and green meads."
BRYANT.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,— [gloom
They shook the depths of the desert's
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free.



The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam
 And the rocking pines of the forest
 roared—
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair,
 Amidst that pilgrim-band—
 Why had they come to wither there
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained what there they
 found—
 Freedom to worship God !

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES

"And slight, withal, may be the things which
 bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would
 fling
 Aside for ever ;—it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
 A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may
 wound—
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
 darkly bound."—*Childe Harold*.

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds
 to waken [shore ;
 Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the
 And dim remembrances, whose hue seems
 taken [no more ;
 From some bright former state, our own
 Is not this all a mystery? Who shall say
 Whence are those thoughts, and whither
 tends their way?

The sudden images of vanished things
 That o'er the spirit flash, we know not
 why ;
 Tones from some broken harp's deserted
 strings, [gone by ;
 Warm sunset hues of summers long
 A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
 A flower-scent floating past our parents'
 door ;

A word—scarcely noted in its hour perchance,
 Yet back returning with a plaintive tone ;
 A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
 Full of sweet meanings now from this
 world flown ;
 Are not these mysteries when to life they
 start, [heart?
 And press vain tears in gushes from the
 And the far wanderings of the soul in
 dreams, [dead,
 Calling up shrouded faces from the
 And with them bringing soft or solemn
 gleams,
 Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread ;
 And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—
 These are night's mysteries—who shall
 make them clear?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
 That oftentimes whispers to the haunted
 breast, [still,
 In a low tone which nought can drown or
 'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest ;
 Whence doth that murmur wake, that
 shadow fall? [all!
 Why shakes the spirit thus?—'Tis mystery

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
 Happily of viewless worlds, and know it
 not ;
 Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we think
 Are those whom death has parted from
 our lot ! [made—
 Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are
 Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed !

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to
 feel [mind ;
 Her way amidst these marvels of the
 Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal
 The immortal being with ours entwined !
 So let us deem ! and e'en the tears they
 Shall then be blest, for that high nature's
 sake.

THE PALM-TREE*

It waved not through an eastern sky,
 Beside a fount of Araby ;
 It was not fanned by southern breeze
 In some green isle of Indian seas ;
 Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
 O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

* This incident is, I think, recorded by De
 Lille, in his poem of *Les Jardins*.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there! The willow
streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed,
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers,
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colour flung ;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song :
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms.
He passed the pale-green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke—
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Ay, to his ear, that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar—
The conch-note heard along the shore ;
All through his wakening bosom swept—
He clasped his country's tree, and wept !

Oh! scorn him not! The strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gushed that childlike
tear!

THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF CHANTREY'S

THOU sleepest—but when wilt thou wake,
fair child?
When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?
When the lark's wing mounts with the
breeze of morn?
When the first rich breath of the rose is
born?—
Lovely thou sleepest! yet something lies
Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed eyes;
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see—
When will the hour of thy rising be?

Not when the fawn wakes—not when the
lark [dark.
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats
Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet
The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale
brow yet;
Love with sad kisses unfelt hath pressed
Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet breast;
And the glad Spring, calling out bird and
bee, [thee.
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child! but

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one!—that
thou shouldst die,
And life be left to the butterfly! *
Thou'rt gone as a dewdrop is swept from
the bough :
Oh! for the world where thy home is now!
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts here ;
How should e'en joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust! when we look on thee?

THE SUNBEAM

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like
thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean
smiles— [isles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery
foam, [home.
And gladdened the sailor, like words from

* A butterfly, as if resting on a flower, is
sculptured on the monument.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green
arcades, [thy glow
And the quivering leaves that have caught
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of *thee* on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright
spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not, from thy pomp to
shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle
thy way, [day,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to—
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies
old,
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest
grave, [wave;
Where a flower to the sighing winds may
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams
of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee, to mortals given,—
The faith, touching all things with hues of
Heaven.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING

"Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs;
—bring back
The love that I have lost!"

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices
in the woods, [been mute:
And reed-like echoes, that have long
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's view-
less flute, [ness or glee,
Whose tone seems breathing mournful—
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the
joyous leaves, [and glade,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse
Where each young spray a rosy flush re-
ceives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the
whispery shade, [grass,
And happy murmurs, running through the
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy
call, [their sleep!
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams
betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of
flowers! [free,
Thou from the dust hast set that glory
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny
hours,
And penciling the wood anemone:
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glow with mute poetry.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O
Spring! [and sighs?
The human heart, with all its dreams
Thou that givest back so many a buried
thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er
thou art—
What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! We know
not well
Wherefore it should be ~~thus~~, yet roused
by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the
soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in the wind's low
tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall
meet, [door,
Past words of welcome to our household
And vanished smiles, and sounds of
parted feet— [ing trees,
Spring! 'midst the murmurs of thy flower-
Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come
they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and
living blooms?
Ch! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the
tombs? [air,
Yes, gentle Spring! no sorrow dims thine
Breathed by our loved ones *there*!

THE ILLUMINATED CITY

THE hills all glowed with a festive light,
For the royal city rejoiced by night:
There were lamps hung forth upon tower
and tree,

Banners were lifted and streaming free;
Every tall pillar was wreathed with fire;
Like a shooting meteor was every spire;
And the outline of many a dome on high
Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark
sky.

I passed through the streets. There were
throng on throngs— [songs;
Like sounds of the deep were their mingled
There was music forth from each palace
borne—

A zeal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn;
The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
The hamlets woke to its haughty clang;
Rich and victorious was every tone,
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the
slain?

Thousands lie dead on their battle-plain!
Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
Grief in the homes they have left must
dwell.

Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,
And bowing the beauty of woman's head!
Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one
tender moan [gone?

For the many brave to their slumbers

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
Too strong, perchance, was the bright
lamp's glare!

I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous
crowd—

The music of victory was all too loud!
Mighty it ruled on the winds afar,
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car—
Through torches and streamers its flood
swept by:

How could I listen for moan or sigh?

Turn then away from life's pageants—
turn,

If its deep story thy heart would learn!
Ever too bright is that outward show,
Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe.
But lift the proud mantle which hides from
thy view [and true:
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad
Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal:—
So must thy spirit be taught to feel!

THE SPELLS OF HOME

"There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.

BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood
played, [eye
By the household tree through which thine
First looked in love to the summer sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh, guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lulled thee into many a dream,
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement
eaves,

By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household
mirth,

By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told,
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind "Good-
night!"

By the smiling eye, and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride, would
 stray [away—
 From the pure first-loves of its youth
 When the sully breath of the world
 would come
 O'er the flowers it brought from its child-
 hood's home—
 Think thou again of the woody glade,
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made—
 Think of the tree at thy father's door,
 And the kindly spell shall have power
 once more!

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG

"Roma, Roma, Roma!
 Non è piu come era prima."

ROME, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!
 On thy seven hills of yore
 Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
 Purpling the street,
 Leaders and sceptred men
 Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
 As gods were seen—
 Rome, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
 Never shall rise;
 What hast thou left thee now?—
 Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
 Gloriously bright!
 Veiling thy wastes afar
 With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
 Rome! for thy dower,
 Flushing tall cypress-bough,
 Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,
 Lovely to hear,
 While night o'er tomb and shrine
 Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
 By starlight sung,
 Sweeps through the arches dim,
 Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
 On thy soft air,
 Lingers and loves to dwell
 With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift
 Of sudden song—
 A charmed fountain, swift,
 Joyous and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
 With queenly tread;
 Thou hast proud fanes above
 Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
 A mournful mien:—
 Rome, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!

THE DISTANT SHIP

THE sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's breast
 Shoots like a glancing star,
 While the red radiance of the west
 Spreads kindling fast and far;
 And yet that splendour wins thee not—
 Thy still and thoughtful eye
 Dwells but on one dark distant spot
 Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee! O'er the slumbering
 deep
 A solemn glory broods;
 A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
 And all the golden woods;
 A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
 Burn with the amber light!—
 What spell from that rich pageantry
 Chains down thy gazing sight?

A softening thought of human cares,
 A feeling linked to earth!
 Is not yon speck a bark which bears
 The loved of many a hearth?
 Oh! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear,
 Crowd her frail world even now,
 And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
 Follow her venturesous prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
 The glittering seas below;
 But we are bound by cords of love
 To kindred weal and woe.
 Therefore, amidst this wide array
 Of glorious things and fair,
 My soul is on that bark's lone way—
 For human hearts are there.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of
spring?—

"We come from the shores of the green
old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon
smile,
From the palms that wave through the
Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities in song re-
nowned—
Silent they lie with the deserts round!
We have crossed proud rivers whose tide
hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regained its
home, [dome."
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's

And what have ye found in the monarch's
dome, [foam?—
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's
"We have found a change, we have found
a pall, [hall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops
spilt— [built!"
Nought looks the same, save the nest we

O joyous birds! it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest
go! [deep,
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep:
Say what have ye found in the peasant's
cot, [spot?—
Since last ye parted from that sweet

"A change we have found there—and
many a change!
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of
care, [played—
And the place is hushed where the children
Nought looks the same, save the nest we
made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So may we reach our bright home at last!

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;—
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow:
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth!—
Alas, for love! if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth!

MOZART'S REQUIEM

[A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate, and the nervous anxiety with which he laboured to fulfil the task had the effect of realising his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.]

"These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion."

Prophecy of Dante.

A REQUIEM!—and for whom?
 For beauty in its bloom?
 For valour fallen—a broken rose or sword?
 A dirge for king or chief,
 With pomp of stately grief,
 Banner, and torch, and waving plume
 deplored?

Not so—it is not so!
 The warning voice I know, [tone;
 From other worlds a strange mysterious
 A solemn funeral air
 It called me to prepare, [own!
 And my heart answered secretly—my

One more then, one more strain,
 In links of joy and pain,
 Mighty the troubled spirit to enthrall!
 And let me breathe my dower
 Of passion and of power
 Full into that deep lay—the last of all!

The last!—and I must go
 From this bright world below,
 'This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet
 sound!

Must leave its festal skies,
 With all their melodies,
 That ever in my breast glad echoes found!

Yet have I known it long:
 Too restless and too strong,
 Within this clay hath been the o'er-master-
 ing flame;
 Swift thoughts, that came and went,
 Like torrents o'er me sent,
 Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
 Which none may stay or bind,
 'The beautiful comes floating through my
 soul;
 I strive with yearnings vain
 The spirit to detain
 Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!

Therefore disturbing dreams
 Trouble the secret streams [breast;
 And founts of music that o'erflow my
 Something far more divine
 Than may on earth be mine, [rest.
 Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me

Shall I then fear the tone [known?—
 That breathes from worlds un-
 Surely these feverish aspirations there
 Shall grasp their full desire,
 And this unsettled fire
 Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

One more then, one more strain;
 To earthly joy and pain
 A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell!
 I pour each fervent thought,
 With fear, hope, trembling, fraught,
 Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

THE IMAGE IN LAVA *

THOU thing of years departed!
 What ages have gone by
 Since here the mournful seal was set
 By love and agony.

Temple and tower have mouldered,
 Empires from earth have passed,
 And woman's heart hath left a trace
 Those glories to outlast!

And childhood's fragile image,
 Thus fearfully enshrined,
 Survives the proud memorials reared
 By conquerors of mankind.

Babe! wert thou brightly slumbering
 Upon thy mother's breast,
 When suddenly the fiery tomb
 Shut round each gentle guest?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
 Fair babe and loving heart!
 One moment of a thousand pangs—
 Yet better than to part!

Haply of that fond bosom
 On ashes here impressed,
 Thou wert the only treasure, child!
 Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished
 Its other love had been,
 And where it trusted, nought remained
 But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,
 Thy form within its clasp,
 Than live and lose thee, precious one!
 From that impassioned grasp.

Oh! I could pass all relics
 Left by the pomps of old,
 To gaze on this rude monument
 Cast in affection's mould.

* The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.

Love ! human love ! what art thou ?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown,
Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, oh ! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it *must* be so !

CHRISTMAS CAROL

- O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth !
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth" ?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky !
- O clear and shining light ! whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams
And on the shepherds' head ;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining light !
- O star ! which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free ;
Where art thou ?—Midst the hosts above
May we still gaze on thee ?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim—
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him !

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken seemed,
Still, but with nought of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touched the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there !
But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye ;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of immortality !
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of quenchless faith survives :
While every feature said—"I know
That my Redeemer lives !"

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt ?
O ! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt !

THE MEETING OF THE BROTHERS *

... "His early days
Were with him in his heart."—WORDSWORTH.

THE voices of two forest boys,
In years when hearts entwine,
Had filled with childhood's merry noise
A valley of the Rhine : [known,
To rock and stream that sound was
Gladsome as hunter's bugle-tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes,
There had each vineyard seen ;
Up every cliff whence eagles rise,
Their bounding step had been :
Ay ! their bright youth a glory threw
O'er the wild place wherein they grew.

But this, as day-spring's flush, was brief
As early bloom or dew ;
Alas ! 'tis but the withered leaf
That wears the enduring hue !
Those rocks along the Rhine's fair shore
Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they stood,
And heard life's thrilling call,
As if a silver clarion wooed
To some high festival ;
And parted as young brothers part,
With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted. Soon the paths divide
Wherein our steps were one,
Like river-branches, far and wide,
Dissevering as they run ;

* For the tale on which this little poem is founded, see *L'Hermite en Italie*.

And making strangers in their course,
Of waves that had the same bright source.

Met they no more? Once more they met,
Those kindred hearts and true!
'Twas on a field of death, where yet
The battle-thunders flew,
Though the fierce day was well-nigh past,
And the red sunset smiled its last.

But as the combat closed, they found
For tender thoughts a space,
And e'en upon that bloody ground
Room for one bright embrace,
And poured forth on each other's neck
Such tears as warriors need not check.

The mists o'er boyhood's memory spread
All melted with those tears,
The faces of the holy dead
Rose as in vanished years;
The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever-blest,
Lifted its voice in each full breast!

Oh! was it *then* a time to die?
It was!—that not in vain
The soul of childhood's purity
And peace might turn again.
A ball swept forth—'twas guided well—
Heart unto heart those brothers fell!

Happy, yes, happy thus to go!
Bearing from earth away
Affections, gifted ne'er to know
A shadow—a decay—
A passing touch of change or chill,
A breath of aught whose breath can kill.

And they, between whose severed souls,
Once in close union tied,
A gulf is set, a current rolls
For ever to divide;
Well may *they* envy such a lot,
Whose hearts yearn on—but mingle not.

THE LAST WISH

"Well may I weep to leave this world—these
—all these beautiful woods, and plains, and
hills."—*Lights and Shadows.*

Go to the forest shade,
Seek thou the well-known glade,
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets
lie,
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes, filled with sleep,
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight
sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May and of the wood's repose;
For I, in sooth, depart
With a reluctant heart, [sun glows,
That fain would linger where the bright

Fain would I stay with thee!—
Alas! this may not be; [hours!
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches, in glassy rest,
The dim green light that pours through
laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steeped in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there e'en now;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered
brow!

Then, as in Hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden to its grassy mound;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well knowest thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honeyed lime above:
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then, from the lattice low [mark,
Of the bowered cottage, which I bade thee
When by the hamlet last
Through dim wood-lanes we passed,
While dews were glancing to the glow-
worm's spark.

Haste! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair:
My hand no more may bind them up at
eve—
Yet shall their odour soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer—all that I must
leave!

And oh! if thou wouldst ask
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to
trace—

'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh! break not thou the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the fountain-side;
Thou must not, my beloved!
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time
died!

FAIRY FAVOURS

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart;
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round.

WOULDEST thou wear the gift of immortal
bloom?
Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the
shadowy tomb?
Drink of this cup! it is richly fraught
With balm from the gardens of Genii
brought;
Drink! and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
When the young all scattered like rose-
leaves lie.

And would not the youth of my soul be
gone,
If the loved had left me, one by one?
Take back the cup that may never bless,
The gift that would make me brotherless.
How should I live, with no kindred eye
To reflect mine immortality!

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or
spell,
Over the mighty in air that dwell?
Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and
steep
To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep?
Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming, then
Hush every voice in the homes of men?
Would not bright eyes in my presence
quail? [pale?
Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn
No gift be mine that aside would turn
The human love for whose founts I yearn.

Wouldst thou, then, read through the
hearts of those
Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose?

O x

Wear this rich gem! it is charmed to
show [glow:
When a change comes over affection's
Look on its flushing or fading hue,
And learn if the trusted be false or true!

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
Though my heart's wealth be but poured
on dust!
Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
'To dim the light of a loved one's face;
Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile—
That glory would pass could I look on
guile!

Say, then, what boon of my power shall
be, [thee?
Favoured of spirits! poured forth on
Thou scornest the treasures of wave and
mine,
Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to rest—
Answer me! how may I grace it best?

Oh! give me no sway o'er the powers un-
seen, [lean!
But a human heart where my own may
A friend, one tender and faithful friend,
Whose thoughts' free current with mine
may blend;
And, leaving not either on earth alone,
Bid the bright, calm close of our lives be
one!

THE BRIDAL DAY

[On a monument in a Venetian church is an
epitaph, recording that the remains beneath
are those of a noble lady, who expired suddenly
while standing as a bride at the altar.]

"We bear her home! we bear her home!
Over the murmuring salt sea's foam;
One who has fled from the war of life,
From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife."
BARRY CORNWALL.

BRIDE! upon thy marriage-day,
When thy gems in rich array
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,
Mellowed all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright;
Did the fluttering of thy breath
Speak of joy or woe beneath?

And the hue that went and came
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flowed that crimson from th' unrest,
Or the gladness of thy breast?—
Who shall tell us?—from thy bower,
Brightly didst thou pass that hour;
With the many-glancing oar,
And the cheer along the shore,
And the wealth of summer flowers
On thy fair head cast in showers,
And the breath of song and flute,
And the clarion's glad salute,
Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide
Wert thou borne in pomp, young
bride!

Mirth and music, sun and sky,
Welcomed thee triumphantly!
Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering, as untold it blent
With the sounds of merriment,
"From the home of childhood's glee,
From the days of laughter free,
From the love of many years,
Thou art gone to cares and fears;
To another path and guide,
To a bosom yet untried!
Bright one! oh! there well may be
Trembling 'midst our joy for thee."

Bride! when through the stately fane
Circled with thy nuptial train,
'Midst the banners hung on high
By thy warrior-ancestry,
'Midst those mighty fathers dead,
In soft beauty thou wast led;
When before the shrine thy form
Quivered to some bosom storm,
When, like harp-strings with a sigh
Breaking in mid-harmony,
On thy lips the murmurs low
Died with love's unfinished vow;
When like scattered rose-leaves, fled
From thy cheek each tint of red,
And the light forsook thine eye,
And thy head sank heavily;
Was that drooping but th' excess
Of thy spirit's blessedness?
Or did some deep feeling's might,
Folded in thy heart from sight,
With a sudden tempest shower,
Earthward bear thy life's young flower?
—Who shall tell us?—on thy tongue
Silence, and for ever, hung!
Never to thy lip and cheek
Rushed again the crimson streak,
Never to thine eye returned
That which there had beamed and burned

With the secret none might know,
With thy rapture or thy woe,
With thy marriage-robe and wreath,
Thou wert fled, young bride of death!
One, one lightning moment there
Struck down triumph to despair,
Beauty, splendour, hope, and trust,
Into darkness—terror—dust!

There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,
Bride! as forth thy kindred bore thee,
Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,
Deaf to that wild funeral wail.
Yet perchance a chastening thought,
In some deeper spirit wrought,
Whispering, while the stern sad knell
On the air's bright stillness fell,—
"From the power of chill and change
Souls to sever and estrange;
From love's wane—a death in life
But to watch—a mortal strife;
From the secret fevers known
To the burning heart alone,
Thou art fled—afar, away—
Where these blights no more have sway!
Bright one! oh! there well may be
Comfort 'midst our tears for thee!"

THE ANCESTRAL SONG

"A long war disturbed your mind—
Here your perfect peace is signed;
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,
End your moan, and come away!"
WEBSTER, *Duchess of Malfy*.

THERE were faint sounds of weeping;
fear and gloom
And midnight vigil in a stately room
Of Lusignan's old halls;—rich odours
there
Filled the proud chamber ~~as~~ with Indian
air, [thrown]
And soft light fell, from lamps of silver
On jewels that with rainbow lustre shone
Over a gorgeous couch:—There emeralds
gleamed,
And deeper crimson from the rubystreamed
Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is set
Hiding from sunshine.—Many a carcanet,
Starry with diamonds, many a burning
chain
Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance vain,
And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath
Whose shadowy curtains, round a bed of
death, [lay,
Hung drooping solemnly;—for there one
Passing from all earth's glories fast away,

Amidst those queenly treasures. They
had been

Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim lands,
And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen
She had gazed fondly, and with faint, cold
hands

Had pressed them to her languid heart
once more,

Melting in childlike tears. But this was
o'er— [now—

Love's last vain clinging unto life; and
A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her
brow, [moved,

Her eye was fixed, her spirit seemed re-
Though not from earth, from all it knew
or loved,

Far, far away! her handmaids watched
around,

In awe, that lent to each low midnight
sound [light

A might, a mystery; and the quivering
Of wind-swayed lamps made spectral in
their sight

The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair,
Gleaming along the walls with braided
hair,

Long in the dust grown dim; and she,
too, saw,

But with the spirit's eye of raptured awe,
Those pictured shapes!—a bright, yet
solemn train, [brain,

Beckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy
Clothed in diviner hues; while on her ear
Strange voices fell, which none besides
might hear,

Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the
sigh

Of winds o'er harp-strings through a mid-
night sky; [tone,

And thus it seemed, in that low thrilling
Th' ancestral shadows called away their
own. —

Come, come, come!

Long thy fainting soul hath yearned
For the step that ne'er returned;
Long thine anxious ear hath listened,
And thy watchful eye hath glistened
With the hope, whose parting strife
Shook the flower-leaves from thy life—
Now the heavy day is done,
Home awaits thee, wearied one!

Come, come, come!

From the quenchless thoughts that burn
In the sealed heart's lonely urn;
From the coil of memory's chain
Wound about the throbbing brain;

From the veins of sorrow deep,
Winding through the world of sleep;
From the haunted halls and bowers,
Thronged with ghosts of happier hours!
Come, come, come!

On our dim and distant shore
Aching love is felt no more!
We have loved with earth's excess—
Past is now that weariness!
We have wept, that weep not now—
Calm is each once beating brow!
We have known the dreamer's woes—
All is now one bright repose!
Come, come, come!

Weary heart that long hast bled,
Languid spirit, drooping head,
Restless memory, vain regret,
Pining love whose light is set,
Come away!—'tis hushed, 'tis well,
Where by shadowy founts we dwell,
All the fever-thirst is stilled,
All the air with peace is filled,—
Come, come, come!

And with her spirit rapt in that wild lay,
She passed, as twilight melts to night,
away!

THE MAGIC GLASS

"How lived, how loved, how died they?"
BYRON.

"THE Dead! the glorious Dead!—And
shall they rise? [bright eyes?
Shall they look on thee with their proud
Thou askest a fearful spell!
Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,
What kingly vision shall obey my call?
The deep grave knows it well!

"Wouldst thou behold earth's conquerors?
shall they pass
Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass
With triumph's long array? [urn,
Speak! and those dwellers of the marble
Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,
As on their proudest day.

"Or wouldst thou look upon the lords o'
song?—
O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng
Shall waft a solemn gleam!
Passing, with lighted eyes and radiant
brows,
Under the foliage of green laurel-boughs,
But silent as a dream."

"Not these, O mighty master!--Though
 their lays [praise,
 Be unto man's, free heart, and tears, and
 Hallowed for evermore!
 And not the buried conquerors! Let them
 sleep, [keep
 And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths
 In joy, from shore to shore!

"But, if the narrow house may so be
 moved, [loved
 Call the bright shadows of the most be-
 Back from their couch of rest!
 That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be filled
 With peace, if human love hath ever stilled
 The yearning human breast."

"Away, fond youth!--An idle quest is
 thine;
These have no trophy, no memorial shrine;
 I know not of their place!
 'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,
 Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes, faint
 and low,
 Have passed, and left no trace.

"Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and
 hills,
 And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,
 Their covering turf may bloom;
 But ne'er hath Fame made relics of its
 flowers,— [bowers,
 Never hath pilgrim sought their household
 Or poet hailed their tomb."

"Adieu, then, master of the midnight
 spell!
 Some voice, perchance, by those lone
 graves may tell
 That which I pine to know!
 I haste to seek, from woods and valleys
 deep,
 Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,
 Records of joy and woe."

CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL

["Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans
 cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent
 valoir la plus obscure, vie d'une femme aimée et
 d'une mère heureuse."—MADAME DE STAEL.]

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven!
 Thou, to whom its fires are given,
 Joyously thy car hath rolled
 Where the conquerors passed of old,
 And the festal sun that shone
 O'er three hundred triumphs gone,

Makes thy day of glory bright
 With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st th' ascending road,
 Freedom's foot so proudly trode;
 While, from tombs of heroes borne,
 From the dust of empire shorn,
 Flowers upon thy graceful head,
 Chaplets of all hues, are shed,
 In a soft and rosy rain,
 Touched with many a gemlike stain.

Thou hast gained the summit now!
 Music hails thee from below;—
 Music, whose rich notes might stir
 Ashes of the sepulchre;
 Shaking with victorious notes
 All the bright air as it floats.
 Well may woman's heart beat high
 Unto that proud harmony!

Now afar it rolls—it dies—
 And thy voice is heard to rise
 With a low and lovely tone
 In its thrilling power alone;
 And thy lyre's deep silvery string,
 Touched as by a breeze's wing,
 Murmurs tremblingly at first,
 Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky
 Now hath lit thy large dark eye,
 And thy cheek a flush hath caught
 From the joy of kindled thought;
 And the burning words of song
 From thy lip flow fast and strong,
 With a rushing stream's delight
 In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun!
 Now thy living wreath is won,
 Crowned of Rome!--Oh! art thou not
 Happy in that glorious lot?—
 Happier, happier far than thou, . . .
 With the laurel on thy brow,
 She that makes the humblest hearth
 Lovely but to one on earth!

THE RUIN

"Oh! 'tis the heart that magnifies this life,
 Making a truth and beauty of its own."
 WORDSWORTH.

"Birth has gladdened it; Death has sanctified
 it."—*Guesses at Truth.*

No dower of storied song is thine,
 O desolate abode!
 Forth from thy gates no glittering line
 Of lance and spear hath flowed.

Banners of knighthood have not flung
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
Nor bugle notes to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *pleasance* here
By courtly hands been dressed,
For Princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest :
Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
'Tells where the spirit of delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of quenched light and silent board !
For me thou needest not.
It is enough to know that *here*,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,
Have linked one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells !—
A solemnising breath,
A presence all around thee dwells,
Of human life and death.
I need but pluck yon garden flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
'To wake, with strange and sudden power,
A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou
hearth !
Deserted now by all !
Voices at eve here met in mirth
Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone,
And childhood's laughing glee,
And song and prayer, have all been known,
Hearth of the dead ! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly poured
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed ;
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear
The bloom from life away—
Alas ! for love in changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay :

Here, by the restless bed of pain,
The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept :
Here hath been felt the lush, the gloom,
The breathless influence, shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein reposed the dead.

The scat left void, the missing face,
Have here been marked and mourned,
And time hath filled the vacant place,
And gladness hath returned ;
Till from the narrowing household chain
The links dropped one by one !
And homewards hither, o'er the main,
Came the spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for thought,
Fixed eye and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries
fraught,
Even lowliest hearts have bled ?
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst
The clouds that wrapt its way ?

Holy to human nature seems
The long-forsaken spot ;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot !
Therefore in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the dead ! I stand,
Where joy and sorrow, smile and tear,
Have linked one household band.

THE MINSTER

"A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality."—BYRON.

SPEAK low !—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer ;
Tread lightly !—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the
air :

Stern, yet serene !—a reconciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !—
Not for the light that pours its fervid
streams [aisle,
Of rainbow glory down through arch and
Kindling old banners into haughty
gleams, [warrior's tomb
Flushing proud shrines, or by some
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom :

Not for rich music, though in triumph
pealing, [high ;
Mighty as forest sounds when winds are
Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole, re-
vealing [pageantry :—
Through incense - mists their sainted
Though o'er the spirit each hath charm
and power,
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour

But by strong sympathies, whose silver
 chord [bound ;
 Links me to mortal weal, my soul is
 Thoughts of the human hearts that here
 have poured [around ;—
 Their anguish forth, are with me and
 I look back on the pangs, the burning
 tears,
 Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust. Re-
 [head ;
 That here hast bowed with ashes on thy
 And thou, still battling with the tempest's
 force— [time has bled—
 Thou, whose bright spirit through all
 Speak, wounded Love! if penance here,
 or prayer,
 Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair?

No voice, no breath!—of conflicts past, no
 trace!— [quest?
 Doth not this hush give answer to my
 Surely the dread religion of the place
 By every grief hath made its might con-
 fess!—
 Oh! that within my heart I could but keep,
 Holy to Heaven, a spot thus pure, and
 still, and deep!

THE SONG OF NIGHT

"Oh, night,
 And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous
 strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength."—BYRON.

I COME to thee, O Earth! [dew,
 With all my gifts!—for every flower sweet
 In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
 The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
 Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,
 But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
 A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star; [day track
 Making thy streams, that on their noon-
 Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
 Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace;—I shed
 Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the
 honey-bee, [young glee,
 The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's
 The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
 The weary babe; and sealing with a breath
 Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
 The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
 Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
 The dark skies thrill with low, mysterious
 moans,
 Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
 From the deep organ of the forest shades,
 Or buried streams, unheard amidst their
 glades,
 Till the bright day is done;

But in the human breast
 A thousand still small voices I awake,
 Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to
 The mantle of its rest. [shake

I bring them from the past: [torn,
 From true hearts broken, gentle spirits
 From crushed affections, which, though
 long o'erborne,
 Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb:
 O'er the sad couch of late repentant love
 They pass—though low as murmurs of a
 dove—
 Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train: [tread,
 Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around me
 The intensely bright, the beautiful,—the
 dead,—
 Phantoms of heart and brain.

I look from departed eyes—
 These are my lightnings!—filled with
 anguish vain,
 Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
 They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control
 Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland
 song, [strong,
 I am the avenging one! the armed—the
 The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
 Through slumbering leaves, bring storms to
 —the tempest-birth
 Of memory, thought, remorse:—Be holy,
 earth!
 I am the solemn Night!

THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON

[Pietro Mulier, called Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms. "His compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness; fired by lightning; now rising on the mountain-wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom.—See LANZI's *History of Painting*, translated by ROSCOE.]

"Where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those that shake the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high
nest?"—*Childe Harold*.

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep!—
The air is filled with sleep,
With the stream's whisper, and the citron's
breath;
The fixed and solemn stars
Gleam through my dungeon bars—
Wake, rushing wind! this breezeless calm
is death!

Ye watch-fires of the skies!
The stillness of your eyes
Looks too intensely through my troubled
soul:

I feel this weight of rest
An earth-load on my breast—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark
clouds, roll!

I am your own, *your* child,
O ye, the fierce and wild
And kingly tempests!—will ye not arise?
Hear the bold spirit's voice,
That knows not to rejoice
But in the peal of your strong harmonies.

By sounding ocean-waves,
And dim Calabrian caves,
And flashing torrents, I have been your
mate;
And with the rocking pines
Of the olden Apennines,
In your dark path stood fearless and elate.

Your lightnings were as rods,
That smote the deep abodes
Of thought and vision—and the stream
gushed free;
Come, that my soul again
May swell to burst its chain—
Bring me the music of the sweeping sea!

Within me dwells a flame,
An eagle caged and tame,
Till called forth by the harping of the blast:
Then is its triumph's hour,
It springs to sudden power,
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering
mast.

Then, then, the canvas o'er,
With hurried hand I pour
The lava-waves and gusts of my own soul!
Kindling to fiery life
Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife;—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark
clouds, roll!

Wake, rise! the reed may bend,
The shivering leaf descend,
The forest branch give way before your
might;
But I, your strong compeer,
Call, summon, wait you here,—
Answer, my spirit!—answer, storm and
night!

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR

"AY, Warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

"Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief,
Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning's dew shall pass that
grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell!

"Thy bark may rush through the foaming
deep
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and chill!"

"Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O
Death?
And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last breath
Mingle with victory's cheer!

"Banners shall float, with the trumpet's
note,
Above me as I die!
And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble
grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

" High hearts shall burn in the royal hall
When the minstrel names that spot ;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall,
Death, Death! I fear thee not ! "

" Warrior! thou bearest a haughty heart ;
But I shall bend its pride ! [part
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will
In the hour of victory's tide ?

" It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
That I shall make thee mine ;
It may be lone on the desert sands,
Where men for fountains pine !

" It may be deep, amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold ;—
I have slow dull steps and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold ! "

" Death, Death ! I go to a doom unblest,
If this indeed must be ;
But the cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee !

" Sound, clarion, sound !—for my vows are
given
To the cause of the holy shrine :
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
O Death !—and not to thine ! "

THE TWO VOICES

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,
Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of
rain

Meet in the sky ;
" Thou art gone hence ! " one sang ; " our
light is flown, [own,
Our beautiful, that seemed too much our
Ever to die !

" Thou art gone hence !—our joyous hills
among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring-flowers rise !
Never the friend's familiar step to meet
With loving laughter, and the welcome
sweet
Of thy glad eyes. "

" Thou art gone home, gone home ! " then,
high and clear, [tear
Warbled that other Voice : " thou hast no
Again to shed ;
Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain ;
Never, weighed down by Memory's
clouds, again
To bow thy head.

" Thou art gone home ! oh ! early crowned
and blest ; [find rest
Where could the love of that deep heart
With aught below ? [decay,
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life
away—
Thrice blest to go ! "

Yet sighed again that breeze-like Voice of
grief— [so brief,
" Thou art gone hence ! alas ! that aught
So loved should be !
Thou tak'st our summer hence !—the
flower, the tone,
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee !

" Fair form, young spirit, morning vision
fled !
Canst thou be of the dead, the awful dead ?
The dark unknown ? [fall,
Yes ! to the dwelling where no footsteps
Never again to light up hearth or hall,
Thy smile is gone ! "

" Home, home ! " once more th' exulting
Voice arose ; [repose
" Thou art gone home ! from that divine
Never to roam !
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—
Thou art gone home !

" By the bright waters now thy lot is
cast, — [past
Joy for thee, happy friend ! thy bark hath
The rough sea's foam !
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are
stilled, — [heart is filled.—
Home ! home !—thy peace is won, thy
Thou art gone home ! "

THE PARTING SHIP

" A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain."
WORDSWORTH.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to
swell ;
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,—
Fare thee well, bark ! farewell !

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer
and song ; [left ?
Who now of storms hath dream or memory
And yet the deep is strong !

But go thou triumphing, while still the
 smiles [breast !
 Of summer tremble on the water's
 Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,
 In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the
 tide,
 The genii groves of Araby shall pour !
 Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe
 thy side,
 On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie
 O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are
 furled, [by,
 And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps
 'Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of southern
 skies [sleep,
 On the mid-ocean see thee chained in
 A lonely home for human thoughts and
 ties,
 Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts
 renowned, [makes way ;
 By night shall sparkle where thy prow
 Strange creatures of the abyss that none
 may sound,
 In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and
 fear, [mark ;—
 Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to
 Blessings go with thee on thy lone career !
 Hail, and farewell, thou bark !

A long farewell !—Thou wilt not bring us
 back, [and hearth ;
 All whom thou bearest far from home
 Many are thine, whose steps no more shall
 track
 Their own sweet native earth !

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plan-
 tain's shade, [look bright ;
 Where through the foliage Indian suns
 Some, in the snows of wintry regions laid,
 By the cold Northern Light.

And some, far down below the sounding
 wave,— [them sweep ;
 Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er
 Never may flower be strewn above their
 grave,
 Never may sister weep !

And thou—the billow's queen—even thy
 proud form [may swell ;
 On our glad sight no more perchance
 Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—
 Fare thee well, bark ! farewell !

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,
 One, where a thousand stood !
 Well might proud tales be told by thee,
 Last of the solemn wood !

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
 With leaves yet darkly green ?
 Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
 Tell us what thou hast seen ?

" I have seen the forest shadows lie
 Where men now reap the corn ;
 I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
 Through the deep glades at morn.

" With the glance of many a gallant spear,
 And the wave of many a plume,
 And the bounding of a hundred deer,
 It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

" I have seen the knight and his train
 ride past,
 With his banner borne on high ;
 O'er all my leaves there was brightness
 cast
 From his gleaming panoply.

" The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
 His palm branch 'midst the flowers,
 And told his beads, and meekly prayed,
 Kneeling, at vesper-hours.

" And the merry-men of wild and glen,
 In the green array they wore, [cheer,
 Have feasted here with the red wine's
 And the hunter's song of yore.

" And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
 Hath made the forest ring
 With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,
 Once loved by chief and king.

" But now the noble forms are gone,
 That walked the earth of old ;
 The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
 The sunny light looks cold.

" There is no glory left us now,
 Like the glory with the dead :—
 I would that where they slumber low
 My latest leaves were shed ! "

Oh! thou dark Tree, thou lonely Tree,
That mournest for the past!

A peasant's home in thy shades I see,
Embowered from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf, with naught to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall
A happy summer-glow;
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze,
That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree!
How can I mourn, 'midst things like these,
For the stormy past, with thee?

THE STREAMS

"The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forests by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all those have vanished!
They live no longer in the faith of heaven,
But still the heart doth need a language!"
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

YE have been holy, O founts and floods!
Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,
With the water-flowers on your breast
asleep, [caves—
And ye that gush from the sounding
Hallowed have been your waves.

Hallowed by man, in his dreams of old,
Unto beings not of this mortal mould,
Viewless, and deathless, and wondrous
powers,

Whose voice he heard in his lonely hours,
And sought with its fancied sound to still
The heart earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright summers
gone, [thrown;
O'er your sweet waters, ye streams! were
Thousands of gifts, to the sunny sea
Have ye swept along in your wanderings
free, [vow—
And thrilled to the murmur of many a
Where all is silent now!

Nor seems it strange that the heart hath
been
So linked in love to your margins green;

That still, though ruined, your early
shrines [vines,
In beauty gleam through the southern
And the ivied chapels of colder skies
On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing
earth,
Are those, bright streams! where your
springs have birth;
Whether their caverned murmur fills,
With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,
Or the glad sweet laugh of their healthful
flow
Is heard 'midst the hamlets low;

Or whether ye gladden the desert-sands
With a joyous music to pilgrim hands,
And a flash from under some ancient rock,
Where a shepherd-king might have
watched his flock,
Where a few lone palm-trees lift their
heads,
And a green acacia spreads;

Or whether, in bright old lands renowned,
The laurels thrill to your first-born sound,
And the shadow, flung from the Grecian
pine,
Sweeps with the breeze o'er your gleam-
ing line,
And the tall reeds whisper to your waves,
Beside heroic graves.

Voices and lights of the lonely place!
By the freshest fern your path we trace;
By the brightest cups on the emerald moss,
Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,
By the rainbow-glancing of insect-wings,
In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers
Are all your own through the summer-
hours;
There the proud stag his fair image knows,
Traced on your glass beneath alder-boughs,
And the halcyon's breast, like the skies
arrayed,
Gleams through the willow-shade.

But the wild sweet tales, that with elves
and fays
Peopled your banks in the olden days,
And the memory left by departed love,
To your antique founts in glen and grove,
And the glory born of the poet's dreams—
These are your charms, bright streams!

Now is the time of your flowery rites,
Gone by with its dances and young de-
lights:
From your marble urns ye have burst
away, [day;
From your chapel-cells to the laughing
Low lie your altars with moss o'ergrown,—
And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,
Haunts of all gentle and glad some things!
Holy, to converse with Nature's lore,
That gives the worn spirit its youth once
more,
And to silent thoughts of the love divine,
Making the heart a shrine!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

"There is nothing in the wide world so like
the voice of a spirit."—GRAY'S *Letters*.

OH! many a voice is thine, thou Wind!
full many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps
thou bear'st a sound and sign;
A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with
a mastery all thine own,
And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that
gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war,
where shivered helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling
note of a clarion in the sky;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal
of stormy drums,—
All these are in thy music met, as when
a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and
from their wastes brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the
mystery of thy track;—
The chime of low soft southern waves on
some green palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge, the
gathered billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and
deep, thou mighty rushing Wind!
And thou bearest all their unisons in one
full swell combined;
The restless pines, the moaning stream,
all hidden things and free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have
lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for
the conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a
sound of haughty revelry;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the
harpings in the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy
rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and
shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand
years thy lonely wing hath passed;
Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy
swell, the stately dirge's tone,
For a chief, with sword, and shield, and
helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes,
wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering
there, the loved, the kind, the true;
Thou callest back those melodies, though
now all changed and fled,—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with
music from the dead!

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind!
these many notes in *thee*?
Far in our own unfathomed souls their
fount must surely be;
Yes! buried, but unsleeping, *there* Thought
watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep urn the tones are poured
through all earth's harmonies.

THE VIGIL OF ARMS

[The candidate for knighthood was under
the necessity of keeping watch the night before
his inauguration, in a church, and completely
armed. This was called "the Vigil of Arms."]

A SOUNDING step was heard by night
In a church where the mighty slept,
As a mail-clad youth, till morning's light,
'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.
He walked in dreams of power and fame,
He lifted a proud, bright eye,
For the hours were few that withheld his
name
From the roll of chivalry.

Down the moon-lit aisles he paced alone,
With a free and stately tread;
And the floor gave back a muffled tone
From the couches of the dead:

The silent many that round him lay,
The crowned and helmeted that were
The haughty chiefs of the war-array
Each in his sepulchre!

But no dim warning of time or fate
That youth's flushed hopes could chill,
He moved through the trophies of buried
state

With each proud pulse throbbing still.
He heard, as the wind through the chancel
sung,

A swell of the trumpet's breath;
He looked to the banners on high that
hung,

And not to the dust beneath.

And a royal masque of splendour seemed
Before him to unfold;
Through the solemn arches on it streamed,
With many a gleam of gold:
There were crested knight and gorgeous
dame,

Glittering athwart the gloom,
And he followed, till his bold step came
To his warrior-father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy might
Of the monumental stone,
And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's light,
That over its quiet shone,
And the image of that sire, who died
In his noonday of renown—
These had a power unto which the pride
Of fiery life bowed down.

And a spirit from his early years
Came back o'er his thoughts to move,
Till his eye was filled with memory's tears,
And his heart with childhood's love!
And he looked, with a change in his soften-
ing glance,
To the armour o'er the grave,—
For there they hung, the shield and lance,
And the gauntlet of the brave.

And the sword of many a field was there,
With its cross for the hour of need,
When the knight's bold war-cry hath sunk
in prayer,

And the spear is a broken reed!—
Hush! did a breeze through the armour
sigh?

Did the folds of the banner shake?
Not so!—from the tomb's dark mystery
There seemed a voice to break!

He had heard that voice bid clarions blow,
He had caught its last blessing's
breath,—

'Twas the same—but its awful sweetness
now

Had an undertone of death!

And it said,—“The sword hath conquered
kings,

And the spear through realms hath
[passed;
But the cross, alone, of all these things,
Might aid me at the last.”

THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY

HEART! that didst press forward still,*
Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,
Where the knightly swords were crossing,
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,
Leader of the charging spear,
Fiery heart!—and liest thou *here*?
May this narrow spot inurn
Aught that so could beat and burn?
Heart! that lovedst the clarion's blast,
Silent is thy place at last;
Silent,—save when early bird
Sings where once the mass was heard;
Silent,—save when breeze's moan
Comes through flowers or fretted stone;
And the wild-rose waves around thee,
And the long dark grass hath bound
thee,—

Sleep'st thou, as the swain might sleep,
In his nameless valley, deep?

No! brave heart!—though cold and lone,
Kingly power is yet thine own!
Feel I not thy spirit brood
O'er the whispering solitude;
Lo! at one high thought of thee,
Fast they rise, the bold, the free,
Sweeping past thy lowly bed,
With a mute, yet stately tread;
Shedding their pale armour's light
Forth upon the breathless night,
Bending every warlike plume
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,
Armed to follow thee, or die?
Now, true heart, as thou wert wont,
Pass thou to the peril's front!

*“Now pass thou forward, as thou wert
wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!”
With these words Douglas threw from him the
heart of Bruce, into mid-battle against the Moors
of Spain.

Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
And the battle's red wine streaming,
Till the Paynim quail before thee,
Till the cross wave proudly o'er thee ;—
Dreams ! the falling of a leaf
Wins me from their splendours brief ;
Dreams, yet bright ones ! scorn them not,
Thou that seek'st the holy spot ;
Nor, amidst its lone domain,
Call the faith in relics vain !

NATURE'S FAREWELL

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's
home, [to roam,
Through the crowded paths of the world
And the green leaves whispered, as he
passed,

"Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast ?

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting
here, [fear ;
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny
hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the
spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch by out mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily played ;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye *have* met there—oh ! never
more !"

On rode the youth—and the boughs
among,
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung :
"Wherefore so fast unto life away ?
Thou ~~art~~ leaving for ever thy joy in our
lay !

"Thou mayst come to the summer woods
again, [strain ;
And thy heart have no echo to greet their
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—
A change must pass o'er thee—farewell,
farewell !"

On rode the youth :—and the founts and
streams [dreams :—
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous
"We have been thy playmates through
many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us ?—oh ! yet delay !

"Listen but once to the sound of our
mirth !
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth ;
Never again wilt thou find in its flow
The peace it could once on thy heart
bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy child-
hood's glee, [free ;
With the breath of the world on thy spirit
Passion and sorrow its depth will have
stirred,
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh
no part—
What should it do for a burning heart ?
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our
freshest rill, [still.
Thirst which no fountain on earth may

"Farewell !—when thou comest again to
thine own, [tone ;
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer ! farewell ! farewell !"

And a something of gloom on his spirit
weighed, [shade ;
As he caught the last sounds of his native
But he knew not, till many a bright spell
broke,
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke !

THE BEINGS OF THE MIND

"The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence ; that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage."—BYRON.

COME to me with your triumphs and your
woes, [brought !
Ye forms, to life by glorious poets
I sit alone with flowers, and vernal boughs,
In the deep shadow of a voiceless
thought !
'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,
And sorrowful for visions that are gone !

Come to me ! make your thrilling whispers
heard,
Ye, by those masters of the soul endowed
With life, and love, and many a burning
word, [from a cloud,
That bursts from grief, like lightning

And smites the heart, till all its chords
reply,
As leaves make answer when the wind
sweeps by.

Come to me! visit my dim haunt!—the
sound [beneath;
Of hidden springs is in the grass
The stock-dove's note above; and all
around,
The poesy that with the violet's breath
Floats through the air, in rich and sudden
streams, [dreams.
Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep

Friends, friends!—for such to my lone
heart ye are— [eyes
Unchanging ones! from whose immortal
The glory melts not as a waning star,
And the sweet kindness never, never dies;
Bright children of the bard! o'er this green
dell [spell!
Pass once again, and light it with your

Imogen! fair Fidele! meekly blending
In patient grief, "a smiling with a sigh";
And thou, Cordelia! faithful daughter,
tending
That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky;
Thou of the soft low voice!—thou art not
gone! [tone.
Still breathes for me its faint and flute-like

And come to me!—sing me thy willow-
strain,
Sweet Desdemona! with the sad surprise
In thy beseeching glance, where still,
though vain,
Undimmed, unquenchable affection lies;
Come, bowing thy young head to wrong
and scorn,
As a frail hyacinth, by showers o'erborne.

And thou too, fair Ophelia! flowers are
here, [spot—
That well might win thy footstep to the
Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,
And pansies for sad thoughts,—but
needed not! [and light
Come with thy wreaths, and all the love
In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the south! enshrining
All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong;
The glow, the sweetness, in its rose com-
bining,
The soul its nightingales pour forth in
song!

Thou, making death deep joy!—but *couldst*
thou die?
No!—thy young love hath immortality

From earth's bright faces fades the light or
morn,
From earth's glad voices drops the
joyous tone;
But ye, the children of the soul, were born
Deathless, and for undying love alone;
And, O ye beautiful! 'tis well, how well,
In the soul's world, with you, where
change is not, to dwell!

THE LYRE'S LAMENT

"A large lyre hung in an opening of the
rock, and gave forth its melancholy music to
the wind—but no human being was to be
seen."—*Salathiel.*

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea:
"O melancholy wind," it sighed,
"What would thy breath with me?"

"Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies;
Thou strikest not forth th' electric fire
Of buried melodies.

"Wind of the dark sea-waters!
Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into wild gusts of mournfulness,
With the rushing of thy wings.

"But the spell—the gift—the lightning—
Within my frame concealed,
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unrevealed?"

"I have power, high power, for freedom
To wake the burning soul!
I have sounds that through the ancient
hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll.

"I have pealing notes of victory
That might welcome kings from war;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a hero's death afar.

"I have chords to lift the pæan
From the temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unisons
When sweeping winds are high.

"And Love—for Love's lone sorrow
I have accents that might swell
Through the summer air with the rose's
Or the violet's faint farewell: [breath,

"I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—
Where is the touch to give me life?—
Wild, fitful wind, away!"

"Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined—
But who shall call that sweetness forth?
Thou canst not, ocean-wind!

So sighed the broken music
That in gladness had no part—
How like art thou, neglected lyre,
To many a human heart!

TASSO'S CORONATION *

A crown of victory! a triumphal song!
Oh! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart
The weary one may calmly sink to rest:
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony!

A TRUMPET's note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of victory;
There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial streets along,
For again a conqueror must be crowned,—a kingly child of song!

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car;
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of flowers,
'To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.

Peace! within his chamber
Low the mighty lies;
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him, whose rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the main!
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to dwell,
As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes! for him, the victor,
Sing,—but low, sing low!
A soft sad *miserere* chant
For a soul about to go!

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of golden day;
Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars' past renown—
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown!

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight!
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

* Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capitol.

The wreath is twined—the way is strewn—the lordly train are met—
The streets are hung with coronals—why stays the minstrel yet?
Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief—
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief!

Silence! forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way!

THE BETTER LAND

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band:
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs?"—

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunnyskies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering
seas,

Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry
wings,

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"—

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some regions old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of
gold?"—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand?"— [land?"—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless
bloom, [tomb,—

For beyond the clouds, and beyond the
It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE WOUNDED EAGLE

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior bird! what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink?
Wherefore on the violet's bed
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn?

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance! the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won!
And the mountain lark is there,
And sweet sound hath filled the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high?
Oh! it can be but to die!

Eagle, Eagle! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou, that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee!—
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was thy sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast,—
Woe for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

SADNESS AND MIRTH

"Nay, these wild fits of uncurbed laughter
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,
As it has lowered of late, so keenly cast,
Unsuited seem, and strange.

Oh! nothing strange!
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,
In the sunned glimpses of a troubled day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?

Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?

Oh, gentle friend!
Chide not *her* mirth, who yesterday was sad,
And may be so to-morrow!"

JOANNA BAILLIK.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,
Where the bright wine foamed over scul-
ptured gold;

Sadness and Mirth!—ye were mingled
there
With the sound of the lyre in the scented
air ; [on high,
As the cloud and the lightning are blent
Ye mixed in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore
a gloom,
A thought and a shadow of the tomb ;
It gave to the flute-notes an undertone,
To the rose a colouring not its own,
To the breath of the myrtle a mournful
power— [dower !
Sadness and Mirth ! ye had each your

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly
by,
With the Roman eagles through the sky !
I know that e'en then, in his hour of
pride,
The soul of the mighty within him died ;
That a void in his bosom lay darkly still,
Which the music of victory might never
fill.

Thou wert there, O Mirth ! swelling on
the shout,
Till the temples, like echo-caves, rang out ;
Thine were the garlands, the songs, the
wine,
All the rich voices in air were thine,
The incense, the sunshine—but, Sadness !
thy part,
Deepest of all, was the victor's heart !

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear ;
Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier !
As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing
shed,
Crosses the storm in its path of dread ;
As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer
sky—
Sadness and Mirth ! so ye come and fly !

Ye meet in the poet's haunted breast,
Darkness and rainbow, alike its guest !
When the breath of the violet is out in
spring, [music ring,
When the woods with the wakening of
O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,
Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain
grass.

When will your parting be, Sadness and
Mirth ?
Bright stream and dark one !—oh ! never
on earth :

Never while triumphs and tombs are so
near,
While Death and Love walk the same
dim sphere, [sweep,
While flowers unfold where the storm may
While the heart of man is a soundless deep !

But there smiles a land, O ye troubled
pair !
Where ye have no part in the summer air.
Far from the breathings of changeable skies,
Over the seas and the graves it lies ;
Where the day of the lightning and cloud
is done,
And joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun !

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH- SONG

“ Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,
Die mit seelenvollen melodie
Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen ?—
Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie.”
SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
And die away, my heart !
The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
The waters changed their tone,
And wherefore, in the faded world,
Should music linger on ?

Where is the golden sunshine,
And where the flowercup's glow ?
And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
And the fountain's laughing flow ?

A voice in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning, “Where, oh ! where?”

Tell of the brightness parted,
Thou bee, thou lamb at play !
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth !—
Are ye, too, passed away ?

Mournfully, sing mournfully !
The royal rose is gone.
Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt
In one deep farewell tone !

Not so !—swell forth triumphantly,
The full, rich, fervent strain !
Hence with young love and life
In the summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm southern breeze
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly!
Sing to the woods, I go!
For me, perchance, in other lands,
The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,
And the greensward's violet breath,
And the dance of light leaves in the wind
May there know nought of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully!
Swell high, then break, my heart,
With love, the spirit of the woods,
With summer I depart!

THE DIVER

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."—SHILLEY.

THOU hast been where the rocks of coral
grow,
Thou hast fought with eddying waves;—
Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth
of old, [striven;
And wrecks where the brave have
The deep is a strong and a fearful hold,
But thou its bar hast riven!

A wild and weary life is thine;
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine,
To all besides unknown!

A weary life! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free;
Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away,
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read—
Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled!

And bright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be;

A star to all in the festive hall—
But who will think on *thee*?

None! as it gleams from the queen-like
head,
Not one 'midst throngs will say,
"A life hath been like a rain-drop shed
For that pale quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought!—
And are not those like thee
Who win for earth the gems of thought?
O wrestler with the sea!

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn:

Wringing from lava-veins the fire,
That o'er bright words is poured!
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord.

But oh! the price of bitter tears
Paid for the lonely power,
That throws at last, o'er desert years,
A darkly-glorious dower!

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strewed;—
The soul whence those high gifts are shed,
May faint in solitude!

And who will think, when the strain is sung,
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word?

None, none!—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee;—
Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark
shrine,
O wrestler with the sea!

THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS

Les poètes dont l'imagination tient à la
puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils pas
les bannis d'une autre région?—MADAME DE
STÄEL, *De l'Allemagne*.

No tears for thee!—though light be from
us gone [less one!
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet rest-
No tears for thee! [mourn
They that have loved an exile must not
To see him parting for his native bourne
O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,
Breathed but the language of another
sphere,

Unechoed round ;
And strange, though sweet, as 'midst our
weeping skies
Some half-remembered strain of paradise
Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answered?—thou, that
from the night
And from the voices of the tempest's might,
And from the past,
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
To pour the secrets of man's destiny
Forth on the blast !

Hast thou been answered?—thou, that
through the gloom,
And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,
A cry didst send, [move,
So passionate and deep? to pierce, to
To win back token of unburied love
From buried friend !

And hast thou found where living waters
burst ? [thirst
Thou, that didst pine amidst us, in the
Of fever-dreams !
Are the true fountains thine for evermore ?
Oh ! lured so long by shining mists, that
wore

The light of streams !

Speak ! is it well with thee?—We call, as
thou, [brow,
With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled
Wert wont to call [free?—
On the departed ! Art thou blest and
Alas ! the lips earth covers, even to thee,
Were silent all !

Yet shall our hope rise, fanned by quench-
less faith, [breath,
As a flame, fostered by some warm wind's
In light upsprings :
Freed soul of song ! yes, thou hast found
the sought ; [thought,
Borne to thy home of beauty and of
On morning's wings.

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we hear,
When life's young music, ringing far and
O'erflows the sky :— [clear,
No tears for *thee* ! the lingering gloom is
ours— [powers,
Thou art for converse with all glorious
Never to die !

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC

" Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti !
Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può libe-
rarsi."

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up-
my spirit, [that thrill?
On eagle wings, through every plume
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
Be still, triumphant harmony ! be still !

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly
swelling
Into rich floods of joy :—it is but pain
To mount so high, yet find on high no-
dwelling,
To sink so fast, so heavily again :

No sounds for earth?—Yes, to young
chieftain dying
On his own battle-field, at set of sun,
With his freed country's banner o'er him
flying, [guardon won.
Well might'st thou speak of fame's high-

No sounds for earth?—Yes, for the martyr
leading
Unto victorious death serenely on,
For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,
Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is
beating [vain !
Against life's narrow bound, in conflict
For power, for joy, high hope, and raptu-
rous greeting, [exulting strain.
Thou wak'st lone thirst—be hushed,

Be hushed, or breathe of grief!—of exile-
yearnings
Under the willows of the stranger-shore ;
Breathe of the soul's untold and restless
burnings [no more.
For looks, tones, footsteps, that return

Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil keep-
ing [wealth to pine :
Through the night-hours, o'er wasted
Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose-
leaves heaping, [shrine.
In the shut heart, at once a tomb and

Or pass as if thy spirit-tones came sighing
From worlds beneath some blue Elysian
sky ; [undy-
Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, the
Of joy no more—bewildering harmony "

SECOND SIGHT

'Ne'er erred the prophet heart that grief inspired,
Though joy's illusions mock their votarins."
MATURIN.

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends !
A mournful gift is mine !
A murmur of the soul which blénds
With the flow of song and wine.

An eye that through the triumph's hour
Beholds the coming woe,
And dwells upon the faded flower
'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
Where the father's board is spread ;
I see the stillness and the gloom
Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the withered garlands lie
Forsaken on the earth,
While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers
fly
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain
On the warrior's gorgeous crest ;
And the bier amidst the bridal train
When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of Time,
Through the ivy branches made,
Where the palace, in its glorious prime,
With the sunshine stands arrayed.

The thunder of the seas I hear,
The shriek along the wave,
When the bark sweeps forth, and song
and cheer
Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends
To me some warning sign :—
A mournful gift is mine, O friends !
A mournful gift is mine !

Oh ! prophet heart ! thy grief, thy power
To all deep souls belong ;
The shadow in the sunny hour,
The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear—
For them a veil is riven :
Their piercing thoughts repose not here,
Their home is but in heaven.

THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND

"Thy path is not as mine :—where thou art
blest,
My spirit would but wither : mine own grief
Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing,
Than all thy happiness."

HATH the summer's breath, on the south
wind borne,
Met the dark seas in their sweeping scorn ?
Hath it lured thee, Bird ! from their
sounding caves,
To the river-shores, where the osier waves ?

Or art thou come on the hills to dwell,
Where the sweet-voiced echoes have many
a cell ?
Where the moss bears print of the wild
deer's tread ?
And the heath like a royal robe is spread ?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright sea-
bird ! [heard,
There is joy where the song of the lark is
With the dancing of waters through copse
and dell, [bell,
And the bee's low tune in the fox-glove's

Thou hast done well !—Oh ! the seas are
lone,
And the voice they send up hath a mourn-
ful tone ;
A mingling of dirges and wild farewells,
Fitfully breathed through its anthem-
swells.

—The proud bird rose as the words were
said— [heard,
The rush of his pinion swept o'er my
And the glance of his eye in its bright
disdain,
Spoke him a child of the haughty main.

He hath flown from the woods to the
ocean's breast,
To his throne of pride on the billow's
crest !—
Oh ! who shall say, to a spirit free,
"There lies the pathway of bliss for thee" ?

THE SLEEPER

"For sleep is awful."—BYRON.

OH ! lightly, lightly tread !
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle given
The weary to enshroud.

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly-drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you,
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves ;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves ;

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams :—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL

O DIM forsaken mirror !
How many a stately throng
Hath o'er thee gleamed, in vanished hours
Of the wine-cup and the song !

The song hath left no echo ;
The bright wine hath been quaffed,
And hushed is every silvery voice
That lightly here hath laughed.

O mirror, lonely mirror,
Thou of the silent hall ! [bloom—
Thou hast been flushed with beauty's
Is this, too, vanished all ?

It is, with the scattered garlands
Of triumphs long ago ;
With the melodies of buried lyres,
With the faded rainbow's glow :

And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume.

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,
Thou givest but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud spirit
Thou tellest me 'twill be,
When the forms and hues of this world
fade
From his memory, as from thee :

And his heart's long-troubled waters.
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high.

CURFEW SONG OF ENGLAND

HARK ! from the dim church-tower,
The deep, slow curfew's chime !
—A heavy sound unto hall and bower,
In England's olden time !
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came
From the fields of his toil at night,
And who might not see his own hearth's
flame
In his children's eyes make light.

Sadly and sternly heard,
As it quenched the wood-fire's glow,
Which had cheered the board, with the
mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow ;
Until that sullen, booming knell,
Flung out from every fane,
On harp and lip and spirit fell,
With a weight, and with a chain.

Woe for the pilgrim then
In the wild-deer's forest far !
No cottage-lamp, to the haunts of men,
Might guide him, as a star.
And woe for him whose wakeful soul
With lone aspirations filled,
Would have lived o'er some immortal
scroll,
While the sounds of earth were stilled.

And yet a deeper woe
For the watchers by the bed,
Where the fondly loved in pain lay low,
In pain and sleepless dread.

For the mother, doomed *unseen* to keep
By the dying babe her place,
And to feel its *flitting* pulse, and weep,
Yet not behold its face!

Darkness in chieftain's hall!
Darkness in peasant's cot!
While Freedom, under that shadowy pall,
Sat mourning o'er her lot.
Oh! the fireside's peace we well may prize,
For blood hath flowed like rain,
Poured forth to make sweet sanctuaries
Of England's homes again!

Heap the yule-fagots high,
Till the red light fills the room!
It is home's own hour, when the stormy
sky
Grows thick with the evening gloom.
Gather ye round the holy hearth,
And, by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our
mirth,
With the thought of the olden days.

KORNER AND HIS SISTER

[Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast-iron, and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and a sword, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:

"Vergiss die treuen Töden Nicht."
(Forget not the faithful Dead.)

See *Dönnies's Letters from Mecklenburg*, and
Körner's Prosaische Aufsätze, von C. A.
Tiedge.]

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage
sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar,
keepest;
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was
poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!—by the father's
hand [led,
Here shall the child of after years be
With his wrath-offering silently to stand,
In the hushed presence of the glorious
dead, [trod
Soldier and Bard! for thou thy path hast
With Freedom and with God.*

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors
bore thee, [fight
And with true hearts thy brethren of the
Wept as they veiled their drooping
banners o'er thee; [token
And the deep guns with rolling peal gave
That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb—a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee
lying—
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young
head, [dying.
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow
Brother, true friend! the tender and the
brave—
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for
her, [spot—
To whom the wide world held that only
She loved thee—lovely in your lives ye
were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy—what
hath she?—
Her own blest place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had
made
The bright world glorious to her
thoughtful eye, [ye played,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines
And sent glad singing through the free
blue sky. [passed,
Ye were but two—and when that spirit
Woe to the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long—she lingered but to
trace [breast,
Thine image from the image in her

* The poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feelings, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany.

Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest,

Too sad a smile! its living light was o'er—
It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
[had fled—

The home too lonely whence thy step
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?—
[the dead.

Death, death, to still the yearning for
Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored!

Here with the Lyre and Sword.

Have ye not met ere now?—so let those trust
[years,

That meet for moments but to part for
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust
from dust, [tears.

That love, where love is but a fount of
Brother, sweet sister! peace around ye dwell—

Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

TO AN INFANT

TITOU wak'st from happy sleep, to play,
With bounding heart, my boy!
Before thee lies a long, bright day
Of summer and of joy!

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream,
To cloud thy fearless eye;—
Long be it thus!—life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky!

Yet,—ere the cares of earth lie dim
On thy young spirit's wings,—
Now, in thy morn, forget not *Him*
From whom each pure thought springs!

So,—in thy onward vail of tears,
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bowed to evil years,
He will remember thee!

ANCIENT GREEK CHANT OF VICTORY

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
Our virgins dance beneath the shade."
BYRON.

I.

Io! they come, they come!
Garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home;
Bring roses, pour ye wine!

II.

Swell, swell the Dorian flute
Through the blue, triumphal sky!
Let the cittern's tone salute
The Sons of Victory!

III.

With the offering of bright blood,
They have ransomed hearth and tomb,
Vineyard, and field, and flood;—
Io! they come, they come!

IV.

Sing it where olives wave,
And by the glittering sea,
And o'er each hero's grave,—
Sing, sing, the land is free!

Mark ye the flashing oars,
And the spears that light the deep?
How the festal sunshine pours
Where the lords of battle sweep.

VI.

Each hath brought back his shield;—
Maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field,
Io! thy son is come!

VII.

Who murmured of the dead?
Hush, boding voice! We know
That many a shining head
Lies in its glory low.

VIII.

Breathe not those names to-day!
They shall have their praise ere long,
And a power all hearts to sway,
In ever-burning song.

IX.

But now shed flowers, pour wine,
To hail the conquerors home!
Bring wreaths for every shrine—
Io! they come, they come!

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

FORGET them not!—though now their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Though by the hearth its utterance
A stillness round.

Though for their sakes this earth no more
As it hath been may be,
And shadows, never marked before,
Brood o'er each tree;

And though their image dim the sky,
Yet, yet forget them not!
Nor, where their love and life went by,
Forsake the spot!

They have a breathing influence there,
A charm, not elsewhere found;
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream—the ground.

Then, though the wind an altered tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Though every flower, of something gone,
A tinge may wear;

Oh! fly it not!—no fruitless grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,
Still tend their garden-bower,
And call them back, the holy Dead,
To each lone hour!

The *holy* Dead!—oh! blest we are,
That we may name them so,
And to their spirits look afar,
Through all our woe!

Blest, that the things they loved on earth,
As relics we may hold,
Which wake sweet thoughts of parted
worth,
By springs untold!

Blest, that a deep and chastening power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for heaven!

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA

'Tis lone on the waters
When eve's mournful bell
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell!

When borne with the shadows
And winds as they sweep,
Here comes a fond memory
Of Home o'er the deep!

When the wing of the sea-bird
Is turned to her nest,
And the heart of the sailor
To all he loves best,

'Tis lone on the waters—
That hour hath a spell
To bring back sweet voices
And words of farewell!

THE ANGELS' GREETING

"Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!"

Come to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer
sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,
And crowned for ever!—midst that shin-
ing band, [every land,
Gathered by the silent spirit of the dove
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone:
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath
shore, [once more
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet
strain,
Shall greet their long-bereft!

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's
bough:
Come to thy father!—it is finished now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no
dark trace, [place:
And oh! bright victory—death by love no
Come, Spirit, to thy God!

WOMAN AND FAME

"Happy—happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow ;
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth."

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.

Away ! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath ;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death.
Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet :
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast,
By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy ;
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame ! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain, in the day
Of the soul's feverish need ;
Where must the lone one turn or flee ?—
Not unto thee, oh ! not to thee !

THE THEMES OF SONG

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith."
WORDSWORTH.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme ?
Where'er, for freedom shed, [stream
Brave blood hath dyed some ancient
Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
Bears record to the faith
Of love, deep, holy, fervent love,
Victor of fear and death.

Where'er a spire points up to heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling that all around have striven,
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow
In its pride hath been struck down,
Or a bright-haired virgin head laid low,
Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a home and hearth have been,
That now are man's no more ;
A place of ivy, freshly green,
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,
Some nameless greensward heap,
A bird may sing, a violet wave,
A star its vigil keep ;

Or where a yearning heart of old,
Or a dream of shepherd men,
With forms of more than earthly mould,
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be
found—
We die, we pass away ;
But faith, love, pity—these are bound
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,
The thorn, and glory of the rose—
These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream
To the deep sea hath gone ;
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,
The exhaustless flood rolls on.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS

"We take each other by the hand, and we
exchange a few words and looks of kindness,
and we rejoice together for a few short mo-
ments ;—and then days, months, years intervene.
—and we see and know nothing of each other."
WASHINGTON IRVING.]

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had stilled the tide ;
A few bright days of Summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth ;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
 Cloudless and lovely slept;
 While dancing step and festive strain
 Each deck ill triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes
 With kindly meaning shone;
 —Oh! brief and passing sympathies,
 Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast
 Over the deep's repose,
 Till the loud singing winds at last
 Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely, on their way
 The parting vessels bore;
 —In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
 To meet—Oh! never more!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
 To aid in hours of woe;
 • And thus bright spirits mingle here,
 Such ties are formed below!

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL

["Fair Helen of Kirconnel," as she is called in the Scottish Minstrelsy, throwing herself between her betrothed lover and a rival by whom his life was assailed, received a mortal wound, and died in the arms of the former.]

HOLD me upon thy faithful heart,
 Keep back my fitting breath;
 'Tis early, early to depart,
 Sweet friend!—yet this is death!

Look on me still:—let that kind eye
 Be the last light I see!
 Oh! sad it is in spring to die,
 But yet I die for thee!

For thee, my own!—thy stately head
 Was never thus to bow;—
 Give tears when with me Love hath fled,
 True Love—thou know'st it now!

Oh! the free streams looked bright, where'er
 We in our gladness roved;
 And the blue skies were very fair—
 Dear friend! because we loved.

Farew-!—I bless thee!—live thou on,
 When this young heart is low!
 Rely my blood thy life hath won—
 Clasp me once more—I go!

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE

"Rosa, Rosa! perche sulla tua beltà
 Sempre è scritta questa parola—morte?"

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
 [dower!
 Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy
 The Bridal day—the Festival—the Tomb—
 Thou hast thy part in each,—thou state-
 liest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come float-
 ing by
 A thousand images of love and grief,
 Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,
 Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and
 brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed
 thee first
 In the clear light of Eden's golden day;
 There thy rich leaves to crimson glory
 burst, [decay.
 I linked with no dim remembrance of

Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the
 bier;
 Rose! coloured now by human hope or
 pain;
 Surely where death is not—nor change
 nor fear, [again!
 Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower,

THE VOICE OF MUSIC

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
 darkly bound."—*Childe Harold*.

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell?
 Speak to me, Voice of sweet sound, and
 tell! [breath,
 How canst thou wake, by one gentle
 Passionate visions of love and death!

How callest thou back, with a note, a sigh,
 Words and low tones from the days gone
 by—
 A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?—
 Speak to me, Voice of sweet sound, and
 tell!

What is thy power, from the soul's deep
 spring
 In sudden gushes the tears to bring?
 Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,
 Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee!

Vain are those tears!—vain and fruitless
all— [fall ;
Showers that refresh not, yet still must
For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit
yearns!

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells ;
Something that finds not its answer here—
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
Through the stream of thy triumphs is
heard to sweep,
Like a moan of the breeze through a
summer sky— [foams high.
Like a name of the dead when the wine

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be
fraught [thought ;—
With vain remembrance and troubled
Speak! for thou tellest my soul that its
birth [earth !
Links it with regions more bright than

SONG

OH ! ye voices gone,
Sounds of other years !
Hush that haunting tone,
Melt me not to tears.
All around forget,
All who loved you well,
Yet, sweet voices, yet
O'er my soul ye swell.

With the winds of Spring,
With the breath of flowers,
Floating back, ye bring
Thoughts of vanished hours.
Hence your music take,
Oh ! ye voices gone ;
This lone heart ye make
But more deeply lone.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD

... "I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall ;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place, a huntress hold :
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould."

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies ;
The weight of omens heavy in the
cloud :—

Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,
And gird the form whose beauty grief
hath bowed,
And leave the tomb, as tombs *are* left—
alone, [moan.
To the stars' vigil, and the wind's wild

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,
Where gems are glittering, and bright
wine is poured— [fall,
Where to glad measures chiming footsteps
And soul seems gushing from the harp's
full chord ;
And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave,
Than the sad "*Love-lies-bleeding*" of the
grave.

Oh ! little knowst thou of the o'er-master-
ing spell, [in pain,
Wherewith love binds the spirit, strong
To the spot hallowed by a wild farewell,
A parting agony—intense, yet vain,
A look—and darkness when its gleam hath
flown, [gone.
A voice—and silence when its words

She hears thee not ;—her full, deep, fervent
heart [bound
Is set in her dark eyes ;—and they are
Unto that cross, that shrine, that world
apart,
Where faithful blood hath sanctified the
ground, [and prayer,
And love with death striven long by tear
And anguish frozen into still despair.

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last
A light, a joy of its own wanderings
born ;
Around her path a vision's glow is cast,
Back, back her lost one comes in hues
of morn ! *
For her the gulf is filled—the curtain shred,
Whose mystery parts the living and the
dead.

And she can pour forth in such converse
high, [strong !
All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the
Oh ! lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,
And more forlorn, amidst the world's
gay throng,
Than hers,—the queen of that majestic
gloom, [tomb.
The tempest, and the desert, and the

* "A son of light, a lovely form,
He comes, and makes her glad."

WHERE IS THE SEA?

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE

[A Greek Islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied—"The sea—where is it?"]

WHERE is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free?

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childhood's glee;
The measured chime—the thundering
burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree;
The echoes of my soul are mute,
—Where is my own blue sea?

TO MY OWN PORTRAIT

How is it that before mine eyes,
While gazing on thy mien,
All my past years of life arise,
As in a mirror seen?
What spell within thee hath been shrined
To image back my own deep mind?

Even as a song of other times
Can trouble memory's springs;
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes
Can wake departed things;
Even as a scent of vernal flowers
Hath records fraught with vanished
hours,—

Such power is thine! They come, the dead,
From the grave's bondage free,
And smiling back the changed are led
To look in love on thee;
And voices that are music flown
Speak to me in the heaven's full tone:

Till crowding thoughts my soul oppress—
The thoughts of happier years—
And a vain gush of tenderness
O'erflows in childlike tears;
A vision which I may not stay,
A sudden fount that must have way.

But thou, the while—oh! almost strange,
Mine imaged self! it seems
That on *thy* brow of peace no change
Reflects my own swift dreams;
Almost I marvel not to trace
Those lights and shadows in *thy* face.

To see *thee* calm, while powers thus deep—
Affection, Memory, Grief—
Pass o'er my soul as winds that sweep
O'er a frail aspen leaf!
Oh, that the quiet of thine eye
Might sink there when the storm goes by.

Yet look thou still serenely on,
And if sweet friends there be
That, when my song and soul are gone,
Shall seek my form in thee,—
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
To flee away and be at rest!

NO MORE!

No more! A harp-string's deep and
breaking tone,
A last, low, summer breeze, a far-off
swell,
A dying echo of rich music gone,
Breathe through those words—those
murmurs of farewell—
No more!

To dwell in peace, with home-affections
bound,
To know the sweetness of a mother's
voice,
To feel the spirit of her love around,
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—
No more!

A dirge-like sound! To greet the early
friend
Unto the hearth, his place of many
days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
Or join the household laughter by the
blaze—
No more!

Through woods that shadowed our first
years to rove,
With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
And turn, and read our own heart's
answer *there*—
No more!

Words of despair !—yet earth's, all earth's
 —the woe [deep !
 Their passion breathes—the desolately
 "That sound in heaven—oh ! image then
 the flow
 Of gladness in its tones—to part, to
 weep—
 No more !

"To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,
 To see the beautiful from life depart,
 "To wear impatiently a secret chain,
 To waste the untold riches of the heart—
 No more !

"Through long, long years to seek, to strive,
 to yearn
 For human love *—and never quench
 that thirst ;
 "To pour the soul out, winning no return,
 O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—
 No more !

"On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,
 To mourn the changed, the far away,
 the dead, [unseen,
 "To send our troubled spirits through the
 Intensely questioning for treasures fled—
 No more !

Words of triumphant music ! Bear we on
 The weight of life, the chain, the un-
 genial air ;
 "Their deathless meaning, when our tasks
 are done,
 "To learn in joy,—to struggle, to despair—
 No more !

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting
 earth, [friend
 This world of changes and farewells, a
 "That will not fail me in his love and worth,
 Tender and firm, and faithful to the end ?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest—
 Long on vain idols its devotion shed ;
 "Some have forsaken, whom I loved the
 best,
 And some deceived, and some are with
 the dead.

* "*Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimée comme
 j'aime !*" was a mournful expression of Madame
 de Staël's.

But *Thou*, my Saviour ! Thou, my hope
 and trust,
 Faithful art Thou when friends and joys
 depart ;
 Teach me to lift these yearnings from the
 dust,
 And fix on Thee, th' Unchanging One,
 my heart !

PASSING AWAY

" 'Passing away' is written on the world, and
 all the world contains."

It is written on the rose,
 In its glory's full array ;
 Read what those buds disclose—
 " Passing away."

It is written on the skies
 Of the soft blue summer day ;
 It is traced in sunset's dyes—
 " Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
 As their young leaves glistening
 play,
 And on brighter things than these—
 " Passing away."

It is written on the brow,
 Where the spirit's ardent ray
 Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
 " Passing away."

It is written on the *heart* ;
 Alas ! that *there* Decay
 Should claim from Love a part—
 " Passing away."

Friends, friends !—oh ! shall we meet
 In a land of purer day,
 Where lovely things and sweet
 Pass not away ?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
 And the thoughts that in them lay
 When we mingled sympathies,
 " Passing away ?

Oh ! if this may be so,
 Speed, speed, thou closing day !
 How blest from earth's vain show
 To pass away !

THE ANGLER

"I in these flowery meads would be ;
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice ;

And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

ISAAC WALTON.

THOU that hast loved so long and well
The vale's deep, quiet streams,
Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
Shedding forth tender gleams ;
And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
Glances in golden eves of spring !

Oh, lone and lovely haunts are thine !

Soft, soft the river flows,
Wearing the shadow of thy line,
The gloom of alder-boughs ;
And in the midst a richer hue,
One gliding vein of heaven's own blue.

And there but low sweet sounds are
heard—

The whisper of the reed,
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
The scythe upon the mead ;
Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,
There steals a step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag, that comes to lave
At noon his panting breast ;
'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
Seeking her sedgy nest :
The air is filled with summer's breath,
The young flowers laugh—yet look ! 'tis
Death !

But if, where silvery currents rove,
Thy heart, grown still and sage,
Hath learned to read the words of love
That shine o'er nature's page ;
If holy thoughts thy guests have been
Under the shade of willows green ;

Then, lover of the silent hour
By deep lone waters passed !
Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,
To cheer thee through the last ;
And, wont on higher worlds to dwell,
May'st calmly bid thy streams farewell.

SONG FOR AN AIR BY HUMMEL

! if thou wilt not give thine heart,
Give back my own to me ;

For if in thine I have no part,
Why should mine dwell with thee ? *

Yet no ! this mournful love of mine
I will not from me cast ;
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine
By its deep truth at last !

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live
Through years without reply ?
—Oh ! if thy heart thou wilt not give,
Give me a thought, a sigh !

THE BROKEN CHAIN

I AM free !—I have burst through my
galling chain,
The life of young eagles is mine again ;
I may cleave with my bark the glad
sounding sea,
I may rove where the wind roves—my
path is free !

The streams dash in joy down the summer
hill, [will,
The birds pierce the depths of the sky at
The arrow goes forth with the singing
breeze,—
And is not my spirit as one of these ?

Oh ! the green earth with its wealth of
flowers, [bowers,
And the voices that ring through its forest
And the laughing glance of the founts
that shine,
Lighting the valleys—all, all are mine !

I may urge through the desert my foam-
ing steed, [speed ;
The wings of the morning shall lend him
I may meet the storm in its rushing glee—
Its blasts and its lightnings are not more
free !

Captive ! and hast thou then rent thy
chain ? [the main ?
Art thou free on the wilderness, free on
Yes ! there thy spirit may proudly soar,
But must thou not mingle with throngs
the more ?

The bird when he pineth, may hush his
song, [be strong ;
Till the hour when his heart shall again

* The first verse of this song is a literal translation from the German.

But thou—canst thou turn in thy woe aside,
And weep, 'midst thy brethren?—No, not
for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find way,
When the thoughts burning in thee shall
spring to day?

May the care that sits in thy weary breast
Look forth from thine aspect, the reveal's
guest?

No! with the shaft in thy bosom borne,
Thou must hide the wound in thy fear of
scorn; [see,
Thou must fold thy mantle that none may
And mask thee with laughter, and say
thou art free.

No! thou art chained till thy race is run,
By the power of all in the soul of one;
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the fetter
be—

Dreamer! fond dreamer! oh, who is free?

THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER

"La voila telle que la mort nous l'a faite."
BOSSUET.

["Never was a philosophical imagination
more beautiful than that exquisite one of
Kircher, Digby, and others, who discovered
in the ashes of plants their primitive forms,
which were again raised up by the power of
heat. The ashes of roses, say they, will again
revive in roses, unsubstantial and unodoriferous;
they are not roses which grow on rose-trees,
but their delicate apparitions, and, like apparitions,
they are seen but for a moment."—
Curiosities of Literature.]

'Twas a dream of olden days,
That Art, by some strange power,
The visionary form could raise
From the ashes of a flower.

That a shadow of the rose,
By its own meek beauty bowed,
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, unclothe,
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth, to grace,
As a second rainbow, spring;
Of summer's path a dreary trace,
A fair, yet mournful thing!

For the glory of the bloom
That a flush around it shed,
And the soul within, the rich perfume,
Where were they?—Fled, all fled!

Naught but the dim, faint line,
To speak of vanished hours.—
Memory! what are joys of thine?
—Shadows of buried flowers!

THE BELL AT SEA

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock,
on the coast of Korfarsshire, used formerly to be
marked only by a bell, which was so placed as
to be swung by the motion of the waves, when
the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has
since been erected there.]

WHEN the tide's billowy swell
Had reached its height,
Then tolled the rock's lone bell
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor blessed,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS *

COME to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us, is given
By the cool, soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;

"The loved hour of repose is strong. Let
us come to the sunset tree."—See CAPTAIN
SHERER'S interesting *Notes and Reflections*
during a *Ramble in Germany*.

When the burden and the heat
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows!

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,*
No weary, wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trode,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING

ST. LUKE vii. 37-39

THOU that with pallid cheek,
And eyes in sadness meek,
And faded locks that humbly swept the
ground,
From thy long wanderings won,
Before the all-healing Son,
Didst bow thee to the earth—O lost and
found!

When thou wouldst bathe His feet
With odours richly sweet, [tear,
And many a shower of woman's burning
And dry them with that hair,
Broust¹ low the dust to wear,
From the crowned beauty of its festal year.

Wohl ihm, er ist hin gegangen
Wokein schnoe mehr ist."
SCHILLER'S *Nadwessische Jodtenklage*.

Did He reject thee then
While the sharp scorn of men
On thy once bright and stately head was
cast?

No! from the Saviour's mien,
A solemn light serene
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last.

For thee, their smiles no more
Familiar faces wore;
Voices, once kind, had learned the
stranger's tone:
Who raised thee up, and bound
Thy silent spirit's wound?—
He, from all guilt the stainless, He alone!

But which, O erring child,
From home so long beguiled!—
Which of thine offerings won those words
of Heaven,
That o'er the bruised reed,
Condemned of earth to bleed,
In music passed, "Thy sins are all for-
given"?

Was it that perfume, fraught
With balm and incense, brought
From the sweet woods of Araby the Blest?
Or that fast-flowing rain
Of tears, which not in vain,
To Him who scorned not tears, thy woes
confessed?

No! not by these restored
Unto thy Father's board, [made;
Thy peace, that kindled joy in heaven, was
But, costlier in His eyes,
By that blessed sacrifice, [laid.
Thy heart, thy full deep heart, before Him

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD
CATHEDRAL

["The monument by Chantrey in Lichfield Cathedral, to the memory of the two children of Mrs. Robinson, is one of the most affecting works of art ever executed. He has given a pathos to marble which one who trusts to his natural feelings, and admires and is touched only at their bidding, might have thought of from any previous experience, that it was out of the power of statuary to attain. The monument is executed with all his beautiful simplicity and truth. The two children, two little girls, are represented as lying in each other's arms, and, at first glance, appear to be sleeping—

'But something lies
Too deep and still on those soft-sealed eyes.'

It is while lying in the helplessness of innocent sleep that infancy and childhood are viewed with the most touching interest; and this, and the loveliness of the children, the uncertainty of the expression at first view, the dim shadowing forth of that sleep from which they cannot be awakened—their hovering, as it were, upon the confines of life, as if they might still be recalled—all conspire to render the last feeling, that death is indeed before us, most deeply affecting. They were the only children of their mother, and she was a widow. A tablet commemorative of their father hangs over the monument. This stands at the end of one of the side-aisles of the choir, where there is nothing to distract the attention from it, or weaken its effect. It may be contemplated in silence and alone. The inscription, in that subdued tone of strong feeling which seeks no relief in words, harmonises with the character of the whole. It is as follows:—

'Sacred to the Memory of
ELLEN JANE and MARIANNE, only children
Of the late Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON, and
ELLEN JANE, his wife.
Their affectionate Mother,
In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved
innocence,
Consigns their resemblance to this sanctuary,
In humble gratitude for the glorious assurance
That "of such is the kingdom of God." * *
A. N. N.]

FAIR images of sleep,
Hallowed, and soft, and deep,
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers in mossy dells
Filled with the hush of night and summer
skies!

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness
away!

How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confessed your
sway!

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops from memory's troubled foun-
tains wrung—
While hope hath blights to bear,
While love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung!

Yet from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come,
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,

* From "The Offering," an American annual.

P 1

As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the sweet breathings low,
Of babes that grew and faded on her
breast;

If then the dove-like tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return;
If for the soft bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply
yearn;

O gentle forms, entwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasped, but never can un-
link!
Send from your calm profound
A still, small voice—a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to
sink!

By all the pure, meek mind
In your pale beauty shined,
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom
to die—
O'er her worn spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest dead!
The faith, trust, joy, of immortality!

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE

DREAMER! and wouldst thou know
If love goes with us to the viewless bourne?
Wouldst thou bear hence th' unfathomed
source of woe
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
That power, the dweller of thy secret
breast?
A dove sent forth across a stormy sea,
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odour cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;
A voice of music uttered to the blast,
And winning no rep;

Even were such answer mine,
Wouldst thou be blest? Too sleepless,
too profound,
Are the soul's hidden springs; there is no
line
Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail
When thou wouldst fill them with tha
ocean's power?
As thine own cheek, before high thoughts
grows pale
In some o'erwhelming hour.

Doth not thy frail form sink
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one
spot,
When thy heart strives, held down by
many a link,
Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,
Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,
Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*—
The burden and the shadow of thy life—
To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss
With earthly feelings' strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh no!
Not veiled and mantled with dim clouds
of care,
That spirit of my soul should with me go
To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs
To its own sphere, where night afar is
driven,
As to its place the flower-seed findeth
wings,
So must love mount to heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive
There on weak words to pour a stream of
fire;
Thought unto thought shall kindling im-
pulse give,
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessings *there*,
Showered like rich balsam forth on some
dear head,
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,
A joy of *an*light shed.

Let me, then—let me dream
That *love* goes with us to the shore un-
known;
To *over* its burning tears a heavenly gleam
In mercy shall be thrown!

A FAREWELL TO WALES

FOR THE MELODY CALLED "THE ASH GROVE,"
ON LEAVING THAT COUNTRY WITH MY
CHILDREN

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I
bear—
Farewell, and a blessing be with thee,
green land!
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure
mountain air,
On the chords of the harp, and the min-
strel's free hand,
From the love of my soul with my tears
it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my home
and my dead!

I bless thee!—yet not for the beauty
which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of
thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy
dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of
yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages
fled—
Green land, poet-land of my home and
my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that
beat
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy
skies;
For thy cottage-hearths burning the
stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy
children's kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, about
thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home
and my dead!

TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER

THOU hast loved and thou hast suffered
Unto feeling deep and strong,
Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail
string—
I know it by thy song!

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—
But well—oh, but too well!
Thou hast suffered all that woman's breast
May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept, and thou hast parted,
Thou hast been forsaken long,
Thou hast watched for steps that came
not back—
I know it by thy song!

By the low, clear silvery gushing
Of its music from thy breast;
By the quivering of its flute-like swell—
A sound of the heart's unrest;

By its fond and plaintive lingering
On each word of grief so long.
Oh! thou hast loved and suffered much—
I know it by thy song!

THE PALMER

"The faded palm-branch in his hand
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land."
SCOTT.

ART thou come from the far-off land at
last?

Thou that hast wandered long!
Thou art come to a home whence the
smile hath passed,
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bounding
heart
Thou wilt seek—but all are gone;
They are parted, e'en as waters part,
To meet in the deep alone!

And thou—from thy lip is fled the glow,
From thine eye the light of morn;
And the shades of thought o'erhang thy
brow,
And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say, what hast thou brought from the
distant shore
For thy wasted youth to pay? [more?
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys once
Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way?

"I have brought but the palm-branch in
my hand,
Yet I call not my bright youth lost!
I have won but high thought in the Holy
Land,
Yet I count not too dear the cost!

"I look on the leaves of the deathless
tree—
These records of my lack;
And better than you" in its flush of glee,
Are the memor' they give me back!

"They speak of toil, and of high emprise,
As in words of solemn cheer;
They speak of lonely victories
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

"They speak of scenes which have now
become
Bright pictures in my breast;
Where my spirit finds a glorious home,
And the love of my heart can rest.

"The colours pass not from *these* away,
Like tints of shower or sun;
Oh! beyond all treasures that know decay,
Is the wealth my soul hath won!

"A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,
An inborn light is cast;
For the sake of the palm from the holy
shrine,
I bewail not my bright days past!"

THE DEATH-SONG OF ALCESTIS

SHE came forth in her bridal robes
arrayed, [the hall
And, 'midst the graceful statues, round
Shedding the calm of their celestial mien,
Stood pale yet proudly beautiful as they:
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-like
gleam

Of jewels trembling from her braided hair,
And *death* upon her brow!—but glorious
death!

Her own heart's choice, the token and
the seal

Of love, o'ermastering love; which, till
that hour,

Almost an anguish in the brooding weight
Of its unutterable tenderness,

Had burdened her full soul. But now,
oh! now,

Its time was come—and from the spirit's
depths,

The passion and the mighty melody
Of its immortal voice in triumph broke,
Like a strong rushing wind!

The soft pure air
Came floating through that hall—the
Grecian air,

Laden with music—flute-note from the
vales,

Echoes of song—the last sweet sounds of
life.

And the glad sunshine of the golden clime

Streamed, as a royal mantle, round her form—
 The glorified of love! But she—she looked
 Only on *him* for whom 'twas joy to die,
 Deep—deepest, holiest joy! Or if a thought
 Of the warm sunlight, and the scented breeze,
 And the sweet Dorian songs, o'erswept the tide
 Of her unswerving soul—'twas but a thought
 That owned the summer loveliness of life
 For *him* a worthy offering! So she stood,
 Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced awhile;
 Till her eye kindled, and her quivering frame
 With the swift breeze of inspiration shook,
 As the pale priestess trembles to the breath
 Of inborn oracles!—Then flushed her cheek,
 And all the triumph, all the agony,
 Borne on the battling waves of love and death,
 All from her woman's heart, in sudden song,
 Burst like a fount of fire.

"I go, I go!
 Thou sun! thou golden sun! I go
 Far from thy light to dwell:
 Thou shalt not find my place below,
 Dim is that world—bright sun of Greece,
 Farewell!

"The laurel and the glorious rose
 Thy glad beam yet may see;
 But where no purple summer glows,
 O'er the dark wave I haste from them and thee.

"Yet doth my spirit faint to part?
 —I mourn thee not, O sun!
 Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my heart:
 Sing me triumphal songs!—my crown is won!

"Let not a voice of weeping rise—
 My heart is girt with power!
 Let the green earth and festal skies
 Laugh, as to place a conqueror's closing hoar!

"For thee, for thee, my bosom's lord!
 Thee, my soul's loved! I die;
 Thine is the torch of life restored,
 Mine, mine the rapture, mine the victory!

"Now may the boundless love, that lay
 Unfathomed still before,
 In one consuming burst find way—
 In one bright flood all, all its riches pour!

"Thou know'st, thou know'st what love
 is now!
 Its glory and its might—
 Are they not written on my brow?
 And will that image ever quit thy sight?

"No! deathless in thy faithful breast,
 There shall my memory keep
 Its own bright altar-place of rest,
 While o'er my grave the cypress branches
 weep.

"Oh, the glad light!—the light is fair,
 The soft breeze warm and free;
 And rich notes fill the scented air,
 And all are gifts—my love's last gifts to thee!

"Take me to thy warm heart once more!
 Night falls—my pulse beats low:
 Seek not to quicken, to restore—
 Joy is in every pang. I go, I go!

"I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,
 I meet thy fond look still;
 Keen is the strife of love and death;
 Faint and yet fainter grows my bosom's thrill.

"Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,
 Though mists o'er shade mine eye;
 Sing, Pæan! sing a conqueror's song!
 For thee, for thee, my spirit's lord, I die!"

THE HOME OF LOVE

THOU mov'st in visions, Love! Around
 thy way,
 E'en through this world's rough path and
 changeful day,
 For ever floats a gleam—
 Not from the realms of moonlight or the
 morn,
 But thine own soul's illumined chambers
 born—
 The colouring of a dream!

Love! shall I read thy dream? Oh! is
 it not
 All of some sheltering wood-embosomed
 spot—
 A bower for thee and thine?

Yes! lone and lowly is that home; yet
 there [air
 Something of heaven in the transparent
 Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies,
Breathes o'er it ever from the tender
 skies,

●

As o'er some blessed isle ;
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow
Kindling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal
 bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the wind have there
A flute-like harmony, that seems to bear
Greeting from some bright shore,
Where none have said *farewell* !—where
no decay
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day ;
Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast
Hidden from earthly ill :
There wouldst thou watch the homeward
step, whose sound, [round,
Wakening all nature to sweet echoes
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind the immortal heritage,
For thee its treasures pour ;
Or music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or dearer interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise ;
Lifting th' æternal hope, th' adoring
breath,
Of spirits, not to be disjoined by death,
Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no storm
 should come
 To mar the stillness of that angel-home ;
 There should thy slumbers be
 Weighed down with honey-dew, serenely
 blessed, [rest
 Like theirs who first in Eden's grove took
 Under some balmy tree.

Love! Love! thou passionate in joy and
 [below—
And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace
Here, where bright things must die?

O thou, that, wildly worshipping, dost
 shed
 On the frail altar of a mortal head
 Gifts of infinity! •

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful
Love! [above,
Danger seems gathering from beneath,
Still round thy precious things ;
Thy stately pine-tree, or thy gracious rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no
repose,
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And as a flower, with some fine sense im-
bued,
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,
So in thy prescient breast [thrill
Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic
To the low footstep of each coming ill :
Oh! canst *thou* dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou mighty and
thou weak! [break-
Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to
As a flame, tempest-swayed!
He that sits calm on high is yet the
source
Whence thy soul's current hath its
troubled course,
He that great deep hath made!

Will He not pity?—He whose searching
eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony?—
Oh ! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with *Him* that bower of blessed-
ness.
Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven.

BOOKS AND FLOWERS

“La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel j'étais nourrie de l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres ; dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie, j'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux avec des livres et des fleurs.” MADAME ROLAND.

COME! let me make a sunny realm
around thee
Of thought and beauty! Here are
books and flowers,
With spells to loose the fetter which hath
bound thee— [hours.
The ravelled coil of this world's feverish

The soul of song is in these deathless
pages, [shrined ;
Even as the odour in the flower en-
Here the crowned spirits of departed ages
Have left the silent melodies of mind.

Their thoughts, that strove with time, and
change, and anguish,
For some high place where Faith her
wing might rest,
Are burning here—a flame that may not
languish—
Still pointing upward to that bright
hill's crest !

Their grief, the veiled infinity exploring
For treasures lost, is here ;—their bound-
less love,
Its mighty streams of gentleness out-
pouring [above.
On all things round, and clasping all

And the bright beings, their own hearts'
creations,
Bright, yet all human, here are breath-
ing still ;
Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations
Are here, and victories of prevailing
will !

Listen ! oh, listen ! let their high words
cheer thee !
Their swan-like music ringing through
all woes ;
Let my voice bring their holy influence
near thee—
The Elysian air of their divine repose !

Or wouldst thou turn to earth ? Not earth
all furrowed
By the old traces of man's toil and care,
But the green peaceful world that never
sorrowed,
The world of leaves, and dews, and
summer air !

Look on these flowers ! as o'er an altar
shedding,
O'er Milton's page, soft light from
coloured urns !

They are the links, man's heart to nature
wedding,
When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest
dingles,
Fresh banks of many a low-voiced
hidden stream,

Where the sweet star of eve looks down
and mingles
Faint lustre with the water-lily's gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play
in gladness,
Covering the turf with flowery blossom-
showers ;
—Too richly dowered, O friend ! are we
for sadness— [ours !
Look on an empire—mind and nature—

FOR A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA ATTENDED BY ANGELS

" How rich that forehead's calm expanse !
How bright that heaven-directed glance !
—Waft her to glory, winged powers !
Ere sorrow be renewed,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood ! "

WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with inspiration beam-
ing, [song !
Wear yet so deep a calm ? O child of
Is not the music-land a world of dreaming,
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty
throng ?

Hath it not sounds from voices long de-
parted ? [ear ?
Echoes of tones that rung in childhood's
Low haunting whispers, which the weary-
hearted, [to hear ?
Stealing 'midst crowds away, have wept

No, not to thee ! Thy spirit, meek, yet
queenly,
On its own starry height, beyond all this,
Floating triumphantly and yet serenely,
Breathes no faint undertone through
songs of bliss.

Say by what strain, through cloudless
ether swelling,
Thou hast drawn down those wanderers
from the skies ?
Bright guests ! even such as left of yore
their dwelling
For the deep cedar-shades of Paradise !

What strain ? Oh ! not the nightingale's,
when, showering
Her own heart's life-drops on the burn-
ing lay,
She stirs the young woods in the days of
flowering, [grief, away :
And pours her strength, but not her

And not the exile's—when, 'midst lonely
billows,
He wakes the Alpine notes his mother
sung,
Or blends them with the sigh of alien
willows,
Where, murmuring to the wind, his
harp is hung :

And not the pilgrim's—though his thoughts
be holy,
And sweet his avè-song when day grows
dim ;
Yet, as he journeys, pensively and slowly,
Something of sadness floats through that
low hymn.

But thou!—the spirit which at eve is
filling
All the hushed air and reverential sky—
Founts, leaves, and flowers, with solemn
rapture thrilling—
This is the soul of thy rich harmony.

This bears up high those breathings of
devotion
Wherein the currents of thy heart gush
free ;
Therefore no world of sad and vain emo-
tion
Is the dream-haunted music-land for
thee.

THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EASTLAKE'S

DARK chieftain of the heath and height !
Wild feaster on the hills by night !
See'st thou the stormy sunset's glow
Flung back by glancing spears below ?
Now for one strife of stern despair !
The foe hath tracked thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood
Hath risen from rock and lonely wood ;
And in whose dreams a moan should be,
Not of the water, nor the tree ;
Haply thine own last hour is nigh,—
Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one that pale beside thee stands,
More true than all thy mountain bands !
She will not shrink in doubt and dread
When the balls whistle round thy head :
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye
No longer may to hers reply.

Oh ! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her form and face ;
And many a thought, the fitting guest
Of woman's meek, religious breast,
Hath perished in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests, by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall—
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast
Of lovely ones to be the last—
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh ! not wholly lost the heart
Where that undying love hath part ;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong ;
Yet may its depths by heaven be stirred,
Its prayer for thee be poured and heard !

THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR THOMAS
LAWRENCE'S

' All good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy altered face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.'—WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with the
honey-bee ?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pas-
tures free ?
With the hare through the copses and
dingles wild ?
With the butterfly over the heath, fair
child ?
Yes ! the light fall of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy
seat :
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells,
And brought back a treasure of buds and
bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness by antique
song [throng :
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet
dim, [brim ;
The lily that gleams by the fountain's
These are old words, that have made each
grove

A dreaming haunt for romance and love—
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie
A place for the gushing of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith
 fairy lore
 Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er :
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep ;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
'Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed
cell ;
 And the scent by the blossoming sweet-
 briars shed,
 And the beauty that bows the wood-
 hyacinth's head.

O happy child ! in thy fawn-like glee,
 What is remembrance or thought to thee ?
 Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of
 spring,
 O'er thy green pathway their colours fling ;
 Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—
 What if to droop and to perish soon ?
 Nature hath mines of such wealth—and
 thou
 Never wilt prize its delights as now !

For a day is coming to quell the tone
 That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous
 one !

And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
 Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;
 And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
 Into the stillness of autumn skies ;
 And to teach thee that grief hath her
 needful part [heart.
 'Midst the hidden things of each human

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for
 this ?

Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !
 Such be thy portion !—the bliss to look,
 With a reverent spirit, through nature's
 book ;

By fount, by forest, by river's line,
 To track the paths of a love divine ;
 To read its deep meanings—to see and
 hear

God in earth's garden—and not to fear !

THE FAITH OF LOVE

THOU hast watched beside the bed of
 death,

O fearless ~~man~~ Love !
 Thy lip received the last faint breath,
 Ere the spirit fled above.

Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,
 In a low and farewell tone ;

Thou hast given the grave both flower and
 tear—

—O Love ! thy task is done.

Then turn thee from each pleasant spot
 Where thou wert wont to rove ;
 For there the friend of thy soul is not,
 Nor the joy of thy youth, O Love !

Thou wilt meet but mournful Memory
 there ;

Her dreams in the grove she weaves,
 With echoes filling the summer air,
 With sighs the trembling leaves.

Then turn thee to the world again,
 From those dim, haunted bowers,
 And shut thine ear to the wild, sweet
 strain
 That tells of vanished hours.

And wear not on thine aching heart
 The image of the dead ;
 For the tie is rent that gave thee part
 In the gladness its beauty shed.

And gaze on the pictured smile no more
 That thus can life outlast :
 All between parted souls is o'er.—
 Love ! Love ! forget the past !

" Voice of vain boding ! away, be still !
 Strive not against the faith
 That yet my bosom with light can fill,
 Unquenched and undimmed by death.

" From the pictured smile I will not turn,
 Though sadly now it shine ;
 Nor quit the shade that in whispers mourn
 For the step once linked with mine ;

" Nor shut mine ear to the song of old,
 Though its notes the pang renew.
 —Such memories deep in my heart I hold,
 To keep it pure and true.

" By the holy instinct of my heart,
 By the hope that bears me on,
 I have still my own undying part
 In the deep affection gone.

" By the presence that about me seems
 Through night and day to dwell,
 Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams
 —I have breathed no last farewell !"

THE SISTER'S DREAM

[Suggested by a picture in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.]

SHE sleeps!—but not the free and sunny
sleep
That lightly on the brow of childhood
lies:

Though happy be her rest, and soft, and
deep, [eyes,
Yet, e'er it sank upon her shadowed
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred
graves o'erswept
Her soul's meek stillness—she had prayed
and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead!
That unto her bequeathed a mournful
home, [laughter fled.
Whence with their voices all sweet
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from the world where no frail blossom
dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of
earth—

Not as they were when binding up the
flowers,
Telling wild legends round the winter-
hearth,
Braiding their long fair hair for festal
hours:
These things are past—a spiritual gleam,
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet if the glee of life's fresh budding years
In those pure aspects may no more be
read,
Thence, too, hath sorrow melted—and
the tears
Which o'er their mother's holy dust
they shed,
Are all effaced. There earth hath left no
sign
Save its deep love, still touching every line.

But oh! more soft, more tender—breath-
ing more [days!
A thought of pity, than in vanished
While, hovering silently and brightly o'er
The lone one's head, they meet her
spirit's gaze
With their immortal eyes, that seem to
say, [away!"
"Yet, sister! yet we love thee—come

'Twill fade, the radiant dream! And will
she not [her heart?

Wake with more painful yearning at
Will not her home seem yet a lonelier spot,
Her task more sad, when those bright
shadows part?

And the green summer after them look
dim, [hymn?
And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild

But let her hope be strong, and let the
dead [still;
Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty
Be their names uttered, be their memory
spread [may fill!
Yet round the place they never more
All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not
on high?

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD

[These lines were given to Sir Walter Scott,
at the gate of Abbotsford, in the summer of
1829. He was then apparently in the vigour of
an existence whose energies promised long con-
tinuance; and the glance of his quick, smiling
eye, and the very sound of his kindly voice,
seemed to kindle the gladness of his own sunny
and benignant spirit in all who had the happi-
ness of approaching him.]

HOME of the gifted! fare thee well,
And a blessing on thee rest!
While the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moor and mountain-crest;
While stream to stream around thee calls,
And braes with broom are drest,
Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest!

While the high voice from thee sent forth
Bids rock and cairn reply,
Wakening the spirits of the North
Like a chieftain's gathering-cry;
While its deep master-tones hold sway
As a king's o'er every breast,
Home of the Legend and the Lay!
A blessing on thee rest!

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and bower!
Long honours to thy line!
And hearts of proof, and hands of power,
And bright names worthy thine!
By the merry step of childhood, will
May thy free sward be prest!
—While one proud pulse in the land can
thrill,
A blessing on thee rest!

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE

O SUNSHINE and fair earth !
 Sweet is your kindly mirth ;
 Angel of death ! yet, yet awhile delay !
 Too sad it is to part,
 Thus in my spring of heart,
 With all the light and laughter of the day.

For me the falling leaf
 Touches no chord of grief,
 No dark void in the rose's bosom lies :
 Not one triumphal tone,
 One hue of hope, is gone [skies.
 From song or bloom beneath the summer

Death, Death ! ere yet decay,
 Call me not hence away !
 Over the golden hours no shade is thrown ;
 The poesy that dwells
 Deep in green woods and dells
 Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

Yet not for this, O Death !
 Not for the vernal breath
 Of winds that shake forth music from the
 trees :
 Not for the splendour given
 To night's dark, regal heaven,
 Spoiler ! I ask thee not reprove for these.

But for the happy love
 Whose light, where'er I rove,
 Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,
 Shedding on branch and flower
 A rainbow-tinted shower
 Of richer life—spare, spare me yet awhile.

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come !
 Too beautiful is home—
 A home of gentle voices and kind eyes !
 And I the loved of all,
 On whom fond blessings fall
 From every lip.—Oh ! wilt thou rend such
 ties ?

Sweet sisters ! weave a chain
 My spirit to detain :
 Hold me to earth with strong affection
 back ;

Bind me with mighty love
 Unto the stream, the grove,
 Our daily paths—our life's familiar track.

Stay with me ! gird me round !
 Your voices bear a sound
 Of hope—a light comes with you and
 departs ;

Hush my soul's boding swell,
 That murmurs of farewell :
 How can I leave this ring of kindest hearts ?

Death ! grave !—and are there those
 That woo your dark repose, [earth ?
 'Midst the rich beauty of the glowing
 Surely about them lies
 (No world of loving eyes.
 Leave me, oh ! leave me unto home and
 hearth !

THE WELCOME TO DEATH

THOU art welcome, O thou warning voice !
 My soul hath pined for thee ;
 Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from
 shore
 To wanderer on the sea.
 I hear thee in the rustling woods,
 In the sighing vernal airs ;
 Thou call'st me from the lonely earth
 With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! Since kindred steps .
 From its green paths are fled,
 A dimness and a hush have lain
 O'er all its beauty spread.
 The silence of th' unanswering soul
 Is on me and around ;
 My heart hath echoes but for thee,
 Thou still, small, warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,
 Once in my dwelling heard ;
 Sweet household name by name hath
 changed

To grief's forbidden word !
 From dreams of night on each I call,
 Each of the far removed ;
 And waken to my own wild cry—
 " Where are ye, my beloved ? "

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers were dim
 With records of the past ;
 And stars poured down another light
 Than o'er my youth they cast.
 Birds will not sing as once they sung,
 When ye were at my side,
 And mournful tones are in the wind,
 Which I heard not till ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !
 Why should the last remain ?
 What eye can reach my heart of hearts,
 Bearing in light again ?
 E'en could this be, too much of fear
 O'er love would now be thrown.—
 Away ! away ! from time, from change,
 Once more to meet my own !

THE VICTOR

'De tout ce qui t'aimait n'est-il plus rien qui t'aime?'—LAMARTINE.

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death!
Ye are the strong in this world of ours;
Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell 'midst
the flowers;
—Which hath the conqueror's wreath?

Thou art the victor, Love!
Thou art the fearless, the crowned, the
free, [thee—
The strength of the battle is given to
The spirit from above!

Thou hast looked on Death, and
smiled!
Thou hast borne up the reed-like and
fragile form
Through the waves of the fight, through
the rush of the storm,
On field, and flood, and wild!

No!—*Thou* art the victor, Death!
Thou comest, and where is that which
spoke,
From the depths of the eye, when the
spirit woke?
—Gone with the fleeting breath!

Thou comest—and what is left
Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves—yet answers the burning thought
Of the spirit lone and left?

Silence is where thou art!
Silently there must kindred meet,
No smile to cheer, and no voice to greet,
No bounding of heart to heart!

Boast not thy victory, Death!
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's
power, [flower,
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and
That slumber the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids
be still;
But the fiery thought and the lofty will
Are not for him to chain!

They shall soar his might above!
And thus with the root whence affection
springs,
Though buried, it is not of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, Love!

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE
ALBUM AT ROSANNA *

OH! lightly tread through these deep
chestnut bowers,
Where a sweet spirit once in beauty
moved!
And touch with reverent hand these leaves
and flowers—
Fair things, which well a gentle heart
hath loved!
A gentle heart, of love and grief th' abode,
Whence the bright stream of song in tear-
drops flowed.

And bid its memory sanctify the scene!
And let th' ideal presence of the dead
Float round, and touch the woods with
softer green,
And o'er the streams a charm, like
moonlight, shed, [felt—
Through the soul's depths in holy silence
A spell to raise, to chasten, and to melt!

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES

"How perfect was the calm! It seemed no
sleep,
No mood which season takes away or
brings;
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.
But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne."
WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves,
That now in sunshine sweep!
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
Voice of the solemn deep!

Hath man's lone spirit here
With storms in battle striven?
Where all is now so calmly clear,
Hath anguish cried to Heaven?

—Then the sea's voice arose,
Like an earthquake's undertone:
"Mortal! the strife of human woes
Where hath not nature known?

"Here to the quivering in st
Despair hath wildly clung,
The shriek upon the wind hath passed,
The midnight sky hath rung."

* A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow,
formerly the abode of the authoress of "Psyche."

"And the youthful and the brave,
With their beauty and renown,
To the hollow chambers of the wave
In darkness have gone down.

"They are vanished from their place—
Let their homes and hearths make
noan!
But the rolling waters keep no trace
Of pang or conflict gone."

—Alas! thou haughty deep!
The strong, the sounding far!
My heart before thee dies,—I weep
To think on what we are!

To think that so we pass—
High hope, and thought, and mind—
Even as the breath-stain from the glass,
Leaving no sign behind!

Saw'st thou naught else, thou main?
Thou and the midnight sky?
Naught save the struggle, brief and vain,
The parting agony!

—And the sea's voice replied:
"Here nobler things have been!
Power, with the valiant when they died,
To sanctify the scene:

"Courage, in fragile form,
Faith, trusting to the last,
Prayer, breathing heavenwards thro' the
storm:
But all alike have passed."

Sound on, thou haughty sea!
These have not passed in vain;
My soul awakes, my hope springs free
On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,
May'st vanish with thy powers;
But, by the hearts that here have striven,
A loftier doom is ours!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

"I seem like one who treads alone
Some quiet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."—MOORE.

SEE'ST thou yon grey, gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm-shadows fall?

Voices that have left the earth
Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low:

Ever there;—yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.
Guests come thither, and depart,
Frey of step, and light of heart;
Children, with sweet visions blessed,
In the haunted chambers rest;
One alone unslumbering lies,
When the night hath sealed all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

See'st thou where the woodbine-flowers
O'er yon low porch hang in showers?
Startling faces of the dead,

Pale, yet sweet,
One lone woman's entering tread
There still meet!
Some with young, smooth foreheads
fair,

Faintly shining through bright hair;
Some with reverend locks of snow—
All, all buried long ago!
All, from under deep sea-waves,
Or the flowers of foreign graves,
Or the old and bannered aisle,
Where their high tombs gleam the
while;

Rising, wandering, floating by,
Suddenly and silently,
Through their earthly home and place,
But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
Are those sounds and visions known?
Wherefore hath that spell of power,

Dark and dread,
On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
Thus been shed?

Oh! in those deep-seeing eyes,
No strange gift of mystery lies!
She is lone where once she moved,
Fair, and happy, and beloved!
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,
Tendrils of kind hearts had bound her.
Now those silver chords are broken,
Those bright looks have left no token—
Not one trace on all the earth,
Save her memory of their mirth.
She is lone and lingering now,
Dreams have gathered o'er her brow;
'Midst gay songs and children's play,
She is dwelling far away,
Seeing what none else may see—
Haunted still her place must be!

THE SHEPHERD-POET OF THE ALPS

"God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!"
COLERIDGE.

SINGING of the free blue sky,
And the wild-flower glens that lie
Far amidst the ancient hills,
Which the fountain-music fills;
Singing of the snow-peaks bright,
And the royal eagle's flight,
And the courage and the grace
Fostered by the chamois-chase;
In his fetters, day by day,
So the Shepherd-poet lay.
Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell,
Did those notes of freedom swell,
Breathing sadness not their own
Forth with every Alpine tone?
Wherefore!—can a tyrant's ear
Brook the mountain-winds to hear,
When each blast goes pealing by
With a song of liberty?
Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand
O'er the Shepherd-poet's land;
Sounding there the waters gushed,
While the lip of man was hushed;
There the falcon pierced the cloud,
While the fiery heart was bowed.
But this might not long endure,
Where the mountain-homes were pure;
And a valiant voice arose,
Thrilling all the silent snows;
His—now singing far and lone,
Where the young breeze ne'er was
known;
Singing of the glad blue sky,
Wildly—and how mournfully!

Are none but the Wind and the Lammer
Geyer
To be free where the hills unto heaven
aspire?
Is the soul of song from the deep glens
past,
Now that their poet is chained at last?—
Think of the mountains, and deem not so!
Soon shall each blast like a claxon blow!
Yes! though forbidden be every word
Wherewith that spirit the Alps hath
stirred,
Yet even as a buried stream through earth
Rolls on to another and brighter birth,
So shall the voice that hath seemed to die
Burst forth with the anthem of liberty!

And another power is moving
In a bosom fondly loving:
Oh! a sister's heart is deep,
And her spirit strong to keep
Each light link of early hours,
All sweet scents of childhood's flowers!
Thus each lay by Erni sung,
Rocks and crystal caves among,
Or beneath the linden-leaves,
Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,
Rapid though as bird-notes gushing,
Transient as a wan cheek's flushing,
Each in young Teresa's breast
Left its fiery words impressed:
Treasured there lay every line,
As a rich book on a hidden shrine.
Fair was that lone girl, and meek,
With a pale, transparent cheek,
And a deep-fringed violet eye,
Seeking in sweet shade to lie,
Or, if raised to glance above,
Dim with its own dew of love;
And a pure Madonna brow,
And a silvery voice and low,
Like the echo of a flute,
Even the last, ere all be mute.
But a loftier soul was seen
In the orphan sister's mien,
From that hour when chains defiled
Him, the high Alps' noble child.
Tones in her quivering voice awoke,
As if a harp of battle spoke;
Light, that seemed born of an eagle's
nest,
Flashed from her soft eyes unexpressed;
And her form, like a spreading water-
flower,
When its frail cup wells with a sudden
shower,
Seemed all dilated with love and pride,
And grief for that brother, her young
heart's guide.
Well might they love!—those two had
grown
Orphans together and alone:
The silence of the Alpine sky
Had hushed their hearts to piety;
The turf, o'er their dead mother laid,
Had been their altar when they prayed;
There, more in tenderness than woe,
The stars had seen their young tears
flow;
The clouds, in spirit-like descent,
Their deep thoughts by one touch had
blent,
And the wild storms linked them to each
other—
How dear can peril make a brother!

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,
The vine waves unpruned o'er their mountain cot :

Away, in that holy affection's might,
The maiden is gone, like a breeze of the night.

She is gone forth alone, but her lighted face,

Filling with soul every secret place,
Hath a dower from heaven, and a gift of sway,

To arouse brave hearts in its hidden way,
Like the sudden flinging forth on high
Of a banner, that startleth silently !
She hath wandered through many a hamlet-vale,

Telling its children her brother's tale ;
And the strains by his spirit poured away
Freely as fountains might shower their spray,

From her fervent lip a new life have caught,
And a power to kindle yet bolder thought ;
While sometimes a melody, all her own,
Like a gush of tears in its plaintive tone,
May be heard 'midst the lonely rocks to flow,

Clear through the water-chimes—clear, yet low.

" Thou'rt not where wild-flowers wave
O'er crag and sparry cave ;
Thou'rt not where pines are sounding,
Or joyous torrents bounding—
Alas, my brother !

" Thou'rt not where green, on high,
The brighter pastures lie ;
Ev'n those, thine own wild places,
Bear of our chain dark traces—
Alas, my brother !

" Far hath the sunbeam spread,
Nor found thy lonely bed ;
Long hath the fresh wind sought thee,
Nor one sweet whisper brought thee—
Alas, my brother !

" Thou, that for joy wert born,
Free as the wings of morn !
Will aught thy young life cherish,
Where the Alpine rose would perish ?—
Alas, my brother !

" Canst thou be singing still,
As once on every hill ?
Is not thy soul forsaken,
And the bright gift from thee taken ?—
Alas, alas, my brother ! "

And *was* the bright gift from the captive fled ?

Like the fire on his hearth, was his spirit dead ?

Not so !—but as rooted in stillness deep,
The pure stream-lily its place will keep,
Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,

While the red waves rush down the foaming river :

So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,
Trembling, yet not to be borne away !
He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,

And felt that his country no chains might
He thought of the hunter's haughty life,
And knew there must yet be noble strife,
But oh ! when he thought of that orphan maid,

His high heart melted—he wept and prayed !

For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,
A wakener of heroes in every glen,
With a glance inspired which no grief could tame,

Bearing on hope like a torch's flame ;
While the strengthening voice of mighty wrongs

Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs.
But his dreams were filled by a haunting tone,

Sad as a sleeping infant's moan ;
And his soul was pierced by a mournful eye,

Which looked on it—oh ! how beseech—
And there floated past him a fragile form,
With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm ;

Till, wakening in anguish, his faint heart strove

In vain with its burden of helpless love !
Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—
There flashed through his dungeon a swift strong light ;

He sprang up—he climbed to the grating-bars.

—It was not the rising of moon or stars,
But a signal-flame from a peak of snow,
Rocked through the dark skies to and fro !
There shot forth another—another still—
A hundred answers of hill to hill !

Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,
Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,
And each is hailed with a pealing shout,
For the high Alps waving their banners out !

Erni ! young Erni ! the land hath risen !
—Alas ! to be lone in thy narrow prison !

Those free streamers glancing, and thou
not there! [spair?
—Is the moment of rapture, or fierce de-
—Hark! there's a tumult that shakes his
cell,
At the gates of the mountain citadel!
Hark! a clear voice through the rude
sounds ringing!
Doth he know the strain, and the wild,
sweet singing?

' There may not long be fetters,
Where the cloud is earth's array,
And the bright floods leap from cave
and steep,
Like a hunter on the prey!

' There may not long be fetters,
Where the white Alps have their
towers;
Unto Eagle-homes, if the arrow comes,
The chain is not for ours!"

It is she! She is come like a dayspring
beam, [dream!
She that so mournfully shadowed his
With her shining eyes and her buoyant
form, [warm;
She is come! her tears on his cheek are
And oh! the thrill in that weeping voice!
"My brother! my brother! come forth,
rejoice!"

Poet! the land of thy love is free,—
Sister! thy brother is won by thee!

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS

... "How divine
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate
To oldest time! And reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—One
Among the many there."—WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAIN winds! oh, whither do ye call
me?

Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!
Chains of care to lower earth enthrall me,
Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo?

Oh! the strife of this divided being!
Is there peace where ye are born on
high? [fleeing,
Could we soar to your proud eyries
In our hearts would haunting memories
die?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling
Whence the footsteps of the loved are
gone!
Never from those rocky halls came
swelling
Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wanderings free;
And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's pinion
Is not from some hidden pang to fly;
All things breathe of power and stern do-
minion—
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only
Where man's trace hath been that so we
pine?
Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,
Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine!

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers!
At whose tone my heart within me
burns;
Bear me where the last red sunbeam
lingers,
Where the waters have their secret urns!

There to commune with a loftier spirit
Than the troubling shadows of regret;
There the wings of freedom to inherit,
Where the enduring and the winged
are met.

Hush, proud voices! gentle be your fall-
ing!
Woman's lot thus chainless may not be;
Hush! the heart your trumpet-sounds are
calling,
Darkly still may grow—but never free!

THE PROCESSION

"The peace which passeth all understanding,"
disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It
lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed
moonlight."—COLERIDGE.

THERE were trampling sound¹s of many
feet,
And music rushed through the crowded
street:
Proud music, such as tells the sky
Of a chief returned from victory.

There were banners to the winds unrolled,
 With haughty words on each blazoned
 fold; [yore
 High battle-names, which had rung of
 When lances clashed on the Syrian shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green and
 lone, [pathway strown;
 There were flowers of the woods on the
 And wheels that crushed as they swept
 along;—
 Oh! what doth the violet amidst the
 throng?

I saw where a bright procession passed
 The gates of a minster old and vast;
 And a king to his crowning-place was led,
 Through a sculptured line of the warrior-
 dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array
 Of trophies, on those high tombs that lay,
 And the coloured light, that wrapped them
 all,
 Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But a lowlier grave soon won mine eye
 Away from th' ancestral pagantry—
 A grave by the lordly minster's gate,
 Unhonoured, and yet not desolate.

It was a dewy greensward bed,
 Meet for the rest of a peasant head;
 But Love—oh, lovelier than all beside!—
 That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching there,
 Young—but how sorrowfully fair!
 Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,
 That reckless feet might profane them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender cheek,
 And her eye, though tearful, serenely meek;
 And I deemed, by its lifted gaze of love,
 That her sad heart's treasure was all
 above.

For alone she seemed 'midst the throng
 to be,
 Like a bird of the waves far away at sea;
 Alone, in a moment's vest arrayed,
 And with folded hands, e'en as if she
 prayed.

It faded before me, that mask of pride,
 The haughty swell of the music died;
 Banner, and armour, and tossing plume,
 All melted away in the twilight's gloom.

But that orphan form, with its willowy
 grace,
 And the speaking prayer in that pale,
 calm face,
 Still, still o'er my thoughts in the night-
 hour glide—
 —Oh! Love is lovelier than all beside!

THE BROKEN LUTE

When the lamp is shattered,
 The light in the dust lies dead;
 When the cloud is scattered,
 The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lute is broken,
 Sweet sounds are remembered not;
 When the words are spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute."
 SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,
 'Midst forms that breathed from th'
 pictured walls;
 But a glow of beauty like her own,
 There had no dream of the painter thrown
 I lit from within was her noble brow,
 As an urn, whence rays from a lamp ma
 flow;
 Her young, clear cheek had a change
 hue,
 As if ye might see how the soul wroug
 through,
 And every flash of her fervent eye
 Seemed the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was! From her chil
 hood's years
 A being of sudden smiles and tears—
 Passionate visions, quick light and shade
 Such was that high-born Italian maid!
 And the spirit of song in her bosom-cel
 Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,
 Or as the sounds in Æolian strings,
 Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings;
 There, ever there, with the life enshrined
 Waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,
 In the city's hour of moonlight glee—
 Oft would that gift of the southern sky
 O'erflow from her lips in melody;
 Oft amid festal halls it came,
 Like the springing forth of a sud
 flame—

Till the dance was hushed, and the silvery
tone
Of her inspiration was heard alone.
And fame went with her, the bright, the
crowned,
And music floated her steps around ;
And every lay of her soul was borne
Through the sunny land, as on wings of
morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,
With a power so deep in her youthful
breast ?
Could she be happy, o'er whose dark eye
So many changes and dreams went by ?
And in whose cheek the swift crimson
wrought,
As if but born from the rush of thought ?
Yes ! in the brightness of joy awhile
She moved as a bark in the sunbeam's
smile ;
For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,
All, all on a happy love was poured !
How loves a heart whence the stream of
song
Flows, like the life-blood, quick, bright,
and strong ?
How loves a heart, which hath never
proved
One breath of the world ? Even so she
loved ;
Blessed, though the lord of her soul, afar,
Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,
Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,
As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.
Proud music breathed in her song, when
fame
Gave a tone more thrilling to his name ;
And her trust in his love was a woman's
faith—
Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Othman
host,
In the land that quelled the Persian's
boast,
And a thousand hearts in Venice burn
For the day of triumph and return !
—The day is come ! the flashing deep
Foams where the galleys of victory sweep ;
And the sceptred city of the wave
With her festal splendour greets the brave ;
Cymbal, and clarion, and voice, around,
Make the air one stream of exulting sound ;
While the beautiful, with their sunny
smiles,
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

Q

But happiest and brightest that day of
all,
Robed for her warrior's festival,
Moving a queen 'midst the radiant throng,
Was she, th' inspired one, the maid of
song !
The lute he loved on her arm she bore,
As she rushed in her joy to the crowded
shore ;
With a hue on her cheek like the damask
glow
By the sunset given unto mountain snow,
And her eye all filled with the spirit's play,
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful
day,
And her long hair waving in ringlets
bright—
So came that being of hope and light !
—One moment, Erminia ! one moment
more,
And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er !
The bark of her lover hath touched the
strand—
Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand ?
—A young fair form, whose nymph-like
grace
Accorded well with the Grecian face,
And the eye, in its clear, soft darkness
meek,
And the lashes that drooped o'er a pale
rose cheek ;
And he looked on that beauty with tender
pride—
The warrior hath brought back an Eastern
bride !

But how stood she, the forsaken, there,
Struck by the lightning of swift despair ?
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,
And her cheek to her heart sent back the
blood ;
And there came from her quivering lip no
word,
Only the fall of her lute was heard,
As it dropped from her hand at her rival's
feet,
Into fragments, whose dying thrill was
sweet !

What more remaineth ? Her day was
done ;
Her fate and the Brown Lute's were one !
The light, the vision, the gift of power,
Passed from her soul in that mortal hour,
Like the rich sound from the shattered
string,
Whence the gush of sweetness no more
might spring !

1

As an eagle struck in his upward flight,
So was her hope from its radiant height ;
And her song went with it for evermore,
A gladness taken from sea and shore !
She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—

Silently, silently, died her name !
Silently melted her life away,
As ye have seen a young flower decay,
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burned expire,
Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,
Leaving its channel all dry and mute—
Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute !

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT

"How weeps yon gallant band
O'er him their valour could not save !
For the bayonet is red with gore,
And he, the beautiful and brave,
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand."—WILSON.

IN the shadow of the Pyramid
Our brother's grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death surveyed.

The blood-red sky above us
Was darkening into night,
And the Arab watching silently
Our sad and hurried rite ;

The voice of Egypt's river
Came hollow and profound ;
And one lone palm-tree, where we stood,
Rocked with a shivery sound :

While the shadow of the Pyramid
Hung o'er the grave we made,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death surveyed.

The fathers of our brother
Were borne to knightly tombs,
With torch-light and with anthem-note,
And many waving plumes :

But he, the last and noblest
Of that brief Norman race,
With a few brief words of soldier-love
Was gathered to his place ;

In the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his youthful form we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death surveyed.

But let him, let him slumber
By the old Egyptian wave !
It is well with those who bear their fame
Unsullied to the grave !

When brightest names are breathed on,
When loftiest fall so fast,
We would not call our brother back
On dark days to be cast,—

From the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his noble heart we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death surveyed.

TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA

"Ave Maria ! May our spirits dare
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?"
BYRON.

FAIR vision ! thou'rt from sunny skies,
Born where the rose hath richest dyes ;
To thee a southern heart hath given
That glow of love, that calm of heaven,
And round thee cast th' ideal gleam,
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music fills
The haunted air of Roman hills,
Or where Venetian waves of yore
Heard melodies, they hear no more,
Some proud old minster's gorgeous aisle
Hath known the sweetness of thy smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,
'Mid forests of the Apennine,
Whose breezy sounds of cave and dell
Pass like a floating anthem-swell,
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrim's way
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut wood,
Perchance thine island-chapel stood,
Where from the blue Sicilian sea
The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,
And blessed thy power to guide, to save,
Madonna ! watcher of the wave !

Oh ! might a voice, a whisper low,
Forth from those lips of beauty flow !
Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,
The conflicts, and the pangs of years,
Which, at thy secret shrine revealed,
Have gushed from human hearts unsealed !

Surely to thee hath woman come,
As a tired wanderer back to home !
Unveiling many a timid guest
And treasured sorrow of her breast,
A buried love—a wasting care—
Oh ! did those griefs win peace from
prayer?

And did the poet's fervid soul
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?
Those thoughts, which poured their
quenchless fire
And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,
Did they to still submission die
Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bowed
Before thee, 'midst the incense cloud?
Hath the crowned leader's bosom lone
To thee its haughty griefs made known?
Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,
And win the unconquered one to weep?

Hushed is the anthem, closed the vow,
The votive garland withered now;
Yet holy still to me thou art,
Thou that hast soothed so many a heart !
And still must blessed influence flow
From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,
Of rest for gentle hearts above;
Of hope, that hath its treasure there,
Of home, that knows no changeful air.
Bright form ! lit up with thoughts divine,
Ave ! such power be ever thine !

DREAMS OF HEAVEN

"We colour heaven with our own human
thoughts,
Our vain asprings, fond remembrances,
Our passionate love, that seems unto itself
An Immortality."

DREAM'ST thou of heaven ? What dreams
are thine ?

Fair child, fair gladsome child ?
With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,
And bounding footsteps wild !

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore
Can wear, my bird ! to thee ?
Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er
Thy glance and spirit free ?

"Oh ! beautiful is heaven, and bright
With long, long summer days ;
I see its lilies gleam in light,
Where many a fountain plays.

"And there unchecked, methinks, I rove,
And seek where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove—
Flowers that are not to die !"

Thou poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine !
Say with what solemn glory fraught
Is heaven in dreams of thine ?

"Oh ! where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know
The exile-thirst no more.

"The burden of the stranger's heart,
Which here alone I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With my first wakening there.

"And, borne on eagle wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every realm, from every star,
Of glory and of power."

O woman ! with the soft sad eye
Of spiritual gleam,
Tell me of those bright worlds on high,
How doth thy fond heart dream ?

By the sweet mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved, in fear, and woe—
Say what is heaven to thee ?

"Oh ! heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt love's meeting hour,
Where from the past no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower :

"Where every severed wreath is bound—
Where none have heard the knell
That smites the heart with that deep
sound—
Farewell, beloved !—farewell !"

THE WISH

COME to me, when my soul
Hath but a few dim hours to linger here ;
When earthly chains are as a shrivelled
scroll,
Oh ! let me feel thy presence ! be but
near !

That I may look once more
 Into thine eyes, which never changed for
 me; [shore
 That I may speak to thee of that bright
 Where, with our treasure we have longed
 to be.

Thou friend of many days!
 Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth!
 Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
 The trembling pinions of my hope from
 earth?

By every solemn thought
 Which on our hearts hath sunk in days
 gone by, [caught,
 From the deep voices of the mountains
 Or all th' adoring silence of the sky;

By every lofty theme
 Whereon, in low-toned reverence, we have
 spoken; [dream
 By our communion in each fervent
 That sought from realms beyond the grave
 a token;

And by our tears for those
 Whose loss hath touched our world with
 hues of death; [repose,
 And by the hopes that with their dust
 As flowers await the south-wind's vernal
 breath;

Come to me in that day—
 The one—the severed from all days—O
 friend! [have sway,
 Even then, if human thought may then
 My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to
 blend.

Nor then, nor there alone:
 I ask my heart if all indeed must die—
 All that of holiest feelings it hath known?
 And my heart's voice replies—Eternity!

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A TOMB

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF
 KILKENNY

"Yes! hide beneath the mouldering heap,
 The undelighted, slighted thing;
 There in the cold earth, buried deep,
 In silence let it wait the Spring."
 MRS. TIGHE'S "Poem on the Lily."

I STOOD where the lip of Song lay low,
 Where the dust had gathered on Beauty's
 brow;

Where stillness hung on the heart of Love,
 And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,
 Of deep affections that inly wrought,
 Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with
 fear—
 They knew themselves exiled spirits here!

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,
 Child of the sunbeam, bright butterfly!
 Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wings,
 No burden of mortal sufferings.

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,
 Over a bright world of joy and bloom;
 And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,
 The all that severed thy life and mine.

Mine, with its inborn mysterious things,
 Of love and grief its unfathomed springs;
 And quick thoughts wandering o'er earth
 and sky,
 With voices to question eternity!

Thine, in its reckless and joyous way,
 Like an embodied breeze at play!
 Child of the sunlight! thou winged and
 free!
 One moment, *one* moment, I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam,
 Thou hast no longings that pine for home;
 Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee
 and bird,
 To fly from the sickness of hope deferred:

In thy brief being no strife of mind,
 No boundless passion, is deeply shrined;
 While I, as I gazed on thy swift flight by,
 One hour of my soul seemed infinity!

And she, that voiceless below me slept,
 Flowed not her song from a heart that
 wept? [your powers,
 —O Love and Song! though of heaven
 Dark is your fate in this world of ours.

Yet, ere I turned from that silent place,
 Or ceased from watching thy sunny race,
 Thou, even thou, on those glancing wings,
 Didst waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou that dost image the freed soul's birth,
 And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,
 Oh! fitly thy path is through flowers that
 rise [lies!
 Round the dark chamber where Genius

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY
OF FIESCO

AS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
SCHILLER, BY COLONEL D'AGUILAR, AND
PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
DUBLIN, DECEMBER, 1832.

Too long apart, a bright but severed
band,
The mighty minstrels of the Rhine's fair
land,
Majestic strains, but not for us, had sung—
Moulding to melody a stranger tongue.
Brave hearts leaped proudly to their
words of power,
As a true sword bounds forth in battle's
hour;
Fair eyes rained homage o'er th' impassioned
lays,
In loving tears, more eloquent than praise;
While we, far distant, knew not, dreamed
not aught [wrought.
Of the high marvels by that magic

But let the barriers of the sea give way,
When mind sweeps onward with a conqueror's
sway!
And let the Rhine divide high souls no
more
From mingling on its old heroic shore,
Which, e'en like ours, brave deeds through
many an age
Have made the poet's own free heritage!
To us, though faintly, may a wandering
tone
Of the far minstrelsy at last be known;
Sounds which the thrilling pulse, the
burning tear,
Have sprung to greet, must not be
strangers here.
And if by one, more used on march and
heath
To the shrill bugle than the muse's breath,
With a warm heart the offering hath been
brought,
And in a trusting loyalty of thought,
So let it be received!—a soldier's hand
Bears to the breast of no ungenerous land
A seed of foreign shores. O'er this fair
clime,
Since Tara heard the harp of ancient time,
Hath song held empire; then, if not with
fame, [aim,
Let the Green Isle with kindness bless his
The joy, the power, of kindred song to
spread,
Where once that harp "the soul of music
shed!"

THE FREED BIRD

RETURN, return, my bird!
I have dressed thy cage with flowers;
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free—I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er;
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on
high,
The sky is around me—the blue, bright
sky!
The hills lie beneath me, spread far and
clear,
With their glowing heath—flowers and
bounding deer;
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no more!"

Alas, alas! my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not blessed in thy little
bower,
When thy song breathed nought but
glee?

"Did my song of the summer breathe
nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet
to thee?
—Oh! hadst thou known its deep mean-
ing well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell!
From a dream of the forest that music
sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent
rang;
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee
best,
Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flashed clear and bright;
I have seen the glance of sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flashed with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild-wood, my native
place!
With the in-co-leat, panting through
heaven's
Woo me no more—I return no more!
My home is in the air, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred wings are the star and the
breath of the
And the unchecked in its lonely play,
And the stars that wander afar away!"

Farewell—farewell, then, bird !

I have called on spirits gone,
And it may be they joyed, like *thee*, to
part—

Like *thee*, that wert all my own !

" If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love may guard them, they joyed
to be free ;

They sprang from the earth with a burst
of power,

To the strength of their wings, to their
triumph's hour !

Call them not back when the chain is
riven,

When the way of the pinion is all through
heaven !

Farewell !—with my song through the
clouds I soar,

I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no
more ! "

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE *

" Thou falcon-hearted dove ! "—COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming

Round Damietta's towers,

Though a Christian banner from her wall
Vaved free its Lily-flowers.

Aroudly did the banner wave,

As queen of earth and air ;

Hearts throbbed beneath its folds,
And hand and spear.

Come to

The one—the synim dungeon

friend ! stain lay,

Even then, if his Eastern field

My soul with thine best array.

Blend. at feasts they met,

o send ;

Nor then, nor thesiently

my heart if all in friend !

that of holiest feelir.

when my heart's voice repil

and it k with dreams

lan

RITTEN AFTER

TOMB

besieged by the

WICKAR WOODSTOCK, IN 2 captivity of the

KILKEN, ve birth to a son,

hide beneath the mmmemoration of

The undelighted, slightbeing conveyed

here in the cold earth, buisted with the

In silence let it wait the n capitulation,

Mrs. TIGHE'S " Poemartment ; and,

at upon their

I STOOD where the lip of Sc her and the

Where the dust had gathere

brow ;

Yet a few hearts of chivalry

Rose high to breast the storm,

And one—of all the loftiest there—

Thrilled in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending

O'er the slumber of her child,

With her soft sad eyes of weeping love,

As the Virgin Mother's mild.

Oh ! roughly cradled was thy babe,

'Midst the clash of spear and lance,

And a strange, wild bower was thine,
young queen !

Fair Marguerite of France !

A dark and vaulted chamber,

Like a scenc for wizard-spell,

Deep in the Saracenic gloom

Of the warrior citadel ;

And there 'midst arms the couch was
spread,

And with banners curtained o'er,

For the daughter of the minstrel-land,

The gay Provençal shore !

For the bright queen of St. Louis,

The star of court and hall !

But the deep strength of the gentle heart

Wakes to the tempest's call !

Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,

His soul with grief oppressed,

Yet calmly lay the desolate,

With her young babe on her breast !

There were voices in the city,

Voices of wrath and fear—

" The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—

We will not perish here !

Yield ! yield ! and let the Crescent gleam

O'er tower and bastion high !

Our distant homes are beautiful—

We stay not here to die ! "

They bore those fearful tidings

To the sad queen where she lay—

They told a tale of wavering hearts,

Of treason and dismay :

The blood rushed through her pearly
cheek,

The sparkle to her eye—

" Now call me hither those recreant
knights

From the bands of Italy ! " †

† The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Knights of Pisa.

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang ;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quailed before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes ! as before the falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from th' imperial glance
Of her—that fragile thing !
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
Through the din of arms around—
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

" The honour of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep ;
And the city which for Christian prayer
Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it *these* your hearts would yield
To the godless infidel ?

" Then bring me here a breastplate
And a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die !
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
But never for disgrace,
Shall go within mine arms to death
Meet for his royal race.

" Look on him as he slumbers
In the shadow of the lance !
Then go, and with the Cross forsake
The princely babe of France !
But tell your homes ye left *one* heart
To perish undefiled ;
A woman, and a queen, to guard
Her honour and her child ! "

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves
When winds are in the wood ;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood.
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed in many a hand,
As they gathered round the helpless One,
Again a noble band !

" We are thy warriors, lady !
True to the Cross and thee ;
The spirit of thy kindling words
On every sword shall be !

Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast !
Rest—we will guard thee well !
St. Denis for the Lily-flower
And the Christian citadel ! "

THE WANDERER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMIDT
VON LUBECK

I COME down from the hills alone ;
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan !
I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where ?*

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,
And flowers are pale, and life is old,
And words fall soulless on my ear—
Oh, I am still a stranger here !

Where art thou, land, sweet land, mine
own !
Still sought for, longed for, never known !
The land, the land of hope, of light,
Where glow my roses freshly bright,

And where my friends the green paths
tread,
And where in beauty rise my dead ;
The land that speaks my native speech,
The blessed land I may not reach !

I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing—*where ?*
And spirit-sounds come answering this—
" *There, where thou art not, there is bliss !* "

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT

" Who does not recollect the exultation of
Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of
Africa ? The affecting mention of the influence
of a flower upon the mind, by Mungo Park, in
a time of suffering and despondency, in the
heart of the same savage country, is familiar to
every one. "—HOWITT'S *Book of the Seasons*.

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower ! [passed
Where the sound of song hath never
From human heart or bower ?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,
For that glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to
rove—
In vain, lost thing ! in vain !

I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said—but a low voice made reply:
"Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmarked must
die,
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,
And the paths where lovers tread;
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odours have been shed.

"Yes! dews more sweet than ever fell
O'er island of the blest,
Were shaken forth, from its purple bell,
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home in a troubled tide
Swept o'er his darkening eye,
As he lay down by the fountain-side,
In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the
desert's flower,
The precious boon of heaven;
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of One
above—
Of the presence felt to brood,
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown those wastes
among
In a blessed and gracious hour,
For the lorn one rose in heart made strong
By the lonely, loneliest flower!"

THE STRANGER ON EARTH

Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrun
Das Land wo meine Rosen bluhn,
Wo meine Todten auferstehn,
Wo meine Freunde wandelnd geh'n;
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
Das theure Land—hier ist es nicht!

WHERE art thou? Tell me, where?
Land of my native air,
That I might feel thy breathing on my
cheek!

And ye, whose being's tone
Would give me back my own,
Where dwell ye, children of my country?
Speak!

Show me your home, your place,
O ye, my kindred race! (flung,
—My spirit on the dust its wealth hath
Striving for words of power,
A boundless love to shower
O'er hearts that knew not e'en that feel-
ing's tongue.

Along the sounding sea,
And 'midst the mountains free,
My voice finds echoes here; my soul hath
none!
Shrinking, I feel around,
The solitude profound,
Ev'n as a child on desert-plains alone.

I know that in me lie—
As buried harmony
In the Lyre's chord awaits the master's
hand—
Powers, never to unclothe
From dark and cold repose,
Save in *thine* air, my Home, my viewless
land!

For in thy glorious bowers,
Dreading no change of hours,
Dwells the pure Love, so faintly shadowed
here;
Finding its language known,
Ev'n to the deepest tone,
A native melody in that bright sphere!

And thou, O sunny shore!
Hast music, that no more
Shall trouble the worn heart with vague
desires;
Like summer o'er the deep,
I know *thy* songs will sweep
Over those restless thoughts and wander-
ing fires.

Where art thou? Tell me, where?
Home of the Good and Fair!
I seek thy trace in all things, yet in vain;
Thy meanings, bright, and high,
And earnest, in each eye,
An echo of thy sounds in every strain.

Do mighty mountains old
Thy loveliness enfold?
Or deserts guard thee with their burning
gloom?

As the dread flaming brand
That hung o'er Eden's land,
Shut up the pathway to that world of bloom?

Or art thou some lone isle,
Girt ever by the smile
Of waves, wherein heaven's azure slum-
bering lies?

Oh! send by breeze or bird,
A sign, a leaf, a word,
A guiding flower-breath from thine own
pure skies!

Yes! mournfully profound,
Within my soul, a sound
Speaks, like a shell's low murmur for the
sea;
Whispering, thou radiant clime!
That but o'er Death and Time,
The Exile-Spirit can be borne to thee!

THE TWO MONUMENTS *

"Oh! blessed are they who live and die like
him,
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow
mourned!"—WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high
In a dim cathedral's nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest arrayed,
As on his battle-bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet lingered in his eye,
Ere by the dark night sealed;
And his head was pillowed haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy-pile,
With the glory of his wing,
An eagle sat—yet seemed the while
Panting through heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shivered lance,
There by the sculptor bound;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was *that* which scorned the ground.

* Suggested by a passage in Captain Sherer's
*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in
Germany.*

And a burning flood of gem-like hues,
From a storied window poured,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues—but *one* rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for him whose name
Was a trumpet-note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle-star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown,
From the coloured light, one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial-stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chiselled there,
Mourning for parted worth;
But the very heart of love and prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen
From its clear mountain-source:

Whose young, pure memory, lying deep
'Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,†
A soft light, meek and still:

Whose gentle voice, too early called
Unto Music's land away,
Had won for God the earth's enthralled
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet, enrolled
In no high song of fame,
The pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to heaven his name.

To heaven, and to the peasant's hearth,
A blessed household-sound;
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found!

Bright and more bright before me gleamed
That sainted image still,
Till one sweet moonlight memory seemed
The regal fane to fill.

† "Love had he seen in huts where poor men
lie."—WORDSWORTH.

Oh! how my silent spirit turned
From those proud trophies nigh!
How my full heart within me burned,
Like *him* to-live and die!

THE BATTLE-FIELD

I LOOKED on the field where the battle
was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their
glancing array;
And the beam from the steel of the valiant
was shed
Through the dun-rolling clouds that o'er-
shadowed the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered
they stood;
I heard the stern shout as the foemen
drew near,
Like the storm that lays low the proud
pines of the wood.

Afar the harsh notes of the war-drum were
rolled, [lair;
Uproosing the wolf from the depth of his
On high to the gust stream'd the banner's
red fold,
O'er the death-close of hate, and the scowl
of despair.

I looked on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheathed and the
tempest had past;
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on
the plain,
And the fern softly sighed in the low,
wailing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of re-
pose,
And bright shone the stars through the
sky's deepened blue;
And sweetly the song of the night-bird
arose,
Where the fox-glove lay gemmed with its
pearl-drops of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that dark,
frowning host,
As the ocean in might, as the storm-cloud
in speed?
Where now are the thunders of victory's
boast—
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength
of the steed?

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering
stone,
To mark the lone scene of their shame or
their pride;
One grass-covered mound told the traveller
alone
Where thousands lay down in their
anguish, and died!

O Glory! behold thy famed guerdon's
extent:
For this, toil thy slaves through their earth-
wasting lot—
A name like the mist, when the night-
beams are spent;
A grave with its tenants unwept and for-
got!

A PENITENT'S RETURN

"Can guilt or misery ever enter here?
Ah no! the spirit of domestic peace,
Though calm and gentle as the brooding
dove,
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
Guards, powerful as the sword of cherubim,
The hallowed porch. She hath a heavenly
smile,
That sinks into the sullen soul of Vice,
And wins him o'er to virtue."—WILSON.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm pro-
found,
Broods, never marked before!

Is it the brooding night?
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home so tranquil and so
fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnised it seems,
And stilled, and darkened in each time-
worn hue,
Since the rich, clustering roses met my
view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and lingered—where my sisters
made
Our mother's bower—I deemed not that it
cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree ! My father's place
was there [his hair !
At evening hours, while soft winds waved
Now those grey locks are gone !

My soul grows faint with fear !
Even as if angel-steps had marked the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful ? Faith-
less-hearted !
"Tis that from thine own bosom hath
departed
The inborn, gladdening light !

No outward thing is changed ;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from nature's melodies
estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore the calm abode,
By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with shade ;
And therefore, in the leaves, the voice of
Makes thy sick heart afraid ! [God

The night-flowers round that door
Still breathe pure fragrance on the un-
tainted air ;
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there !

And must I turn away?—
Hark, hark!—it is my mother's voice I
hear— [clear ;—
Sadder than once it seemed—yet soft and
Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name!—I caught the sound !
Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep, the
mild ! [child :
Mother ! my mother ! now receive thy
Take back the lost and found !

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live ;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud ;
And, would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate, cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth ;

And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element."
COLERIDGE.

Green spot of holy ground !
If thou couldst yet be found,
Far in deep woods, with all thy starry
flowers ;
If not one sullyng breath
Of time, or change, or death,
Had touched the vernal glory of thy
bowers ;

Might our tired pilgrim-feet,
Worn by the desert's heat,
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose?
Might our eyes wander there
Through heaven's transparent air,
And rest on colours of the immortal rose?

Say, would thy balmy skies
And fountain melodies
Our heritage of lost delight restore?
Could thy soft honey-dews
Through all our veins diffuse
The early, childlike, trustful sleep once
more?

And might we, in the shade
By thy tall cedars made,
With angel-voices high communion hold?
Would their sweet, solemn tone
Give back the music gone,
Our being's harmony, so jarred of old ?

Oh no !—thy sunny hours
Might come with blossom-showers,
All thy young leaves to spirit-lyres might
thrill ;
But *we*—should we not bring
Into thy realms of spring [still ?
The shadows of our souls to haunt us.

What could *thy* flowers and airs
Do for our earth-born cares ?
Would the world's chain melt off and
leave us free ?
No !—past each living stream,
Still would some fever-dream
Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more
for thee !

Should we not shrink with fear
If angel-steps were near,
Feeling our burdened souls within us die?
How might our passions brook
The still and searching look,
The starlike glance of seraph purity ?

Thy golden-fruited grove
Was not for pining love ;
Vain sadness would but dim thy crystal
 skies !
Oh ! *thou* wert but a part
Of what man's exiled heart
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn* Paradise !

"LET US DEPART!"

[It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previous to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the Temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence !"]

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone
High o'er the tents around—

The tents that rose by thousands,
In the moonlight glimmering pale ;
Like white foams of a frozen sea
Filling an Alpine vale,

And the Temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still,
In peace—as if the Holy One
Yet watched His chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rushed by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
 "*Let us depart !*"

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the comet
 sword
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
'Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage nigh ;

Though the wild*red spears and arrows
Of many a meteor host
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost ;

And that fearful sound was heard
In the Temple's deepest heart,

As if mighty wings rushed by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
 "*Let us depart !*"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night—
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet-light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summoned to festival :

While the clash of brother-weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace-gates
Lay down in their despair ;

And that fearful sound was heard
At the Temple's thrilling heart,
As if mighty wings rushed by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
 "*Let us depart !*"

ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ *

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,
Holiest of sufferers ! round Thy path of
 woe,
And by the weight of mortal agony
Laid on Thy drooping form and pale
 meek brow,
My heart was awed : the burden of Thy
 pain
Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I looked once more—and, as the virtue
 shed
Forth from Thy robe of old, so fell a ray
Of victory from Thy mien ; and round Thy
 head,
The halo, melting spirit-like away,
Seemed of the very soul's bright rising
 born,
To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn.

And upwards, through transparent dark-
 ness gleaming,
Gazed in mute reverence woman's
earnest eye,

* This picture is in the possession of the
Viscount Harberton, Merriion Square, Dublin

Lit, as a vase whence inward light is
streaming,
With quenchless faith, and deep love's
fervency,
Gathering like incense round some dim-
veiled shrine,
About the form, so mournfully divine !

Oh ! let Thine image, as e'en then it rose,
Live in my soul for ever, calm and clear,
Making itself a temple of repose,
Beyond the breath of human hope or
fear !
A holy place, where through all storms
may lie
One living beam of dayspring from on
high.

COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT

" Could we but keep our spirits to that height,
We might be happy ; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal."—BYRON.

RETURN, my thoughts—come home !
Ye wild and winged ! what do ye o'er the
deep ?
And wherefore thus the abyss of time
o'ersweep,
As birds the ocean-foam ?

Swifter than shooting-star,
Swifter than lances of the Northern Light,
Upspringing through the purple heaven
of night,
Hath been your course afar !

Through the bright battle-clime,
Where laurel boughs make dim the
Grecian streams,
And reeds are whispering of heroic themes,
By temples of old time :

Through the north's ancient halls,
Where banners thrilled of yore—where
harp-strings rung ;
But grass waves now o'er those that
fought and sung,
Hearth-light hath left their walls !

Through forests old and dim,
Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems
to brood ;
And sometimes on the haunted solitude
Rises the pilgrim's hymn :

Or where some fountain lies,
With lotus-cups through orient spice-
woods gleaming !
There have ye been, ye wanderers ! idly
dreaming
Of man's lost paradise !

Return, my thoughts—return !
Cares wait your presence in life's daily
track,
And voices, not of music, call you back—
Harsh voices, cold and stern !

Oh no ! return ye not !
Still farther, loftier, let your soarings be !
Go, bring me strength from journeyings
bright and free,
O'er many a haunted spot.

Go ! seek the martyr's grave,
'Midst the old mountains, and the deserts
vast ;
Or, through the ruined cities of the past,
Follow the wise and brave !

Go ! visit cell and shrine,
Where woman hath endured !—through
wrong, through scorn,
Uncheered by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine !

Go, shoot the gulf of death !
Track the pure spirit where no chain can
bind, [may find,
Where the heart's boundless love its rest
Where the storm sends no breath !

Higher, and yet more high ;
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth
would lay
On your victorious wings—mount, mount !
Your way
Is through eternity !

THE WATER-LILY

" The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the
calm clear water, but no less serene among
the black and scowling waves."—*Lights and
Shadows of Scottish Life*.

OH ! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately river-
queen !
Crowning the depths, as with the light
serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
'Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell :

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure
spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm ! thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower ?

Oh ! love is most like thee,
The love of woman ! quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and
fast,
'Midst life's dark sea.

And faith—oh, is not faith
Like thee too, lily ! springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath ?

Yes ! linked with such high thought,
Flower ! let thine image in my bosom lie :
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought—

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

THE SONG OF PENITENCE *

UNFINISHED

HE passed from earth
Without his fame,—the calm, pure, starry
fame

He might have won, to guide on radiantly
Full many a noble soul,—he sought it not ;
And e'en like brief and barren lightning
passed [songs

The wayward child of genius. And the
Which his wild spirit, in the pride of life,
Had showered forth recklessly, as ocean-
waves

Fling up their treasures mingled with dark
weed, [seed
They died before him ;—they were winged

* Suggested by Mrs. Fletcher's "Story of the Lost Life."—*Amulet*, 1830.

Scattered afar, and, falling on the rock
Of the world's heart, had perished. One
alone,

One fervent, mournful, supplicating strain,
The deep beseeching of a stricken breast,
Survived the vainly-gifted. In the souls
Of the kind few that loved him, with a love
Faithful to even its disappointed hope,
That song of tears found root, and by
their hearths

Full oft, in low and reverential tones,
Filled with the piety of tenderness,
Is murmured to their children, when his
name

In some faint harp-string of remembrance
falls,

Far from the world's rude voices, far away.
Oh ! hear, and judge him gently ; 'twas
his last.

I come alone, and faint I come—
To nature's arms I flee ;

The green woods take their wanderer
home,

But Thou, O Father ! may I turn to Thee ?

The earliest odour of the flower,
The bird's first song is Thine ;
Father in heaven ! my dayspring's hour
Poured its vain incense on another shrine.

Therefore my childhood's once-loved
scene

Around me faded lies ; [been,
Therefore, remembering what have
I ask, is this mine early paradise ?

It is, it is—but Thou art gone ;
Or if the trembling shade
Breathe yet of Thee, with altered tone
Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart dis-
mayed.

* * * * *

THE ENGLISH BOY

"Go, call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors ; and make them
swear

To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were
born."—AKENSIDE.

LOOK from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English boy !
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have rolled since foeman's march
 Passed o'er that cold, firm sod ;
 For well the land hath fealty held
 To freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English boy !
 And let thy kindling mind
 Drink in the spirit of high thought
 From every chainless wind !

There, in the shadow of old Time,
 The halls beneath thee lie
 Which poured forth to the fields of yore
 Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
 They stand, 'midst oak and yew !
 Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
 The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords
 hang,
 Whose faith knew no alloy,
 And shields of knighthood, pure from
 stain :—
 Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
 Gleams by the antique elm,
 Or where the minster lifts the cross
 High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have showered their free heart's
 blood,
 That England's prayer might rise
 From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
 Unfettered, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
 This earth's most glorious dust,
 Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
 Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
 My gallant English boy !
 Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
 The billows' pride and joy !

Those waves in many a fight have closed
 Above her faithful dead ;
 That red-cross flag victoriously
 Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perished—this green turf to keep
 By hostile tread unstained,
 These knightly halls inviolate,
 Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memory's light
 Along our shore is set,
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet !

Lift up thy heart, my English boy !
 And pray, like *them* to stand,
 Should God so summon thee, to guard
 The altars of the land.

TO THE BLUE ANEMONE

FLOWER of starry clearness bright !
 Quivering urn of coloured light !
 Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye
 From the intenseness of the sky ?
 From a long, long fervent gaze
 Through the year's first golden days,
 Up that blue and silent deep,
 Where, like things of sculptured sleep,
 Alabaster clouds repose,
 With the sunshine on their snows ?
 Thither was thy heart's love turning,
 Like a censer ever burning,
 Till the purple heavens in thee
 Set their smile, Anemone ?

Or can those warm tints be caught
 Each from some quick glow of thought ?
 So much of bright soul there seems
 In thy bendings and thy gleams,
 So much thy sweet life resembles
 That which feels, and weeps, and trembles,
 I could deem thee spirit-filled,
 As a reed by music thrilled,
 When thy being I behold
 To each loving breath unfold,
 Or, like woman's willowy form,
 Shrink before the gathering storm !
 I could ask a voice from thee,
 Delicate Anemone !

Flower ! thou seem'st not born to die
 With thy radiant purity,
 But to melt in air away,
 Mingling with the soft Spring-day,
 When the crystal heavens are still,
 And faint azure veils each hill,
 And the lime-leaf doth not move,
 Save to songs that stir the grove,
 And earth all glorified's seen,
 As imaged in some lake serene ;
 —Then thy vanishing should be,
 Pure and meek Anemone !

Flower ! the laurel still may shed
 Brightness round the victor's head ;

And the rose in beauty's hair
Still its festal glory wear ;
And the willow-leaves drop o'er
Brows which love sustains no more :
But by living rays refined,
Thou, the trembler of the wind,
Thou, the spiritual flower,
Sentient of each breeze and shower,
Thou, rejoicing in the skies,
And transpierced with all their dyes ;
Breathing vase, with light o'erflowing,
Gem-like to thy centre glowing,
Thou the poet's type shalt be,
Flower of soul, Anemone !

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION

FROM BLACKWOOD, 1835

" Par correr miglior acqua alza le vele,
Omai la navicella del mio Intelletto."

DANTE.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows,
born
Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain ;
Its phantoms hung around the star of
morn,
A cloud-like, weeping train :
Through the long day they dimmed the
autumn gold
On all the glistening leaves, and wildly
rolled,
When the last farewell flush of light
was glowing
Across the sunset sky,
O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory
throwing
One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn Night
Came rushing with her might
Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,
Then with each fitful blast
Prophetic murmurs passed,
Wakening or answering some deep
Sibyl-tone
Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to
rise ^[harp flies.]
With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-

" Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, " and
strive no more—
Faint spirit ! strive no more : for thee too
strong
Are outward ill and wrong,
And inward wasting fires !—Thou canst
not soar

Free on a starry way,
Beyond their blighting sway,
At heaven's high gate serenely to adore !
How shouldst *thou* hope earth's fetters to
unbind ?
O passionate, yet weak ! O trembler to
the wind !

" Never shall ought but broken music
flow
From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful
woe—
Such homeless notes as through the forest
sighs
From the reeds' hollow shaken,
When sudden breezes waken
Their vague, wild symphony.
No power is theirs, and no abiding place
In human hearts ; their sweetness leaves
no trace—
Born only so to die !

" Nevershall aught but perfume, faint and
vain,
On the fleet pinion of the changeful
hour,
From thy bruised life again
A moment's essence breathe ;
Thy life, whose trampled flower
Into the blessed wreath
Of household-charities no longer bound,
Lies pale and withering on the barren
ground.

" So fade, fade on ! Thy gift of love shall
cling
A coiling sadness round thy heart and
brain—
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
All sensitive to pain !
And still the shadow of vain dreams shall
fall
O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening
pall.
Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink
subdued
In cold and unrepining quietude !"

Then my soul yielded : spells of numbing
breath
Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death—
Its powers, like leaves before the night-
rain, closing ;
And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves
tossed ^{[coast,}
On the chill bosom of some desert
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seemed
 As if a soft mist gleamed
 Before my passive sight, and, slowly curl-
 ing,
 To many a shape and hue
 Of visioned beauty grew,
 Like a wrought banner, fold by fold un-
 furling.
 Oh ! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward
 eye
 Unrolling then swept by
 With dreamy motion ! Silvery seas were
 there,
 Lit by large dazzling stars, and arched
 by skies
 Of southern midnight's most trans-
 parent dyes ;
 And gemmed with many an island, wildly
 fair,
 Which floated past me into orient day,
 Still gathering lustre on th' illumined
 way,
 Till its high groves of wondrous flowering-
 trees
 Coloured the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain-chain up-
 rose,
 Height above spiry height !
 A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
 All steeped in golden light !
 While as it passed, those regal peaks un-
 veiling,
 I heard, methought, a waving of dread
 wings,
 And mighty sounds, as if the vision
 hailing,
 From lyres that quivered through ten
 thousand strings—
 Or as if waters, forth to music leaping
 From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's
 hall,
 On their bold way victoriously were
 sweeping,
 Linked in majestic anthems !—while
 through all
 That billowy swell and fall,
 Voices, like ringing crystal, filled the
 air
 With inarticulate melody, that stirred
 My being's core ; then, moulding into
 word
 Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise,
 and bear
 In that great choral strain my trembling
 part,
 Of tones by love and faith struck from a
 human heart.

Q 2

Return no more, vain bodings of the
 night !
 A happier oracle within my soul
 Hath swelled to power ; a clear, unwaver-
 ing light
 Mounts through the battling clouds
 that round me roll ;
 And to a new control
 Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing
 tones,
 Wherein my glad sense owns
 The accordant rush of elemental sound
 To one consummate harmony profound—
 One grand Creation-Hymn,
 Whose notes the seraphim
 Lift to the glorious height of music winged
 and crowned.

Shall not those notes find echos in my
 lyre,
 Faithful, though faint ? Shall, not my
 spirit's fire,
 If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
 Now to its fount and end ?
 Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
 Shine forth a heavenward guide,
 An angel of bright power ? and strongly
 bear
 My being upward into holier air,
 Where fiery passion-clouds have no
 abode,
 And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with
 God ?
 The radiant hope new-born
 Expands like rising morn
 In my life's life : and as a ripening rose
 The crimson shadow of its glory throws
 More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure
 stream ;
 So from that hope are spreading
 Rich hues, o'er nature shedding
 Each day a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me !—once
 enjoyed,
 Father of Spirits ! let them not de-
 part—
 Leaving the chilled earth, without form
 and void,
 Darkened by mine own heart !
 Lift, aid, sustain me ! Thou, by whom
 alone
 All lovely gifts and pure
 In the soul's grasp endure ;
 Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
 All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore
 Breaking its crested waves on that sole
 shore—

Oh, consecrate my life ! that I may sing
Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring,
In a full heart of music ! Let my lays
Through the resounding mountains waft

Thy praise,
And with that theme the wood's green
cloisters fill, [thrill
And make their quivering, leafy dimness
To the rich breeze of song ! Oh ! let me
wake

The deep religion, which hath dwelt
from yore
Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
And wildest river-shore !

And let me summon all the voices dwell-
ing [welling,
Where eagles build, and caverned rills are
And where the cataract's organ-peal is
swelling,

In that one spirit gathered to adore !

Forgive, O Father ! if presumptuous
thought

Too daringly in aspiration rise !
Let not Thy child all vainly have been
taught

By weakness, and by wanderings, and
by sighs

Of sad confession ! Lowly be my heart,
And on its penitential altar spread
The offerings worthless, till Thy grace im-
part

The fire from heaven, whose touch alone
can shed
Life, radiance, virtue !—let that vital spark
Pierce my whole being, wildered else and
dark !

Thine are all holy things—oh, make *me*
Thine !

So shall I, too, be pure—a living shrine
Unto that Spirit which goes forth from
Thee,

Strong and divinely free,
Bearing Thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
And brooding o'er them with a dovelike
wing,

Till thought, word, song, to Thee in wor-
ship spring,
Immortally endowed for liberty and light.

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL

I STAND upon the threshold stone

Of mine ancestral hall ;

I hear my native river moan ;

I see the night o'er my old forests fall.

I look round on the darkening vale
That sees my childhood's plays ;
The low wind in its rising wail
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other
days.

But I must rule my swelling breast :
A sign is in the sky !
Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle-nest
Shines forth a warning star—it bids me
fly.

My father's sword is in my hand,
His deep voice haunts mine ear ;
He tells me of the noble band
Whose lives have left a brooding glory
here.

He bids their offspring guard from stain
Their pure and lofty faith ;
And yield up all things, to maintain
The cause for which they girt themselves
to death.

And I obey. I leave their towers
Unto the stranger's tread,
Unto the creeping grass and flowers,
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,
Their banners to the dust :

I go, and only bear away
Their old majestic name—a solemn
trust !

I go up to the ancient hills,
Where chains may never be,
Where leap in joy the torrent-rills,
Where man may worship God, alone
and free

*There shall an altar and a camp
Impregnable arise ;
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
To shine, unwavering, through the open
skies.*

And song shall 'midst the rocks be heard,
And fearless prayer ascend ;
While, thrilling to God's holy word,
The mountain-pines in adoration bend.

And there the burning heart no more
Its deep thought shall suppress,
But the long-buried truth shall pour
Free currents thence, amidst the wilder-
ness.

Then fare thee well, my mother's bower.
Farewell, my father's hearth!—
Perish my home! where lawless power
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.

Perish! let deathlike silence fall
Upon the lone abode;
Spread fast, dark ivy! spread thy pall;—
I go up to the mountains with my God.

ANTIQUE GREEK LAMENT

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-
waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing
surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

I pine for thee through all the joyless
day—
Through the long night I pine; the golden
sun

Looks dim since thou hast left me, and
the spring
Seems but to weep. Where art thou, my
beloved?

Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,
By the old temple on the breezy cliff,
These hands have heaped the watch-fire,
till it streamed

Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red
Along the crested billows!—but in vain:
Thy white sail comes not from the distant
isles—

Yet thou wert faithful ever. Oh! the deep
Hath shut above thy head—that graceful
head;

The sea-weed mingles with thy clustering
locks;

The white sail never will bring back the
loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-
waters, [surges,
Restless as they with their many-flashing
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

Where art thou?—where? Had I but
lingering pressed

On thy cold lips the last long kiss—but
smoothed

The parted ringlets of thy shining hair
With love's fond touch, my heart's cry
had been stilled

Into a voiceless grief: I would have strewed
With all the pale flowers of the vernal
woods—

White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,
In slumber beautiful! I would have heaped
Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy

pyre,
And with mine own shorn tresses hung
thine urn

And many a garland of the pallid rose:
But thou liest far away! No funeral chant,
Save the wild moaning of the wave, is
thine:

No pyre—save, haply, some long-buried
wreck;

Thou that wert fairest—thou that wert
most loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-
waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing
surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,
And speak to me! E'en though thy voice
be changed,

My heart would know it still. Oh, speak
to me!

And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world,
Which knows not how the festal sunshine
burns,—

If yet, in some pale mead of asphodel,
We two shall meet again! Oh, I would
quit

The day rejoicingly—the rosy light—
All the rich flowers and fountains musical,
And sweet, familiar melodies of earth,
To dwell with thee below! Thou
answerest not!

The powers whom I have called upon are
mute:

The voices buried in old whispery caves,
And by lone river-sources, and amidst
The gloom and mystery of dark prophet-
oaks,

The wood-gods' haunt—they give me no
reply!

All silent—heaven and earth! For ever-
more

From the deserted mountains thou art
gone—

For ever from the melancholy groves,
Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering
sound!

And I—I pine through all the joyous day,
Through the long night I pine—as fondly
pines

The night's own bird, dissolving her lorn
life

To song in moonlight woods. Thou
 hear'st me not!
 The heavens are pitiless of human tears:
 The deep sea-darkness is about thy head;
 The white sail never will bring back the
 loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean-
 waters,
 Restless as they with their many-flashing [surges,
 Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM

"Thou stream,
 Whose source is inaccessiblely profound,
 Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
 —Thou imagest my life."

DARKLY thou glidest onward,
 Thou deep and hidden wave!
 The laughing sunshine hath not looked
 Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—
 A hollow sound we hear,
 A muffled voice of mystery,
 And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure
 Follows thy lonely way;
 No fairy moss, or lily's cup,
 Is freshened by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
 Her glorious wings to lave;
 Thou know'st no tint of the summer sky,
 Thou dark and hidden wave!

Yet once will day behold thee,
 When to the mighty sea,
 Fresh bursting from their caverned veins,
 Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine
 For a moment, and be lost,
 With all thy melancholy sounds,
 In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh! art thou not, dark river!
 Like the fearful thoughts untold
 Which haply, in the hush of night,
 O'er many a soul have rolled?

Those earth-born strange misgivings—
 Who hath not felt their power?
 Yet who hath breathed them to his friend,
 E'en in his fondest hour?

They hold no heart-communion,
 They find no voice in song,
 They dimly follow far from earth
 The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course and lonely,
 And fruitless in man's breast;
 They come and go, and leave no trace
 Of their mysterious guest.

Yet surely must their wanderings
 At length be like thy way;
 Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
 In one bright flood of day!

THE SILENT MULTITUDE

"For we are many in our solitudes."—*Lament
 of Tasso.*

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng
 Were gathered in one spot;
 The dwellers of a thousand homes—
 Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—
 The mother and her child:
 The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
 None spoke—none moved—none
 smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives
 Years had swept darkly by;
 After that heart-sick hope deferred,
 They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,
 The breeze's faintest sound,
 The shiver of an insect's wing,
 On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died
 For the deep quiet's sake;
 Your tread the softest moss have sought,
 Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude
 Bound in that spell of peace?
 How could the ever-sounding life
 Amid so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the air—
 Some glory high above,
 That linked and hushed those human
 souls
 In reverential love?

Or did some burdening passion's weight
Hang on their indrawn breath?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?
Fear—the strong fear of death?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself
Lay on each lonely heart!
Kindred were there—yet hermits all,
Thousands—but each apart.

THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE

"Les sarcophages même chez les anciens, ne rappellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes : on voit des jeux, des danses, représentés en bas-relief sur les tombeaux."—*Corinne*.

O EVER-JOVOUS band
Of revellers amidst the southern vines!
On the pale marble, by some gifted hand,
Fixed in undying lines!

Thou, with the sculptured bowl,
And thou, that wearest the immortal
wreath,
And thou, from whose young lip and
flute the soul
Of music seems to breathe;

And ye, luxuriant flowers!
Linking the dancers with your graceful
ties, [hours,
And clustered fruitage, born of sunny
Under Italian skies:

Ye, that a thousand springs,
And leafy summers with their odorous
breath,
May yet outlast,—what do ye there,
bright things!
Mantling the place of death?

Of sunlight and soft air,
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever
green,
Unto the heart a glowing thought ye
bear;—
Why thus, where dust hath been?

Is it to show how slight
The bound that severs festivals and tombs,
Music and silence, roses and the blight,
Crowns and sepulchral glooms?

Or, when the father laid
Haply his child's pale ashes here to sleep,
When the friend visited the cypress shade,
Flowers o'er the dead to heap;

Say if the mourners sought,
In these rich images of summer mirth,
These wine-cups and gay wreaths, to lose
the thought
Of our last hour^o on earth?

Ye have no voice, no sound,
Ye flutes and lyres! to tell me what I
seek:
Silent ye are, light forms with vine-leaves
crowned,
Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas! for those that lay
Down in the dust without their hope of
old!
Backward they looked on life's rich ban-
quet-day,
But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,
And through the plane-trees every sun-
beam's glow,
And each glad murmur from the homes
of men,
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,
When its last melodies float o'er our
way,
Its changeful hues before us faintly swim,
Its flitting lights decay;—

E'en though we bid farewell
Unto the spring's blue skies and budding
trees,
Yet may we lift our hearts in hope to
dwell
'Midst brighter things than these:

And think of deathless flowers,
And of bright streams to glorious valleys
given,
And know the while, how little dream of
ours
Can shadow forth of heaven.

A PARTING SONG

"O mes amis! rappelez-vous quelquefois mes
vers! mon ame y est empreinte."—*Corinne*.

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the last red light, the farewell of
day,
From the rock and the river is passing
away—

When the air with a deepening hush is
fraught, [thought,
And the heart grows burdened with tender
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the rose of the rich midsummer-
time
Is filled with the hues of its glorious
prime—
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright
hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no
more may tread—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?—
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody—
When ye hear the voice of a mountain
stream, [dream—
When ye feel the charm of a poet's
Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found—
So let it be.

WE RETURN NO MORE

"When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise; and the Spring
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to all she could
not bring."—*Childe Harold*.

"We return!—we return!—we return no
more!" *
So comes the song to the mountain shore,
From those that are leaving their Highland
home
For a world far over the blue sea's foam:
"We return no more!" and through cave
and dell
Mournfully wanders that wild farewell.

* "*Ha til! ha til! ha ti mi talidh!*—We
return—we return—we return no more"—the
burden of the Highland song of emigration.

"We return!—we return!—we return no
more!"

So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er;
Murmuring up from the depths of the
heart,
When lovely things with their light depart:
And the inborn sound hath a prophet's
tone,
And we feel that a joy is for ever gone.

"We return!—we return!—we return no
more!" [o'er?
Is it heard when the days of flowers are
When the passionate soul of the night-
bird's lay
Hath died from the summer woods away?
When the glory from sunset's robe hath
passed, [blast?
Or the leaves are borne on the rushing

No! It is not the rose that returns no
more;—
A breath of spring shall its bloom restore;
And it is not the voice that o'erflows the
bowers [hours;
With a stream of love through the starry
Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,
Nor the frail flushed leaves which the wild
wind strews.

"We return!—we return!—we return no
more!" [shore?
Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter
Those wings that follow the southern
breeze,
Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?
Yes! from the lands of the vine and palm
They come, with the sunshine, when
waves grow calm.

"But we!—we return!—we return no
more!"
The heart's young dreams, when their
spring is o'er;
The love it hath poured so freely forth—
The boundless trust in ideal worth;
The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet
vain—
These are the lost that return not again!

LIGHTS AND SHADES

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath light foam near
it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom ;
The saddest heart is not all sadness ;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of
gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair ;
Nor life nor death the future closes
And round the shadowy brow of Care
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

O YE HOURS!

O YE hours ! ye sunny hours !
Floating lightly by,
Are ye come with birds and flowers,
Odours and blue sky?

"Yes ! we come, again we come,
Through the wood-paths free :
Bringing many a wanderer home,
With the bird and bee."

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
Are ye wafting song ?
Doth wild music stream in showers
All the groves among ?

"Yes ! the nightingale is there
While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and sweet air
Tremble with her strains."

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
In your silent flow,
Ye are mighty, mighty powers !
Bring ye bliss or woe ?

"Ask not this—oh ! seek not this !
Yield your hearts awhile
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
And the heaven's bright smile.

"Throw not shades of anxious thought
O'er the glowing flowers !
We are come with sunshine fraught,
Question not the hours !"

THE COTTAGE GIRL

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at play,
Her fair face laughing at the sunny day ;
A gush of waters tremulously bright,
Kindling the air to gladness with their
light ;
And a soft gloom beyond of summer trees,
Darkening the turf ; and, shadowed o'er
by these,
A low, dim woodland cottage—this was
all !
What had the scene for memory to recall
With a fond look of love ? What secret
spell
With the heart's pictures made its image
dwell ?

What but the spirit of the joyous child,
That freshly forth o'er stream and verdure
smiled,
Casting upon the common things of earth
A brightness, born and gone with infant
mirth !

TROUBADOUR SONG

THEY reared no trophy o'er his grave,
They bade no requiem flow ;
What left they there to tell the brave
That a warrior sleeps below ?

A shivered spear, a cloven shield,
A helm with its white plume torn,
And a blood-stained turf on the fatal field
Where a chief to his rest was borne,

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
But who hath a tomb more proud ?
For the Syrian wilds his record keep,
And a banner is his shroud.

HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD

INTRODUCTORY VERSES

OH ! blest art thou, whose steps may rove
Through the green paths of vale and
grove,

Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow ;

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee nought so fair
As Nature's varied marvels there ;
And if thy pure and artless breast
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest !

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole,
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power :

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand ;
If Nature's music bid thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise ;

If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought ;
If there thou lov'st His love to read,
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed !

THE RAINBOW

"I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth."—*Genesis ix. 13.*

SOFT falls the mild reviving shower
From April's changeeful skies,
And raindrops bend each trembling flower
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, waiting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade ;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark ! what arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bowed ?
Haste ; ere it vanish, haste to view
The Rainbow in the cloud !

How bright its glory ! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays,
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair ;—
Gaze on that arch of coloured light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Fast by the Eternal chained,
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrained.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fixed by His sovereign will,
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow ;
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth ! which yet
Smiles with each charm shadowed,
Bless thou His name, whose mercy set
The Rainbow in the cloud !

THE SUN

THE Sun comes forth ;—each mountain
height
Glow with a tinge of rosy light,
And flowers, that slumbered through the
night,
Their dewy leaves unfold ;
A flood of splendour bursts on high,
And ocean's breast gives back a sky
All steeped in molten gold.

Oh ! thou art glorious, orb of day ;
 Exulting nations hail thy ray,
 Creation swells a choral lay,
 To welcome thy return ;
 From thee all nature draws her hues,
 Thy beams the insect's wing suffuse,
 And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade ;—when earth and
 heaven
 By fire and tempest shall be riven,
 Thou, from thy sphere of radiance driven,
 O Sun ! must fall at last ;
 Another heaven, another earth,
 New power, new glory shall have birth,
 When all we see is past.

But He, who gave the word of might,
 " Let there be light "—and there *was* light,
 Who bade thee chase the gloom of night,
 And beam the world to bless ;—
 For ever bright, for ever pure,
 Alone unchanging shall endure,
 The Sun of Righteousness !

THE RIVERS

Go ! trace th' unnumbered Streams, o'er
 earth
 That wind their devious course,
 That draw from Alpine heights their birth,
 Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
 Proud scenes of man's renown,
 Some lead their solitary tide
 Where pathless forests frown ;

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,
 Where Afric's deserts lie,
 Or spread, to clothe the rejoicing lands
 With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail
 Exulting seems to swell ;
 While these, scarce rippled by a gale,
 Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
 Their various waves may sweep
 Through cities or through shades, they
 To the same boundless deep. [flow

Oh ! thus, whate'er our path of life,
 'Through sunshine or through gloom,
 Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
 Its end is still the tomb.

The chief whose mighty deeds we hail,
 The monarch throned on high,
 The peasant in his native vale,
 All journey on—to die ! •

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God !
 The pilgrim's course attend,
 I will not fear the dark abode,
 To which my footsteps bend.

For thence Thine all-redceming Son,
 Who died the world to save,
 In light, in triumph, rose, and won
 The victory from the grave !

THE STARS

" The heavens declare the glory of God, and
 the firmament sheweth His handy - work."—
Psalm xix. 1.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
 The moon in brightness walks on high,
 And, set in azure, every Star
 Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! oh ! lift thy glance
 To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
 The glories of its realm explore,
 And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense
 The marvels of Omnipotence ?
 Seest thou not there the Almighty name
 Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenched light,
 That sparkle through the shades of night ;
 Behold them !—can a mortal boast
 To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little Star, whose rays
 In distant splendour meet thy gaze ;
 Each is a world, by Him sustained,
 Who from eternity hath reigned.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
 Hath circling planets of its own,
 And beings, whose existence springs
 From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.

Haply those glorious beings know
 No stain of guilt, nor tear of woe ;
 But raising still the adoring voice,
 For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, oh ! child of clay !
 Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
 E'en as an insect on the breeze,
 E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care!

Be thou at peace! the all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,
The searching glance which none may
flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

THE OCEAN

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that
do business in great waters; these see the works
of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."—
Psalm cvil. 23, 24.

He that in venturous barks hath been
A wanderer on the deep,
Can tell of many an awful scene,
Where storms for ever sweep.

For many a fair, majestic sight
Hath met his wandering eye,
Beneath the streaming Northern Light,
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,
Whose echoing thunder peals
Loud, as if rushed along the shore
An army's chariot wheels;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,
Or fixed upon the coast,
Like glittering citadel or fane,
'Mid the bright realms of frost;

Of coral rocks, from waves below
In steep ascent that tower,
And fraught with peril, daily grow,
Formed by an insect's power;

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night
Shine o'er the tides afar,
And make the expanse of ocean bright,
As heaven, with many a star.

O God! Thy name *they* well may praise,
Who to the deep go down,
And trace the wonders of Thy ways,
Where rocks and billows frown!

If glorious be that awful deep
No human power can bind,
What then art *Thou*, who bidst it keep
Within its bounds confined?

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,
Eternal praise to Thee, [might,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's
Or still the raging sea!

THE THUNDER-STORM

DEEP, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky,
Dead stillness reigns in air,
There is not e'en a breeze, on high
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hushed, the waves at rest
The lake is dark and still,
Reflecting on its shadowy breast
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,
The rose-tree in the bower;
The birds have ceased their songs of love,
Awed by the threatening hour.

'Tis noon; yet Nature's calm profound
Seems as at midnight deep;
But hark! what peal of awful sound
Breaks on creation's sleep?

The thunder bursts!—its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake;
And in terrific splendour bright,
The gathered lightnings break.

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my child!
Though by the bolt's descent
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,
With all-surveying eye?
Doth not His power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high?

Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions, free
To track the realms of air,
Thou couldst not reach a spot where He
Would not be with thee there!

In the wide city's peopled towers,
On the vast ocean's plains,
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest
bowers,
Alike the Almighty reigns!

Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast;—
Why should we tremble, e'en to die,
And be with *Him* at last?

THE BIRDS

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings,
and not one of them is forgotten before God?"
—*St. Luke xii. 6.*

TRIBES of the air! whose favoured race
May wander through the realms of space,
Free guests of earth and sky;
In form, in plumage, and in song,
What gifts of nature mark your throng
With bright variety!

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,
And the wild haunts ye love;
Birds of the gentle beak! * how dear
Your wood-note, to the wanderer's ear,
In shadowy vale or grove!

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,
Where swain or hunter may not climb,
The mountain-eagle seeks;
Alone he reigns, a monarch there,
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare
Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are, that make their home
Where the white billows roar and foam,
Around the o'erhanging rock;
Fearless they skim the angry wave,
Or, sheltered in their sea-beat cave,
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,
Parched by the blaze of day;
The swan, where northern rivers glide,
Through the tall reeds that fringe their tide,
Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,
Spreads his broad wing of pride and power,
And many a storm defies;
Bright in the orient realms of morn,
All beauty's richest hues adorn
The bird of Paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,
And spicy forests breathing balm,
Weave soft their pendant nest;
Some deep in Western wilds, display
Their fairy form and plumage gay,
In rainbow colours drest.

* The Italians call all singing-birds, *birds of the gentle beak.*

Others no varied song may pour,
May boast no eagle-plume to soar,
No tints of light may wear;
Yet know, our Heavenly Father guides
The least of these, and well provides
For each, with tenderest care.

Shall He not then *thy* guardian be?
Will not His aid extend to *thee*?
Oh! safely may'st thou rest!—
Trust in His love, and e'en should pain,
Should sorrow tempt thee to complain,
Know, what He wills is best!

THE SKYLARK

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN

THE Skylark, when the dews of morn
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,
And violets round his nest exhale
Their fragrance on the early gale,
To the first sunbeam spreads his wings,
Buoyant with joy, and soars, and sings.

He rests not on the leafy spray,
To warble his exulting lay,
But high above the morning cloud
Mounts in triumphant freedom proud,
And swells, when nearest to the sky,
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

Thus, my Creator! thus the more
My spirit's wing to Thee can soar,
The more she triumphs to behold
Thy love in all Thy works unfold,
And bids her hymns of rapture be
Most glad, when rising most to Thee!

THE NIGHTINGALE

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

WHEN twilight's grey and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar;

When gathering shades the landscape veil,
And peasants seek their village-dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies;

When evening's primrose opes, to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely Nightingale;
And from a hermitage of shade
Fills with her voice the forest-glade :

And sweeter far that melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice ;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in heaven ! oh ! thus when day
With all its cares hath passed away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth ;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer
To Thee my spirit's offering bear ;
Yon star, my signal, set on high,
For vesper-hymns of piety.

So may Thy mercy and Thy power
Protect me through the midnight hour ;
And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on Thy servant's bed of rest.

THE NORTHERN SPRING

WHEN the soft breath of Spring goes forth,
Far o'er the mountains of the North,
How soon those wastes of dazzling snow
With life, and bloom, and beauty glow !

Then bursts the verdure of the plains,
Then break the streams from icy chains ;
And the glad reindeer seeks no more
Amidst deep snows his mossy store.

Then the dark pinewood's boughs are seen
Fringed tenderly with living green ;
And roses, in their brightest dyes,
By Lapland's founts and lakes arise.

Thus, in a moment, from the gloom
And the cold fetters of the tomb,
Thus shall the blest Redeemer's voice
Call forth His servants to rejoice.

For He, whose word is truth, hath said,
His power to life shall wake the dead,
And summon those He loves on high,
To " put on immortality ! "

Then, all its transient sufferings o'er,
On wings of light the soul shall soar,
Exulting, to that blest abode,
Where tears of sorrow never flowed.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXLVIII

" Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from
the heavens : praise Him in the heights."

PRAISE ye the Lord ! on every height
Songs to His glory raise !
Ye angel-host, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise !

O heaven of heavens ! let praise far-
swelling
From all thine orbs be sent !
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling
Above the firmament !

For His the word which gave you birth,
And majesty, and might :
Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite !

O fire and vapour, hail and snow,
Ye servants of His will ;
O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil ;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise ;
Fair cedars of the wood ;
Creatures of life, that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food ;

Judges of nations ! kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high !
O youths and virgins of the land ;
O age and infancy ;

Praise ye His name, to whom alone
All homage should be given ;
Whose glory from the eternal throne
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven !

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF

" Oh ! call my brother back to me !
I cannot play alone ; [bee—
The summer comes with flower and
Where is my brother gone ?

" The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back !

" The flowers run wild—the flowers we
sowed
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me ! "

"He would not hear thy voice, fair
He may not come to thee! [child—
The face that once like spring-time
smiled

On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And thro' the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

HYMN

BY THE SICK-BED OF A MOTHER

FATHER! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done";

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er hath mourned the chief—
Thou, Saviour! if the stroke *must* fall,
Hallow this grief!

THE VOICE OF GOD

"I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was
afraid."—*Genesis* iii. 10.

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near;

Father! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touched by the solemn tone?
Not so!—for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And called the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain-flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God! Thy voice to know,
And not to be afraid!

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH

"And when they came to Marah, they could
not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were
bitter.

"And the people murmured against Moses,
saying, What shall we drink?

"And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord
showed him a tree, which when he had cast
into the waters, the waters were made sweet."
—*Exodus* xv. 23-25.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save?

Hath nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed?
Is there no distant Eastern bower
With such sweet leaves o'erspread?

Nay, wherefore ask?—since gifts are ours
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with showers
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh! mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be;
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that blessed healing tree!

LYRICS AND SONGS

RHINE SONG OF THE GERMAN
SOLDIERS AFTER VICTORY

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN"

SINGLE VOICE.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards
laving,I see the bright flood shine! (*bis.*)Sing on the march with every banner
waving—Sing, brothers! 'tis the Rhine! (*bis.*)

CHORUS.

The Rhine! the Rhine! our own im-
perial river!

Be glory on thy track!

We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—

We bear thee freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail! hail! my childhood knew thy rush
of water,

Even as my mother's song;

That sound went past me on the field of
slaughter,

And heart and arm grew strong!

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with
thee sweeping,

Poured out by sons of thine,

Where sword and spirit forth in joy were
leaping,

Like thee, victorious Rhine!

SINGLE VOICE.

Home! Home! Thy glad wave hath a
tone of greeting,

Thy path is by my home,

Even now my children count the hours
till meeting:

O ransomed ones! I come.

CHORUS.

Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind
thee never!

Sound on by hearth and shrine!

Sing through the hills that thou art free
for ever—

Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

['I wish you could have heard Sir Walter
Scott describe a glorious sight, which had been

witnessed by a friend of his!—the crossing of the Rhine, at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. 'At the first gleam of the river,' he said, 'they all burst forth into the national chant, *Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*' They were two days passing over; and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time—for each band renewed it while crossing; and even the Cossacks, with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, *'Am Rhein! Am Rhein!'*" —*Manuscript letter.*

A SONG OF DELOS

[The Island of Delos was considered of such peculiar sanctity by the ancients, that they did not allow it to be desecrated by the events of birth or death. In the following poem, a young priestess of Apollo is supposed to be conveyed from its shores during the last hours of a mortal sickness, and to bid the scenes of her youth farewell in a sudden flow of unpremeditated song.]

"Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce nature,
Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon
tombeau;
L'air est si parfumé! la lumière est si pure!
Aux regards d'un Mourant le soleil est si
beau!"
LAMARTINE.

A SONG was heard of old—a low, sweet
song,

On the blue seas by Delos; from that
isle,

The Sun-god's own domain, a 'gentle
girl—

Gentle, yet all inspired of soul, of mien,

Lit with a life too perilously bright—

Was borne away to die. How beautiful

Seems this world to the dying!—but for
her,

The child of beauty and of poesy,

And of soft Grecian skies—oh! who may
dream [forth,

Of all that from her changeful eye flashed
Or glanced more quiveringly through
starry tears,

As on her land's rich vision, fane o'er fane

Coloured with loving light, she gazed her
last,

Her young life's last, that hour! From
her pale brow

And burning cheek she threw the ringlets
back,

And, bending forward—as the spirit
swayed
The reed-like form still to the shore be-
loved,
Breathed the swan-music of her wild fare-
well
O'er dancing waves :—"Oh, linger yet,"
she cried.

"Oh, linger, linger on the oar!
Oh, pause upon the deep!
That I may gaze yet once, once more,
Where floats the golden day o'er fane
and steep!
Never so brightly smiled mine own sweet
shore—
Oh! linger, linger on the parting oar!

"I see the laurels fling back showers
Of soft light still on many a shrine;
I see the path to haunts of flowers
Through the dim olives lead its gleaming
line;
I hear a sound of flutes—a swell of song—
Mine is too low to reach that joyous
thrill!

"Oh! linger, linger on the oar
Beneath my native sky!
Let my life part from that bright shore
With day's last crimson—gazing let me
die!
Thou bark, glide slowly!—slowly should
be borne
The voyager that never shall return.

"A fatal gift hath been thy dower,
Lord of the Lyre! to me;
With song and wreath from bower to
bower,
Sisters went bounding like young Oreads
free;
While I, through long, lone, voiceless
hours apart,
Have lain and listened to my beating
heart.

"Now, wasted by the inborn fire,
I sink to early rest;
The ray that lit the incense-pyre
Leaves unto death its temple in my
breast.
—O sunshine, skies, rich flowers! too
soon I go,
While round me thus triumphantly ye
glow!

"Bright isle! might but thine echoes
keep
A tone of my farewell,
One tender accent, low and deep,
Shrined 'midst thy founts and haunted
rocks to dwell! [shore!
Might my last breath send music to thy
—Oh, linger, seamen, linger on the oar!

NAPLES

A SONG OF THE SYREN

"Then gentle winds arose,
With many a mingled close
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain-odour
keen,
Where the clear Baian ocean
Welters with air-like motion
Within, above, around its bowers of starry
green."—SHELLEY.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore,
Bright city of the waves! Her magic
song
Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstasy,
Fills thy soft summer air :—and while my
glance [lay
Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that
Floats thus o'er fancy's ear; and thus to
thee, [sing.
Daughter of sunshine! doth the Syren

"Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
Thine is the laugh of the golden day—
The golden day, and the glorious night,
And the vine with its clusters all bathed
in light!
—Forget, forget, that thou art not free!
Queen of the summer sea.

"Favoured and crowned of the earth and
sky!
Thine are all voices of melody,
Wandering in moonlight through fane
and tower,
Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower;
Hark! how they melt o'er thy glittering
sea—
Forget that thou art not free!

"Let the wine flow in thy marble halls!
Let the lute answer thy fountain-falls!
And deck thy feasts with the myrtle
bough,
And cover with roses thy glowing brow!
Queen of the day and the summer sea,
Forget that thou art not free!

* * * * *

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling
 waves [fully,
 Dance to her chant. But sternly, mourn-
 O city of the deep! from Sibyl grots
 And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy
 shore
 Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
 Murmuring—*Thou art not free!*"

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS

A BALLAD OF FRANCE

[The Chevalier D'Assas, called the French Decius, fell nobly whilst reconnoitring a wood, near Closterkamp, by night. He had left his regiment, that of Auvergne, at a short distance, and was suddenly surrounded by an ambuscade of the enemy, who threatened him with instant death if he made the least sign of their vicinity. With their bayonets at his breast, he raised his voice, and calling aloud "A moi, Auvergne! ces sont les ennemis!" fell, pierced with mortal blows.]

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades
 A soldier went by night;
 No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
 No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round
 The youth all cheerly passed;
 Unchecked by aught of boding sound
 That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely
 hour?
 —In his far home, perchance;

His father's hall, his mother's bower,
 'Midst the gay vines of France:

Wandering from battles lost and won,
 To hear and bless again
 The rolling of the wide Garonne,
 Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush! hark!—did stealing steps go by?
 Came not faint whispers near?
 No! the wild wind hath many a sigh,
 Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again!—and from his hand,
 What grasp hath wrenched the blade?
 —Oh, single 'midst a hostile band,
 Young soldier! thou'rt betrayed!

"Silence!" in undertones they cry—
 "No whisper—not a breath!"
 The sound that warns thy comrades
 nigh
 Shall sentence thee to death."

Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,
 And strong to meet the blow;
 And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
 "Arm, arm, Auvergne! the foe!"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
 He heard their tumults grow;
 And sent his dying voice through all—
 "*Auvergne, Auvergne! the foe!*"

SONGS OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT

NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE!

NEAR thee, still near thee!—o'er thy
 pathway gliding,
 Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low
 sigh;
 Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes
 dividing,
 Yet viewless love floats round thee
 silently!

Not 'midst the festal throng,
 In halls of mirth and song;
 But when thy thoughts are deepest,
 When holy tears thou weapest,
 Know then *that* love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-
 strings creeping,
 Or the sea-music on the sounding shore,
 Or breezy anthems through the forest
 sweeping,
 Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;
 When every thought and prayer
 We loved to breathe and share,
 On thy full heart returning,
 Shall wake its voiceless yearning;
 Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee!—trust thy
 soul's deep dreaming!
 Oh! love is not an earthly rose to die!

Even when I soar where fiery stars are
beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through
the sky.

The fields of air are free,
Yet lonely, wanting thee;
But when thy chains are falling,
When heaven its own is calling,
Know then, thy guide is nigh!

OH! DROOP THOU NOT

"They sin who tell us love can die!
With life all other passions fly—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions, as of earth—
They perish where they drew their birth.
But love is indestructible!
Its holy flame for ever burneth—
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth."
SOUTHEY.

OH! droop thou not, my gentle earthly
love!

Mine still to be! [above,
I bore through death, to brighter lands
My thoughts of thee.

Yes! the deep memory of our holy tears,
Our mingled prayer,
Our suffering love, through long devoted
years,
Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallowed and the
tried—

It was not vain!
Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy
side,
I watch again!

From our own paths, our love's attesting
bowers,

I am not gone;
In the deep calm of midnight's whispering
hours,
Thou art not lone:

Not lone, when by the haunted stream
thou weepest—

That stream whose tone
Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the
deepest,
We two have known:

Not lone, when mournfully some strain
awaking

Of days long past,
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are
breaking,
Silent and fast:

Not lone, when upwards in fond visions
turning

Thy dreamy glance,
Thou seek'st my home, where solemn
stars are burning
O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, loved one! and
around thee,

Where'er thou art;
Though still mortality's thick cloud hath
bound thee,
Doubt not thy heart!

Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself for-
saken—

Let faith be given
To the still tones which oft our being
waken—
They are of heaven.

SONGS OF SPAIN

ANCIENT BATTLE-SONG

FLING forth the proud banner of Leon
again!

Let the high word *Castile!* go resounding
through Spain!

And thou, free Asturias! encamped on
the height, [of fight!

Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage
Wake, wake! the old soil where thy
children repose

Sounds hollow and deep to the trampling
of foes!

R

The voices are mighty that swell from
the past,

With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain-
blast;

The ancient sierras give strength to our
tread,

Their pines murmur song where bright
blood hath been shed.

—Fling forth the proud banner of Leon
again,

And shout ye "*Castile!* to the rescue for
Spain!"

THE ZEGRI MAID

[The Zegris were one of the most illustrious Moorish tribes. Their exploits and feuds with their celebrated rivals, the Abencerrages, form the subject of many ancient Spanish romances.]

THE summer leaves were sighing

Around the Zegri maid,

To her low, sad song replying

As it filled the olive shade.

"Alas! for her that loveth

Her land's, her kindred's foe!

Where a Christian Spaniard rovetth,

Should a Zegri's spirit go?

"From thy glance, my gentle mother!

I sink, with shame oppressed,

And the dark eye of my brother

Is an arrow to my breast."—

Where summer leaves were sighing,

Thus sang the Zegri maid,

While the crimson day was dying

In the whispery olive shade.

"And for all this heart's wealth wasted,

This woe in secret borne,

This flower of young life blasted,

Should I win back aught but scorn?

By aught but daily dying

Would my lone truth be repaid?"

Where the olive leaves were sighing,

Thus sang the Zegri maid.

THE RIO VERDE SONG

[The Rio Verde, a small river of Spain, is celebrated in the old ballad romances of that country for the frequent combats on its banks between Moor and Christian. The ballad referring to this stream in *Percy's Reliques* will be remembered by many readers.

"Gentle river, gentle river!

Lo! thy streams are stained with gore."]

FLOW, Rio Verde!

In melody flow;

Win her that weepeth

To slumber from woe;

Bid thy wave's music

Roll through her dreams—

Grief ever loveth

The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit

Afar on the sound

Back to her childhood,

Her life's fairy ground;

Pass like the whisper

Of love that is gone—

Flow, Rio Verde!

Softly flow on!

Dark glassy water

So crimsoned of yore!

Love, death, and sorrow

Know thy green shore.

Thou shouldst have echoes

For grief's deepest tone—

Flow, Rio Verde!

Softly flow on!

SEEK BY THE SILVERY DARRO

SEEK by the silvery Darro,

Where jasmine flowers have blown:

There hath she left no footsteps?

—Weep, weep! the maid is gone!

Seek where Our Lady's image

Smiles o'er the pine-hung steep:

Hear ye not there her vespers?

—Weep for the parted, weep!

Seek in the porch where vine-leaves

O'ershade her father's head:

Are *his* grey hairs left lonely?

—Weep! her bright soul is fled.

SPANISH EVENING HYMN

AVE! now let prayer and music

Meet in love on earth and sea!

Now, sweet Mother! may the weary

Turn from this cold world to thee!

From the wide and restless waters

Hear the sailor's hymn arise! [tains,

From his watch-fire 'midst the moun-

Lo! to thee the shepherd cries!

Yet, when thus full hearts find voices,

If o'erburdened souls there be,

Dark and silent in their anguish,

Aid those captives! set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing

Where the frozen tears lie deep;

Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,

Aid! oh, aid to pray and weep!

BIRD THAT ART SINGING ON
EBRO'S SIDE!

BIRD that art singing on Ebro's side!

Where myrtle shadows make dim the tide,

Doth sorrow dwell 'midst the leaves with

thee?

Doth song avail thy full heart to free?

—Bird of the midnight's purple sky !
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Bird ! is it blighted affection's pain
Whence the sad sweetness flows through
thy strain ?

And is the wound of that arrow stilled
When thy lone music the leaves hath
filled ?

—Bird of the midnight's purple sky !
Teach me the spell of thy melody.

MOORISH GATHERING-SONG

ZORZICO *

CHAINS on the cities ! gloom in the air !
Come to the hills ! fresh breezes are there,
Silence and fear in the rich orange bowers !
Come to the rocks where freedom hath
towers.

Come from the Darro !—changed is its
tone ;

Come where the streams no bondage
have known ;

Wildly and proudly foaming they leap,
Singing of freedom from steep to steep.

Come from Alhambra !—garden and grove
Now may not shelter beauty or love,
Blood on the waters ! death 'midst the
flowers !

—Only the spear and the rock are ours.

THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS

WE heard thy name, O Mina !
Far through our hills it rang ;
A sound more strong than tempests,
More keen than armour's clang.

The peasant left his vintage,
The shepherd grasped the spear—
We heard thy name, O Mina !
—The mountain-bands are here.

* The Zorzico is an extremely wild and singularly antique Moorish melody.

As eagles to the dayspring,
As torrents to the sea,
From every dark sierra
So rushed our hearts to thee.

Thy spirit is our banner,
Thine eye our beacon-sign,
Thy name our trumpet, Mina !
—The mountain-bands are thine.

MOTHER ! OH, SING ME TO REST

A CANCION

MOTHER ! oh, sing me to rest,
As in my bright days departed :
Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,
Songs for a spirit oppressed.

Lay this tired head on thy breast !
Flowers from the night-dew are closing,
Pilgrims and mourners reposing :
Mother ! oh, sing me to rest !

Take back thy bird to its nest !
Weary is young life when blighted,
Heavy this love unrequited ;
—Mother, oh ! sing me to rest !

THERE ARE SOUNDS IN THE DARK RONCESVALLES

THERE are sounds in the dark Ronces-
valles,
There are echoes on Biscay's wild shore ;
There are murmurs—but not of the torrent,
Nor the wind, nor the pine-forest's roar.

'Tis a day of the spear and the banner,
Of armings and hurried farewells :
Rise, rise on your mountains, ye Spaniards !
Or start from your old battle-dells.

There are streams of unconquered Asturias
That have rolled with your fathers' free
blood :

Oh ! leave on the graves of the mighty
Proud marks where their children have
stood !

SONGS FOR SUMMER HOURS

AND I TOO IN ARCADIA

[A celebrated picture of Poussin represents a band of shepherd youths and maidens suddenly checked in their wanderings, and affected with various emotions, by the sight of a tomb which bears this inscription—"Et in Arcadia ego."]

THEY have wandered in their glee
With the butterfly and bee;
They have climbed o'er heathery swells,
They have wound through forest dells;
Mountain-moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have led;
Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
Unto them have yielded up
Fragrant bell and starry cup:
Chaplets are on every brow—
What hath stayed the wanderers now?
Lo! a grey and rustic tomb,
Bowered amidst the rich wood-gloom;
Whence these words their stricken spirits
melt,
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwell."

There is many a summer sound
That pale sepulchre around;
Through the shade young birds are
glancing,
Insect-wings in sun-streaks dancing;
Glimpses of blue festal skies
Pouring in when soft winds rise;
Violets o'er the turf below
Shedding out their warmest glow;
Yet a spirit not its own
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!
Something of an under-note
Through its music seems to float,
Something of a stillness gray
Creeps across the laughing day:
Something dimly from those old words
felt,
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwell."

Was some gentle kindred maid
In that grave with dirges laid?
Some fair creature, with the tone
Of whose voice a joy is gone,
Leaving melody and mirth
Poorer on this altered earth?
Is it thus? that so they stand,
Dropping flowers from every hand—
Flowers, and lyres, and gathered store
Of red wild-fruit prized no more?

—No! from that bright band of morn
Not one link hath yet been torn:
'Tis the shadow of the tomb
Falling o'er the summer-bloom—
O'er the flush of love and life
Passing with a sudden strife;
'Tis the low prophetic breath
Murmuring from that house of death,
Whose faint whisper thus their hearts can
melt,
"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwell."

THE WANDERING WIND

THE Wind, the wandering Wind
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones among the leaves?
Oh! is it from the waters,
Or from the long tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The Wind, the wandering Wind!
No, no! the strange, sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir-trees whispering low:

They are not of the waters,
Nor of the caverned hill:
'Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill.
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,
To the Wind, the wandering Wind!

YE ARE NOT MISSED, FAIR
FLOWERS!

YE are not missed, fair flowers, that late
were spreading
The summer's glow by fount and breezy
grot;
There falls the dew, its fairy favours
shedding,
The leaves dance on, the young birds
miss you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling
water,

O lily! whence thy cup of pearl is gone,
The bright wave mourns not for its
loveliest daughter, [tone.
There is no sorrow in the wind's low

And thou, meek hyacinth! afar is moving
The bee that oft thy trembling bells
hath kissed.

Cradled ye were, fair flowers! 'midst all
things loving,

A joy to all—yet, yet, ye are not missed!

Ye that were born to lend the sunbeam
gladness,

And the winds fragrance, wandering
where they list,

Oh! it were breathing words too deep in
sadness, [are missed.

To say earth's *human* flowers not more

THE WILLOW SONG

WILLOW! in thy breezy moan,
I can hear a deeper tone; [low,
Through thy leaves come whispering
Faint, sweet sounds of long ago,
Willow! sighing willow!

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick love to thee hath told,
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow,
Willow! sighing willow!

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree!
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent,
Willow! sighing willow!

Therefore, wave and murmur on!
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for love, whose heart hath bled,
Ever, willow! willow!

LEAVE ME NOT YET

LEAVE me not yet! through rosy skies
from far, [return;

But now the song-birds to their nests
The quivering image of the first pale star
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to
burn:

Leave me not yet!

Not yet! oh, hark! low tones from hidden
streams,

Piercing the shivery leaves, even now
arise;

Their voices mingle not with daylight
dreams,

They are of vesper's hymns and har-
monies:

Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds,
dear love!

By day shut up in their own still recess;
They wait for dews on earth, for stars
above,

Then to breathe out their soul of tender-
ness:

Leave me not yet!

THE ORANGE BOUGH

Oh! bring me one sweet orange bough,
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow;
One bough, with pearly blossoms drest
And bind it, mother! on my breast!

Go, seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odours I must breathe no more;
The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,
And wild farewell, are lingering there:
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head;
And bind it, mother! on my breast
When I am laid in lonely rest.

THE STREAM SET FREE

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream set free!
The troubled haunts of care and strife
Were not for thee!

The woodland is thy country,
Thou art all its own again,
The wild birds are thy kindred race,
That fear no chain.

Flow on, rejoice, make music
Unto the glistening leaves!
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds
And golden eves!

Once more the holy starlight
 Sleeps calm upon thy breast,
 Whose brightness bears no token more
 Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let freeborn music
 Flow with thy wavy line, [voice
 While the stock-dove's lingering, loving
 Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,
 Strings of the forest-lyre,
 All filled with answering spirit-sounds,
 In joy respire.

Yet, 'midst thy song's glad changes,
 Oh! keep one pitying tone
 For gentle hearts, that bear to thee
 Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,
 To bring, like healing dew,
 A sense that nature ne'er forsakes
 The meek and true.

Then, then, rejoice, make music,
 Thou stream, thou glad and free!
 The shadows of all glorious flowers
 Be set in thee!

THE SUMMER'S CALL

COME away! The sunny hours
 Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
 O'er the very waters now,
 In their play,
 Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
 Come away!
 Where the lily's tender gleam
 Quivers on the glancing stream,
 Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,
 Soft, and sultry, and profound;
 Murmurs through the shadowy grass
 Lightly stray;
 Faint winds whisper as they pass—
 Come away!

Where the bee's deep music swells
 From the trembling fox-glove bells,
 Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
 Now hath won its richest hue;
 In the woods the breath of song
 Night and day

Floats with leafy scents along—
 Come away!
 Where the boughs with dewy gloom
 Darken each thick bed of bloom
 Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
 Now the crimson love-hue glows;
 Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
 Sheds a ray,
 Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
 Come away!
 Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
 With the wild-wood strawberries,
 Come away!

Now each tree, by summer crowned,
 Sheds its own rich twilight round;
 Glancing there from sun to shade,
 Bright wings play;
 There the deer its couch hath made—
 Come away!
 Where the smooth leaves of the lime
 Glisten in their honey-time,
 Come away—away!

O SKYLARK, FOR THY WING

O SKYLARK, for thy wing!
 Thou bird of joy and light,
 That I might soar and sing
 At heaven's empyreal height!
 With the heathery hills beneath me,
 Whence the streams in glory spring,
 And the pearly clouds to wreath me,
 O Skylark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,
 I would range the blessed skies,
 Through the blue divinely clear,
 Where the low mists cannot rise!
 And a thousand joyous measures
 From my chainless heart should spring
 Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
 As I wandered on thy wing,

But oh! the silver cords
 That around the heart are spun,
 From gentle tones and words,
 And kind eyes that make our sun!
 To some low, sweet nest returning,
 How soon my love would bring
 There, there the dews of morning,
 O Skylark! on thy wing!

SONGS OF CAPTIVITY

[These songs (with the exception of the fifth) have all been set to music by the author's sister.]

INTRODUCTION

ONE hour for distant homes to weep
 'Midst Afric's burning sands, ●
 One silent sunset hour was given
 To the slaves of many lands.

They sat beneath a lonely palm,
 In the gardens of their lord ;
 And, mingling with the fountain's tune,
 Their songs of exile poured,

And strangely, sadly did those lays
 Of Alp and ocean sound,
 With Afric's wild red skies above,
 And solemn wastes around.

Broken with tears were oft their tones,
 And most when most they tried
 To breathe of hope and liberty,
 From hearts that inly died.

So met the sons of many lands,
 Parted by mount and main ;
 So did they sing in brotherhood,
 Made kindred by the chain.

THE BROTHER'S DIRGE

IN the proud old fanes of England
 My warrior fathers lie,
 Banners hang drooping o'er their dust
 With gorgeous blazonry.
 But thou, but *thou*, my brother !
 O'er thee dark billows sweep—
 The best and bravest heart of all
 Is shrouded by the deep.

In the old high wars of England
 My noble fathers bled ;
 For her lion-kings of lance and spear
 They went down to the dead.
 But thou, but thou, my brother !
 Thy life-drops flowed for me—
 Would I were with thee in thy rest,
 Young sleeper of the sea !

In a sheltered home of England
 Our sister dwells alone ;
 With quick heart listening for the sound
 Of footsteps that are gone,
 She little dreams, my brother !
 Of the wild fate we have found ;
 I, 'midst the Afric sands a slave,
 Thou, by the dark seas bound.

THE ALPINE HORN

THE Alpine horn ! the Alpine horn !
 Oh ! through my native sky,
 Might I but hear its deep notes borne
 Once more—but once—and die !

Yet no ! 'Midst breezy hills thy breath,
 So full of hope and morn,
 Would win me from the bed of death—
 O joyous Alpine horn !

But *here* the echo of that blast,
 To many a battle known,
 Seems mournfully to wander past,
 A wild, shrill, wailing tone !

Haunt me no more ! for slavery's air
 Thy proud notes were not born ;
 The dream but deepens my despair—
 Be hushed, thou Alpine horn !

O YE VOICES !

O YE voices round my own hearth singing,
 As the winds of May to memory sweet,
 Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing ?
 Would those vernal tones the wanderer
 greet,

Once again ?

Never, never ! Spring hath smiled and
 parted [said ;
 Oft since then your fond farewell was
 O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted
 Summer's hands the rose-leaves may
 have shed,
 Oft again !

Or if still around my heart ye linger,
 Yet, sweet voices ! there must change
 have come :
 Years have quelled the free soul of the
 singer, [home
 Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer
 Ne'er again !

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE

I DREAM of all things free !
 Of a gallant, gallant bark
 That sweeps through storm and sea,
 Like an arrow to its mark !

Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee ;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain-king !
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be ;
Dark woods around it shiver—
I dream of all things free !

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play ;
Of an Indian 'midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way ;
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's greenwood tree—
My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free !

FAR O'ER THE SEA

WHERE are the vintage songs
Wandering in glee ?
Where dance the peasant bands
Joyous and free ?
Under a kind blue sky,
Where doth my birthplace lie ?
—Far o'er the sea.

Where floats the myrtle scent
O'er vale and lea,
When evening calls the dove
Homewards to flee ?
Where doth the orange gleam
Soft on my native stream ?
—Far o'er the sea !

Where are sweet eyes of love
Watching for me ?

Where o'er the cabin roof
Waves the green tree ?
Where speaks the vesper-chime
Still of a holy time ?
—Far o'er the sea !

Dance on, ye vintage bands,
Fearless and free !
Still fresh and greenly wave
My father's tree !
Still smile, ye kind, blue skies !
Though your son pines and dies
Far o'er the sea !

THE INVOCATION

OH ! art thou still on earth, my love ?
My only love !
Or smiling in a brighter home,
Far, far above ?

Oh ! is thy sweet voice fled, my love ?
Thy light step gone ?
And art thou not, in earth or heaven,
Still, still my own ?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,
In midnight dreams !
But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,
Thy soft eye seems.

Peace, in thy saddest hour, my love,
Dwelt on thy brow ;
But something mournfully divine
There shineth now !

And silent ever is thy lip,
And pale thy cheek ;—
Oh ! art thou earth's, or art thou
heaven's ?
Speak to me, speak !

THE SONG OF HOPE

DROOP not, my brothers ! I hear a glad strain—
We shall burst forth like streams from the winter night's chain ;
A flag is unfurled, a bright star of the sea,
A ransom approaches—we yet shall be free !

Where the pines wave, where the light chamois leaps,
Where the lone eagle hath built on the steeps ;
Where the snows glisten, the mountain-rills foam,
Free as the falcon's wing, yet shall we roam.

Where the hearth shines, where the kind looks are met,
Where the smiles mingle, our place shall be yet !
Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the sea—
Droop not, my brothers ! we yet shall be free !

MISCELLANEOUS LYRICS

THE CALL TO BATTLE

" Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated."—BYRON.

THE vesper-bell, from church and tower,
Had sent its dying sound ;
And the household, in the hush of eve,
Were met their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive-wood, with a sudden trumpet's power —
" We rise on all our hills ! Come forth ! 'tis thy country's gathering-hour.
There's a gleam of spears by every stream in each old battle-dell.
Come forth, young Juan ! Bid thy home a brief and proud farewell ! "

Then the father gave his son the sword
Which a hundred fights had seen—
" Away ! and bear it back, my boy !
All that it still hath been !

" Haste, haste ! The hunters of the foe are up : and who shall stand
The lion-like awakening of the roused indignant land ?
Our chase shall sound through each defile where swept the clarion's blast,
With the flying footsteps of the Moor, in stormy ages past."

Then the mother kissed her son, with tears
That o'er his dark locks fell :
" I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,
Yet I stay thee not—Farewell !

" One moment ! but one moment give to parting thought or word !
It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's heart is stirred.
Bear but the memory of my love about thee in the fight,
To breathe upon th' avenging sword a spell of keener might."

And a maiden's fond adieu was heard,
Though deep, yet brief and low :
" In the vigil, in the conflict, love !
My prayer shall with thee go ! "

" Come forth ! come as the torrent comes when the winter's chain is burst !
So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and silence nursed.
The night is passed, the silence o'er—on all our hills we rise :
We wait thee, youth ! sleep, dream no more ! the voice of battle cries."

There were sad hearts in a darkened home,
When the brave had left their bower ;
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice
Was with them in that hour.

MIGNON'S SONG

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE

[Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl, (the character in one of Goethe's romances, from which Sir Walter Scott's *Fenella* is partially imitated,) has been stolen away, in early childhood, from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and at times break forth into the following song. The original has been set to exquisite music, by Zelter, the friend of Goethe.]

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluhn?"

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron bowers,
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove?
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,
And through a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove.
Know'st thou it well?

There, there with thee,
O friend! O loved one! fain my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling? There the pillars rise,
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow;
And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes
To say—"Poor child, what thus hath wrought thee woe?"
Know'st thou it well?

There, there with thee,
O my protector! homewards might I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain? High its bridge is hung,
Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud his way.
There lurk the dragon-race, deep caves among;
O'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent-spray.
Know'st thou it well?

With thee, with thee,
There lies my path, O father! let us flee!

THE SISTERS

"I GO, sweet sister! yet my heart would linger with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain:
Take, then, the braid of Eastern pearls which once I loved to wear
And with it bind for festal scenes the dark waves of thy hair!
Its pale, pure brightness will beseech those raven tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in my lone convent-cell."

"Oh, speak not thus, my Leonor! why part from kindred love?
Through festive scenes, when thou art gone, my steps no more shall move!
How could I bear a lonely heart amid a reckless throng?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone of song.
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearls, or let me proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly brow of thine."

" Oh, wouldst thou strive a wounded bird from shelter to detain ?
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed to weary life again ?
Sweet sister ! take the golden cross that I have worn so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear for secret woe and wrong,
It could not still *my* beating heart ! but may it be a sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one ! when meekly pressed to thine. "

" Take back, take back the cross of gold, our mother's gift to thee—
It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be ;
With funeral splendour to mine eye, it would but sadly shine,
And tell of early treasures lost, of joy no longer mine.
O sister ! if thy heart be thus with buried grief oppressed,
Where wouldst thou pour it forth so well as on my faithful breast ? "

" Urge me no more ! A blight hath fallen upon my summer years !
I should but darken *thy* young life with fruitless pangs and fears.
But take at least the lute I loved, and guard it for my sake,
And sometimes from its silvery strings one tone of memory wake !
Sing to those chords by starlight's gleam our own sweet vesper-hymn
And think that I too chant it then, far in my cloister dim. "

" Yes ! I will take the silvery lute—and I will sing to thee
A song we heard in childhood's days, even from our father's knee.
O sister ! sister ! are these notes amid forgotten things ?
Do they not linger, as in love, on the familiar strings ?
Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur in the strain ?
Kind sister ! gentlest Leonor ! say, shall it plead in vain ? "

SONG.

" Leave us not, leave us not !
Say not adieu !
Have we not been to thee
Tender and true ?

" Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our hearth !
With that sweet light will fade
Summer and mirth.

" Leave us not, leave us not !
Can thy heart roam ?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home ?

" Too sad our love would be
If thou wert gone !
Turn to us, leave us not !
Thou art our own ! "

" O sister ! hush that thrilling lute !—oh, cease that haunting lay !
Too deeply pierce those wild, sweet notes—yet, yet I cannot stay :
For weary, weary is my heart ! I hear a whispered call
In every breeze that stirs the leaf and bids the blossom fall.
I cannot breathe in freedom here, my spirit pines to dwell
Where the world's voice can reach no more ! Oh, calm thee !—Fare thee well ! "

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO

[Suggested by a beautiful sketch, the design of the younger Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems penetrated with the feeling of utter abandonment.]

SOUND on, thou dark, unslumbering sea !

My dirge is in thy moan ;
My spirit finds response in thee
To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease !
Oh ! let your secret caves be stirred,
And say, dark waters ! will ye give me peace ?

Away ! my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human hearts—and will the wave reply ?

Sound on, thou dark, unslumbering sea !
Sound in thy scorn and pride !
I ask not, alien world ! from thee
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well,
With all its lovely things !
Was it for this the death-wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quenched its living strings ?

Let them lie silent at my feet !
Since, broken even as they,
The heart whose music made them sweet
Hath poured on desert sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touched my name,
The laurel-wreath is mine—
With a lone heart, a weary frame—
O restless deep ! I come to make them thine !

Give to that crown, that burning crown, !
Place in thy darkest hold !
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest !
Thou hast thy love, thy home ;

They wait thee in the quiet nest,
And I, th' unsought, unwatched-for—I too come !

I, with this winged nature fraught,
These visions wildly free,
Thine boundless love, this fiery thought—
Alone I come—oh ! give me peace, dark sea !

DIRGE

WHERE shall we make her grave ?
Oh ! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air !
Where shower and singing-bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there !

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill :
Low on sweet nature's breast
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still !

Murmur, glad waters ! by,
Faint gales ! with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more !

What thought for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind ?
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow !
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go !

Oh ! then, where wild flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave,
In the free air !
Where shower and singing-bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there !

A SONG OF THE ROSE

"Cosi fior diverrai che non soggiace
All' acqua, al gelo, al vento ed allo scherno
D' una stagion volubile e fugace ;
E a piu fido Cultor posto in governo,
Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace,
Ad eterna Bellezza odore eterno."

METASTASIO.

ROSE! what dost thou here?
Bridal, royal rose!
How, 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-
leaf glows?

Rose! too much arrayed
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one
of all flowers!

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly
life too high.

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek;
Thoughts of glory, rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song
too weak.

Yet, O festal rose!
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick
blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love,
O'er that bed of pain,
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smilest thou, gorgeous flower?
—Oh! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power,
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and
farewells.

All the soul forth flowing
In that rich perfume,
All the proud life glowing
In that radiant bloom—
Have they no place but here, beneath th'
o'ershadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race?
Heaven's own purest waters
Well might wear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer
grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there:
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently
more fair!

Yes! my fancy sees thee
in that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal,
royal rose!

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS

CHILDREN of night! unfolding meckly,
slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy
hours
When dark-blue heavens look softest and
most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest
bowers;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From earth, ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your beauty
veiling,
Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness
shrined;
Till the mild moon, on high serenely sail-
ing,
Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind.
—So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart,
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought, which glows
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day
rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill,
But send forth odours with the faint, soft
voices

Rising from hidden streams, when all is
still.

—So doth lone prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for heavenly dew
In silent hours to fill.

THE WANDERER AND THE NIGHT-FLOWERS

"CALL back your odours, lovely flowers!
From the night-winds call them back;
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth in the sunbeam's track!

"The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest—
Why watch ye here alone?

"Is not your world a mournful one,
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a linger-
ing tone
Of song in the starry skies?

"Take ye no joy in the dayspring's birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew?
And the thousand strains of the forest's
mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you?

"Shut your sweet bells till the fawn
comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child with a fairy shout
Goes dancing on its way!"

"Nay! let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light,
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

"Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
To the breeze, when no step is nigh:
Oh, thus for ever the earth should send
Her grateful breath on high!

"And love us as emblems, night's dewy
flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrow given,

That spring through the gloom of the
darkest hours,
Looking alone to heaven!"

ECHO-SONG

IN thy cavern-hall,
Echo! art thou sleeping?
By the fountain's fall
Dreamy silence keeping?
Yet one soft note borne
From the shepherd's horn,
Wakes thee, Echo! into music leaping!
Strange, sweet Echo! into music leaping.

Then the woods rejoice,
Then glad sounds are swelling
From each sister-voice
Round thy rocky dwelling;
And their sweetness fills
All the hollow hills
With a thousand notes, of one life telling!
—Softly mingled notes, of one life telling.

Echo! in my heart
Thus deep thoughts are lying,
Silent and apart,
Buried, yet undying;
Till some gentle tone
Wakening haply one,
Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying!
—Strange, sweet Echo! even like thee
replying.

THE MUFFLED DRUM

THE muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep rolling sound,
Which told the helmets round
Of a soldier's burial-rite.

But it told them not how dear,
In a home beyond the main,
Was the warrior-youth laid low that hour
By a mountain-stream of Spain.

The oaks of England waved
O'er the slumber of his race,
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
Above his last, lone place;

When the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep rolling sound,
Which called strange echoes round
To the soldier's burial-rite.

Brief was the sorrowing *there*,
By the stream from battle red,
And tossing on its waves the plumes
Of many a stately head :

But a mother—soon to die,
And a sister—long to weep,
Even then were breathing prayers for him
In that home beyond the deep ;

While the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep rolling sound,
And the dark pines mourned around
O'er the soldier's burial-rite.

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK

Adieu, adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still
stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades."—KEATS.

" Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest ;
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singing."—SHELLEY.

'MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian
stream
Unto the faint wind sighed melodiously,
And where the sculpture of a broken
shrine
Sent out through shadowy grass and thick
wild-flowers
Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
Warbled his death-chant ; and a poet
stood
Listening to that strange music, as it
shook
The lilies on the wave ; and made the
pines
And all the laurels of the haunted shore
Thrill to its passion. Oh ! the tones were
sweet,
Even painfully—as with the sweetness
wrung
From parting love ; and to the poet's
thought
This was their language.

" Summer ! I depart—
O light and laughing summer, fare thee
well :
No song the less through thy rich woods
will swell,
For one, one broken heart.

" And fare ye well, young flowers !
Ye will not mourn ! ye will shed odour
still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill,
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

" And ye, bright founts ! that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and
deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy
sleep—
Sweet waters ! I must die.

" Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines?—one mur-
mur low ?
Shall not the green leaves from your
voices know
That I, your child, am gone ?

" No ! ever glad and free,
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell :
Waves, joyous waves ! flow on, and fare
ye well !
Ye will not mourn for me.

" But thou, sweet boon ! too late
Poured on my parting breath, vain gift of
song
Why com'st thou thus, o'er-mastering,
rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate ?

" Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell ;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies !
O life and love ! farewell."

Thus flowed the death-chant on ; while
mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and
the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream—
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy—
Woke to respond : and all the air was
filled
With that one sighing sound—*Farewell !
Farewell !*

Filled with that sound ? High in the calm
blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung ; soft summer
clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced
with light,
And 'midst that pearly radiance his dark
wings

Quivered with song : such free, triumphant song,

As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below ; and *thus* that strain

Spoke to the poet's ear exultingly :—

"The summer is come ; she hath said
Rejoice !

The wild-woods thrill to her merry voice ;
Her sweet breath is wandering around,
on high :

Sing, sing through the echoing sky !

"There is joy in the mountains ! The
bright waves leap

Like the bounding stag when he breaks
from sleep ;

Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—

Let the heavens ring with song !

"There is joy in the forests ! The bird
of night

Hath made the leaves tremble with deep
delight ;

But mine is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing through the echoing
heaven !

"Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring
born :

Only young rapture can mount so high—
Sing, sing through the echoing sky !"

So those two voices met ; so Joy and
Death

Mingled their accents ; and, amidst the
rush

Of many thoughts, the listening poet
cried,—

"Oh ! thou art mighty, thou art wonder-
ful,

Mysterious Nature ! Not in thy free
range

Of woods and wilds alone, thou blindest
thus

The dirge-note and the song of festival ;
But in one heart, one changeable human
heart—

Ay, and within one hour of that strange
world—

Thou call'st their music forth, with all its
tones,

To startle and to pierce !—the dying
swan's,

And the glad skylark's—triumph and de-
spair !"

GENIUS SINGING TO LOVE

"That voice re-measure
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of nature utter ; birds or trees,
Or where the tall grass 'mid the heath-plant
waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze,"
COLERIDGE.

I HEARD a song upon the wanderin'
wind,

A song of many tones—though one fu
soul

Breathed through them all imploringly
and made

All nature as they passed, all quiverin'
leaves

And low responsive reeds and water:
thrill

As with the consciousness of huma
prayer.

—At times the passion-kindled melody
Might seem to gush from Sappho

fervent heart,
Over the wild sea-wave ;—at times th
strain .

Flowed with more plaintive sweetness, a
if born

Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vat
cluse ;

And sometimes, with its melancholy swel
A graver sound was mingled, a deep no
Of Tasso's holy lyre. Yet still the tone

Were of a suppliant—"Leave me not !
was still

The burden of their music ; and I knew
The lay which Genius, in its loneliness,

Its own still world, amidst the o'erpeople
world,

Hath ever breathed to Love.

"They crown me with the glistenin
crown,

Borne from a deathless tree ;
I hear the pealing music of renown—

O Love ! forsake me not !
Mine were a lone, dark lot,

Bereft of thee !
They tell me that my soul can throw

A glory o'er the earth ;
From thee, from thee, is caught the

golden glow !
Shed by thy gentle eyes,

It gives to flower and skies
A bright, new birth !

"Thence gleams the path of morning
Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone

Thence to its heart of hearts the rose is
burning
With lustre not its own !
Thence every wood-recess
Is filled with loveliness,
Each bower, to ring-doves and dim violets
known.

" I see all beauty by the ray
That streameth from thy smile ;
Oh ! bear it, bear it not away !
Can that sweet light beguile ?
Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,
To linger long by earthly streams ;
I clasp it with th' alloy
Of fear 'midst quivering joy.
Yet must I perish if the gift depart—
Leave me not, Love ! to mine own beat-
ing heart !

" The music from my lyre
With thy swift step would flee ;
The world's cold breath would quench
the starry fire
In my deep soul—a temple filled with
thee !
Sealed would the fountains lie,
The waves of harmony,
Which thou alone canst free !

" Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,
Whence the oracle hath fled ;
Like a harp which none might waken
But a mighty master dead ;
Like the vase of a perfume scattered,
Such would my spirit be—
So mute, so void, so shattered,
Bereft of thee !

" Leave me not, Love ! or if this earth
Yield not for thee a home,
If the bright summer-land of thy pure
birth
Send thee a silvery voice that whispers
' Come !'
Then, with the glory from the rose,
With the sparkle from the stream,
With the light thy rainbow-presence
throws
Over the poet's dream ;
With all th' Elysian hues
Thy pathway that suffuse,
With joy, with music, from the fading
grove,
Take me, too, heavenward, on thy wing,
sweet Love !"

R 1

MUSIC AT A DEATHBED

" Music ! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy ?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts ?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour :
And with some softly-whispered air
Smooth the brow of dumb despair !"
WARTON, from *Euripides*.

BRING music ! stir the brooding air
With an ethereal breath !
Bring sounds, my struggling soul to bear
Up from the couch of death !

A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
Such as the southern breeze
Might waft, at golden fall of day,
O'er blue, transparent seas !

Oh no ! not such ! That lingering spell
Would lure me back to life,
When my weaned heart hath said fare-
well,
And passed the gates of strife.

Let not a sigh of human love
Blend with the song its tone !
Let no disturbing echo move
One that must die alone !

But pour a solemn-breathing strain,
Filled with the soul of prayer !
Let a life's conflict, fear, and pain,
And trembling hope be there.

Deeper, yet deeper ! In my thought
Lies more prevailing sound,
A harmony intensely fraught
With pleading more profound :

A passion unto music given,
A sweet, yet piercing cry ;
A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,
A bright faith's victory !

Deeper ! Oh ! may no richer power
Be in those notes enshrined ?
Can all which crowds on earth's last hour
No fuller language find ?

Away ! and hush the feeble song,
And let the chord be stilled !
Far in another land ere long
My dream shall be fulfilled.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE

["I came upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin—a plain, quiet cerotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here, at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last."—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble into Germany.*]

THOU didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,
And a banner in thy hand ;
Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,
By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast
Thy long bright years had sped ;
And a warrior's bier was thine at last,
When the snows had crowned thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief !
Brothers and friends, perchance ;
But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,
And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leapt high,
And thy voice the war-horse knew ;
And the first to arm, when the foe was nigh,
Wert thou, the bold and true.

Now mayst thou slumber—thy work is done—
Thou of the well-worn sword !
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone,
But not to the festal board.

The corn-sheaves whisper thy grave around,
Where fiery blood hath flowed :
O lover of battle and trumpet-sound !
Thou art couched in a still abode !

A quiet home from the noonday's glare,
And the breath of the wintry blast—
Didst thou toil through the days of thy silvery hair
To win thee but *this* at last ?

THE FALLEN LIME-TREE

O joy of the peasant ! O stately lime !
Thou art fallen in thy golden honey-time !
Thou whose wavy shadows,
Long and long ago,
Screened our grey forefathers
From the noontide's glow ;
Thou, beneath whose branches,
Touched with moonlight gleams,
Lay our early poets,
Wrapt in fairy dreams.
O tree of our fathers ! O hallowed tree !
A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary
Rest through summer eves ?
Or the bee find honey,
As on thy sweet leaves ?
Where shall now the ringdove
Build again her nest ?
She so long the inmate
Of thy fragrant breast !
But the sons of the peasant have lost ir-
thee [the bee
Far more than the ringdove, far more than

These may yet find covers
Leafy and profound,
Full of dewy dimness,
Odour, and soft sound :
But the gentle memories
Clinging all to thee,
When shall they be gathered
Round another tree ?
O pride of our fathers ! O hallowed tree !
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee

THE BIRD AT SEA

BIRD of the greenwood !
Oh, why art thou here ?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet waters
Far hence arc at play—
Bird of the greenwood !
Away, away !

Where the mast quivers
Thy place will not be,
As 'midst the waving
Of wild-rose and tree.
How shouldst thou battle
With storm and with spray ?
Bird of the greenwood !
Away, away !

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine leaves are fanned?
'Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering
Where storms are dark;
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark—
A heart that hath cherished
Through winter's long day:
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away!"

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS

"I desire, as I look on these, the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould?"—*Conversations with an ambitious Student in ill health.*

BEAR them not from grassy dells
Where wild bees have honcy-cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree:
Oh! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes
Closing fast on summer skies!
Woo thou not the spirit back
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the coloured earth!

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time's eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves!

Hush! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is her gentle heart.
Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these
In their fragile mould she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought!

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell! farewell!
And her dim, yet speaking eye
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;
From her chamber take the gloom
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart, who goes
Where no death can touch the rose!

THE IVY-SONG*

OH! how could fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the Vine?
Ivy, thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er;
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more;
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadowed the victor's tent.
Though, shining there in deathless green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave—
Urn and sculpture half divine
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,

* Remodelled by author from p. 375.

Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
 Ivy! they know thee well!
 And far above the festal vine
 Thou wavest where once proud banners
 hung, [Rhine—
 Where mouldering turrets crest the
 'The Rhine, still fresh and young!
 Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
 Ivy! all are thine!

High from the fields of air look down
 Those eyries of a vanished race,
 Where harp, and battle, and renown,
 Have passed, and left no race.
 But thou art there!—serenely bright,
 Meeting the mountain-storms with
 bloom,
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 Or crown the lowliest tomb!
 Ivy, Ivy! all are thine,
 Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same: our pilgrim-tread
 O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
On the mute path of ages fled,
 Still meets decay and thee.
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August in beauty, stern in power—
 Days pass—thou Ivy never sere,*
 And thou shalt have thy dower.
 All are thine, or must be thine—
 Temple, pillar, shrine!

THE MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S

[The choral music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill. The majestic harmony of effect thus produced is not a little deepened by the character of the church itself, which, though small, yet with its dark rich fretwork, knightly helmets and banners, and old monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalrous antiquity. The imagination never fails to recognise it as a fitting scene for high solemnities of old—a place to witness the solitary vigil of arms, or to resound with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike king.]

"All the choir
 Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas."
 MILTON.

AGAIN! oh! send that anthem-peal again,
 Through the arched roof in triumph to
 the sky! [strain,
 Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the
 The banners thrill as if with victory!

* "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere."
Lycidas.

Such sounds the warrior, awe-struck,
 might have heard,
 While armed for fields of chivalrous re-
 nown:
 Such the high hearts of kings might well
 have stirred,
 While throbbing still beneath the recent
 cross!

Those notes once more!—they bear my
 soul away, [flight;
 They lend the wings of morning to its
 No earthly passion in the exulting lay
 Whispers one tone to win me from that
 height.

All is of Heaven! Yet wherefore to mine
 eye [source,
 Gush the vain tears unbidden from their
 Even while the waves of that strong har-
 mony [course?
 Roll with my spirit on their sounding

Wherefore must rapture its full heart
 reveal
 Thus by the burst of sorrow's token
 shower!
 —Oh! is it not, that humbly we may feel
 Our nature's limit in its proudest hour?

'KEENE; OR, LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON

[This lament is intended to imitate the peculiar style of the Irish Keenes, many of which are distinguished by a wild and deep pathos, and other characteristics analogous to those of the national music.]

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling
 on;
 Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!
 Silent and dark!

There is blood upon the threshold,
 Whence thy step went forth at morn,
 Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
 O my bright first-born!

At the glad sound of that footstep
 My heart within me smiled;
 —Thou wert brought me back all silent
 On thy bier, my child!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling
 on;
 Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son!
 Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children
Laugh on me with thine eyes,
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.

I shall go to sit beside thee,
Thy kindred's graves among ;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
I shall not hear it long.

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling
on ;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !
Silent and dark !

And I, too, shall find slumber
With my lost one in the earth ;—
Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth !

Let the roof go down !—let silence
On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
His lone mother's call !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling
on ;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !
Silent and dark !

FAR AWAY

FAR away !—my home is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain-
shore ;
In the woods I hear my brothers play,
'Midst the flowers my sister sings once
more,

Far away !
"

Far away !—my dreams are far away,
When at midnight stars and shadows
reign !

"Gentle child !" my mother seems to say,
"Follow me where home shall smile
again,

Far away !"

Far away !—my hope is far away,
Where love's voice young gladness may
restore.

—O thou dove ! now soaring through
the day,
Lend me wings to reach that better
shore,

Far away !

THE LYRE AND FLOWER

A LYRE its plaintive sweetness poured
Forth on the wild wind's track ;
The stormy wanderer jangled the chord,
But gave no music back.—
O child of song !
Bear hence to heaven thy fire :
What hopest thou from the reckless
throng ?
Be not like that lost lyre !
Not like that lyre !

A flower its leaves and odours cast
On a swift-rolling wave ;
Th' unheeding torrent darkly passed,
And back no treasure gave.—
O heart of love !
Waste not thy precious dower :
Turn to thine only home above !
Be not like that lost flower !
Not like that flower !

SISTER ! SINCE I MET THEE

LAST

SISTER ! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past.
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still, a shadow lies ;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known ;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
—Gentle sister ! thou hast loved !

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought ;
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art followed by a dream ;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own :
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain ?
—Sister ! thou hast loved in vain !

Tell me not the tale, my flower !
On my bosom pour that shower !
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted ;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted ;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirred !
Home alone can give thee rest.
—Weep, sweet sister ! on my breast !

THE LONELY BIRD

FROM a ruin thou art singing,
O lonely, lonely bird !
The soft blue air is ringing,
By thy summer music stirred.

But all is dark and cold beneath,
Where harps no more are heard :
Whence win'st thou that exulting breath,
O lonely, lonely bird ?

*Thy songs flow richly swelling
To a triumph of glad sounds,
As from its cavern-dwelling
A stream in glory bounds !
Though the castle-echoes catch no tone
Of human step or word,
Though the fires be quenched and the
feasting done,
O lonely, lonely bird !*

How can that flood of gladness
Rush through thy fiery lay,
From the haunted place of sadness,
From the bosom of decay ?
While the dirge-notes in the breeze's
moan,
Through the ivy garlands heard,
Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,
O lonely, lonely bird ?

There's many a heart, wild singer !
Like thy forsaken tower,
Where joy no more may linger,
Where Love hath left his bower :
And there's many a spirit e'en like thee,
To mirth as lightly stirred,
Though it soar from ruins in its glee,
O lonely, lonely bird !

DIRGE AT SEA

SLEEP !—we give thee to the wave,
Red with life-blood from the brave,
Thou shalt find a noble grave.
Fare thee well !

Sleep ! thy billowy field is won :
Proudly may the funeral gun,
'Midst the hush at set of sun,
Boom thy knell !

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,
Never there may flower be shed,
Marble reared, or brother's head
Bowed to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
Borne through battle high and free,
Long the red-cross flag shall be.
Sleep ! oh, sleep !

PILGRIM'S SONG TO THE EVENING STAR

O SOFT star of the west !
Gleaming far,
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star !
Thou'rt bring'st from rock and wave
The sea-bird to her nest,
The hunter from the hills,
The fisher back to rest.
Light of a thousand streams,
Gleaming far !
O soft star of the west !
Blessed star !

No bowery roof is mine,
No hearth of love and rest,
Yet guide me to my shrine,
O soft star of the west !
There, there my home shall be,
Heaven's dew shall cool my breast,
When prayer and tear gush free,
O soft star of the west !

O soft star of the west,
Gleaming far !
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
Gentle star !
Shine from thy rosy heaven,
Pour joy on earth and sea !
Shine on, though no sweet eyes
Look forth to watch for me !
Light of a thousand streams,
Gleaming far !
O soft star of the west !
Blessed star !

COME AWAY

COME away !—the child, where flowers
are springing
Round its footsteps on the mountain-
slope, [ing,
Hears a glad voice from the upland sing-
Like the skylark's with its tone of hope :
Come away !

Bounding on, with sunny lands before him,
All the wealth of glowing life outspread,
Ere the shadow of a cloud comes o'er him,
By that strain the youth in joy is led :
Come away !

Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling
O'er the sweetness of the voice within ;
Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,
Urge the hunter still to chase, to win :
Come away !

Come away!—the heart at last forsaken,
Smile by smile, hath proved each hope untrue;
Yet a breath can still those words awaken,
Though to other shores far hence they woo:

Come away!

In the light leaves, in the reed's faint sighing,

In the low sweet sounds of early spring,
Still their music wanders—till the dying
Hears them pass, as on a spirit's wing:
Come away!

MUSIC FROM SHORE

A SOUND comes on the rising breeze,
A sweet and lovely sound!
Piercing the tumult of the seas
That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land it comes,
From hills with murmuring trees,
From paths by still and happy homes—
That sweet sound on the breeze.

Why should its faint and passing sigh
Thus bid my quick pulse leap?
No part in earth's glad melody
Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot
Whence those rich breathings flow!
Kind hearts, although they know me not,
Like mine there beat and glow.

And blessing, from the bark that roams
O'er solitary seas,
To those that far in happy homes
Gives sweet sounds to the breeze!

LOOK ON ME WITH THY CLOUDLESS EYES

LOOK on me with thy cloudless eyes,
Truth in their dark transparency lies;
Their sweetness gives me back the tears
And the free trust of early years,
My gentle child!

The spirit of my infant prayer
Shines in the depths of quiet there;
And home and love once more are mine,
Found in that dewy calm divine,
My gentle child!

Oh! heaven is with thee in thy dreams,
Its light by day around thee gleams—
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies:
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
My gentle child!

IF THOU HAST CRUSHED A FLOWER

"Oh, cast thou not
Affection from thee! In this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity!"

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted:
But on thy harp, or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee:
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow [ing:
Through the leaves their bloom reveal—
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered:
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
So soon for ever shattered!

BRIGHTLY HAST THOU FLED

BRIGHTLY, brightly hast thou fled,
Ere one grief had bowed thy head!
Brightly didst thou part!
With thy young thoughts pure from spot,
With thy fond love wasted not,
With thy bounding heart.

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,
Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,
Ere with dust o'erspread :
Lilies ne'er by tempest blown,
White rose which, no stain hath known,
Be about thee shed !

So we give thee to the earth,
And the primrose shall have birth
O'er thy gentle head ;
Thou that, like a dewdrop borne
On a sudden breeze of morn,
Brightly thus hast fled !

SING TO ME, GONDOLIER !

SING to me, Gondolier !
Sing words from Tasso's lay ;
While blue, and still, and clear,
Night seems but softer day.
The gale is gently falling,
As if it paused to hear
Some strain the past recalling—
Sing to me, Gondolier !
" Oh, ask me not to wake
The memory of the brave ;
Bid no high numbers break
The silence of the wave.
Gone are the noble-hearted,
Closed the bright pageants here,
And the glad song is departed
From the mournful Gondolier ! "

O'ER THE FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS

O'ER the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea-foam,
Come, thou long-parted one !
Back to thine home.

When the bright fire shineth,
Sad looks thy place,
While the true heart pineth,
Missing thy face.

Music is sorrowful
Since thou art gone ;
Sisters are mourning thee—
Come to thine own !

Hark ! the home-voices call
Back to thy rest ;
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast !

O'er the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea-foam,
Come, thou long-parted one !
Back to thine home.

O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING !

O THOU breeze of spring,
Gladdening sea and shore !
Wake the woods to sing,
Wake my heart no more !
Streams have felt the sighing
Of thy scented wing,
Let each fount replying
Hail thee, breeze of spring !
Once more !

O'er long-buried flowers
Passing not in vain,
Odours in soft showers
Thou hast brought again.
—Let the primrose greet thee,
Let the violet pour
Incense forth to meet thee—
Wake my heart no more !
No more !

From a funeral urn
Bowered in leafy gloom,
Even thy soft return
Calls not song or bloom.
Leave my spirit sleeping
Like that silent thing ;
Stir the founts of weeping
There, O breeze of spring,
No more !

COME TO ME, DREAMS OF HEAVEN !

COME to me, dreams of heaven !
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air.
Away—far, far away,
From bowers by tempests riven,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
O blessed dreams of heaven !
Come but for one brief hour
Sweet dreams ! and yet again
O'er burning thought and memory shower
Your soft effacing rain !
Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
Where living founts for ever shine—
O blessed dreams of heaven !

GOOD NIGHT

DAY is past !
Stars have set their watch at last ;
Founts that through the deep woods flow,
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now ;
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good night !

Go to rest !
 Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast !
 If within that secret cell
 One dark form of memory dwell,
 Be it mantled from thy sight—
 Good night !

Joy be thine !
 Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine !
 Go, and in the spirit-land
 Meet thy home's long-parted band ;
 Be their eyes all love and light—
 Good night !

Peace to all !
 Dreams of heaven on mourners fall !
 Exile ! o'er thy couch may gleams
 Pass from thine own mountain-streams !
 Bard ! away to worlds more bright—
 Good night !

LET HER DEPART

HER home is far, oh ! far away !
 The clear light in her eyes
 Hath not to do with earthly day—
 'Tis kindled from the skies.
 Let her depart !

She looks upon the things of earth,
 Even as some gentle star
 Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,
 How softly, yet how far !
 Let her depart !

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—
 Oh ! could they mount and fly !
 She never sees a wandering dove,
 But for its wings to sigh.
 Let her depart !

She never hears a soft wind bear
 Low music on its way,
 But deems it sent from heavenly air
 For her who cannot stay.
 Let her depart !

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
 She breathes and moves alone,
 Pining for those bright bowers and streams
 Where her beloved is gone.
 Let her depart !

HOW CAN THAT LOVE SO DEEP, SO LONE

How can that love so deep, so lone,
 So faithful unto death,
 Thus fitfully in laughing tone,
 In airy word, find breath ?

Nay ! ask how on the dark wave's breast
 The lily's cup may gleam,
 Though many a mournful secret rest
 Low in the unfathomed stream.

That stream is like my hidden love,
 In its deep current's power ;
 And like the play of words above,
 That lily's trembling flower.

WATER-LILIES

A FAIRY SONG

COME away, elves !—while the dew is
 sweet,
 Come to the dingles where fairies meet !
 Know that the lilies have spread their bells
 O'er all the pools in the forest dells ;
 Stilly and lightly their vases rest
 On the quivering sleep of the water's
 breast, [throw
 Catching the sunshine through leaves that
 To their scented bosoms an emerald glow ;
 And a star from the depth of each pearly
 cup,
 A golden star unto heaven looks up,
 As if seeking its kindred where bright
 they lie,
 Set in the blue of the summer sky.

Come away ! Under arching boughs-
 we'll float,
 Making those urns each a fairy boat ;
 We'll row them with reeds o'er the foun-
 tains free,
 And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer be ;
 And we'll send out wild music so sweet
 and low, [heart to flow,
 It shall seem from the bright flower's
 As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh,
 Or water-drops trained into melody.
 Come away ! for the midsummer sun
 grows strong,
 And the life of the lily may not be long.

THE BROKEN FLOWER

OH ! wear it on thy heart, my love !
 Still, still a little while !
 Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
 Though faded be their smile.
 Yet, for thy sake of what hath been,
 Oh, cast it not away !
 'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
 A long, bright, golden day,
 My love !
 A long, bright, golden day.

A little while around thee, love!
 Its fragrance yet shall cling,
 Telling, that on thy heart hath lain
 A fair, though faded thing.
 But not even that warm heart hath power
 To win it back from fate,—
 Oh! I am like thy broken flower,
 Cherished too late, too late,
 My love!
 Cherished, alas! too late!

I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN

I WOULD we had not met again!
 I had a dream of thee,
 Lovely, though sad, on desert plain—
 Mournful on midnight sea.

What though it haunted me by night,
 And troubled through the day?
It touched all earth with spirit-light,
It glorified my way!

Oh! what shall now my faith restore
 In holy things and fair?
 We met—I saw thy soul once more—
 The world's breath had been there!

Yes! it was sad on desert plain,
 Mournful on midnight sea;
 Yet would I buy with life again
 That one deep dream of thee!

FAIRIES' RECALL

WHILE the blue is richest
 In the starry sky,
 While the softest shadows
 On the greensward lie,
 While the moonlight slumbers
 In the lily's urn,
 Bright elves of the wild-wood!
 Oh! return, return!

Round the forest-fountain,
 On the river-shore,
 Let your silvery laughter
 Echo yet once more;
 While the joyous bounding
 Of your dewy feet
 Rings to that old chorus—
 "The daisy is so sweet!" *

* See the fairies' chorus in *Shaucer's*
 "Flower and the Leaf."

Oberon! Titania!
 Did your starlight mirth
 With the song of Avon
 Quit this work-day earth?
 Yet, while green leaves glisten,
 And while bright stars burn,
 By that magic memory,
 Oh! return, return!

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA

OH! tell me not the woods are fair,
 Now Spring is on her way!
 Well, well I know how brightly there
 In joy the young leaves play;
 How sweet on winds of morn or eve
 The violet's breath may be;—
 Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
 My lone rock by the sea.

The wild wave's thunder on the shore,
 The curlew's restless cries,
 Unto my watching heart are more
 Than all earth's melodies.
 Come back, my ocean rover! come!
 There's but one place for me,
 Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
 My lone rock by the sea!

BY A MOUNTAIN-STREAM AT REST

By a mountain-stream at rest,
 We found the warrior lying,
 And around his noble breast
 A banner clasped in dying:
 Dark and still
 Was every hill,
 And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,
 To a lonely bed we bore him—
 'Twas a green, still, solemn place,
 Where the mountain-heath waves o'er
 him,
 Woods alone
 Seem to moan,
 Wild streams to deplore him.

Yet, from festive hall and lay
 Our sad thoughts oft are flying
 To those dark hills far away,
 Where in death we found him lying;
 On his breast
 A banner pressed,
 And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

IS THERE SOME SPIRIT SIGHING?

Is there some Spirit sighing
With sorrow in the air?
Can weary hearts be dying,
Vain love repining *there*?
If not, then how can that wild Wail,
O sad Æolian lyre!
Be drawn forth by the wandering gale
From thy deep thrilling wire?

No, no!—thou dost not borrow
That sadness from the wind,
Nor are those tones of sorrow
In thee, O harp! enshrined;
But in our own hearts deeply set
Lies the true quivering lyre,
Whence love, and memory, and regret
Wake answers from thy wire.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND

THE trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone;
And the first, deep gun of an ocean-fight,
Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England!
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the bannered line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-
wreaths played
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known;
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low
That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirred,—
Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word!

OLD NORWAY

A MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG

[“To a Norwegian, the words *Gamle Norge*
(Old Norway) have a spell in them immediate

and powerful; they cannot be resisted. *Gamle Norge* is heard, in an instant, repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained—not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus ‘*For Norge!*’ the national song of Norway. Here (at Christiansand), and in a hundred other instances in Norway, I have seen the character of a company entirely changed by the chance introduction of the expression *Gamle Norge*. The gravest discussion is instantly interrupted; and one might suppose for the moment that the party was a party of patriots, assembled to commemorate some national anniversary of freedom.”—DERWENT CONWAY'S *Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway and Sweden*.

The following words were written to the national air.]

ARISE! Old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast;
Her voice the forest pines hath stirred,
As if a storm went past;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm, free hunters! for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes!
’Tis not the bear or wild wolf’s race
Whose trampling shakes the snows:
Arm, arm! ’tis on a nobler trace
The northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed;
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles
Above the invader’s head!
Or let the seas that guard our isles
Give burial to his dead!

COME TO ME, GENTLE SLEEP!

Come to me, gentle Sleep!
I pine, I pine for thee;
Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
And set my spirit free!
Each lonely, burning thought
In twilight languor steep—
Come to the full heart, long o’erwrought,
O gentle, gentle Sleep!

Come with thine urn of dew,
Sleep, gentle Sleep! yet bring
No voice, love’s yearning to renew,
No vision on thy wing!
Come, as to folding flowers,
To birds in forests deep—
Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours,
O gentle, gentle Sleep!

SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

IN TOKEN OF DEEP RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND FERVENT GRATITUDE
FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFIT DERIVED FROM REVERENTIAL
COMMUNION WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS POETRY, THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

FELICIA HEMANS

PREFACE.—I trust I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of religious poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted), but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watch-fire, borne down by tempest-showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the deathbed, bearing "healing on its wings" to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for "perils in the wilderness"—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature; and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers than by their reverential application to things divine.

FELICIA HEMANS. 1834.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY

"Thy face
Is all at once spread over with a calm
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy!
I am no more disconsolate."—WILSON.

SCENE I.—*A Prison.*EDITH *alone.*

Edith. Morn once again! Morn in the
lone, dim cell,
The cavern of the prisoner's fever-dream;
And morn on all the green, rejoicing hills,
And the bright waters round the prisoner's
home,
Far, far away! Now wakes the early bird,
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,
Close to my cottage-lattice—he awakes,
To stir the young leaves with his gushing
soul,

And to call forth rich answers of delight
From voices buried in a thousand trees,
Through the dim, starry hours. Now doth
the lake
Darken and flash in rapid interchange
Unto the matin breeze; and the blue mist
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods that
rise
As if new-born. Bright world! and I am
here!
And thou, O thou! the awakening thought
of whom
Was more than dayspring, dearer than the
sun,
Herbert! the very glance of whose clear
eye
Made my soul melt away to one pure fount
Of living, bounding gladness!—where art
thou?
My friend! my only and my blessed love!
Herbert, my soul's companion!

GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest, enters.

Gom. Daughter, hail !

I bring thee tidings.

Ed. Heaven will aid my soul

Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.

Gom. Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving
to heaven,

And bow thy knee down for deliverance
won !

Hast thou not prayed for life ? and wouldst
thou not

Once more be free ?

Ed. Have I not prayed for life ?

I, that am so beloved ! that love again
With such a heart of tendrils ! Heaven !

'Thou know'st

The gushings of my prayer ! And would
I not

Once more be free ? I that have been a
child

Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn
In ancient woodlands from mine infancy !

A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,
Beneath the adorning silence of the night ;

And a glad wanderer with the happy
streams,

Whose laughter fills the mountains ! Oh !
to hear

Their blessed sounds again !

Gom. Rejoice, rejoice !

Our queen hath pity, maiden ! on thy
youth ;

She wills not thou shouldst perish. I am
To loose thy bonds.

Ed. And shall I see *his* face,

And shall I listen to *his* voice again,
And lay my head upon his faithful breast,

Weeping there in my gladness ? *Will* this
be ?

Blessings upon thee, father ! my quick heart
Hath deemed thee stern—say, wilt thou
not forgive

The wayward child, too long in sunshine
reared—

Too long unused to chastening ? Wilt
thou not ?

But Herbert, Herbert ! Oh, my soul hath
rushed

On a swift gust of sudden joy away,
Forgetting all beside ! Speak, father !

Speak !

Herbert—is he, too, free ?

Gom. His freedom lies

In his own choice—a boon like thine.

Ed. Thy words

Fall changed and cold upon my boding
heart.

Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadow-
ing me ;

Let all be told.

Gom. The monarchs of the earth
Shower not their mighty gifts without a
claim

Unto some token of true vassalage,
Some mark of homage.

Ed. Oh ! unlike to *Him*
Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,

And the bright, quickening rain, on those
who serve

And those who heed *Him* not !

Gom. (*laying a paper before her*). Is it
so much

That thine own hand should set the crown-
ing seal

To thy deliverance ? Look, thy task is
here !

Sign but these words for liberty and life.

Ed. (*examining and then throwing it
from her*). Sign but these words ! and
wherefore saidst thou not

—“ Be but a traitor to God's light within ” ?

Cruel, oh cruel ! thy dark sport hath been
With a young bosom's hope ! Farewell,
glad life !

Bright opening path to love and home,
farewell !

And thou—now leave me with my God
[alone]

Gom. Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy ?

Ed. Heaven's ! doth *Heaven*
Woo the free spirit for dishonoured breath

To sell its birthright ?—doth *Heaven* set a
price

On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,
And the bright calm of conscience ? Priest,
away !

God hath been with me 'midst the holiness
Of England's mountains. Not in sport
alone

I trod their heath—flowers ; but high
thoughts rose up

From the broad shadow of the enduring
rocks,

And wandered with me into solemn glens,
Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.

I have heard voices of immortal truth,
Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds

That make the deep hills tremble.—Shall
I quail ?

Shall England's daughter sink ? No ! He
who there

Spoke to my heart, in silence and in storm,
Will not forsake His child !

Gom. (*turning from her*). Then perish !
lost

In thine own blindness !

Ed. (suddenly throwing herself at his feet). Father! hear me yet!

Oh! if the kindly touch of human love

Hath ever warmed thy breast—

- *Gom.* Away—away!

I know not love.

Ed. Yet hear! if thou hast known
The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—

If the true vigil of affection's eye

Hath watched thy childhood—if fond
tears have e'er

Been showered upon thy head—if parting
words

E'er pierced thy spirit with their tender-
ness—

Let me but look upon *his* face once more,

Let me but say—Farewell, my soul's be-
loved!

And I will bless thee still!

Gom. (aside). Her soul may yield,
Beholding him in fetters; woman's faith
Will bend to woman's love.

Thy prayer is heard;
Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.

Ed. O stormy hour of agony and joy!
But I shall see him—I shall hear his
voice!

[*They go out.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Prison.*

HERBERT, EDITH.

Ed. Herbert! my Herbert! is it thus
we meet?

Her. The voice of my own Edith! Can
such joy
Light up this place of death! And do I
feel

Thy breath of love once more upon my
cheek,

And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair,
My blessed Edith? Oh, so pale! so
changed!

My flower, my blighted flower! thou that
wert made

For the kind fostering of sweet summer
airs,

How hath the storm been with thee?
Lay thy head

On this true breast again, my gentle one!
And tell me all.

Ed. Yes! take me to thy heart,
For I am weary, weary! Oh! that heart!
The kind, the brave, the tender!—how
my soul

Hath sickened in vain yearnings for the
balm [repose!]

Of rest on that warm heart!—full, deep

One draught of dewy stillness after storm!
And God hath pitied me, and I am here—
Yet once before I die.

Her. They cannot slay
One young, and meek, and beautiful as
thou,

My broken lily! Surely the long days
Of the dark cell have been enough for
thee!

Oh! thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious
head

Yet in calm sunshine.

Ed. Herbert! I have cast
The snare of proffered mercy from my
soul,

This very hour. God to the weak hath
given

Victory o'er life and death. The tempter's
price

Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must die.

Her. O Edith! Edith! I, that led thee
first

From the old path wherein thy fathers
trod—

I, that received it as an angel's task,
To pour the fresh light on thine ardent

soul, [been
Which drank it as a sunflower—I have
Thy guide to death.

Ed. To heaven! my guide to heaven,
My noble and my blessed! Oh! look up,
Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert! But for
thee,

How could my spirit have sprung up to
God

Through the dark cloud which o'er its
vision hung,

The night of fear and error?—thy dear
hand

First raised that veil, and showed the
glorious world

My heritage beyond. Friend! love, and
friend!

It was as if thou gav'st me mine own soul
In those bright days! Yes! a new earth

and heaven,
And a new sense for all their splendours
born—

These were thy gifts; and shall I not
rejoice

To die, upholding their immortal worth,
Even for *thy* sake? Yes! filled with
nobler life

By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,
Lay me upon the altar of thy God,

The first-fruits of thy ministry below—
Thy work, thine own!

Her. My love, my sainted love!

Oh! I can almost yield thee unto heaven
 Earth would but sully thee! Thou must
 depart,
 With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts
 Untainted by a breath. And yet, alas!
 Edith! what dreams of holy happiness,
 Even for *this* world, were ours!—the low,
 sweet home,
 The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied
 porch,
 And lattice gleaming through the leaves—
 and thou
 My life's companion! Thou, beside my
 hearth,
 Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting
 me
 Back from brief absence with thy bound-
 ing step,
 In the green meadow-path, or by my side
 Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to mine,
 In the sweet hush of prayer! And now—
 oh, now!—
 How have we loved—how fervently! how
 long!
 And *this* to be the close!
Ed. Oh! bear me up
 Against the unutterable tenderness
 Of earthly love, my God!—in the sick
 hour
 Of dying human hope, forsake me not!
 Herbert, my Herbert! even from that
 sweet home
 Where it had been too much of Paradise
 To dwell with thee—even thence the op-
 pressor's hand
 Might soon have torn us; or the touch of
 death
 Might one day there have left a widowed
 heart,
 Pining alone. We will go hence, beloved!
 To the bright country where the wicked
 cease
 From troubling, where the spoiler hath
 no sway;
 Where no harsh voice of worldliness dis-
 turbs
 The Sabbath-peace of love. We will go
 hence,
 Together with our wedded souls, to
 heaven:
 No solitary lingering, no cold void,
 No dying of the heart! Our lives have
 been
 Lovely through faithful love, and in our
 deaths
 We will not be divided.
Her. Oh! the peace
 Of God is lying far within thine eyes,

Far underneath the mist of human tears,
 Lighting those blue, still depths, and
 sinking thence
 On my worn heart. Now am I girt with
 strength,
 Now I can bless thee, my true bride for
 heaven!
Ed. And let me bless *thee*, Herbert!—
 in this hour
 Let my soul bless thee with prevailing
 might!
 Oh! thou hast loved me nobly! thou
 didst take
 An orphan to thy heart—a thing unprized
 And desolate; and thou didst guard her
 there,
 That lone and lowly creature, as a pearl
 Of richest price; and thou didst fill her
 soul
 With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.
 I bless, I bless thee! Never did thine eye
 Look on me but in glistening tenderness,
 My gentle Herbert! Never did thy voice
 But in affection's deepest music speak
 To thy poor Edith! Never was thy heart
 Aught but the kindest sheltering home
 to mine,
 My faithful, generous Herbert! Woman's
 peace
 Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true
 Reposed before. Alas! thy showering
 tears
 Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive, forgive!
 I should not melt thy noble strength away
 In such an hour.
Her. Sweet Edith, no! my heart
 Will fail no more. God bears me up
 through thee,
 And by thy words, and by the heavenly
 light
 Shining around thee, through thy very
 tears,
 Will yet sustain me! Let us call on Him!
 Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,
 Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call
 on Him,
 Th' all-pitying One, to aid.
 [They kneel.
 Oh, look on us,
 Father above!—in tender mercy look
 On us, Thy children!—through th' o'er-
 shadowing cloud
 Of sorrow and mortality, send aid—
 Save, or we perish! We would pour our
 lives
 Forth as a joyous offering to Thy truth;
 But we are weak—we, the bruised reeds
 of earth,

Are swayed by every gust. Forgive, O God!
 The blindness of our passionate desires,
 The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thought;
 Which cleave to dust! Forgive the strife; accept
 The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,
 From mortal pangs wrung forth! And if our souls,
 In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,
 Of their long-clasping love, have wandered not,
 Holiest! from Thee—oh! take them to Thyself,
 After the fiery trial—take them home
 To dwell, in that imperishable bond
 Before Thee linked, for ever. Hear! thro' Him
 Who meekly drank the cup of agony,
 Who passed through death to victory, hear and save!
 Pity us, Father! we are girt with snares:
 Father in heaven! we have no help but Thee.

[*They rise.*]

Is thy soul strengthened, my beloved one?
 O Edith! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,
 And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn
 We loved in happier days—the strain which tells
 Of the dread conflict in the olive shade?

[*EDITH sings.*]

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but His Father's eye
 Looked through the lonely garden's shade
 On that dread agony;
 The Lord of all above, beneath,
 Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The stars might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to overshadow Him!
 That He who gave man's breath, might know
 The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all!—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang over parting life,
 All gathered round His head,
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away!

It passed not—though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath His tread;
 It passed not—though to Him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead,
 But there was sent Him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay?
 How may we meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark, narrow way?
 Through Him—through Him that path
 who trod,
 -- Save, or we perish, Son of God!

Hark, hark! the parting signal,
 [*Prison attendants enter.*]
 Fare thee well!

O thou unutterably loved, farewell!
 Let our hearts bow to God!
Her. One last embrace—
 On earth the last! We have eternity
 For love's communion yet! Farewell!—
 farewell!

[*She is led out.*]

'Tis o'er!—the bitterness of death is past!

FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS

"Once when I looked along the laughing earth,
 Up the blue heavens and through the middle air,
 Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song,
 I wept! and thought how sad for one so young
 To bid farewell to so much happiness,
 But Christ hath called me from this lower world,
 Delightful though it be."—WILSON.

Apartment in an English country-house.
 -- LILLIAN reclining, as sleeping on a couch. Her mother watching beside her. Her sister enters with flowers.

Mother. Hush! lightly tread! Still
 tranquilly she sleeps,
 As when a babe I rocked her on my heart.
 I've watched, suspending even my breath,
 in fear
 To break the heavenly spell. Move
 silently!
 And oh! those flowers! Dear Jessy!
 bear them hence—
 Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears
 That shook her trembling frame, when last
 we brought
 The roses to her couch? Dost thou not
 know
 What sudden longings for the woods and
 hills,

Where once her free steps moved so
buoyantly,
These leaves and odours with strange
influence wake

In her fast-kindled soul?

Jessy. Oh! she would pine,
Were the wild scents and glowing hues
withheld,

Mother! far more than now her spirit
yearns

For the blue sky, the singing birds and
brooks,

And swell of breathing turf, whose light-
some spring

Their blooms recall.

Lilian (raising herself). Is that my
Jessy's voice?

It woke me not, sweet mother! I had lain
Silently, visited by waking dreams,
Yet conscious of thy brooding watchful-
ness,

Long ere I heard the sound, Hath she
brought flowers?

Nay, fear not now thy fond child's way-
wardness,

My thoughtful mother!—in her chastened
soul

The passion-coloured images of life,
Which, with their sudden, startling flush,
awoke

So oft those burning tears, have died away;
And night is there—still, solemn, holy
night,

With all her stars, and with the gentle tune
Of many fountains, low and musical,
By day unheard.

Mother. And wherefore *night*, my child?
Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,
And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt
rise,

And walk forth with the dayspring.

Lilian. I hope it not!
Dream it no more, my mother!—there
are things

Known but to God, and to the parting soul,
Which feels His thrilling summons.

But my words
Too much o'ershadow those kind, loving
eyes.

Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy! Ah!
Well do I see, hath not alone explored
The garden bowers, but freely visited
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like
meadow-sweet

Is from the cool, green, shadowy river-
nook,

Where the stream chimes around th' old
mossy stones

With sounds like childhood's laughter.
Is that spot

Lovely as when our glad eyes hailed it first?
Still doth the golden willow bend, and
sweep

The clear brown wave with every passing
wind?

And through the shallower waters, where
they lie

Dimpling in light, do the veined pebbles
gleam

Like bedded gems? And the white
butterflies,

From shade to sunstreak are they glancing
Among the poplar boughs?

Jessy. All, all is there
Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours

can bring;
All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightning-smile!

Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst the
leaves,

And caught an under-music of lament
In the stream's voice. But Nature waits

thee still,
And for thy coming piles a fairy throne

Of richest moss.

Lilian. Alas! it may not be!
My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly

To all these blessed haunts of song and
thought;

Yet not the less I love to look on these,
Their dear memorials, strewn them o'er
my couch

Till it grow like a forest-bank in spring,
All flushed with violets and anemones.

Ah! the pale brier-rose! touched so
tenderly,

As a pure ocean shell, with faintest red,
Melting away to pearliness! I know

How its long, light festoons o'erarching
hung

From the grey rock that rises, altar-like,
With its high, waving crown of mountain-
ash,

'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich
Of honeyed woodbine tells me of the oak,

Whose deep midsummer gloom sleeps
heavily,

Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face
Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now!

I look up through the stirring of its leaves
Unto the intense blue, crystal firmament.

The ringdove's wing is flitting o'er my
head,

Casting at times a silvery shadow down
'Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this fair, free world
Under God's open sky!

Are swayed by every gust. Forgive, O God!

The blindness of our passionate desires,
The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts

Which cleave to dust! Forgive the strife;
accept

The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,

From mortal pangs wrung forth! And if our souls,

In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,
Of their long-clasping love, have wandered not,

Holiest! from Thee—oh! take them to Thyself,

After the fiery trial—take them home
To dwell, in that imperishable bond

Before Thee linked, for ever. Hear!—thro' Him

Who meekly drank the cup of agony,
Who passed through death to victory,
hear and save!

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Father in heaven! we have no help but Thee.

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The stars might well grow dim,
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So to o'ershadow HIM!

That He who gave man's breath, might know

The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all!—the doubt, the strife,

The faint perplexing dread,

The mists that hang o'er parting life,

All gathered round His head;

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It passed not—though the stormy wave
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A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset

With anguish and dismay?

How may we meet our conflict yet,

In the dark, narrow way?

Through Him—through Him that path
who trod.

—Save, or we perish, Son of God!

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O thou unutterably loved, farewell!

Let our hearts bow to God!

Her. One last embrace—

On earth the last! We have eternity

For love's communion yet! Farewell!—farewell!

[*She is led out.*]

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But Christ hath called me from this lower world,
Delightful though it be."—WILSON.

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—LILIAN reclining, as sleeping on a couch. Her mother watching beside her. Her sister enters with flowers.

Mother. Hush! lightly tread! Still
tranquilly she sleeps,

As when a babe I rocked her on my heart.
I've watched, suspending e'en my breath,
in fear

To break the heavenly spell. Move
silently!

And oh! those flowers! Dear Jessy!
bear them hence—

Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears
That shook her trembling frame, when last
we brought

The roses to her couch? Dost thou not
know

What sudden longings for the woods and
hills,

Where once her free steps moved so
buoyantly,
These leaves and odours with strange
influence wake

In her fast-kindled soul?

Jessy. Oh! she would pine,
Were the wild scents and glowing hues
withheld,

Mother! far more than now her spirit
yearns

For the blue sky, the singing birds and
brooks,

And, swell of breathing turf, whose light-
some spring

Their blooms recall.

Lilian (raising herself). Is that my
Jessy's voice?

It woke me not, sweet mother! I had lain
Silently, visited by waking dreams,
Yet conscious of thy brooding watchful-
ness,

Long ere I heard the sound. Hath she
brought flowers?

Nay, fear not now thy fond child's way-
wardness,

My thoughtful mother!—in her chastened
soul

The passion-coloured images of life,
Which, with their sudden, startling flush,
awoke

So oft those burning tears, have died away;
And night is there—still, solemn, holy
night,

With all her stars, and with the gentle tune
Of many fountains, low and musical,
By day unheard.

Mother. And wherefore *night*, my child?
Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,
And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt
rise,

And walk forth with the dayspring.

Lilian. Hope it not!

Dream it no more, my mother!—there
are things

Known but to God, and to the parting soul,
Which feels His thrilling summons.

But my words

Too much o'ershadow those kind, loving
eyes.

Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy! Ah!
Well do I see, hath not alone explored

The garden bowers, but freely visited
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like
meadow-sweet

Is from the cool, green, shadowy river-
brook,

Where the stream chimes around th' old
mossy stones

With sounds like childhood's laughter.
Is that spot

Lovely as when our glad eyes hailed it first?
Still doth the golden willow bend, and
sweep

The clear brown wave with every passing
wind?

And through the shallower waters, where
they lie

Dimpling in light, do the veined pebbles
gleam

Like bedded gems? And the white
butterflies,

From shade to sunstreak are they glancing
Among the poplar boughs?

Jessy. All, all is there

Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours
can bring;

All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightning-smile!
Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst the
leaves,

And caught an under-music of lament
In the stream's voice. But Nature waits
thee still,

And for thy coming piles a fairy throne
Of richest moss.

Lilian. Alas! it may not be!
My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly
To all these blessed haunts of song and
thought;

Yet not the less I love to look on these,
Their dear memorials,--strew them o'er
my couch

Till it grow like a forest-bank in spring,
All flushed with violets and anemones.

Ah! the pale brier-rose! touched so
tenderly,

As a pure ocean shell, with faintest red,
Melting away to pearliness! I know
How its long, light festoons o'erarching
hung

From the grey rock that rises, altar-like,
With its high, waving crown of mountain-
ash,

'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich
Of honeyed woodbine tells me of the oak,
Whose deep midsummer gloom sleeps
heavily,

Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face
Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now!
I look up through the stirring of its leaves
Unto the intense blue, crystal firmament.

The ringdove's wing is flitting o'er my
head,

Casting at times a silvery shadow down
'Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this fair, free world
Under God's open sky!

Mother. Thou art o'erwrought
Once more, my child! The dewy, trem-
bling light,

Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.

Oh, hush, dear Lillian! turn thee to repose.

Lilian. Mother! I cannot. In my soul
the thoughts

Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire;

Importunately to my lips they throng,

And with their earthly kindred seek to
blend

Ere the veil drop between. When I am
gone— [words

(For I *must* go)—then the remembered

Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,

Will to thy fond heart be as amulets

Held there, with life and love. And weep
not thus,

Mother! dear sister!—kindest, gentlest
ones!

Be comforted that now I weep no more
For the glad earth and all the golden light
Whence I depart.

No! God hath purified my spirit's eye,

And in the folds of this consummate rose

I read bright prophecies. I see not there,

Dimly and mournfully, the word "*fare-
well*" [veins

On the rich petals traced. No—in soft
And characters of beauty, I can read—

"*Look up, look heavenward!*"

Blessed God of Love!

I thank Thee for these gifts, the precious
links

Whereby my spirit unto Thee is drawn!

I thank Thee that the loveliness of earth

Higher than earth can raise me! Are not
these [bloom

But germs of things unperishing, that
Beside thy immortal streams? Shall I not
find

The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,

In the serene and never-moaning air,

And the clear starry light of angel eyes,

A thousand-fold more glorious? Richer far

Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,
When it hath ne'er been pressed to broken

hearts,

A record of lost love?

Mother. My Lillian! thou

Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known

Of lost things or of changed?

Lilian. Oh! little yet,

For *thou* hast been my shield! But had it
been

My lot on this world's billows to be thrown
Without thy love, O mother! there are

hearts

So perilously fashioned, that for them
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
To waken, and not break, their thrilling
strings!—

We will not speak of this!

By what strange spell

Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,

I dream of music? Something in their
hues,

All melting into coloured harmonies,

Wafts a swift thought of interwoven
chords,

Of blended singing-tones, that swell and
die [harp,

In tenderest falls away. Oh, bring thy

Sister! A gentle heaviness at last

Hath touched mine eyelids: sing to me,
and sleep

Will come again.

Jessy. What wouldst thou hear?—the

Italian peasant's lay,

Which makes the desolate Campagna ring

With "*Roma! Roma!*" or the madrigal

Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily?

Or the old ditty left by troubadours

To girls of Languedoc?

Lilian. Oh no! not these.

Jessy. What then?—the Moorish melody
still known

Within the Alhambra city? or those notes
Born of the Alps, which pierce the exile's

heart

Even unto death?

Lilian. No, sister! nor yet these—

Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,
Of passionately fond remembrance,

breathes

In the caressing sweetness of their tones,
For one who dies. They would but woo

me back

To glowing life with those Arcadian
sounds—

And vainly, vainly. No! a loftier strain,
A deeper music!—something that may bear

The spirit upon slow yet mighty wings,

Unswayed by gusts of earth; something
all filled

With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.

Sing me that antique strain which once I
deemed

Almost too sternly simple, too austere

In its grave majesty! I love it now—

Now it seems fraught with holiest power
to hush

All billows of the soul, e'en like His voice
That said of old—"Be still!" Sing me

that strain,

"The Saviour's dying hour."

JESSY sings to the Harp.

O Son of Man !
In Thy last mortal hour,
Shadows of earth closed round Thee
fearfully !
All that on us is laid,
All the deep gloom,
The desolation and the abandonment,
The dark amaze of death—
All upon *Thee* too fell,
Redeemer ! Son of Man !

But the keen pang
Wherewith the silver cord
Of earth's affections from the soul is
wrung ; [have grown
The uptearing of those tendrils which
Into the quick, strong heart ;
This, *this*—the passion and the agony
Of battling love and death,
Surely was not for *Thee*,
Holy One ! Son of God !

Yes, my Redeemer !
E'en this cup was Thine ;
Fond, wailing voices called Thy spirit
back :
E'en 'midst the mighty thoughts
Of that last crowning hour—
E'en on Thine awful way to victory,
Wildly they called Thee back !
And weeping eyes of love
Unto Thy heart's deep core
Pierced through the folds of death's mys-
terious veil.
Suffer ! thou Son of Man !

Mother-tears were mingled
With Thy costly blood-drops,
In the shadow of the atoning cross ;
And the friend, the faithful,
He that on Thy bosom
Thence imbibing heavenly love, had
lain—
He, a pale, sad watcher,
Met with looks of anguish
All the anguish in *Thy* last meek
glance—
Dying Son of Man !

Oh ! therefore unto Thee,
Thou that hast known all woes
Bound in the girdle of mortality !
Thou that wilt lift the reed
Which storms have bruised,
To Thee may sorrow through each con-
flict cry,

And, in that tempest-hour, when love
and life

Mysteriously must part,
When tearful eyes
Are passionately bent
To drink earth's last fond meaning from
our gaze,
Then, then forsake us not !
Shed on our spirits then [Thine !
The faith and deep submissiveness of
Thou that didst love—
Thou that didst weep and die—
Thou that didst rise a victor glorified ;
Conqueror ! Thou Son of God !

CATHEDRAL HYMN

" They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of
fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here "
WORDSWORTH.

A DIM and mighty minster of old time !
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past ! The very light
Streams with a colouring of heroic days
In every ray, which leads through arch and
aisle
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
To other years !—and the rich fretted roof,
And the wrought coronals of summer
leaves,
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—
The tenderest image of mortality—
Binding the slender columns, whose light
shafts [these things
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves ;—all
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
On their heart's worship poured a wealth
of love ! [kneel
Honour be with the dead !—The people
Under the helps of antique chivalry,
And in the crimson gloom from banners
thrown, [ber carved,
And 'midst the forms, in pale, proud slum-
Of warriors on their tombs.—The people
kneel
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt ; where
jewelled crowns [been set ;
On the flushed brows of conquerors have
Where the high anthems of old victories
Have made the dust give echoes. Hence,
vain thoughts !
Memories of power and pride, which long
ago, [sunk
Like dim processions of a dream, have
In twilight-depths away. Return, my
soul !

The Cross recalls thee. Lo! the blessed
Cross! [earth,

High o'er the banners and the crests of
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!

And lo! the throng of beating human
hearts,

With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
All their full treasures of immortal hope!
Gathered before their God! Hark! how

the flood

Of the rich organ-harmony bears up
Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty
burst!

A forest-sounding music! Every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their
harping wings

From gulfs of tossing foliage, there is
blent:

And the old minster—forest-like itself—
With its long avenues of pillared shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that
strain

O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sym-
pathy

Answering the electric notes. Join, join,
my soul! [ness,

In thine own lowly, trembling conscious-
and thine own solitude, the glorious
hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire!

In solemn joy aspire, [strain!
Deepening thy passion still, O choral

On thy strong rushing wind

Bear up from humankind [vain!

Thanks and implorings—be they not in

Father, which art on high!

Weak is the melody

Of harp or song to reach Thine awful ear,

Unless the heart be there,

Winging the words of prayer

With its own fervent faith or suppliant
fear.

Let, then, Thy Spirit brood

Over the multitude—

Be Th'ou amidst them, thro' that heavenly
Guest!

.So shall their cry have power

To win from Thee a shower

Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What griefs that make no sign,

That ask no aid but Thine,

Father of mercies! here before Thee
swell!

As to the open sky,

All their dark waters lie

To Thee revealed, in each close bosom-
cell.

The sorrow for the dead,

Mantling its lonely head

From the world's glare, is, in Thy sight,
set free

And the fond, aching love,

Thy minister to move

All the wrung spirit, softening it for Thee.

And doth not Thy dread eye

Behold the agony

In that most hidden chamber of the heart,

Where darkly sits remorse,

Beside the secret source

Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart?

Yes! here before Thy throne

Many—yet each alone—

To Thee that terrible unveiling make:

And still, small whispers clear

Are startling many an ear,

As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place!

The glory of Thy face

Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight.

Where shall the guilty flee?

Over what far-off sea?

What hills, what woods, may shroud him
from that light?

Not to the cedar-shade

Let his vain flight be made;

Nor the old mountains, nor the desert
sea;

What, but the Cross, can yield

The hope—the stay—the shield?

Thence may the Atoner lead him up to
Thee!

Be Thou, be Thou his aid!

Oh, let Thy love pervade

The haunted caves of self-accusing
thought!

There let the living stone

Be cleft—the seed be sown—

The song of fountains from the silence
brought!

So shall Thy breath once more

Within the soul restore

Thine own first image—Holiest and Most
High!

As a clear lake is filled
With hues of heaven, instilled
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng
Linked by the ascending song,
There are whose thoughts in trembling
rapture soar;
Thanks, Father! that the power
Of joy, man's early dower,
Thus, e'en 'midst tears, can fervently
adore!

Thanks for each gift divine!
Eternal praise be Thine,
Blessing and love, O Thou that hearest
prayer!
Let the hymn pierce the sky,
And let the tombs reply!
For seed, that waits the harvest-time, is
there.

WOOD WALK AND HYMN

"Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart: with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods."
WORDSWORTH.

FATHER—CHILD.

Child. There are the aspens, with their
silvery leaves
Trembling, for ever trembling; though
the lime
And chestnut boughs, and those long
arching sprays
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
Were all one picture!

Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering
tree?

Child. No, father: doth he say the
fairies dance
Amidst the branches?

Father. Oh! a cause more deep,
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan
leaves!
The cross he deems, the blessed cross,
whereon
The meek Redeemer bowed His head to
death,
Was framed of aspen wood; and since
that hour,
Through all its race the pale tree hath
sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,

Making them tremulous, when not a
breeze

Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

Child (after a pause). Dost thou believe
it, father?

Father. N' y, my child,
We walk in clearer light. But yet, even
now,

With something of a lingering love, I read
The characters, by that mysterious hour
Stamped on the reverential soul of man
In visionary days; and thence thrown
back

On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign
Of the great sacrifice which won us heaven.
The woodman and the mountaineer can
trace

On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it
so!

They do not wisely that, with hurried
hand,

Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
From their strong soil within the peasant's
breast,

And scatter them—far, far too fast!—
away

As worthless weeds. Oh! little do we
know

When they have soothed, when saved!
But come, dear boy!

My words grow tinged with thought too
deep for thee.

Come—let us search for violets.
Child. Know you not

More of the legends which the woodmen
tell

Amidst the trees and flowers?
Father. Wilt thou know more?

Bring then the folding leaf, with dark-
brown stains,

There—by the mossy roots of yon old
beech,

'Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see'st
thou not?

There is a spray of woodbine from the
tree

Just bending o'er it with a wild bee's
weight.

Child. The arum leaf?
Father. Yes. These deep inwrought
marks,

The villager will tell thee (and with voice
Lowered in his true heart's reverent
earnestness),

Are the flower's portion from th' atoning
blood [grew;

On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it

And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
Catching from that dread shower of agony
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
Unto the groves and hills, their sealing
stains,
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
Never to waft away!

And hast thou seen
The passion-flower? It grows not in the
woods,

But 'midst the bright things brought from
other climes.

Child. What! the pale star-shaped
flower, with purple streaks,
And light green tendrils?

Father. Thou hast marked it well.

Yes! a pale, starry, dreamy-looking
flower,

As from a land of spirits! To mine eye
Those faint, wan petals—colourless, and
yet

Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic
lines

(As letters of some wizard language gone)
Into their vapour-like transference
wrought,

Bear something of a strange solemnity,
Awfully lovely! . . . and the Christian's
thought

Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to find
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal
pangs

Set by God's hand—the coronal of
thorns—

The cross, the wounds—with other mean-
ings deep,

Which I will teach thee when we meet
again

That flower, the chosen for the martyr's
wreath,

The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause:
Now have we reached the very inmost
heart

Of the old wood. How the green shadows
close

Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom! Scarce doth one ray,
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage,
steal

O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep
arcades;

Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellowed hue
Of glow-worm coloured light.

Here, in the days
Of pagan visions, would have been a place
For worship of the wood-nymphs!
Through these oaks

A small, fair gleaming temple might have
thrown

The quivering image of its Dorian shafts
On the stream's bosom, or a sculptured
form,

Dryad, or fountain-goddess of the gloom,
Have bowed its head o'er that dark crystal
down,

Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops
Under bright rain. But *we*, my child, are
here

With God, our God, a Spirit, who requires
Heart-worship, given in spirit and in
truth;

And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast
enough

To fill and hallow all the solitude—
Makes consecrated earth where'er we
move,

Without the aid of shrines.

What! dost thou feel
The solemn whispering influence of the
scene

Oppressing thy young heart, that thou
dost draw

More closely to my side, and clasp my
hand

Faster in thine? Nay, fear not, gentle
child!

'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal breath
pervades

The stillness around. Come, sit beside
me here,

Where brooding violets mantle this green
slope

With dark exuberance; and beneath these
plumes

Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss
holds

In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and
bright,

The starry dew of morning. Rest awhile,
And let me hear once more the woodland
verse

I taught thee late—'twas made for such a

Child speaks.

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here?

The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud;
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly
clear,

The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems
bowed;

And something of a tender cloistral gloom
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams
Through the dim, dewy veil of foliage
 round gleams—
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted
As if it knew the place were holy ground ;
And would not startle, with too bright a
burst,
Flowers, all divinely nursed

Wakes there some spirit here?
A swift wind, fraught with change, comes
rushing by;
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery!
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade!

Yes ! lightly, softly move !
 There *is* a power, a presence in the woods ;
 A viewless being that, with life and love,
 Informs the reverential solitudes :
 The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
 Thou—*Thou* art here, my God !

And if with awe we tread
The minster-floor, beneath the storied
pane, [dead,
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the
Shall the green, voiceful wild seem *less*
Thy fane,
Where Thou alone hast built?—where
arch and roof
Are of Thy living woof?

The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee ;
The temple-twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
The reed by every wandering whisper thrilled—
All, all with Thee are filled !

Oh ! purify mine eyes,
More and yet more, by love and lowly
thought,
Thy presence, holiest One ! to recognise
In these majestic aisles which 'Thou hast
wrought,
And, 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach
mine ear
Ever Thy voice to hear !

And sanctify my heart
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone
With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to

Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious
bowers
Ere sin had dimmed the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er nature thrown by guilt !—the boding
sky,
The hollows leaf-sounds ominous and
strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree-
shadows lie !
Father ! oh ! keep my footsteps pure and
free,
To walk the woods with Thee !

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT

**"Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world,
Sustain—THOU only canst—the sick at heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine."
WORDSWORTH.**

NIGHT—holy night—the time
For mind's free breathings in a purer
clime!

Night! when in happier hour the un-
veiling sky

Woke all my kindled soul
To meet its revelations, clear and high,
With the strong joy of immortality!
Now hath strange sadness wrapped me
—strange and deep—

And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er
them roll,

E'en when I deemed them seraph-plumed,
to sweep

Wherefore is this? I see the stars returning.

Fire after fire in heaven's rich temple
burning:

Fast shine they forth—my spirit-friends,
my guides,

Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides ;
They shine—but faintly, through a quiver-
ing haze :

Oh! is the dimness *mine* which clouds
those rays?

They from whose glance my childhood
drank delight !

A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
They that, unfolding to more thoughtful
sight

The harmony of their magnificence,

Drew silently the worship of my youth
 To the grave sweetness on the brow of
 truth,
 Shall they shower blessing, with their
 beams divine,
 Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
 And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine
 Through some wild pass on rocky Apen-
 nine,
 And to the wanderer lone
 On wastes of Afric thrown,
 And not to *me*?
 Am I a thing forsaken?
 And is the gladness taken
 From the bright-pinioned nature which
 hath soared
 Through realms by royal eagle ne'er ex-
 plored,
 And, *bathing* there in streams of fiery
 light,
 Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?

And now an alien! Wherefore must this
 be?
How shall I rend the chain?
 How drink rich life again
 From those pure urns of radiance, welling
 free?
 —Father of Spirits! let me turn to Thee!

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,
 My soul, not yet to lowly thought sub-
 dued,
 Hath stood without Thee on her hill of
 power—
 A fearful and a dazzling solitude!—
 And therefore from that haughty summit's
 crown
 To dim desertion is by Thee cast down;
 Behold! Thy child submissively hath
 bowed—
 Shine on him through the cloud!

Let the now darkened earth and curtained
 heaven
 Back to his vision with Thy face be
 given!
 Bear him on high once more,
 But in Thy strength to soar,
 And wrapt and stilled by that o'ershadow-
 ing might,
 Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with
 chastened sight.

Or if it be that, like the ark's lone dove,
 My thoughts go forth, and find no resting-
 place,

No sheltering home of sympathy and love
 In the responsive bosoms of my race,
 And back return, a darkness and a weight,
 Till my unanswered heart grows deso-
 late—

*Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am
 vowed*

To gleam service high;
 And shall the spirit, for Thy tasks endowed,
 Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
 Fainting beneath the burden of the day,
 Because no human tone
 Unto the altar-stone
 Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,
 Where it should make eternal truth its
 mate,

May cheer the sacred, solitary way?

Oh! be the whisper of Thy voice within
 Enough to strengthen! *Be the hope to
 win*

A more deep-seeing homage for Thy name,
 Far, far beyond the burning dream of
 fame!

*Make me Thine only!—Let me add but
 one*

To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
 Which glorious minds have piled
 Through bright self-offering, earnest,
 childlike, lone,
 For mounting to Thy throne!
 And let my soul, upborne
 On wings of inner morn,
 Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
 Of that blessed work, its own high recom-
 pense.

The dimness melts away
 That on your glory lay,
 O ye majestic watchers of the skies!
 Through the dissolving veil,
 Which made each aspect pale,
 Your gladdening fires once more I recog-
 nise;
 And once again a shower
 Of hope, and joy, and power,
 Streams on my soul from your immortal
 eyes.
 And if that splendour to my sobered
 sight
 Come tremulous, with more of pensive
 light—
 Something, though beautiful, yet deeply
 fraught
 With more that pierces through each fold
 of thought
 Than I was wont to trace
 On heaven's unshadowed face—

Be it e'en so!—be mine, though set apart
 Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
 A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart,
 Bowed before Thee, O Mightiest! whose
 blessed will
 All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.*

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG

FATHER! guide me! Day declines,
 Hollow winds are in the pines;
 Darkly waves each giant bough
 O'er the sky's last crimson glow:
 Hushed is now the convent's bell,
 Which erewhile with breezy swell
 From the purple mountains bore
 Greeting to the sunset-shore.
 Now the sailor's vesper-hymn
 Dies away.
 Father! in the forest dim,
 Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
 Of the leaves that late hung still;
 In the dull and muffled tone
 Of the sea-waves' distant moan;
 In the deep tints of the sky,
 There are signs of tempest nigh.
 Ominous, with sullen sound,
 Falls the closing dusk around.
 Father! through the storm and shade,
 O'er the wild,
 Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—
 Save Thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
 Homewards, through the boding gloom,
 O'er my way hath flitted fast
 Since the farewell sunbeam passed
 From the chestrut's ruddy bark,
 And the pools, now lone and dark,
 Where the wakening night-winds sigh
 Through the long reeds mournfully.
 Homeward, homeward, all things
 haste—
 God of might!
 Shield the homeless 'midst the waste!
 Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,
 Now my babe is laid to rest;

Beautiful its slumber seems
 With a glow of heavenly dreams—
 Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
 Where his mother bends to pray
 For the loved, not far away.
 Father! guard that household bower,
 Hear that prayer!
 Back, through Thine all-guiding power,
 Lead me there!

Darker, wilder grows the night:
 Not a star sends quivering light
 Through the massy arch of shade
 By the stern, old forest made.
 Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
 All my pathway open lies,
 By the Son who knew distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 Where no roof to that blessed head
 Shelter gave—
 Father! through the time of dread,
 Save—oh, save!

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river in an American forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting before the tent, with a child in her arms, apparently sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream!
 The desolation and the agony—
 The strange, red sunrise, and the gloomy woods,
 So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
 And the broad, lonely river!—all a dream!
 And my boy's voice will wake me, with its Wild singing tones, as they were wont to come
 Through the wreathed sweetbrier at my lattice-panes
 In happy, happy England! Speak to me!
 Speak to thy mother, bright one! she hath watched
 All the dread night beside thee, till her brain
 Is darkened by swift waves of fantasies,
 And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
 Oh! I *must* wake him with one gentle
 On his fair brow!
 (*Shudderingly.*) The strange, damp, thrilling touch!

* Written after hearing the introductory Lecture on Astronomy delivered in Trinity College, Dublin, by Sir William Hamilton, royal astronomer, on the 8th November 1832.

The marble chill! Now, now it rushes
back—

Now I know all!—dead—dead!—a fearful word!

My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
To journey on without the blessed light
In his deep, loving eyes! He's gone!—
he's gone!

Her HUSBAND enters.

Husband. Agnes! my Agnes! hast
thou looked thy last

On our sweet slumberer's face? The
hour is come—

The couch made ready for his last repose.

Agnes. Not yet! thou canst not take
him from me yet!

If he but left me for a few short days,
This were too brief a gazing-time to draw
His angel image into my fond heart,
And fix its beauty there. And now—oh!

now,

Never again the laughter of his eye
Shall send its gladdening summer through
my soul

—Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay!
Thou canst not take him from me.

Husband. My beloved!

Is it not God hath taken him? the God
That took our firstborn, o'er whose early
grave

Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head,
and say,

"His will be done!"

Agnes. Oh! that near household grave,
Under the turf of England, seemed not
half—

Not half so much to part me from my
child

As these dark woods. It lay beside our
home,

And I could watch the sunshine, through
all hours,

Loving and clinging to the grassy spot;
And I could dress its greensward with fresh
flowers,

Familiar meadow-flowers. O'er thee, my
babe!

The primrose will not blossom! Oh! that
now,

Together, by thy fair young sister's side,
We lay 'midst England's valleys!

Husband. Dost thou grieve,
Agnes! that thou hast followed o'er the
deep

An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,
Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,
My spirit sinks at last.

Agnes. Forgive! forgive!

My Edmund, pardon me! Oh! grief is
wild—

Forget its words, quick spray-drops from
a fount

Of unknown bitterness! Thou art my
home!

Mine only and my blessed one! Where'er
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,

There is my country! there my head shall
rest,

And throb no more. Oh! still, by thy
strong love,

Bear up the feeble reed!

(*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*)

And Thou, my God!

Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilder-
ness!

Oh! hear, and pardon me! If I have
made

This treasure, sent from Thee, too much
the ark

Fraught with mine earthward-clinging
happiness,

Forgetting Him who gave, and might re-
sume,

Oh! pardon me!

If nature hath rebelled,

And from Thy light turned wilfully away,
Making a midnight of her agony,

When the despairing passion of her clasp
Was from its idol stricken at one touch

Of Thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me!
By Thy Son's anguish, pardon! In the soul

The tempests and the waves will know Thy
voice—

Father! say, "Peace, be still!"

(*Giving the child to her husband.*)

Farewell, my babe!

Go from my bosom now to other rest!

With this last kiss on thine unsullied
brow,

And on thy pale, calm cheek these contrite
tears,

I yield thee to thy Maker!

Husband. Now, my wife!

Thine own meek holiness beams forth
once more

A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,
From thy dear arms, the slumberer to re-
pose—

With a calm, trustful heart.

Agnes. My Edmund! where—

Where wilt thou lay him?

Husband. See'st thou where the spire
Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun

To burning gold—there—o'er yon willow tuft?

Under that native desert monument
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,

With the grey mosses of the wilderness
Hath lined it closely through; and there breathed forth,

E'en from the fullness of his own pure heart,

A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of tears,
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy

Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,
Perchance unconsciously.

Agnes. My gentle son!

The affectionate, the gifted! With what joy—

Edmund, rememberest thou?—with what bright joy

His baby brother ever to his arms
Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully

Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair

In that kind, youthful breast! Oh! now no more!

But strengthen me, my God! and melt my heart,

Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
For many a blessing left.

(Bending over the child.) Once more, farewell!

Oh, the pale, piercing sweetness of that look!

How can it be sustained? Away, away!

(After a short pause.)

Edmund! my woman's nature still is weak—

I cannot see the tender dust to dust!

Go thou, my husband! to thy solemn task;

I will rest here, and still my soul with prayer

Till thy return.

Husband. Then strength be with thy prayer!

Peace on thy bosom! Faith and heavenly hope

Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well a while!

We must be pilgrims of the woods again,

After this mournful hour.

(He goes out with the child.—AGNES kneels in prayer.—After a time, voices without are heard singing.)

FUNERAL HYMN

Where the long reeds quiver,

Where the pines make moan,

By the forest-river,

Sleeps our babe alone. *[grave,*

England's field-flowers may not deck his
Cypress shadow; o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,

'Midst the mighty wild;

Yet with God we leave him,

Blessed, blessed child!

And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust,
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brightened

Oft our weary way,

And his clear laugh lightened

Half our hearts' dismay;

Still in hope we give back what was given,
Yielding up the beautiful to heaven.

And to her who bore him,

Her who long must weep,

Yet shall heaven restore him

From his pale, sweet sleep!

Those blue eyes of love and peace again
Through her soul will shine, undimmed by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,

Where the pines make moan,

Leave him by the river

Earth to earth alone!

God and Father! may our journeyings on
Lead to where the blessed boy is gone!

From the exile's sorrow,

From the wanderer's dread

Of the night and morrow,

Early, brightly fled;

Thou hast called him to a sweeter home
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him,

With his angel look,

Where those arms enfold him,

Which benignly took

Israel's babes to their Good Shepherd's
breast, *[blest,*

When His voice their tender neckness

Turn thee now, fond mother!

From thy dead, oh, turn!

Linger not, young brother,

Here to dream and mourn:

Only kneel once more around the sod,
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God!

EASTER-DAY IN A MOUNTAIN
CHURCHYARD

THERE is a wakening on the mighty hills,
A kindling with the spirit of the morn !
Bright gleams are scattered from the thou-
sand rills,

And a soft visionary hue is born
On the young foliage, worn
By all the embosomed woods—a silvery
green,
Made up of spring and dew, harmoniously
serene.

And lo ! where, floating through a glory,
sings

The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky !
Lo ! where the darkness of his buoyant
wings,

Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,
Trembles with melody !

While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice
To the rich laugh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun
Is on you cast, O mountains of the earth !
And for your dwellers nobler joy is won
Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's
mirth,

By this glad morning's birth !
And gifts more precious by its breath are
shed

Than music on the breeze, dew on the
violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illumined
eye

O'er nature's face the colouring glory
Gifts from the fount of immortality,
Which, filled with balm, unknown to
human woes,

Lay hushed in dark repose,
Till thou, bright dayspring ! mad'st its
waves our own,

By thine unsealing of the burial-stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains,
ye hills !

And let a full victorious tone be given,
By rock and cavern, to the wind which fills
Your urn-like depths with sound ! The
tomb is riven,

The radiant gate of heaven
Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow
cast

By death's o'ersweeping wing, from the
earth's bosom past.

And you, ye graves ! upon whose turf I
stand,

Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,
Time, with a soft and reconciling hand,
The covering mantle of bright moss hath
spread

O'er every narrow bed :
But not by time, and not by nature sown
Was the celestial seed, whence round you
peace hath grown.

Christ hath arisen ! Oh, not one cherished
head

Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pil-
lowed here

Without a hope (howe'er the heart hath
bled

In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious
bier),

A hope, upspringing clear
From those majestic tidings of the morn,
Which lit the living way to all of woman
born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human
love !

E'en on this greensward : night hath
heard thy cry,

Heart-stricken one ! thy precious dust
above—

Night, and the hills, which sent forth no
reply

Unto thine agony !
But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy
guide,

Christ hath arisen, O love ! thy tears
shall all be dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those
tears,

Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the
On thine impassioned soul, in elder years,
When, burdened with the mystery of its
doom,

Mortality's thick gloom
Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the
breath

Of the triumphant rose came blending
thoughts of death.

By thee, sad Love ! and by thy sister,
Fear,

Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought
To veil that haunting shadow, still too
near,

Still ruling secretly the conqueror's
thought,

And where the board was fraught

With wine and myrtles in the summer
bower,
Felt, e'en when disavowed, a presence
and a power.

But that dark night is closed: and o'er
the dead,
Here, where the gleamy primrose-tufts
have blown,
And where the mountain-heath a couch
has spread,
And, settling oft on some grey, lettered
stone,
The redbreast warbles lone;
And the wild-bee's deep drowsy murmurs
pass,
Like a low thrill of harp-strings, through
the grass:

Here, 'midst the chambers of the Chris-
tian's sleep, [ing eye;
We o'er death's gulf may look with trust-
For Hope sits, dovelike, on the gloomy
deep, [lie
And the green hills wherein these valleys
Seem all one sanctuary
Of holiest thought—nor needs their fresh,
bright sod,
Urn, wealth, or shrine, for tombs all
dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen! O mountain-peaks!
attest—
Witness, resounding glen and torrent-
wave!
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft
the brave
To camp, 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling
faith have borne,
Planting the cross on high above the
clouds of morn!

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for
to-day—
Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper
tone
Have thrilled their pines, when those that
knelt to pray
Rose up to arm! The pure, high snows
have known
A colouring not their own,
But from true hearts, which, by that
crimson stain,
Gave token of a trust that called no
suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains wear
no more
The solemn splendour of the martyr's
blood;
And may that awful record, as of yore,
Never again be known to field or flood!
E'en though the faithful stood,
A noble army, in the exulting sight
Of earth and heaven, which blessed their
battle for the right!

But many a martyrdom by hearts un-
shaken
Is yet borne silently in homes obscure;
And many a bitter cup is meekly taken;
And, for the strength whereby the just
and pure
Thus steadfastly endure,
Glory to Him whose victory won that
dower!
Him from whose rising streamed that
robe of spirit-power.

Glory to Him! Hope to the suffering
breast!
Light to the nations! He hath rolled
away
The mists which, gathering into death-
like rest, [lay—
Between the soul and heaven's calm ether
His love hath made it day
With those that sat in darkness. Earth
and sea!
Lift up glad strains for man by truth
divine made free!

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE

'A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

* * * * *

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death."

WORDSWORTH.

I SAW him at his sport erewhile,
The bright, exulting boy!
Like summer's lightning came the smile
Of his young spirit's joy—
A flash that, wheresoe'er it broke,
To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,
By a clear fountain's side,
Where jewel-coloured pebbles lay
Beneath the shallow tide;
And pearly spray at times would meet
The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-
flowers,

Which drank that streamlet's dew ;
He flung them o'er the wave in showers,
Till, gazing, scarce I knew [wild,
Which seemed more pure, or bright, or
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom
Made earth one festal scene,
Where the dull shadow of the tomb
Seemed as it ne'er had been.
How could one image of decay
Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright—
The boy's meek head was bowed
In silence o'er the Book of Light,
And, like a golden cloud—
The still cloud of a pictured sky—
His locks drooped round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deemed him fair,
When, in the fountain-glade,
A creature of the sky and air,
Almost on wings he played ;
Oh ! how much holier beauty now
Lit the young human being's brow !

The being born to toil, to die,
To break forth from the tomb
Unto far nobler destiny
Than waits the skylark's plume !
I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The soul, the awakening soul I saw—
My watching eye could trace
The shadows of its new-born awe
Sweeping o'er that fair face :
As o'er a flower might pass the shade
By some dread angel's pinion made.

The soul, the mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight ;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,* undefiled,
As yet, by evil thought—
Oh ! little dreamed the brooding child
Of what within me wrought,

* "All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon the red-leaved tablets of my heart."—HAYWOOD.

While his young heart first burned and
stirred,
And quivered to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught
The reverence of his gaze—
A sight with dew of blessing fraught
To fallow after-days ;
To make the proud heart meekly wise,
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seemed as if a temple rose
Before me brightly there ;
And in the depths of its repose
My soul o'erflowed with prayer,
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
The power of infant sanctity !

O Father ! mould my heart once more
By Thy prevailing breath !
Teach me, oh ! teach me to adore
E'en with that pure one's faith—
A faith, all made of love and light,
Childlike, and therefore full of might !

A POET'S DYING HYMN

"Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice !
Me didst Thou constitute a priest of Thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Reared for Thy presence ; therefore am I bound
To worship, here and everywhere."

WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens !—I lift
mine eye,
And bless Thee, O my God ! that I
have met
And owned Thine image in the majesty
Of their calm temple, still !—that, never
yet,
There hath Thy face been shrouded from
my sight
By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of
night :
I bless Thee, O my God !

That now still clearer, from their pure
expanse,
I see the mercy of Thine aspect shine,
Touching Death's features with a lovely
glance
Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,
And lending to each holy star a ray
As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away :
I bless Thee, O my God !

That I have heard Thy voice, nor been
afraid,

In the earth's garden—'midst the moun-
tains old,
And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,
And the wild sound of waters uncon-
trolled—

And upon many a desert plain and shore—
No solitude—for there I felt *Thee* more :
I bless Thee, O my God !

And if Thy spirit on Thy child hath shed
The gift, the vision of the unsealed eye,
To pierce the mist o'er life's deep mean-
ings spread,

To reach the hidden fountain-urns that
lie
Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
And pure, a consecration unto Thee :
I bless Thee, O my God !

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been
fraught

With an awakening power—if Thou
hast made,
Like the winged seed, the breathings of
my thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be
conveyed
To lands of other lays, and there become
Native as early melodies of home :
I bless Thee, O my God !

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath, |
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels
dead,

But that, perchance, a faint gale of Thy
breath,
A still small whisper, in my song hath
led

One struggling spirit upwards to Thy
throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer : for this
alone
I bless Thee, O my God !

That I have loved—that I have known
the love

Which troubles in the soul the tearful
springs,
Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with
Thee :
I bless Thee, O my God !

That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty
prayer,

And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon their stream to
bear,

I have been drawn still closer to Thy
shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathomed, the
Divine :

I bless Thee, O my God !

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song
forsaken,

High hope, which even from mystery,
doubt, or dread,
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken
Whereby its torchlight for the race was
fed :

That passing storms have only fanned the
fire
Which pierced them still with its triumphal
spire :

I bless Thee, O my God !

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying
day ;

Thou leav'st me not—though early life
grows pale,

I am not darkly sinking to decay ;
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving
shroud

Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud :
I bless Thee, O my God !

And if this earth, with all its choral
streams,

And crowning woods, and soft or solemn
skies,

And mountain sanctuaries for poet's
dreams,

Be lovely still in my departing eyes—
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that Thy footprints on its dust appear :
I bless Thee, O my God !

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
The tracery veining every leaf and
flower,

Of glories cast in more consummate
mould,

No longer vassals to the changeeful
hour ;

That life's last roses to my thoughts can
bring

Rich visions of imperishable spring :
I bless Thee, O my God !

Yes! the young, vernal voices in the skies
 Woo me not back, but, wandering past
 mine ear,
 Seem heralds of th' eternal melodies,
 The spirit music, imperturbed and
 clear—
 The full of soul, yet passionate no more:
 Let me, too, joining these pure strains,
 adore!
 I bless Thee, O my God!

Now aid, sustain me still. To Thee I
 come—
 Make Thou my dwelling where Thy
 children are:
 And for the hope of that immortal home,
 And for Thy Son, the bright and morn-
 ing star,
 The sufferer and the victor-king of death,
 I bless Thee with my glad song's dying
 breath!
 I bless Thee, O my God!

THE FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

"Many an eye
 May wail the dimming of our shining star."
 SHAKESPEARE.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased!
 Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant
 Breathe reverently—there is a dreamy
 sound,
 A hollow murmur of the dying year,
 In the deep woods—let it be wild and
 sad!
 A more Æolian, melancholy tone
 Than ever wailed o'er bright things
 perishing!
 For *that* is passing from the darkened
 land,
 Which the green summer will not bring
 us back—
 Though all her songs return—the funeral
 chant
 Breathe reverently! They bear the mighty
 forth,
 The kingly ruler in the realms of mind;
 They bear him through the household
 paths, the groves,
 Where every tree had music of its own
 To his quick ear of knowledge taught by
 love—
 And he is silent—Past the living stream
 They bear him now; the stream whose
 kindly voice,

On alien shores, his true heart burned to
 hear—
 And he is silent! O'er the heathery hills,
 Which his own soul had mantled with a
 light
 Richer than autumn's purple, now they
 move—
 And he is silent!—he, whose flexile lips
 Were but unsealed, and lo! a thousand
 forms,
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad
 height,
 In glowing life upsprang,—Vassal and
 chief, [peal,
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-
 Fast-rushing through the brightly-troubled
 air,
 Like the Wild Huntsman's band. And
 still they live,
 To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
 And, from the mountain-mist still flashing
 by, [there
 Startle the wanderer who hath listened
 To the seer's voice: phantoms of coloured
 thought,
 Surviving him who raised. O eloquence!
 O power, whose breathings thus could
 wake the dead!
 Who shall wake *thee*? lord of the buried
 past!
 And art thou *there*—to those dim nations
 joined,
 Thy subject-host so long? The wand is
 dropped,
 The bright lamp broken, which the gifted
 hand
 Touched, and the genii came! Sing
 reverently
 The funeral chant!—The mighty is borne
 home,
 And who shall be his mourners?—Youth
 and age,
 For each hath felt his magic—love and
 grief,
 For he hath communed with the heart of
 each:
 Yes—the free spirit of humanity
 May join the august procession, for to him
 Its mysteries have been tributary things,
 And all its accents known. From field or
 wave,
 Never was conqueror on his battle-bier,
 By the veiled banner and the muffled
 drum,
 And the proud drooping of the crested
 head,
 More nobly followed home. The last
 abode,

The voiceless dwelling of the bard is
reached :

A still, majestic spot, girt solemnly
With all th' imploring beauty of decay ;
A stately couch 'midst ruins ! meet for
him

With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
Beneath his head. Sing reverently the
chant

Over the honoured grave ! The *grave* !—
oh, say

Rather, the shrine !—an altar for the love,
The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive
wreaths

Of years unborn—a place where leaf and
flower,

By that which dies not of the sovereign
dead,

Shall be made holy things, where every
weed

Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift
From buried glory breathed. And now
what strain,

Making victorious melody ascend
High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb
Where he that swayed the nations thus is
laid—

The crowned of men ?

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father Divine !

A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine !

A spirit on its way,
Sceptred the earth to sway,
From Thee was sent :
Now call ! Thou back Thine own—
Hence is that radiance flown—
To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,
The bright head bowed we saw,
Beneath Thy hand !
Filled by one hope, one fear,
Now o'er a brother's bier
Weeping we stand.

How hath he passed ! the lord
Of each deep bosom-chord,
To meet Thy sight,
Unmantled and alone,
On Thy bless'd mercy thrown,
O Infinite !

§ 1

So, from his harvest-home,
Must the tired peasant come ;

So, in one trust,
Leader and king must yield
The naked soul revealed
To Thee, All just !

The sword of many a fight—
What *then* shall be its might ?

The lofty lay
That rushed on eagle wing—
What shall its memory bring ?
What hope, what stay ?

O Father ! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown
In faintness are cast down—
Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father Divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath !
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine !

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDER- NESS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF CORREGGIO'S
IN the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone
With all the still, small whispers of the
night,
And with the searching glances of the
stars,
And with her God, alone :—she lifted up
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er
her head,
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer—the
tearful prayer
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant
love.

Father of Spirits, hear !
Look on the inmost heart to Thee revealed,
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before Thy sight in solitude unsealed !

Hear, Father! hear, and aid!
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,
Gifts on Thy shrine, my God! more fitly
laid;

If I have sought to live
But in *one* light, and made a human eye
The lonely star of mine idolatry,
Thou that art Love! oh, pity and forgive!

Chastened and schooled at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit
burns, [turns—
But, fix'd on Thee, from that wild worship
What have I said?—the deep dream is not
past!

Yet hear!—if *still* I love,
Oh! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes my heart between
And Thy calm glory, Father! throned
above;

If still a voice is near
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to
control),
An earthly voice disquieting my soul
With its deep music, too intensely dear;

O Father! draw to Thee
My lost affections back!—the dreaming
eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart
that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions
free!

I must love on, O God!
This bosom must love on!—but let Thy
breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows
not death,
Bearing it up to heaven—love's own abode!

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling
night,
With her clear stars, and the mysterious
winds,
That waft all sound, were conscious of
those prayers.
How many such hath woman's bursting
heart
Since then, in silence and in darkness
breathed,
Like the dim night-flower's odour, up to
God!

PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION *

"From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down.
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed:
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own."—WORDSWORTH.

SCENE.—*Prison of the Luxembourg in
Paris, during the Reign of Terror.*

D'AUBIGNÉ, *an aged Royalist*—BLANCHE,
his daughter, a young girl.

Blanche. What was our doom, my
father?—In thine arms
I lay unconsciously through that dread
hour. [look,
Tell me the sentence!—Could our judges
Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?
Was there not mercy, father? Will they
not

Restore us to our home?

D'Aubigné. Yes, my poor child!
They send us home.

Blanche. Oh! shall we gaze again
On the bright Loire? Will the old hamlet
spire,
And the grey turret of our own chateau,
Look forth to greet us through the dusky
elms?

Will the kind voices of our villagers,
The loving laughter in their children's
eyes, [this!
Welcome us back at last? But how is
Father! thy glance is clouded—on thy
brow

There sits no joy!

D'Aubigné. Upon my brow, dear girl!
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn
peace

As may befit the Christian who receives,
And recognises in submissive awe,
The summons of his God.

Blanche. Thou dost not mean—
No, no! it cannot be! Didst thou not say
They sent us home?

D'Aubigné. Where is the spirit's home?
Oh! most of all, in these dark, evil days,

* The last days of two prisoners in the Luxem-
bourg, Sillery and La Source, so affectingly
described by Helen Maria Williams, in her
Letters from France, gave rise to this little
scene. These two victims had composed a
simple hymn, which they sang together in a
low and restrained voice every night.

Where should it be—but in that world
serene,

Beyond the sword's reach and the tem-
pest's power

—Where, but in heaven!

Blanche. My father!

D'Aubigné. We must die.

We must look up to God, and calmly die.
Come to my heart, and weep there! For
awhile

Give nature's passion way, then brightly
rise

In the still courage of a woman's heart.

Do I not know thee? Do I ask too much
From mine own noble *Blanche*?

Blanche (falling on his bosom). Oh!
clasp me fast!

Thy trembling child! Hide, hide me in
thine arms—

Father!

D'Aubigné. Alas! my flower, thou'rt
young to go—

Young, and so fair! Yet were it worse,
methinks,

To leave thee where the gentle and the
brave,

The loyal-hearted and the chivalrous,
And they that loved their God, have all
been swept,

Like the sere leaves, away. For them no
hearth

Through the wide land was left inviolate,
No altar holy; therefore did they fall,
Rejoicing to depart,—The soil is steep'd
In noble blood; the temples are gone
down;

The voice of prayer is hushed, or fearfully
Muttered, like sounds of guilt.—Why,
who would live!

Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
To quit for ever the dishonoured soil,
The burdened air! Our God upon the
cross—

Our king upon the scaffold*—let us think
Of these—and fold endurance to our hearts,
And bravely die!

Blanche. A dark and fearful way!

An evil doom for thy dear, honoured head!

O thou, the kind, the gracious! whom all
eyes

Bless'd as they looked upon! Speak yet
again—

Say, will they part us?

D'Aubigné. No, my *Blanche*; in death
We shall not be divided.

Blanche. Thanks to God!

He, by thy glance, will aid me—I shall see
His light before me to the last. And
when—

Oh, pardon these weak shrinkings of thy
child!—

When shall the hour befall?

D'Aubigné. Oh! swiftly now,
And suddenly, with brief, dread interval,
Comes down the mortal stroke.—But of
that hour

As yet I know not. Each low throbbing
pulse

Of the quick pendulum may usher in
Eternity!

Blanche (kneeling before him). My
father! lay thy hand

On thy poor *Blanche's* head, and once
again

Bless her with thy deep voice of tender-
ness—

Thus breathing saintly courage through
her soul,

Ere we are called.

D'Aubigné. If I may speak through
tears!—

Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,
Child of my heart!—thou who dost look
on me

With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love!
Thou, that hast been a brightness in my
path,

A guest of heaven unto my lonely soul,
A stainless lily in my widowed house,
There springing up, with soft light round
thee shed,

For immortality! Meek child of God!

I bless thee—He will bless thee! In His
love [world

He calls thee now from this rude stormy
To thy Redeemer's breast! And thou
wilt die,

As thou hast lived—my duteous, holy
Blanche!

In trusting and serene submissiveness,
Humble, yet full of heaven.

Blanche (rising). Now is there strength
Infused through all my spirit. I can rise
And say, "Thy will be done!"

D'Aubigné (pointing upwards). See'st
thou, my child!

* A French royalist officer, dying upon a field of battle, and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive lamentations, turned towards the sufferer, and thus addressed him:—"My friend, whoever you may be, remember that your God expired upon the cross—your king upon the scaffold—and he who now speaks to you has had his limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a man."

Yon faint light in the west? The signal
star

Of our due vesper-service, gleaming in
Through the close dungeon-grating!
Mournfully'

It seems to quiver; yet shall this night
pass

This night alone, without the lifted voice
Of adoration in our narrow cell,
As if unworthy fear or wavering faith
Silenced the strain? No, let it waft to
heaven

The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,
In its dark hour once more!—And we
will sleep, [closed.]

Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is
[*They sing together.*]

PRISONER'S EVENING SONG.

We see no more in Thy pure skies,
How soft, O God! the sunset dies;
How every coloured hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood:
Yet, by the precious memories won
From bright hours now for ever gone,
Father! o'er all Thy works we know,
Thou art still shedding beauty's glow;
Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory, eloquent of Thee;
Still feeding all Thy flowers with light,
Though man hath barred it from our
sight.

We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging
One, the All-just!
And bless Thee still with free and bound-
less trust!

We read no more, O God! Thy ways
On earth, in these wild, evil days.
The red sword in the oppressor's hand
Is ruler of the weeping land;
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.
Yet, by the deep voice from the past,
Which tells us these things cannot last—
And by the hope which finds no ark
Save in Thy breast, when storms grow
dark—

We trust Thee!—as the sailor knows
That in its place of bright repose
His pole-star burns, though mist and
cloud

May veil it with a midnight shroud.
We know Thou reign'st, All-holy One,
All-just!
And bless Thee still with love's own
boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
When our faint hearts within us die.
We suffer—and we know our doom
Must be one suffering till the tomb.
Yet, by the anguish of Thy Son
When His last hour came darkly on;
By His dread cry, the air which rent
In terror of abandonment;
And by His parting word, which rose
Through faith victorious o'er all woes—
We know that Thou may'st wound,
may'st break

The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake!
Sad suppliants whom our brethren
spurn,

In our deep need to Thee we turn!
To whom but Thee?—All-merciful, All-
just! [trust!]
In life, in death, we yield Thee boundless

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUN- TAINEERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION

"Thanks be to God for the mountains!"
Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

FOR the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain-sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by Thy god;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where Thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by Thy breath are stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;

But we, for *Thy* communion,
Have sought the mountain-sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves ;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves ;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of Thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outspread ;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead ;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial-sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY

"The land shall never rue,
So England to herself do prove but true."
SHAKESPEARE.

THROUGH evening's bright repose
A voice of prayer arose,
When the sea-fight was done :
The sons of England knelt,
With hearts that now could melt,
For on the wave her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main
Heaved with a dark red stain,
Caught not from sunset's cloud ;
While with the tide swept past
Pennon and shivered mast, [bowed,
Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had

But free and fair on high,
A native of the sky,
Her streamer met the breeze ;
It flowed o'er fearless men,
Though, hushed and childlike then,
Before their God they gathered on the
seas.

Oh ! did not thoughts of home
O'er each bold spirit come,
As from the land sweet gales ?
In every word of prayer
Had not some hearth a share,
Some bower, inviolate, 'midst England's
vales ?

Yes ! bright green spots that lay
In beauty far away,
Hearing no billow's roar,
Safer from touch or spoil,
For that day's fiery toil,
Rose on high hearts, that now with love
gushed o'er.

A solemn scene and dread !
The victors and the dead,
The breathless burning sky !
And, passing with the race
Of waves that keep no trace,
The wild, brief signs of human victory !

A stern, yet holy scene !
Billows, where strife hath been,
Sinking to awful sleep ;
And words, that breathe the sense
Of God's omnipotence,
Making a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,
Thy flag hath been a star,
Where eagle's wings ne'er flew :—
England ! the unprofaned,
Thou of the earth unstained,
Oh ! to the banner and the shrine be true !

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE *

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN
MISSIONARY

"But by my wrongs and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light me to the foe !"
Indian Song in *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

SCENE.—*The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and sycamore trees.* HERRMANN, the missionary, seated alone before the cabin. *The hour is evening twilight.*

Herrmann. Was that the light from
some lone, swift canoe
Shooting across the waters ?—No, a flash
From the night's first, quick fire-fly, lost
again
In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark

* Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded are recorded in *Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland*, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.

Is on the wave; no rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new,
strange world,

Oh! how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods!
The desert's own great spirit, infinite!
Little they know, in mine own fatherland,
Along the castled Rhine, or 'e'en amidst
The wild Harz mountains, or the sylvan
glades

Deep in the Odenwald—they little know
Of what is solitude! In hours like this,
There, from a thousand nooks, the
cottage-hearths

Pour forth red light through vine-hung
lattices,

To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home-path; while round his lowly
porch,

With eager eyes awaiting his return,
The clustered faces of his children shine
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond
thoughts!

Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly
hope

By your vain, earthward yearnings. O
my God!

Draw me still nearer, closer unto Thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with Thyself be filled!—Be it enough
At once to gladden and to solemnise
My lonely life, if for Thine altar here,
In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may
win

The offering of one heart, one human
heart,

Bleeding, repenting, loving!

Hark! a step,
An Indian tread! I know the stealthy
sound—

'Tis on some quest of evil, through the
grass

Gliding so serpent-like.

(*He comes forward, and meets an Indian
warrior armed.*)

Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce
mine eye

Discerns thy face.

Enonio. My father speaks my name.

Herrmann. Are not the hunters from
the chase returned?

The night-fires lit? Why is my son
abroad?

Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows of
nobler prey

Than elk or deer. Now let my father
leave

The lone path free.

Herrmann. The forest way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee
awhile

Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
Of these things further.

Enonio. Tell me not of rest!

My heart is sleepless, and the dark night
swift.—

I must begone.

Herrmann (*solemnly*). No, warrior!
thou must stay!

The Mighty One hath given me power to
search

Thy soul with piercing words—and thou
must stay,

And hear me, and give answer! If thy
heart

Be grown thus restless, is it not because
Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up
Some burning thought of ill?

Enonio (*with sudden impetuosity*). How
should I rest?—

Last night the spirit of my brother came,
An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
And said, "*Avenge me!*" In the clouds
this morn

I saw the frowning colour of his blood—
And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And through its thunder-music spake a
tone—

A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
And said, "*Avenge me!*"—Therefore
have I raised

The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
That I may send the shadow from my
couch,

And take the strange sound from the
cataract,

And sleep once more.

Herrmann. A better path, my son!
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en
the way

Thy dying brother trod. Say, didst thou
love

That lost one well?

Enonio. Know'st thou not we grew up
Even as twin roes amidst the wilderness?
Unto the chase we journeyed in one path;
We stemmed the lake in one canoe; we
lay

Beneath one oak to rest. When fever
hung

Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand

Was still beneath my head ; my brother's
robe

Covered my bosom from the chill night-
air—

Our lives were girdled by one belt of love
Until he turned him from his father's
gods.

And then my soul fell from him—then the
grass

Grew in the way between our parted
homes ;

And wheresoe'er I wandered, then it
seemed

That all the woods were silent. I went
forth—

I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar,
And so returned—and where was he?

The earth
Owned him no more.

Herrmann. But thou thyself, since then,
Hast turned thee from the idols of thy
tribe,

And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant
knee

To the one God.

Enonio. Yes ! I have learnt to pray
With my white father's words, yet all the
more

My heart, that shut against my brother's
love,

Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
Burning my sleep away.—In the night-
hush,

'Midst the strange whispers and dim
shadowy things

Of the great forests, I have called aloud,
" Brother ! forgive, forgive ! " He an-
swered not—

His deep voice, rising from the land of
souls,

Cries but "*Avenge me !*"—and I go forth
now [eyes—

To slay his murderer, that when next his
Gleam on me mournfully from that pale
shore,

I may look up and meet their glance, and
say,

" I have avenged thee ! "

Herrmann. Oh ! that human love
Should be the root of this dread bitterness,
Till heaven through all the fevered being
pours

Transmuting balsam ! Stay, Enonio !
stay !

Thy brother calls thee not ! The spirit-
world

Where the departed go, sends back to
earth

No visitants for evil. 'Tis the might
Of the strong passion, the remorseful
grief

At work in thine own breast, which lends
the voice

Unto the forest and the cataract,
The angry colour to the clouds of morn,
The shadow to the moonlight. Stay, my
son !

Thy brother is at peace. Beside his
couch,

When of the murderer's poisoned shaft
he died,

I knelt and prayed ; he named his
Saviour's name,

Meekly, beseechingly ; he spoke of thee
In pity and in love.

Enonio (hurriedly). Did he not say
My arrow should avenge him ?

Herrmann. His last words
Were all forgiveness.

Enonio. What ! and shall the man
Who pierced him with the shaft of
treachery,

Walk fearless forth in joy ?

Herrmann. Was he not once
Thy brother's friend ? Oh ! trust me, not
in joy

He walks the frowning forest. Did keen
love,

Too late repentant of its heart estranged,
Wake in thy haunted bosom, with its
train

Of sounds and shadows—and shall he
escape ?

Enonio, dream it not ! Our God, the
All-just,

Unto Himself reserves this royalty—
The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,
Leave it with Him ! Yet make it not thy
hope :

For that strong heart of thine—oh ! listen
yet—

Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very
wish

For death or torture to the guilty one,
Ere it can sleep again.

Enonio. My father speaks
Of change, for man too mighty.

Herrmann. I but speak
Of that which hath been, and again must
be,

If thou wouldst join thy brother, in the
life [lieve,

Of the bright country where, I well be-
lieve, His soul rejoices. He had known such
change :

He died in peace. He, whom his tribe
once named

The Avenging Eagle, took to his meek
heart,

In its last pangs, the spirit of those words
Which, from the Saviour's cross, went up
to heaven—

*Forgive them, for they know not what
they do!*

Father, forgive!—"And o'er the eternal
bounds

Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,
Hath to his Master passed.—He waits
thee there—

For love, we trust, springs heavenward
from the grave,

Immortal in its holiness. He calls
His brother to the land of golden light
And ever-living fountains—couldst thou
hear

His voice o'er those bright waters, it
would say,

"My brother! oh! be pure, be merciful:
That we may meet again."

Enonio (hesitating). Can I return
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

Herrmann. To Him,
To Him return, from whom thine erring
steps

Have wandered far and long! Return,
my son,

To thy Redeemer! Died He not in love—
The sinless, the Divine, the Son of God—
Breathing forgiveness 'midst all agonies?
And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless? By His aid
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place
'Midst the pure spirits. Oh! retrace the
way

Back to thy Saviour! He rejects no heart
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true
tears

Be o'er them showered. Ay! weep, thou
Indian chief!

For, by the kindling moonlight, I behold
Thy proud lips working—weep, relieve
thy soul!

Tears will not shame thy manhood, in
the hour

Of its great conflict.

*Enonio (giving up his weapons to
HERRMANN).* Father! take the
bow,

Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call
Forth to the chase once more. And let me
dwell

A little while, my father! by thy side,
That I may hear the blessed words again—

Like water-brooks amidst the summer
hills—

From thy true lips flow forth; for in my
heart

The music and the memory of their sound
Too long have died away.

Herrmann. Oh, welcome back,
Friend, rescued one! Yes, thou shalt be
my guest,

And we will pray beneath my sycamore
Together, morn and eve; and I will
spread

Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at
last—

After the visiting of holy thoughts—
With dewy wings shall sink upon thine
eyes!

Enter my home, and welcome, welcome
back

To peace, to God, thou lost and found
again!

*(They go into the cabin together. HERR-
MANN, lingering for a moment on the
threshold, looks up to the starry skies.)*

Father! that from amidst yon glorious
worlds

Now look'st on us, Thy children! make
this hour

Blessed for ever! May it see the birth
Of Thine own image in the unfathomed
deep

Of an immortal soul,—a thing to name
With reverential thought, a solemn
world!

To Thee more precious than those thou-
sand stars

Burning on high in Thy majestic heaven!

EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY

FATHER of heaven and earth,
I bless Thee for the night,
The soft, still night!

The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

Now, far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's
nest;

The bee's long murmuring toils are
done,

And I, the o'erwearied one,
O'erwearied and o'erwrought.

Bless Thee, O God! O Father of the
oppressed!

With my last waking thought,
In the still night!

Yes! e'er I sink to rest,
By the fire's dying light,
Thou Lord of earth and hea-
I bless Thee, who hast given,
Unto life's fainting travellers, the night—
The soft, still, holy night.

THE DAY OF FLOWERS

A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD

"One spirit—His
Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding
brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar.
Happy who walks with Him!"—COWPER.

COME to the woods, my boy!
Come to the streams and bowery dingles
forth,
My happy child! The spirit of bright
hours
Woos us in every wind; fresh wild-leaf
scents,
From thickets, where the lonely stock-
dove broods,
Enter our lattice; fitful songs of joy
Float in with each soft current of the
air;—
And we will hear their summons; we will
give
One day to flowers, and sunshine, and
glad thoughts,
And thou shalt revel 'midst free nature's
wealth,
And for thy mother twine wild wreaths;
while she,
From thy delight, wins to her own fond
heart
The vernal ecstasy of childhood back.
Come to the woods, my boy!

What! wouldst thou lead already to the
path
Along the copsewood brook? Come,
then! in truth
Meet playmate for a child, a blessed child,
Is a glad, singing stream, heard or un-
heard,
Singing its melody of happiness

Amidst the reeds, and bounding in free
grace

To that sweet chime. With what a
sparkling life

It fills the shadowy dingle!—now the wing
Of some low-skimming swallow shakes
bright spray

Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled
wave;

Now, from some pool of crystal darkness
deep,

The trout springs upward with a showery
gleam

And plashing sound of waters. What
swift rings

Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide
Seem, as they glance, to scatter sparks of
light

From burnished films! And mark yon
silvery line

Of gossamer, so tremulously hung
Across the narrow current, from the tuft
Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough!

See, in the air's transparency, how it waves,
Quivering and glistening with each faintest
gale, [shapes,

Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy
How delicate, how wondrous!

Yes, my boy!
Well may we make the stream's bright,
winding vein

Our woodland guide, for He who made
the stream

Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness,
For ever deepening. Oh, forget Him not,
Dear child! That airy gladness which
thou feel'st

Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,
As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not less
His gift, His blessing on thy spring-time
hours, [all

Than this rich, outward sunshine, mantling
The leaves, and grass, and mossy-tinted
stones

With summer glory. Stay thy bounding
step,

My merry wanderer!—let us rest a while
By this clear pool, where, in the shadow
flung

From alder boughs and osiers o'er its
breast,

The soft red of the flowering willow-herb
So vividly is pictured. Seems it not
E'en melting to a more transparent glow
In that pure glass? Oh! beautiful are
streams!

And, through all ages, human hearts have
loved

Their music, still accordant with each mood
 Of sadness or of joy. And love hath
 Into vain worship, which hath left its trace
 On sculptured urn and altar, gleaming still
 Beneath dim olive-boughs, by many a
 fount
 Of Italy and Greece. But we will take
 Our lesson e'en from erring hearts, which
 blessed
 The river-deities or fountain-nymphs,
 For the cool breeze, and for the freshening
 shade,
 And the sweet water's tune. The One
 supreme,
 The all-sustaining, ever-present God,
 Who dowered the soul with immortality,
 Gave also these delights, to cheer on earth
 Its fleeting passage; therefore let us greet
 Each wandering flower-scent as a boon
 from Him,
 Each bird-note, quivering 'midst light
 summer leaves,
 And every rich celestial tint unnamed,
 Wherewith transpierced, the clouds of
 morn and eve,
 Kindle and melt away!

And now, in love,
 In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us bend
 Our footsteps onward to the dell of flowers
 Around the ruined mansion. Thou, my
 boy!

Not yet, I deem, hast visited that lorn
 But lovely spot, whose loveliness for thee
 Will wear no shadow of subduing
 thought—

No colouring from the past. This way
 Winds through the hazels. Mark how
 brightly shoots

The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,
 Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of
 life,

The life of song, and breezes, and free
 Is all the murmuring shade! and thine,
 oh thine!

Of all the brightest and the happiest here,
 My blessed child! my gift of God! that
 makest

My heart o'erflow with summer!

Hast thou twined
 Thy wreath so soon! yet will we loiter
 not,

Though here the blue-bell wave, and
 gorgeously,
 Round the brown, twisted roots of yon
 scathed oak

The heath-flower spread its purple. We
 must leave

The copse, and through yon broken
 avenue,
 Shadowed by drooping walnut-
 The ruin's glade.

And lo! before us, fair
 Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,
 It stands, that house of silence! wedded
 now

To verdant Nature by the o'ermantling
 growth

Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's
 hands

Once loved to train. How the rich wall-
 flower-scent

From every niche and mossy cornice floats,
 Embalming its decay! The bee alone
 Is murmuring from its casement, whence
 no more

Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children
 Watching some homeward footstep. See!
 unbound

From the old fretted stone-work, what
 thick wreaths

Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance
 down,

Trail through the grass their gleaming
 stars, and load

The air with mournful fragrance—for it
 speaks

Of life gone hence; and the faint, southern
 breath

Of myrtle-leaves, from yon forsaken porch,
 Startles the soul with sweetness! Yet rich
 knots

Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-
 sown

Through all the sunny hollow, spread
 around

A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,
 Undimmed by human change. How
 kindly here,

With the low thyme and daisies, they have
 blent!

And, under arches of wild eglantine,
 Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely
 seems

The frail gum-cistus o'er the turf to snow
 Its pearly flower-leaves down! Go, happy
 boy!

Rove thou at will amidst these roving
 sweets;

Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone,
 Under the tall moss-rose tree, long un-
 pruned,

Rest where thick clustering pansies weave
 around

Their many-tinged mosaic, 'midst dark
 [grass]

Bedded like jewels.

He hath bounded on,
Wild with delight!—the crimson on his
cheek

Purer and richer e'en than that which lies
In this deep-hearted rose-cup! Bright
moss-rose,

Though now so lorn, yet surely, gracious
tree!

Once thou wert cherished! and, by human
Through many a summer duly visited
For thy bloom-offerings, which o'er festal

And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded
couch

Of long-secluded sickness, may have shed
A joy, now lost.

Yet shall there still be joy,
Where God hath poured forth beauty, and
the voice

Of human love shall still be heard in praise
Over His glorious gifts! O Father! Lord!
The All-beneficent! I bless Thy name,
That Thou hast mantled the green earth
with flowers,

Linking our hearts to nature! By the love
Of their wild blossoms, our young foot-
steps first

Into her deep recesses are beguiled—
Her minster-cells—dark glen and forest
bower,

Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of
Thee,

Amidst the low, religious whisperings
And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of
flowers,

Thou callest us, from city throngs and
cares,

Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain-
streams,

That sing of Thee! back to free child-
hood's heart,

Fresh with the dews of tenderness! Thou
bidd'st

The lilies of the field with placid smile
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and in-
fuse

Through his worn soul a more unworldly
life,

With their soft, holy breath. Thou hast
not left

His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for in this universe of Thine!
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
Of poet-hearts, touched by their fervent
dreams

With spiritual light, and made a source

Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to
faint age

Thou lend'st the vernal bliss: the old man's
eye

Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his
Remembers youth and love, and hopefully

Turns unto Thee, who call'st earth's buried
germs

From dust to splendour; as the mortal
Shall at Thy summons, from the grave
spring up

To put on glory, to be girt with power,
And filled with immortality. Receive

Thanks, blessings, love, for these, Thy
lavish boons,

And, most of all, their heavenward influ-
ences,

O Thou that gav'st us flowers!
Return, my boy!—

With all thy chaplets and bright bands,
return!

See, with how deep a crimson eve hath
touched

And glorified the ruin!—glow-worm light
Will twinkle on the dewdrops, ere we reach

Our home again. Come! with thy last
sweet prayer

At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night shall
thanks

Unto our Father in His heaven arise,
For all the gladness, all the beauty shed
O'er one rich day of flowers.

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK

[Suggested by the closing scene in the life of
the painter Blake, which is beautifully related
by Allan Cunningham.]

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh!
think,

And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship
just—

Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hope of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid
in dust!"—CAMPBELL.

*The Scene is an English Cottage. The
lattice opens upon a Landscape at sunset.*

EUGENE, TERESA.

Teresa. The fever's hue hath left thy
cheek, beloved!

Thine eyes, that make the dayspring in my
heart,

Are clear and still once more! Wilt thou
look forth?
Now, while the sunset with low streaming
light—
The light thou lovest—hath made the elm-
wood stems
All burning bronze, the river molten gold!
Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to
meet
The rich air filled with wandering scents
and sounds?
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once
more
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest
With our own evening hymn?
Eugene. Not now, dear love!
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
Not on the sun, but thee! Doth the light
sleep
On the stream tenderly? and are the stems
Of our own elm-trees, by its alchemy,
So richly changed? and is the sweetbrier-
scent
Floating around? But I have said farewell,
Farewell to earth, Teresa!—not to thee;
Not yet to our deep love—nor yet awhile
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
Back on my soul in mastery. One last
work!
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing
thoughts,
Clinging affections, and undying hopes,
All, all in that memorial!
Teresa. Oh, what dream
Is this, mine own Eugene? Waste thou
not thus
Thy scarce-returning strength; keep thy
rich thoughts
For happier days—they will not melt away
Like passing music from the lute. Dear
friend!
Dearest of friends! thou canst win back at
will
The glorious visions.
Eugene. Yes! the unseen land
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice
To call me hence. Oh, be thou not de-
ceived!
Bind to thy heart no earthly hope, Teresa!
I must, *must* leave thee! Yet be strong,
my love!
As thou hast still been gentle.
Teresa. O Eugene!
What will this dim world be to me,
Eugene!
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of
all—
My only sunshine? How can I bear on?

How can we part?—we that have loved
so well,
With clasping spirits linked so long by
grief,
By tears, by prayer?
Eugene. E'en therefore we can part,
With an immortal trust, that such high
love
Is not of things to perish.
Let me leave
One record still of its ethereal flame
Brightening through death's cold shadow.
Once again,
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy
breast,
And eyes half veiled, in thine own soul
absorbed,
As in thy watchings ere I sink to sleep;
And I will give the bending, flower-like
grace
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness
throne
On that pale brow, and in that quivering
smile
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast
Their delicate earthly being. There! thy
head
Bowed down with beauty, and with tender-
ness,
And lowly thought—even thus—my own
Teresa!
Oh! the quick-glancing radiance and
bright bloom,
That once around thee hung, have melted
now
Into more solemn light—but holier far,
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
Than all that summer-flush! For by my
couch,
In patient and serene devotedness,
Thou hast made those rich hues and
sunny smiles
Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna
brow, [eye,
And the sweet earnestness of that dark
Unto the canvas; I may catch the flow
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify,
With a soft halo, what is imaged thus—
But how much rests unbreathed, my faith-
ful one!
What thou hast been to me! This bitter
world,
This cold, unanswering world, that hath
no voice
To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn
here

A little while—how have I turned away
From its keen, soulless air, and in thy
heart

Found ever the sweet fountain of response
To quench my thirst for home!

The dear work grows
Beneath my hand,—the last!

Teresa (falling on his neck in tears).

Eugene! Eugene!

Break not mine heart with thine excess of
love!—

Oh! must I lose thee—thou that hast
been still

The tenderest—best!

Eugene. Weep, weep not thus, beloved!
Let my true heart o'er thine retain its
power

Of soothing to the last! Mine own Teresa!
Take strength from strong affection!

Let our souls, [strain
Ere this brief parting, mingle in one
Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's rich
boon—

Our perfect love! Oh, blessed have we
been

In that high gift! thousands o'er earth
may pass,

With hearts unfreshened by the heavenly
dew,

Which hath kept ours from withering.
Kneel, true wife!

And lay thy hands in mine.

(She kneels beside the couch—he prays.)

Oh, thus receive
Thy children's thanks, Creator! for the
love

Which Thou hast granted, through all
earthly woes,

To spread heaven's peace around them—
which hath bound

Their spirits to each other and to Thee,
With links whereon unkindness ne'er hath
breathed,

Nor wandering thought. We thank Thee,
gracious God! [cares,

For all its treasured memories, tender
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining
looks, unchanged

Through tears and joy! O Father! most
of all,

We thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless
trust,

Through Thy redeeming Son vouchsafed
to those

That love in Thee, of union, in Thy sight
And in Thy heavens, immortal! Hear
our prayer!

Take home our fond affections, purified
To spirit-radiance from all earthly stain;
Exalted, solemnised, made fit to dwell,
Father! where all things that are lovely

meet,
And all things that are pure—for ever—
more

With Thee and Thine!

HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSEHOLD ON HIS RETURN

IN THE OLDEN TIME

Joy! the lost one is restored!
Sunshine comes to hearth and board.

From the far-off countries old
Of the diamond and red gold;
From the dusky archer-bands,
Roamers of the fiery sands;
From the desert winds, whose breath
Smites with sudden, silent death;
He hath reached his home again,

Where we sing
In Thy praise a fervent strain,
God our King!

Mightiest! unto Thee he turned
When the noon-day fiercest burned:
When the fountain-springs were far,
And the sounds of Arab war
Swelled upon the sultry blast,
And the sandy columns past,
Unto Thee he cried; and Thou,
Merciful! didst hear his vow!
Therefore unto Thee again

Joy shall sing
Many a sweet and thankful strain,
God our King!

Thou wert with him on the main,
And the snowy mountain-chain,
And the rivers dark and wide,
Which through Indian forests glide:
Thou didst guard him from the wrath
Of the lion in his path,
And the arrows on the breeze,
And the dropping poison-trees.
Therefore from our household train
Oft shall spring
Unto Thee a blessing strain,
God our King!

Thou to his lone, watching wife
Hast brought back the light of life!
Thou hast spared his loving child
Home to greet him from the wild.

Though the suns of Eastern skies
On his cheek have set their dyes,
Though long toils and sleepless cares
On his brow have blanched the hairs,
Yet the night of fear is flown—
He is living, and our own !
Brethren ! spread his festal board
Hang his mantle and his sword,
With the armour, on the wall—
While this long, long silent hall
Joyfully doth hear again
Voice and string
Swell to Thee the exulting strain,
God our King !

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION

BLESSINGS, O Father ! shower—
Father of Mercies ! round his precious
head ! [hour
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed !

Father ! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved
Fame, fortune, power : oh ! be his spirit
proved
By these, or by their absence, at Thy will !
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still !

Let such a sense of Thee,
Thy watching presence, Thy sustaining
His bosom-guest inalienably be, [love,
That wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimmed ! a gladness rest his
own,

Unspeaking, and to the world unknown !
Such as from childhood's morning land of
dreams,
Remembered faintly, gleams—
Faintly remembered, and too swiftly flown !

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by Thy Spirit free ;
And when Thou call'st him from his
mortal place,
To his last hour, be still that sweetness
given,
That joyful trust ! and brightly let him
part,
With lamp clear burning, and unlingering
heart,
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face !

MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICK-BED OF A CHILD

SAVIOUR, that of woman born,
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn—
Thou, with whose last anguish strove
One dear thought of earthly love—
Hear and aid !

Low he lies, my precious child,
With his spirit wandering wild
From its gladsome tasks and play,
And its bright thoughts far away—
Saviour, aid !

Pain sits heavy on his brow,
E'en though slumber seal it now ;
Round his lip is quivering strife,
In his hand unquiet life—
Aid ! oh, aid !

Saviour ! loose the burning chain
From his fevered heart and brain ;
Give, oh ! give his young soul back
Into its own cloudless track !
Hear and aid !

Thou that saidst, "Awake ! arise !"
E'en when death had quenched the eyes—
In this hour of grief's deep sighing,
When o'erworn hope is dying,
Hear and aid !

Yet, oh ! make him Thine, all Thine,
Saviour ! whether Death's or mine !
Yet, oh ! pour on human love,
Strength, trust, patience, from above !
Hear and aid !

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY BY
FELTON

NIGHT sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their cave
Through the gloom are flying,
Oh ! should storms come sweeping,
Thou, in heaven unsleeping,
O'er Thy children vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded ;
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling, [ling—
Speak once more ! our prayer fulfil—
Power dwells with Thee !

SONNETS

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF
SCRIPTURE *

"Your tents are desolate; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances, have not left
One trace beside the fountains; your full cup
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike
Is broken. Yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change!"

INVOCATION

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
Invokes the coming of bright birds from
shore, [breeze]
To waft him tidings, with the gentler
Of dim, sweet woods that hear no
billows' roar;
So, from the depth of days, when earth
yet wore
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,
I call you, gracious Forms! Oh, come!
restore
Awhile that holy freshness, and renew
Life's morning dreams. Come with the
voice, the lyre, [rise]
Daughters of Judah! with the timbrel
Ye of the dark, prophetic, Eastern eyes,
Imperial in their visionary fire;
Oh! steep my soul in that old, glorious
time,
When God's own whisper shook the cedars
of your clime!

INVOCATION CONTINUED

AND come, ye faithful! round Messiah
seen,
With a soft harmony of tears and light
Streaming through all your spiritual
mien—
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness
Showers weave with sunshine, and
transpierce their slight
Ethereal cradle. From *your* heart subdued
All haughty dreams of power had
winged their flight,
And left high place for martyr fortitude,

* Suggested by the perusal of Mrs. Sand-
ford's *Woman*.

True faith, long-suffering love.—Come to
me, come!
And as the seas beneath your Master's
tread,
Fell into crystal smoothness, round Him
spread
Like the clear pavement of His heavenly
home;
So, in your presence, let the soul's great
deep
Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM

A SONG for Israel's God! Spear, crest,
and helm
Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,
When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral
realm
Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee.
With her lit eye, and long hair floating
free,
Queen-like she stood, and glorious was
the strain,
E'en as instinct with the tempestuous
glee
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain,
A song for God's own victory! Oh, thy lays,
Bright poesy! were holy in their birth:—
How hath it died, thy seraph-note of praise,
In the bewildering melodies of earth!
Return from troubling, bitter founts—re-
turn,
Back to the life-springs of thy native urn!

RUTH

THE plume-like swaying of the auburn
corn, [fanned,
By soft winds to a dreamy motion
Still brings me back thine image—O for-
lorn,
Yet not forsaken Ruth! I see thee stand
Lone, 'midst the gladness of the harvest-
band—
Lone, as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam
Fall'n in its weariness. Thy fatherland
Smiles far away! yet to the sense of
home—
That finest, purest, which can recognise
Home in affection's glance—for ever true

Beats thy calm heart ; and if thy gentle
eyes
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not
to rue
Those words, immortal in their deep love's
tone,
" *Thy people and thy God shall be mine
own !*"

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH

"And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took
sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock,
from the beginning of harvest until water drop-
ped upon them out of heaven ; and suffered
neither the birds of the air to rest on them by
day, nor the beasts of the field by night."—
2 Samuel xxi. 10.

WHO watches on the mountain with the
dead,

Alone before the awfulness of night?—
A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might?
A warrior guarding some dark pass of
dread?

No—a lorn woman ! On her drooping
Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the
rain ;

She recks not—living for the unburied
slain,

Only to scare the vulture from their bed.
So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept
With the pale stars ; and with the dews
hath wept :

Oh ! surely some bright Presence from
above [aid !

On those wild rocks the lonely one must
E'en so ; a strengthener through all storm
and shade,

Th' unconquerable angel, mightiest
Love

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAM- MITE WOMAN

"And she answered, I dwell among mine own
people."—*2 Kings* iv. 13.

"I DWELL among mine own,"—oh,
happy thou !

Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,
Not for the olives on the mountain's brow,
Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery
line

Of streams, that make the green land
where they shine
Laugh to the light of waters—not for
these,

Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee
and thine—

Oh ! not for these I call thee richly blest,
But for the meekness of thy woman's
breast,

Where that sweet depth of still content-
ment lies ;

And for thy holy household love which
clings

Unto all ancient and familiar things, *
Weaving from each some link for home's
dear charities.

THE ANNUNCIATION

LOWLIEST of women, and most glorified !
In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,
A brightness round thee grew—and by
thy side,

Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,
Solemn, yet breathing gladness. From
her throne

A queen had risen with more imperial eye,
A stately prophetess of victory

From her proud lyre had struck a tem-
pest's tone,

For such high tidings as to thee were
brought,

Chosen of heaven ! that hour : but thou,
oh ! thou,

E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'er-
fraught,

Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst
bow, [word,

And take to thy meek breast the all-holy
And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord.*

THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN

YES, as a sunburst flushing mountain-
snow,

Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long
On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful
brow,

And thy calm spirit lightened into song.
Unconsciously, perchance, yet free and
strong

Flowed the majestic joy of tuneful words,
Which living harps the choirs of heaven
among

Might well have linked with their divinest
chords,

Full many a strain, borne far on glory's
blast,

Shall leave, where once its haughty music
passed,

No more to memory than a reed's faint
sigh;
While thine, O childlike Virgin! through
all time [clime,
Shall send its fervent breath o'er every
Being of God, and therefore not to die.

THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET

THERE was a mournfulness in angel eyes,
That saw thee, woman! bright in this
world's train,
Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,
'Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.
But from thy beauty's garland, brief
and vain,
When one by one the rose-leaves had
been torn;
When thy heart's core had quivered to
the pain
Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy
scorn;
When thou didst kneel to pour sweet
odours forth
On the Redeemer's feet, with many a
sigh [worth
And showering tear-drop, of yet richer
Than all those costly balms of Araby;
Then was there joy, a song of joy in
heaven, [forgiven!
For thee, the child won back, the penitent

MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST

OHM! blessed beyond all daughters of the
earth!
What were the Orient's thrones to that
low seat [birth?
Where thy hushed spirit drew celestial
Mary! meek listener at the Saviour's
feet!
No feverish cares to that Divine retreat
Thy woman's heart of silent worship
brought,
But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth
to meet
With love, and wonder, and submissive
thought.
Oh! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
'Midst the world's eager tones and foot-
steps flying,
Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-
spring, lying
So deep and still in its transparent rest,

T

That e'en when noontide burns upon the
hills,
Some one bright solemn star all its lone
mirror fills.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS

ONE grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead!
Was in your bosoms—thou, whose
steps, made fleet
By keen hope fluttering in the heart which
bled,
Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life
to greet;
And thou, that duteous in thy still re-
treat [ent love
Didst wait His summons, then with rever-
Fall weeping at the blessed Deliverer's
feet,
Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe
could move.
And which to Him, the All-seeing and
All-just,
Was loveliest—that quick zeal, or lowly
trust?
Oh! question not, and let no law be given
To those unveilings of its deepest
shrine, [sign:
By the wrung spirit made in outward
Free service from the heart is all in all to
heaven.

THE MEMORIAL OF MARY

"Verily I say unto you, Whosoever this
gospel shall be preached in the whole world,
there shall also this, that this woman hath done,
be told for a memorial of . . . er."—*Matthew xxvi.*
13. See also *John xii. 3.*

THOU hast thy record in the monarch's
hall,
And on the waters of the far mid sea;
And where the mighty mountain-shadows
fall,
The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of
thee:
Where'er, beneath some Oriental tree,
The Christian traveller rests—where'er
the child
Looks upward from the English
mother's knee,
With earnest eyes in wondering reverence
mild,

There art thou known—where'er the Book
of light

Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all
blight,

Is borne thy memory, and all praise
above.

Oh! say what deed so lifted thy sweet
name,

Mary! to that pure, silent place of fame?
One lowly offering of exceeding love.

THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS

LIKE those pale stars of tempest-hours,
whose gleam

Waves calm and constant on the rock-
ing mast,

Such by the cross doth your bright linger-
ing seem,

Daughters of Zion! faithful to the last!
Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide
earth cast

By the death-cloud within the Saviour's
eye,

E'en till away the heavenly spirit
stood in the shadow of His agony.

O blessed faith! a guiding lamp, that hour
Was lit for woman's heart! To her,
whose dower

Is all of love and suffering from her
birth,

Still hath your act a voice—through fear,
through strife,

Bidding her bind each tendril of her life
To that which her deep soul hath
proved of holiest worth.

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE

WEEPER! to thee how bright a morn was
given

After thy long, long vigil of despair,
When that high voice which burial-rocks
had riven

Thrilled with immortal tones the silent
air!

Never did clarion's royal blast declare
Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
As the deep sweetness of *one* word could
bear

Into thy heart of hearts, O woman! bowed
By strong affection's anguish! one low
word!—

"Mary!" and all the triumph wrung
from death

Was thus revealed; and thou, that so
hadst erred,

So wept, and been forgiven, in trem-
bling faith

Didst cast thee down before the all-con-
quering Son,

Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and
love had won!

MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE RESUR- RECTION

THEN was a task of glory all thine own,
Nobler than e'er the still, small voice
assigned

To lips in awful music making known
The stormy splendours of some prophet's
mind.

"Christ is arisen!"—by thee, to wake-
mankind,

First from the sepulchre those words were
brought!

Thou wert to send the mighty rushing
wind

First on its way, with those high tidings-
fraught—

"Christ is arisen!" Thou, thou, the
sin-enthralled!

Earth's outcast, heaven's own ransomed
one, wert called

In human hearts to give that rapture
birth:

Oh, raised from shame to brightness! there
doth lie

The tenderest meaning of His ministry,
Whose undespairing love still owned
the spirit's worth.

SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL

THE SACRED HARP

How shall the harp of poesy regain
That old victorious tone of prophet-
years—

A spell Divine o'er guilt's perturbing
fears,

And all the hovering shadows of the brain?
Dark, evil wings took flight before the
strain,

And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,
Sank on the soul. Oh! who may now
recall

The mighty music's consecrated reign?
Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung
A throne, the ark's dread cherubim
between,

So let Thy presence brood, though now
unseen,

O'er those two powers by whom the harp
is strung,

Feeling and Thought! till the rekindled
chords

Give the long-buried tone back to
immortal words.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE

WHAT household thoughts around thee,
as their shrine,

Cling reverently? Of anxious looks
beguiled,

My mother's eyes upon thy page Divine
Each day were bent—her accents,
gravely mild,

Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a
dreamy child,

Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-
flowers wild,

Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland
play,

Some secret nest. Yet would the solemn
At times, with kindlings of young wonder
heard,

Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost,—for which, in darker
years,

O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful
tears,

Heart-blessings on the holy dead and

REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY

FROM AN OLD ITALIAN PICTURE

UNDER a palm-tree, by the green old
Nile,

Lulled on His mother's breast, the fair
Child lies,

With dove-like breathings, and a tender
smile

Brooding above the slumber of His eyes;
While, through the stillness of the burn-
ing skies,

Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,

Regal and still as everlasting things.—
Vain pomps! from Him, with that pure,

flowery cheek,
Soft shadowed by His mother's droop-
ing head,

A new-born spirit, mighty, and yet meek,
O'er the whole world like vernal air

shall spread;

And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the
crown,

Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

PICTURE OF THE INFANT
CHRIST WITH FLOWERS

ALL the bright hues from Eastern garlands
glowing,

Round the young Child luxuriantly are
spread;

Gifts fairer far than Magian kings bestow-
In adoration, o'er His cradle shed.

Roses, deep-filled with rich mid-
summer's red,

Circle His hands: but, in His grave, sweet
eye,

Thought seems e'en now to wake, and
prophesy

Of ruder coronals for that meek head.

And thus it was! a diadem of thorn
Earth gave to Him who mantled her

with flowers;

To Him who poured forth blessings in
soft showers

O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn!
And we repine, for whom that cup He took,

O'er blooms that mocked our hope, o'er
idols that forsook!

ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE
OF CHRIST

AN ECCE HOMO, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

I MET that image on a mirthful day
Of youth; and, sinking with a stilled
surprise,

The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
Abashed to mute confession of a sway

Awful, though meek. And now that,
from the strings

Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty
wings

Have struck forth tones which then un-
wakened lay; [mind,

Now that, around the deep life of my
Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,

Oft does the pale, bright vision still
float by;

But more divinely sweet, and speaking now
Of One whose pity, throned on that sad

brow,
Sounded all depths of love, grief, death,
humanity.

THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS
BLESSED

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose
sight

Ye grew, fair children! hallowed from
that hour [a shower

By your Lord's blessing. Surely thence
Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light,
Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly
bright,

Through all the after years, which saw
ye move

Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
The conscious glory of the Saviour's
love! [sake

And honoured be all childhood, for the
Of that high love! Let reverential care

Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
And shield its first bloom from unholy
air; [the sign

Owning, in each young suppliant glance,
Of claims upon a heritage Divine.

MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES

"He went up to a mountain apart to pray."

A CHILD 'midst ancient mountains I have
stood, [lordly nest
Where the wild falcons make their

On high. The spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
Though then I prayed not; but deep
thoughts have pressed

Into my being since it breathed that air,
Nor could I now one moment live the
guilt [of prayer

Of such dread scenes, without the springs
O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise
Like them in pure communion with the
skies,

Vast, silent, open unto night and day;
So might the o'erburdened Son of Man
have felt,

When, turning where inviolate stillness
dwelt,

He sought high mountains, there apart to
pray.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

"Consider the lilies of the field."

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm, be-
nignant eye [you

Fell on your gentle beauty—when from
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He
Eternal, universal, as the sky— [drew,

Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might
pass you by

Unwarned of that sweet oracle Divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is
drowned,

And the loud steps of vain, unlistening
Haste,

Yet the great ocean hath no tone of
power

Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's
hushed hour,

Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and
graced!

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR

"And behold the birds of the air."

YE too, the free and fearless birds of air,
Were charged that hour, on missionary
wing,

The same bright lesson o'er the seas to
bear,

Heaven-guided wanderers, with the
winds of spring.

Sing on, before the storm and after, sing'
And call us to your echoing woods away

From worldly cares ; and bid our spirits
bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your
lay.
So may those blessed vernal strains renew
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and
true
E'en than the first, within the awakened
mind ;
While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,
That knows no doubts, no questionings,
no strife,
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously
resigned.

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON

"And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak."

He that was dead rose up and spoke—He spoke !

Was it of that majestic world unknown ?
Those words, which first the bier's dread
silence broke,

Came they with revelation in each tone ?
Were the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness or
sleep,

For man uncurtained by that spirit lone,
Back from their portal summoned o'er the
deep ?

Be hushed, my soul ! the veil of dark-
ness lay
Still drawn : thy Lord called back the
voice departed

To spread His truth, to comfort His weak-
hearted,

Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.
Oh ! take that lesson home in silent faith,
Put on submissive strength, to meet, not
question, death !

THE OLIVE TREE

THE palm—the vine—the cedar—each
hath power

To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by ;
And each quick glistening of the laurel
bower

Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.
But thou, pale Olive ! in *thy* branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
Might e'er enshrine :—I could not hear
thee sigh

To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold

One shiver of thy leaves' dim, silvery
green,
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that
When, in the garden, the Redeemer
prayer—
When pale stars looked upon His fainting
head,
And angels, ministering in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within thy trem-
bling shade.

THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION

ON Judah's hills a weight of darkness
hung,

Felt shudderingly at noon : the land
had driven

A Guest Divine back to the gates of
heaven—

A life, whence all pure founts of healing
sprung,

All grace, all truth : and when, to anguish
wrung,

From the sharp cross th' enlightening
spirit fled,

O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread
By the great shadow of that death was
flung.

O Saviour ! O Atoner !—Thou that fain
Wouldst make Thy temple in each
human heart,

Leave not such darkness in my soul to
reign ;

Ne'er may Thy presence from its depths
depart,

Chased thence by guilt ! Oh ! turn not
Thou away,

The bright and Morning Star, my guide
to perfect day !

PLACES OF WORSHIP

"God is a spirit."

SPIRIT ! whose life-sustaining presence
fills
Air, ocean, central depths by man un-
Thou for Thy worshippers hast sanctified

All place, all time ! The silence of the
hills

Breathes veneration,—founts and choral
Of Thee are murmuring,—to its inmost
glade

The living forest with Thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness in every shade.

Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest

With dearer consecration those pure fanes,

Which, severed from all sough of earth's unrest,

Hear nought but suppliant or adoring
Rise heavenward. Ne'er may rock or cave possess

Their claim on human hearts to solemn enderness.

OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK *

CROWNING a flowery slope, it stood alone
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,

Caressingly, about the holy ground;
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seemed, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam

Of tower and cross, pale-quivering on the stream,
O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown—

And something yet more deep. The air was fraught
With noble memories, whispering many a thought

Of England's fathers: loftily serene,
They that had toiled, watched, struggled, to secure,

Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,

Reigned there, the o'ershadowing spirit of the scene.

A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES†

BLESSINGS be round it still! that gleaming fane,

Low in its mountain-glen! Old, mossy trees

Mellow the sunshine through the untinted pane;

And oft, borne in upon some fitful
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,

There meets the voice of psalms! Yet not alone

For memories lulling to the heart as

I bless thee, 'midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer!

But for their sakes who unto thee repair
From the hill-cabins and the ocean-shore.

Oh! may the fisher and the mountaineer
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,

Within thy lowly walls, for evermore!

LOUISE SCHEPLER

[Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter, addressed by him to his children for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.]

A FEARLESS journeyer o'er the mountain snow

Wert thou, Louise! The sun's decay-ing light

Oft, with its latest melancholy glow,
Reddened thy steep, wild way: the starry night

Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,

Piercing some dark ravine: and many a dell

Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses, well

Thy gentle presence, which hath made them bright

Oft in mid-storms—oh! not with beauty's eye,

Nor the proud glance of genius keenly burning;

No! pilgrim of unwearying charity!

Thy spell was *love*—the mountain-deserts turning

To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice

When the glad human soul lifts a thanks-giving voice!

TO THE SAME

FOR thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,
Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,

Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,

A wild, neglected flock! to seek, and find,

* Fawsley Park, near Daventry.

† That of Aber, near Bangor.

<p>And meekly win ! there feeding each young mind With balms of heavenly eloquence : not thine, Daughter of Christ ! but His, whose love Divine Its own clear spirit in thy breast had shrined,</p>	<p>A burning light ! Oh ! beautiful, in truth, Upon the mountains are the feet of those Who bear His tidings ! From thy morn of youth, [the close For this were all thy journeyings ; and Of that long nath, heaven's own bright Sabbath-rest, [breast. Must wait thee, wanderer ! on thy Saviour's</p>
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RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF 1834

[These sonnets, written in the months of April, May, and June, were intended, together with the Records of the Autumn of 1834, to form a continuation of the series entitled "Sonnets, Devotional and Memorial."]

A VERNAL THOUGHT

O FESTAL Spring ! 'midst thy victorious
glow,
Far-spreading o'er the kindled woods and
plains,
And streams, that bound to meet thee
from their chains,
Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe
For human hearts, and in the exulting flow
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,
Were we of mould all earthly—we alone,
Severed from thy great spell, and doomed
to go
Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,
Never to feel the breathings of our prime,
Never to flower again ! But we, O Spring !
Cheered by deep spirit-whispers not of
earth,
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,
As here thy flowers and birds press on to
bloom and sing.

TO THE SKY

FAR from the rustling of the poplar-
bough, [made,
Which o'er my opening life wild music
Far from the green hills with their heathery
glow [hood played ;
And flashing streams whereby my child-
In the dim city, 'midst the sounding flow
Of restless life, to thee in love I turn,
O thou rich Sky ! and from thy splendours
learn
How song-birds come and part, flowers
wane and blow.

With thee all shapes of glory find their
home,
And thou hast taught me well, majestic
dome ! [rove
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
That Nature's God hath left no spot un-
blessed
With founts of beauty for the eye of love.

ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS *

Oh ! judge in thoughtful tenderness of
those [die
Who, richly dowered for life, are called to
Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath
won repose
In truth's divinest ether, still and high !
Let their mind's riches claim a trustful
sigh ! [strain,
Deem them but sad, sweet fragments of a
First notes of some yet struggling har-
mony, [pain
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and
Of many inspirations met, and held
From its true sphere,—oh ! soon it might
have swelled
Majestically forth ! Nor doubt that He,
Whose touch mysterious may on earth
dissolve [evolve
Those lines of music, elsewhere will
Their grand consummate hymn, from
passion-gusts made free !

* Written after reading some of the earlier poems of the late Mrs. Tighe, which had been lent her in manuscript.

In earth's new colouring, then all strangely
bright,

A joy of fairyland?—Doth some old nook,
Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
Rise on thy soul, with faint - streaked
blossoms white

Showered o'er the turf, and the lone prim-
rose-knot,

And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
And the bee's dreary chime? O gentle
friend!

The world's cold breath, not Time's, this
life bereaves

Of vernal gifts: Time hallows what he
leaves,

And will for us endear spring-memories to
the end.

TO A DISTANT SCENE

STILL are the cowslips from thy bosom
springing,

O far-off, grassy dell?—and dost thou see,
When southern winds first wake the vernal
singing,

The star-gleam of the wood anemone?
Doth the shy ringdove haunt thee yet? the
bee

Hang on thy flowers as when I breathed
farewell

To their wild blooms? and, round my
beechen tree,

Still, in green softness, doth the moss-
bank swell?

—Oh, strange illusion! by the fond heart
wrought, [face!

Whose own warm life suffuses nature's
My being's tide of many coloured
thought

Hath passed from thee; and now, rich,
leafy place, [scene,

I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a
Silent, forsaken, dim, shadowed by what
hath been.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE

O VALE and lake, within your mountain-
urn

Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,

Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float

On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep

Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair
scene,

Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch un-
hallowed, jar

The perfect music of thy charm serene!
Still, still unchanged, may one sweet
region wear

Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and
tears, and prayer.

THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES

TREES, gracious trees!—how rich a gift ye
are,

Crown of the earth! to human hearts and
eyes!

How doth the thought of home, in lands
afar,

Linked with your forms and kindly
whisperings rise!

How the whole picture of a childhood lies.
Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried
deep! [skies,

Till, gazing through them up the summer
As hushed we stand, a breeze perchance
may creep,

And old, sweet leaf-sounds reach the
inner world

Where memory coils—and lo! at once
unfurled,

The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight
Spreads clear; while, gushing from their
long-sealed urn,

Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubt-
ing prayers return,

And a lost mother's eye gives back its
holy light.

THE SAME

AND ye are strong to shelter!—all meek
things,

All that need home and covert, love your
shade!

Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet
springs, [trayed.

And nun-like violets, by the winds be-
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents
hath played

With his first primrose-wreath: there love
hath sought

A veiling gloom for his unuttered thought;
And silent grief, of day's keen glare
afraid,

A refuge for her tears ; and oftentimes there
Hath lone devotion found a place of
prayer,

A native temple, solemn, hushed, and dim ;
For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremors
thrill

The woody twilight, there man's heart
hath still

Confessed a spirit's breath, and heard a
ceaseless hymn.

ON READING "PAUL AND VIRGINIA" IN CHILDHOOD

O GENTLE story of the Indian isle !
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well
On the seashore, when day's last purple
smile

Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy
palms

And strange bright birds, my fancy joyed
to dwell,

And watch the Southern Cross through
midnight calms,

And track the spicy woods. Yet more I
blessed

Thy vision of sweet love—kind, trustful,
true, [guest,

Lighting the citron groves, a heavenly
With such pure smiles as Paradise once
knew.

Even then my young heart wept o'er this
world's power

To reach with blight that holiest Eden-
flower.

A THOUGHT AT SUNSET

STILL that last look is solemn ! through
thy rays,

O sun ! to-morrow will give back, we know,
The joy to nature's heart. Yet through
the glow

Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze
Tracks thee with love half-fearful : and in
days

When earth too much adored thee, what a
swell [lays,

Of mournful passion, deepening mighty
Told how the dying bade thy light fare
well,

O sun of Greece ! O glorious, festal sun !
Lost, lost !—for them thy glorious hours
were done,

And darkness lay before them ! Happier
fa.

Are we, not thus to thy bright wheels
enchained,

Not thus for thy last parting unsustained—
Heirs of a purer day, with its unsettling
stagnation

IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE

CALM scenes of patriarch life ! how long
a power

Your un worn pastoral images retain
O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's
hour

Drank their pure freshness deep ! The
camels' train

Winding in patience o'er the desert plain—
The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,
The gleaming fount, the shadow of the
rock—

Oh ! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
And in the influence of its touch how
blessed,

Are these things linked, in many a thought-
ful breast,

To household-memories, thro' all change
endeared !

—The matin bird, the ripple of a stream
Beside our native porch, the hearth-light's
gleam,

The voices, earliest by the soul revered !

ATTRACTION OF THE EAST

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden East with ceaseless flow ?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain
burns,

The pilgrim-spirit would adore and glow ;
Rapt in high thoughts, though weary,
faint, and slow,

Still doth the traveller through the deserts
wind,

Led by those old Chaldean stars, which
know

Where passed the shepherd-fathers of
mankind.

Is it some quenchless instinct, which from
far

Still points to where our alienated home
Lay in bright peace ? O thou true Eastern
star !

Saviour ! atoning Lord ! where'er we roam,
Draw still our hearts to Thee, else, else
how vain [regain !

Their hope, the fair lost birthright to

TO AN AGED FRIEND*

NOT long thy voice amongst us may be
 heard,
 Servant of God!—thy day is almost done;
 The charm now lingering in thy look and
 word
 Is that which hangs about thy setting sun—
 That which the meekness of decay hath
 won
 Still from revering love. Yet doth the
 sense
 Of life immortal—progress but begun—
 Pervade thy mien with such clear elo-
 quence,
 That hope, not sadness, breathes from
 thy decline;
 And the loved flowers which round thee
 smile farewell
 Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,
 By the pure spirit touched with light
 Divine;
 While we, to whom its parting gleams are
 given,
 Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of
 heaven.

FOLIAGE

COME forth, and let us through our hearts
 receive
 The joy of verdure! See! the honeyed
 lime
 Showers cool green light o'er banks where
 wild-flowers weave
 Thick tapestry, and woodbine-tendrils
 climb
 Up the brown oak from beds of moss
 and thyme.
 The rich deep masses of the sycamore
 Hang heavy with the fulness of their
 prime; [hoar,
 And the white poplar, from its foliage
 Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with
 each gale
 That sweeps the boughs: the chestnut-
 flowers are past, [fail,
 The crowning glories of the hawthorn
 But arches of sweet cglantine are cast
 From every hedge. Oh! never may we
 lose,
 Dear friend! our fresh delight in simplest
 nature's hues!

* Dr. Percival of Dublin.

A PRAYER

FATHER in heaven! from whom the
 simplest flower,
 On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,
 Draws not sweet odour or young life
 alone,
 But the deep virtue of an inborn power,
 To cheer the wanderer in his fainting
 hour
 With thoughts of Thee—to strengthen,
 to infuse
 Faith, love, and courage, by the tender
 hues
 That speak Thy presence! oh, with such
 a dower
 Grace Thou my song!—the precious gift
 bestow
 From Thy pure Spirit's treasury Divine,
 To wake one tear of purifying flow,
 To soften one wrung heart for Thee and
 Thine;
 So shall the life breathed through the
 lowly strain
 Be as the meek wild-flower's—if transient,
 yet not vain.

PRAYER CONTINUED

"What in me is dark
 Illumine; what is low, raise and support."
 MILTON

FAR are the wings of intellect astray
 That strive not, Father! to Thy heavenly
 seat;
 They rove, but mount not, and the
 tempests beat
 Still on their plumes.—O Source of mental
 day!
 Chase from before my spirit's track the
 array
 Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly
 care,
 In troubled hosts, that cross the purer air,
 And veil the opening of the starry way,
 Which brightens on to Thee! Oh, guide
 Thou right
 My thought's weak pinion; clear my
 inward sight,
 The eternal springs of beauty to discern,
 Welling beside Thy throne; unseal mine
 ear,
 Nature's true oracles in joy to hear;
 Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and
 to learn.

MEMORIAL OF A CON-
VERSATION

YES! all things tell us of a birthright
lost— [away!
A brightness 'from our nature passed
Wanderers we seem that from an alien
coast
Would turn to where their Father's man-
sion lay;
And but by some lone flower, that 'midst
decay

Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured
stone, [grown,
Revealing dimly, with grey moss o'er-
The faint, worn impress of its glory's day,
Can trace their once-free heritage, though
dreams,
Fraught with its picture, oft in startling
gleams [alone,
Flash o'er their souls.—But One, oh! One
For us the ruined fabric may rebuild,
And bid the wilderness again be filled
With Eden-flowers—One mighty to atone!

RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834

THE RETURN TO POETRY

ONCE more the eternal melodies from far
Woo me like songs of home: once more
discerning, [star
Through fitful clouds, the pure majestic
Above the poet's world serenely burning,
Thither my soul, fresh-winged by love, is
turning, [nest,
As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her
For those green heights of dewy stillness
yearning,
Whence glorious minds o'erlook this
earth's unrest.
—Now be the Spirit of heaven's truth my
guide
Through the bright land!—that no brief
gladness, found
In passing bloom, rich odour, or sweet
sound,
May lure my footsteps from their aim
aside:
Their true, high quest—to seek, if ne'er to
gain,
The inmost, purest shrine of that august
domain.

TO SILVIO PELLICO, ON READ-
ING HIS "PRIGIONI."

THERE are who climb the mountain's
heathery side,
Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant,
urge
The bark's fleet rushing through the
crested surge,
Or spur the courser's fiery race of pride
Over the green savannahs, gleaming wide

By some vast lake; yet thus, on foaming
sea,
Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free
Than *thou*, in that lone dungeon, glorified
By thy brave suffering. Thou from its
dark cell
Fierce thought and baleful passion didst
exclude,
Filling the dedicated solitude
With God; and where His Spirit deigns
to dwell, [ing lie,
Though the worn frame in fetters with-
There throned in *peace* Divine is liberty!

TO THE SAME, RELEASED

How flows thy being now?—like some
glad hymn [eye
One strain of solemn rapture?—doth thine
Wander through tears of voiceless feeling
dim
O'er the crowned Alps, that, 'midst the
upper sky,
Sleep in the sunlight of thine Italy?
Or is thy gaze of reverent love profound
Unto these dear, parental faces bound,
Which, with their silvery hair, so oft
glanced by,
Haunting thy prison dreams? Where'er
thou art,
Blessings be shed upon thine inmost heart!
Joy, from kind looks, blue skies, and
flowery sod,
For that pure voice of thoughtful wisdom
sent
Forth from thy cell, in sweetness eloquent,
Of love to man, and quenchless trust in
God!

ON A SCENE IN THE DARGLE *

"Twas a bright moment of my life when
 first,
 O thou pure stream through rocky portals
 flowing!
 That temple-chamber of thy glow burst
 On my glad sight! Thy pebbly couch lay
 glowing
 With deep mosaic hues; and, richly
 throwing
 O'er thy cliff-walls a tinge of autumn's
 yest,
 High bloomed the heath-flowers, and the
 wild wood's crest
 Was touched with gold. Flow ever thus,
 bestowing
 Gifts of delight, sweet stream! on all who
 move
 Gently along thy shores; and oh! if love—
 True love, in secret nursed, with sorrow
 fraught—
 Should sometimes bear his treasured griefs
 to thee,
 Then full of kindness let thy music be,
 Singing repose to every troubled thought!

ON THE DATURA ARBOREA

MAJESTIC plant! such fairy dreams as lie,
 Nursed, where the bee sucks in the cow-
 slip's bell,
 Are not thy train. Those flowers of vase-
 like swell,
 Clear, large, with dewy moonlight filled
 from high,
 And in their monumental purity
 Serenely drooping, round thee seem to
 draw
 Visions linked strangely with that silent
 awe
 Which broods o'er sculpture's works. A
 meet ally
 For those heroic forms, the simply grand
 Art thou; and worthy, carved by plastic
 hand,
 Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine
 In spotless marble; honouring one whose
 strain,
 Soared, upon wings of thought that knew
 no stain,
 Free through the starry heavens of truth
 Divine.

* A beautiful valley in the county of Wicklow.

ON READING COLERIDGE'S
 —PITAPH

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

"Stop, Christian! passer-by! stop, child of
 God!
 And read with gentle breast—Beneath this
 sod
 A Poet lies, or that which once seemed he:
 Oh! lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C!
 That he, who once in vain, with toil of breath,
 Found death in life, may here find life in
 death:
 Mercy, for praise—to be forgiven, for fame—
 He asked and hoped through Christ. Do
 thou the same."

SPIRIT! so oft in radiant freedom soaring
 High through seraphic mysteries uncon-
 fined,
 And oft, a diver through the deep of mind
 Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring;
 And oft such strains of breezy music pour-
 ing,
 As, with the floating sweetness of their
 sighs,
 Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
 Awhile that freshness left in Paradise;
 Say, of those glorious wanderings what
 the goal? [soul
 What the rich fruitage to man's kindred
 From wealth of thine bequeathed? O
 strong and high,
 And sceptred intellect! thy goal confessed
 Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last be-
 quest
 One lesson breathing thence profound
 humility!

DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE

THEY float before my soul, the fair
 designs [power,
 Which I would 'body forth to life and
 Like clouds, that with their wavering hues
 and lines
 Portray majestic buildings:—dome and
 tower,
 Bright spire, that through the rainbow
 and the shower
 Points to th' unchanging stars; and high
 arcade,
 Far-sweeping to some glorious altar, made
 For holiest rites;—meanwhile the waning
 hour
 Melts from me, and by fervent dreams
 o'erwrought,
 I sink. O friend! O linked with each
 high thought!

Aid me, of those rich visions to detain
 All I may grasp; until thou see'st fulfilled,
 While time and strength allow, my hope to
 build
 For lowly hearts devout, but *one* enduring
 fane!

HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE

If e'er again my spirit be allowed
 Converse with Nature in her chambers
 deep,
 Where lone, and mantled with the rolling
 cloud, [leap
 She broods o'er newborn waters, as they
 In sword-like flashes down the heathery
 steep
 From caves of mystery;—if I roam once
 more
 Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's
 roar, [reap
 And voiceful oaks respond;—may I not
 A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,
 Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal
 hour
 From such communion? Yes! I then shall
 know
 That not in vain have sorrow, love, and
 thought
 Their long, still work of preparation
 wrought,
 For that more perfect sense of God revealed
 below.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD

OFT in still night-dreams a departed face
 Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of
 eye,

Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,
 But all the tender pity that may lie
 On the clear brow of Immortality,
 Calm, yet profound. Soft rays illumine
 that mien;
 Th' unshadowed moonlight of some far-off
 sky

Around it floats transparently serene
 As a pure veil of waters. O rich Sleep!
 The spells are mighty in thy regions deep,
 To glorify with reconciling breath,
 Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine
 Beauty's high truth; and how much more.
 Divine
 Thy power when linked, in this, with thy
 strong brother—Death!

THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS

NOBLY thy song, O minstrel! rushed to
 meet
 Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast.
 With darkness round Him as a mantle
 cast,
 And cherubim to waft His flying seat,
 Amidst the hills that smoked beneath His
 feet,
 With trumpet-voice thy spirit called aloud,
 And bade the trembling rocks His name
 repeat,
 And the bent cedars, and the bursting
 cloud.
 But far more gloriously to earth made
 known
 By that high strain, than by the thunder's
 tone,
 The flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll,
 Jehovah spake, through the imbreathing
 fire,
 Nature's vast realms for ever to inspire
 With the deep worship of a living soul.

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS

INTELLECTUAL POWERS

1835

O THOUGHT! O Memory! gems for ever
 heaping
 High in the illumined chambers of the
 mind—
 And thou, divine Imagination! keeping
 Thy lamp's lone star mid shadowy hosts
 enshrined;
 How in one moment rent and disintwined,
 At Fever's fiery touch, apart they fall,
 Your glorious combinations! broken all,
 As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind
 Scattered to whirling dust! Oh, soon un-
 crowned!
 Well may your parting swift, your strange
 return,
 Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,
 Guiding its chastened vision to discern
 How by meek Faith heaven's portals must
 be passed,
 Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT

THOU art like Night, O sickness! deeply
 stilling
 Within my heart the world's disturbing
 sound,
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
 With low, sweet voices by Life's tumult
 drowned.
 Thou art like awful Night! thou gatherest
 round
 The things that are unseen—though close
 they lie;
 And with a truth, clear, startling, and pro-
 found, [eye.
 Giv'st their dread presence to our mental
 Thou art like starry, spiritual Night!
 High and immortal thoughts attend thy
 way,
 And revelations, which the common light
 Brings not, though wakening with its rosy
 ray [rod,
 All outward life:—Be welcome, then, thy
 Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself
 to God.

ON RETZSCH'S DESIGN OF THE
ANGEL OF DEATH

WELL might thine awful image thus arise
 With that high calm upon thy regal brow,
 And the deep, solemn sweetness in those
 eyes,
 Unto the glorious artist! Who but thou
 The fleeting forms of beauty can endow
 For him with permanence? who maketh
 those gleams
 Of brighter life, that colour his lone dreams,
 Immortal things? Let others trembling
 bow,
 Angel of Death! before thee;—not to those
 Whose spirits with Eternal Truth repose,
 Art thou a fearful shape! And oh! for me,
 How full of welcome would thine aspect
 shine,
 Did not the cords of strong affection twine
 So fast around my soul, it cannot spring to
 thee!

REMEMBRANCE OF NATURE

O NATURE! thou didst rear me for thine-
 own,
 With thy free singing-birds and mountain-
 brooks;
 Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted
 nooks, [lone;
 With fairy fantasies and wood-dreams.
 And thou didst teach me every wandering
 tone
 Drawn from thy many-whispering trees and
 waves, [caves,
 And guide my steps to founts and sparry
 And where bright mosses wove thee a rich
 throne
 'Midst the green hills: and now that, far
 estranged
 From all sweet sounds and odours of thy
 breath,
 Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged,
 So glows the love of thee, that not for death
 Seems that pure passion's fervour—but
 ordained
 To meet on brighter shores thy majesty
 unstained.

FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT

WHITHER, oh! whither wilt thou wing
thy way?

What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight?
What hosts, magnificent in dread array,
My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay,
After long strife is rent? Fond, fruitless
quest!

The unfledged bird, within his narrow
[nest,
Sees but a few green branches o'er him
play,

And through their parting leaves, by fits
[revealed,
A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the
field

Wherein his dormant powers must yet be
tried.

—Thou art that bird!—of what beyond
thee lies

Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies,
Knowing but this—that thou shalt find
thy Guide!

FLOWERS

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms!
again

Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of summer-thoughts attendant on your
bloom—

Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
Of stars that look down on your folded
bells

Through dewy leaves, of many a wild
perfume

Greeting the wanderer of the hill and
Like sudden music: more than this ye
bring—

Far more; ye whisper of the all-fostering
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose
dove-like wing

Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fevered
Whether the couch be that of life or
death.

RECOVERY*

BACK, then, once more to breast the
waves of life,

To battle on against the unceasing spray,

* Written under a false impression occasioned
by a temporary improvement in strength.

To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
And rise to strive again; yet on my way,
Oh! linger still, thou light of better
day!

Born in the hours of loneliness: and you,
Ye childlike thoughts! the holy and the
try—

Ye that came bearing, while subdued I
lay,

The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn
Back on my soul, a clear, bright sense,
new-born,

Now leave me not! but as, profoundly
pure,

A blue stream rushes through a darker
lake,

Unchanged, e'en thus with me your
journey take,

Wafting sweet airs of heaven thro' this
low world obscure.

SABBATH SONNET

FROM REMAINS, COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS
A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND
DICTATED TO HER BROTHER

How many blessed groups this hour are
bending,

Thro' England's primrose meadow-paths,
their way

Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy
elms ascending,

Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the
hallowed day!

The halls from old heroic ages gray
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets
low,

With whose thick orchard-blooms the
soft winds play,

Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not
tread

With them those pathways—to the
feverish bed

Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I
bless

Thy mercy, that with Sabbath-peace hath
filled

My chastened heart, and all its throb-
bings stilled

To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness!

26th April 1835.

ODE ON THE DEFEAT OF KING SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL, AND HIS ARMY, IN AFRICA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF HERRERA

[FERDINAND DE HERRERA, surnamed the Divine, was a Spanish poet who lived in the reign of Charles v., and is still considered by the Castilians as one of their classic writers. He aimed at the introduction of a new style into Spanish poetry, and his lyrics are distinguished by the sustained majesty of their language, the frequent recurrence of expressions and images derived apparently from a fervent study of the prophetic books of Scripture, and the lofty tone of national pride maintained throughout, and justified indeed by the nature of the subjects to which some of these productions are devoted. This last characteristic is blended with a deep and enthusiastic feeling of religion, which rather exalts than tempers the haughty confidence of the poet in the high destinies of his country. Spain is to him what Judæa was to the bards who sang beneath the shadow of her palm-trees—the chosen and favoured land, whose people, severed from all others by the purity and devotedness of their faith, are peculiarly called to wreak the vengeance of Heaven upon the infidel. This triumphant conviction is powerfully expressed in his magnificent Ode on the Battle of Lepanto.

upon her of
sared,
----- lyric compos.
be very inadequately conveyed through the
medium of the following translation.]

"Voz de dolor, y canto de gemido," etc.

A VOICE of woe, a murmur of lament,
A spirit of deep fear and mingled ire;
Let such record the day, the day of wail
For Lusitania's bitter chastening sent!
She who hath seen her power, her fame
expire,

And mourns them in the dust, discrowned
and pale.

And let the awful tale
With grief and horror every realm o'er-
From Afric's burning main [shade,
To the far sea, in other hues arrayed,
And the red limits of the Orient's reign,
Whose nations, haughty though subdued,
behold

Christ's glorious banner to the winds un-
fold.

Alas! for those that in embattled power,
And vain array of chariots and of horse,
O desert Libya! sought thy fatal coast!
And trusting not in Him, the eternal
source

Of might and glory, but in earthly force,
Making the strength of multitudes their
boast.

A flushed and crested host,
Elate in lofty dreams of victory, trode
Their path of pride, as o'er a conquered
land

Given for the spoil; nor raised their eyes
to God:

And Israel's Holy One withdrew His hand,
Their sole support;—and heavily and
prone

They fell—the car, the steed, the rider,
all o'erthrown!

It came, the hour of wrath, the hour of
woe, [signed

Which to deep solitude and tears con-
The peopled realm, the realm of joy and
mirth.

A gloom was on the heavens, no mantling
gloom

Announced the morn—it seemed as nature
pined,

And boding clouds obscured the sun-
beam's birth;

While, startling the pale earth,
Bursting upon the mighty and the proud
With visitation dread,

Their crests the Eternal in His anger
bowed,

And raised barbarian nations o'er their
head,

The inflexible, the fierce, who seek not
gold,

But vengeance on their foes, relentless,
uncontrolled.

Then was the sword let loose, the flaming
sword

Of the strong infidel's ignoble hand,

Amidst that host, the pride, the flower,
 the crown
 Of thy fair knighthood ; and the insatiate
 horde,
 Not with thy life content, O ruined land !
 Sad Lusitania ! even thy bright renown
 Defaced and trampled down ;
 And scattered, rushing as a torrent-flood,
 Thy pomp of arms and banners ;—till the
 sands
 Became a lake of blood—thy noblest
 blood !—
 The plain a mountain of thy slaughtered
 bands.
 Strength on thy foes, resistless might was
 shed ;
 On thy devoted sons—amaze, and shame,
 and dread.

Are these the conquerors, these the lords
 of fight,
 The warrior men, the invincible, the
 famed,
 Who shook the earth with terror and
 dismay,
 Whose spoils were empires?—They that
 in their might
 The haughty strength of savage nations
 tamed, [day
 And gave the spacious Orient realms of
 To desolation's way,
 Making the cities of imperial name
 E'en as the desert-place?
 Where now the fearless heart, the soul of
 flame?
 Thus has their glory closed its dazzling
 race
 In one brief hour? Is this their valour's
 doom,
 On distant shores to fall, and find not
 even a tomb?

Once were they, in their splendour and
 their pride,
 As an imperial cedar on the brow
 Of the great Lebanon ! It rose, arrayed
 In its rich pomp of foliage, and of wide
 Majestic branches, leaving far below
 All children of the forest. To its shade
 The waters tribute paid,

Fostering its beauty. Birds found shelter
 there
 Whose flight is of the loftiest through the
 sky,
 And the wild mountain-creatures made
 their lair
 Beneath ; and nations by its canopy
 Were shadowed o'er. Supreme it stood,
 and ne'er
 Had earth beheld a tree so excellently
 fair.

But all elated, on its verdant stem,
 Confiding solely in its regal height,
 It soared presumptuous, as for empire
 born ;
 And God for this removed its diadem,
 And cast it from its regions of delight,
 Forth to the spoiler, as a prey and scorn,
 By the deep roots upturn !
 And lo ! encumbering the lone hills it lay,
 Shorn of its leaves, dismantled of its state ;
 While, pale with fear, men hurried far
 away,
 Who in its ample shade had found so late
 Their bower of rest ; and nature's savage
 race
 'Midst the great ruin sought their dwell-
 ing-place.

But thou, base Libya ! thou whose arid
 sand
 Hath been a kingdom's death-bed, where
 one fate
 Closed her bright life and her majestic
 fame,—
 Though to thy feeble and barbarian hand
 Hath fall'n the victory, be not thou elate !
 Boast not thyself, though thine that day
 of shame,
 Unworthy of a name !
 Know, if the Spaniard in his wrath ad-
 vance,
 Aroused to vengeance by a nation's cry,
 Pierced by his searching lance,
 Soon shalt thou expiate crime with agony,
 And thine affrighted streams to ocean's
 flood
 An ample tribute bear of Afric's Paynim
 blood.

SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

1831

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SEBASTIAN.
GONZALEZ, *his friend.*

ZAMOR, *a young Arab.*
SYLVEIRA.

SCENE I.—*The Seashore near Lisbon.*

SEBASTIAN, GONZALEZ, ZAMOR.

Seb. With what young life and fragrance
in its breath
My native air salutes me! from the
groves
Of citron, and the mountains of the vine,
And thy majestic tide thus foaming on
In power and freedom o'er its golden
sands,
Fair stream, my Tajo! youth, with all its
glow
And pride of feeling, through my soul and
frame
Again seems rushing, as these noble waves
Past their bright shores flow joyously.
Sweet land,
My own, my fathers' land, of sunny skies
And orange bowers!—Oh! is it not a
dream
That thus I tread thy soil? Or do I wake
From a dark dream but now? Gonzalez,
say,
Doth it not bring the flush of early life
Back on th' awakening spirit, thus to gaze
On the far-sweeping river, and the shades
Which, in their undulating motion, speak
Of gentle winds amidst bright waters born,
After the fiery skies and dark red sands
Of the lone desert? Time and toil must
needs
Have changed our mien; but this, our
blessed land,
Hath gained but richer beauty since we
bade
Her glowing shores farewell. Seems it
not thus?
Thy brow is clouded.
Gon. To mine eye the scene
Wears, amidst all its quiet loveliness,

A hue of desolation; and the calm,
The solitude and silence, which pervade
Earth, air, and ocean, seem belonging
less
To peace than sadness! We have proudly
stood
Even on this shore, beside the Atlantic
wave,
When it hath looked not thus.
Seb. Ay, now thy soul
Is in the past! Oh no! it looked not thus
When the morn smiled upon our thousand
sails,
And the winds blew for Afric. How that
hour,
With all its hues of glory, seems to burst
Again upon my vision! I behold
The stately barks, the arming, the array,
The crests, the banners of my chivalry,
Swayed by the sea-breeze till their motion
showed
Like joyous life! How the proud billows
foamed!
And the oars flashed like lightnings of the
deep,
And the tall spears went glancing to the
sun,
And scattering round quick rays, as if to
guide.
The valiant unto fame! Ay, the blue
heaven
Seemed for that noble scene a canopy
Scarce too majestic, while it rang afar
To peals of warlike sound! My gallant
bands!
Where are you now?
Gon. Bid the wide desert tell
Where sleep its dead! To mightier hosts
than them
Hath it lent graves ere now; and on its
breast
Is room for nations yet!

Seb. It cannot be
That all have perished! Many a noble
man,
Made captive on that war-field, may have
burst
His bonds like ours. Cloud not this fleeting
hour,
Which to my soul is as the fountain's
draught
To the parched lip of fever, with a thought
So darkly sad!

Gon. Oh never, never cast
That deep remembrance from you! When
once more
Your place is 'midst earth's rulers, let it
dwell

Around you, as the shadow of your throne,
Wherein the land may rest. My king!
this hour

(Solemn as that which to the voyager's eye,
In far and dim perspective, doth unfold
A new and boundless world) may haply be
The last in which the courage and the
power

Of truth's high voice may reach you. Who
may stand

As man to man, as friend to friend, before
Th' ancestral throne of monarchs? Or per-
chance

Toils, such as tame the loftiest to endur-
ance,

Henceforth may wait us here! But how-
soever

This be, the lessons now from sufferings
past

Befit all time, all change. Oh! by the
blood,

The free, the generous blood of Portugal,
Shed on the sands of Afric—by the names
Which with their centuries of high renown,
There died, extinct for ever—let not those
Who stood in hope and glory at our side
Here, on this very sea-beach, whence they
passed

To fall, and leave no trophy—let them not
Be soon, be e'er forgotten! for their fate
Bears a deep warning in its awfulness,
Whence power might well learn wisdom!

Seb. Think'st thou, then,
That years of sufferance and captivity,
Such as have bowed down eagle hearts ere
now,

And made high energies their spoil, have
passed

So lightly o'er my spirit? It is not thus!
The things thou wouldst recall are not of
those

To be forgotten! But my heart hath still

A sense, a bounding pulse for hope and joy
And it is joy, which whispers in the breeze
Sent from my own free mountains. Brave
Gonzalez!

Thou'rt one to make thy fearless heart a
shield

Unto thy friend, in the dark stormy hour
When knightly crests are trampled, and
proud helms

Cleft, and strong breastplates shivered.
Thou art one

To infuse the soul of gallant fortitude
Into the captive's bosom, and beguile
The long slow march beneath the burning
noon

With lofty patience; but for those quick
bursts,

Those buoyant efforts of the soul to cast
Her weight of care to earth, those brief
delights

Whose source is in a sunbeam, or a sound
Which stirs the blood, or a young breeze,
whose wing

Wanders in chainless joy; for things like
these

Thou hast no sympathies! And thou, my
Zamor,

Art wrapt in thought! I welcome thee to
this,

The kingdom of my fathers. Is it not
A goodly heritage?

Zam. The land is fair;

But he, the archer of the wilderness,
Beholdeth not the palms beneath whose
shade

His tents are scattered, and his camels
rest;

And therefore is he sad!

Seb. Thou must not pine
With that sick yearning of th' impatient
heart,

Which makes the exile's life one fevered
dream

Of skies, and hills, and voices far away,
And faces wearing the familiar hues

Lent by his native sunbeams. I have
known

Too much of this, and would not see
another

Thus daily die. If it be so with thee,
My gentle Zamor, speak. Behold, our
bark [glow,

Yet, with her white sails catching sunset's
Lies within signal-reach. If it be thus,

Then fare thee well—farewell, thou brave,
and true,

And generous friend! How often is our
path

Crossed by some being whose bright
spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it, but whose
course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! Yet far within our
souls,

Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which
lingers yet
Around that image. And e'en so, kind
Zamor!

Shalt thou be long remembered.

Zam. By the fame

Of my brave sire, whose deeds the warrior
tribes

Tell round the desert's watchfire, at the
hour

Of silence, and of coolness, and of stars,
I will not leave thee! 'Twas in such an
hour

The dreams of rest were on me, and I lay
Shrouded in slumber's mantle, as within
The chambers of the dead. Who saved
me then,

When the pard, soundless as the mid-
night, stole

Soft on the sleeper? Whose keen dart
transfixed

The monarch of the solitudes? I woke,
And saw thy javelin crimsoned with his
blood, [then

Thou, my deliverer! and my heart e'en
Called thee its brother.

Seb. For that gift of life,

With one of tenfold price, even freedom's
self,

Thou hast repaid me well.

Zam. Then bid me not

Forsake thee! Though my father's tents
may rise

At times upon my spirit, yet my home
Shall be amidst thy mountains, prince!
and thou

Shalt be my chief, until I see thee robed
With all thy power. When thou canst
need no more

Thine Arab's faithful heart and vigorous
arm,

From the green regions of the setting sun
Then shall the wanderer turn his steps,
and seek

His Orient wilds again.

Seb. Be near me still,

And ever, O my warrior! I shall stand
Again amidst my host a mail-clad king,
Begirt with spears and banners, and the
pomp

And the proud sounds of battle. Be thy
place

Then at my side. When doth a monarch
cease

To need true hearts, bold hands? Not in
the field

Of arms, nor on the throne of power, nor
yet

The couch of sleep. Be our friend, we
will not part.

Gon. Be all thy friends thus faithful, for
e'en yet

They may be fiercely tried.

Seb. I doubt them not.

Even now my heart beats high to meet
their welcome.

Let us away!

Gon. Yet hear once more, my liege.

The humblest pilgrim, from his distant
shrine

Returning, finds not e'en his peasant home
Unchanged amidst its vineyards. Some

loved face,
Which made the sunlight of his lowly
board,

Is touched by sickness; some familiar
voice

Greets him no more; and shall not fate
and time

Have done their work since last we
parted hence,

Upon an empire? Ay, within those years,
Hearts from their ancient worship have

fall'n off,
And bowed before new stars; high names

have sunk
From their supremacy of place, and others
Gone forth and made themselves the

mighty sounds
At which thrones tremble. Oh! be slow

to trust
E'en those to whom your smiles were
wont to seem

As light is unto flowers. Search well the
depths

Of bosoms in whose keeping you would
shrine [by

The secret of your state. Storms pass not
Leaving earth's face unchanged.

Seb. Whence didst thou learn
The cold distrust which casts so deep a

shadow
O'er a most noble nature?

Gon. Life hath been
My stern and only teacher. I have known

Vicissitudes in all things, but the most
In human hearts. Oh! yet awhile tame

down

That royal spirit, till the hour be come
When it may burst its bondage! On thy brow

The suns of burning climes have set their seal,

And toil, and years, and perils have not passed

O'er the bright aspect, and the ardent eye,
As doth a breeze of summer. Be that change

The mask beneath whose shelter thou may'st read

Men's thoughts, and veil thine own.

Seb. Am I thus changed [be,
From all I was? And yet it needs must
Since e'en my soul hath caught another hue

From its long sufferings. Did I not array
The gallant flower of Lusian chivalry,
And lead the mighty of the land, to pour
Destruction on the Moslem? I return,
And as a fearless and a trusted friend,
Bring, from the realms of my captivity,
An Arab of the desert!—But the sun
Hath sunk below th' Atlantic. Let us hence—

Gonzalez, fear me not.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in Lisbon
illuminated.*

MANY CITIZENS.

1st Cit. In sooth our city wears a goodly mien,
With her far-blazing fanes, and festive lamps
Shining from all her marble palaces,
Countless as heaven's fair stars. The humblest lattice
Sends forth its radiance. How the sparkling waves
Fling back the light!

and Cit. Ay, 'tis a gallant show;
And one which serves, like others, to conceal

Things which must not be told.

3rd Cit. What wouldst thou say?

and Cit. That which may scarce, in perilous times like these,
Be said with safety. Hast thou looked within

Those stately palaces? Were they but peopled

With the high race of warlike nobles, once
Their princely lords, think'st thou, good friend, that now

They would be glittering with this hollow pomp,

To greet a conqueror's entrance?

3rd Cit. Thou say'st well.

None but a land forsaken of its chiefs
Had been so lost and won.

4th Cit. The lot is cast;

We have but to yield. Hush! for some strangers come:

Now, friends, beware.

1st Cit. Did the king pass this way

At morning, with his train?

and Cit. Ay: saw you not

The long and rich procession?

*SEBASTIAN enters with GONZALEZ and
ZAMOR.*

Seb. to Gon. This should be
The night of some high festival. E'en thus

My royal city to the skies sent up,
From her illumined fanes and towers, a voice

Of gladness, welcoming our first return
From Africa's coast. Speak thou, Gonzalez! ask

The cause of this rejoicing. To my heart
Deep feelings rush, so mingling and so fast,

My voice perchance might tremble.

Gon. Citizen,

What festal night is this, that all your streets

Are thronged and glittering thus?

1st Cit. Hast thou not heard

Of the king's entry, in triumphal pomp,
This very morn?

Gon. The king! triumphal pomp!—

Thy words are dark.

Seb. Speak yet again: mine ears

Ring with strange sounds. Again!

1st Cit. I said, the king,

Philip of Spain, and now of Portugal,

This morning entered with a conqueror's train

Our city's royal palace: and for this

We hold our festival.

Seb. (in a low voice). Thou said'st—
the king!

His name?—I heard it not.

1st Cit. Philip of Spain.

Seb. Philip of Spain! We slumber,
till aroused

By th' earthquake's bursting shock.

Hath there not fall'n

A sudden darkness? All things seem to float

Obscurely round me. Now 'tis past.

The streets
Are blazing with strange fire. Go, quench
those lamps;

They glare upon me till my very brain
Grows dizzy, and doth whirl. How dare
ye thus

Light up your shrines for him?

Gon. Away, away!

This is no time, no scene—

Seb. Philip of Spain!

How name ye this fair land? Why, is it
not

The free, the chivalrous Portugal?—the
land

By the proud ransom of heroic blood
Won from the Moor of old? Did that
red stream

Sink to the earth, and leave no fiery
current

In the veins of noble men, that so its
tide,

Full swelling at the sound of hostile steps,
Might be a kingdom's barrier?

and Cit. That high blood
Which should have been our strength,
profusely shed

By the rash King Sebastian, bathed the
plains

Of fatal Alcazar. Our monarch's guilt
Hath brought this ruin down.

Seb. Must this be heard,
And borne, and unchastised? Man,
dar'st thou stand

Before me face to face, and thus arraign
Thy sovereign?

Zam. (aside to Seb.). Shall I lift the
sword, my prince,

Against thy foes?

Gon. Be still—or all is lost.

and Cit. I dare speak that which all
men think and know.

'Tis to Sebastian, and his waste of life,
And power, and treasure, that we owe
these bonds.

3rd Cit. Talk not of bonds. May our
new monarch rule

The weary land in peace! But who art
thou?

Whence com'st thou, haughty stranger,
that these things,

Known to all nations, should be new to
thee?

Seb. (wildly). I come from regions
where the cities lie

In ruins, not in chains!

Exit with GONZALEZ and ZAMOR.

and Cit. He wears the mien
Of one that hath commanded; yet his
looks

And words were strangely wild.

1st Cit. Marked you his fierce

And haughty gesture, and the flash that
broke

From his dark eye, when King Sebastian's
name

Became our theme?

and Cit. Trust me, there's more in this
Than may be lightly said. These are no
times

To breathe men's thoughts i' th' open face
of heaven

And ear of multitudes. They that would
speak

Of monarchs and their deeds, should
keep within

Their quiet homes. Come, let us hence;
and then

We'll commune of this stranger.

SCENE III.—*The Portico of a Palace.*

SEBASTIAN, GONZALEZ, ZAMOR.

Seb. Withstand me not! I tell thee
that my soul,

With all its passionate energies, is roused
Unto that fearful strength which *must*
have way,

E'en like the elements in their hour of
might

And mastery o'er creation.

Gon. But they wait

That hour in silence. Oh! be calm
awhile—

Thine is not come. My king—

Seb. I am no king,

While in the very palace of my sires,
Ay, where mine eyes first drank the
glorious light,

Where my soul's thrilling echoes first
awoke

To the high sound of earth's immortal
names,

The usurper lives and reigns. I am no
king

Until I cast him thence.

Zam. Shall not thy voice

Be as a trumpet to th' awak'ning land?

Will not the bright swords flash like
sunbursts forth,

When the brave hear their chief?

Gon. Peace, Zamor! peace!

Child of the desert, what hast thou to do
With the calm hour of counsel?

Mosarch, pause :
 A kingdom's destiny should not be the
 sport
 Of passion's reckless winds. There is a
 time
 When men, in very weariness of heart
 And careless desolation, tamed to yield
 By misery strong as death, will lay their
 souls
 E'en at the conqueror's feet—as nature
 sinks,
 After long torture, into cold, and dull,
 And heavy sleep. But comes there not
 an hour
 Of fierce atonement? Ay! the slumberer
 wakes
 With gathered strength and vengeance;
 and the sense
 And the remembrance of his agonies
 Are in themselves a power, whose fearful
 path
 Is like the path of ocean, when the heavens
 Take off its interdict. Wait, then, the hour
 Of that high impulse.
Seb. Is it not the sun
 Whose radiant bursting through the em-
 battled clouds
 Doth make it morn? The hour of which
 thou speak'st,
 Itself, with all its glory, is the work
 Of some commanding nature, which doth
 bid
 The sullen shades disperse. Away!—e'en
 now
 The land's high hearts, the fearless and
 the true,
 Shall know they have a leader. Is not this
 The mansion of mine own, mine earliest
 friend,
 Sylveira?
Gon. Ay, its glittering lamps too well
 Illume the stately vestibule to leave
 Our sight a moment's doubt. He ever
 loved
 Such pageantries.
Seb. His dwelling thus adorned
 On such a night! Yet will I seek him
 here.
 He must be faithful, and to him the first
 My tale shall be revealed. A sudden chill
 Falls on my heart; and yet I will not
 wrong
 My friend with dull suspicion. He hath
 been
 Linked all too closely with mine inmost
 soul.
 And what have I to lose?
Gon. Is their blood naught

Who without hope will follow where thou
 lead'st,
 E'en unto death?
Seb. Was that a brave man's voice?
 Warrior and friend! how long, then, hast
 thou learned
 To hold thy blood thus dear?
Gon. Of mine, mine own,
 Think'st thou I spoke? When all is shed
 for thee,
 Thou'lt know me better.
Seb. (entering the palace). For a while
 farewell. [Exit.
Gon. Thus princes lead men's hearts.
 Come, follow me;
 And if a home is left me still, brave
 Zamor!
 There will I bid thee welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Hall within the Palace.

SEBASTIAN, SYLVEIRA.

Sylv. Whence art thou, stranger? what
 wouldst thou with me?
 There is a fiery wildness in thy mien
 Startling and almost fearful.
Seb. From the stern, [lord
 And vast, and desolate wilderness, whose
 Is the fierce lion, and whose gentiest wind
 Breathes of the tomb, and whose dark
 children make
 The bow and spear their law, men bear
 not back
 That smilingness of aspect, wont to mask
 The secret of their spirits 'midst the stir
 Of courts and cities. I have looked on
 scenes
 Boundless, and strange, and terrible; I
 have known
 Sufferings which are not in the shadowy
 scope
 Of wild imagination; and these things
 Have stamped me with their impress.
 Man of peace,
 Thou look'st on one familiar with the
 extremes
 Of grandeur and of misery.
Sylv. Stranger, speak [time
 Thy name and purpose briefly, for the
 Ill suits these mysteries. I must hence;
 to-night
 I feast the lords of Spain.
Seb. Is that a task
 For King Sebastian's friend?
Sylv. Sebastian's friend!
 That name hath lost its meaning. Will
 the dead

Rise from their silent dwellings, to upbraid
The living for their mirth? The grave
sets bounds

Unto all human friendship.

Seb. On the plain
Of Alcazar full many a stately flower,
The pride and crown of some high house,
was laid

Low in the dust of Afric; but of these
Sebastian was not one.

Sylv. I am not skilled
To deal with men of mystery. Take,
• then, off

The strange dark scrutiny of thine eye
from mine.

What mean'st thou?—*Speak!*

Seb. Sebastian died not there.—
I read no joy in that cold doubting mien.
Is not thy name Sylveira?

Sylv. Ay.

Seb. Why, then,
Be glad! I tell thee that Sebastian lives!
Think thou on this—he lives! Should he
return—

For he may yet return—and find the friend
In whom he trusted with such perfect trust
As should be heaven's alone—mark'st
thou my words?—

Should he then find this man, not girt
and armed,

And watching o'er the heritage of his lord,
But, reckless of high fame and loyal faith,
Holding luxurious revels with his foes,
How wouldst thou meet his glance?

Sylv. As I do thine,
Keen though it be, and proud.

Seb. Why, thou dost quail
Before it! even as if the burning eye
Of the broad sun pursued thy shrinking
soul

Through all its depths.

Sylv. Away! he died not there?
He should have died there, with the
chivalry

And strength and honour of his kingdom,
By his impetuous rashness. [lost

Seb. This from thee,
Who hath given power to falsehood, that
one gaze

At its unmasked and withering mien
should blight

High souls at once? I wake. And this
from thee?

There are, whose eyes discern the secret
springs

Which lie beneath the desert, and the gold
And gems within earth's caverns, far
below

The everlasting hills: but who hath dared
To dream that Heaven's most awful
attribute

Invested his mortality, and to boast
That through its inmost folds his glance
could read

One heart, one human heart? Why,
then, to love

And trust is but to lend a traitor arms
Of keenest temper and unerring aim,
Wherewith to pierce our souls. But thou,
beware!

Sebastian lives!

Sylv. If it be so, and thou
Art of his followers still, then bid him seek
Far in the wilds, which gave one sepulchre
To his proud hosts, a kingdom and a
home,

For none is left him here.

Seb. This is to live
An age of wisdom in an hour! The man
Whose empire, as in scorn, o'erpassed
the bounds

E'en of the infinite deep; whose Orient
realms

Lay bright beneath the morning, while
the clouds

Were brooding in their sunset mantle still,
O'er his majestic regions of the West;

This heir of far dominion shall return,
And, in the very city of his birth,
Shall find no home! Ay, I will tell him
this,

And he will answer that the tale is false,
False as a traitor's hollow words of love;
And that the stately dwelling, in whose
halls

We commune now—a friend's, a mon-
arch's gift,

Unto the chosen of his heart, Sylveira,
Should yield him still a welcome.

Sylv. Fare thee well!
I may not pause to hear thee, for thy
words

Are full of danger, and of snares, per-
chance

Laid by some treacherous foe. But all in
vain.

I mock thy wiles to scorn.

Seb. Ha! ha! The snake [ning,
Doth pride himself in his distorted cun-
Deeming it wisdom. Nay, thou go'st not
thus.

My heart is bursting, and I will be heard.
What! know'st thou not my spirit was
born to hold

Dominion over thine? Thou shalt not
cast

Those bonds thus lightly from thee.

Stand thou there,
And tremble in the presence of thy lord!

Sylv. This is all madness.

Seb. 'Madness! no, I say—

'Tis Reason starting from her sleep, to feel,

And see, and know, in all their cold distinctness,

Things which come o'er her, as a sense of pain

O' th' sudden wakes the dreamer. Stay thee yet;

Be still. Thou'rt used to smile and to obey;

Ay, and to weep. I have seen thy tears flow fast,

As from the fulness of a heart o'ercharged With loyal love. Oh! never, never more

Let tears or smiles be trusted! When thy king

Went forth on his disastrous enterprise, Upon thy bed of sickness thou wast laid,

And he stood o'er thee with the look of one

Who leaves a dying brother, and his eyes Were filled with tears like thine. No!

not like thine;

His bosom knew no falsehood, and he deemed

'Thine clear and stainless as a warrior's shield,

Wherein high deeds and noble forms alone

Are brightly imaged forth.

Sylv. What now avail

These recollections?

Seb. What! I have seen thee shrink, As a murderer from the eye of light, before me:

I have earned (how dearly and how bitterly

It matters not, but I *have* earned at last) Deep knowledge, fearful wisdom. Now,

begone!

Hence to thy guests, and fear not, though arraigned

E'en of Sebastian's friendship. Make his scorn

(For he *will* scorn thee, as a crouching slave

By all high hearts is scorned) thy right, thy charter

Unto vile safety. Let the secret voice,

Whose low upbraidings will not sleep within thee,

Be as a sign, a token of thy claim To all such guerdons as are showered on

traitors,

When noble men are crushed. And fear thou not:

'Tis but the kingly cedar which the storm Hurls from his mountain throne—th' ig-

noble shrub,

Groveling beneath, may live.

Sylv. It is *thy* part

To tremble for thy life.

Seb. They that have looked

Upon a heart like thine, should know too well

The worth of life to tremble. Such things make

Brave men, and reckless. Ay, and they whom fate

Would trample should be thus. It is enough—

Thou may'st depart.

Sylv. And thou, if thou dost prize

Thy safety, speed thee hence.

[*Exit SYLVEIRA.*]

Seb. (*alone*). And this is he Who was as mine own soul: whose image

rose,

Shadowing my dreams of glory with the thought

That on the sick man's weary couch he Pining to share my battles!

CHORUS.

Ye winds that sweep

The conquered billows of the western deep,

Or wander where the morn

'Midst the resplendent Indian heavens is born,

Waft o'er bright isles and glorious worlds the fame

Of the crowned Spaniard's name:

Till in each glowing zone

Its might the nations own,

And bow to him the vassal knee

Whose sceptre shadows realms from sea to sea.

Seb. Away—away! this is no place for him

Whose name hath thus resounded, but is A word of desolation.

[*Exit.*]

DE CHATILLON; OR, THE CRUSADERS

A TRAGEDY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RAIMER DE CHATILLON	<i>A French Baron.</i>
AYMER	<i>His Brother.</i>
MELECH	<i>A Suracen Emir.</i>
HERMAN	<i>Knights.</i>
DU MORNAY	}	
GASTON	<i>A Vassal of Raimer's.</i>
URBAN	<i>A Priest.</i>
SADI	<i>A Soldier.</i>
MORAIMA	<i>Daughter of Melech.</i>

Knights, Arabs, Citizens, etc.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Before the Gates of a City in Palestine.*

URBAN, PRIESTS, CITIZENS, *at the gates. Others looking from the walls above.*

Urb. (to a CITIZEN on the walls above). You see their lances
glistening? You can tell
The way they take?

Cit. Not yet. Their march is slow;
They have not reached the jutting cliff, where first
The mountain path divides.

Urb. And now?

Cit. The wood
Shuts o'er their track. Now spears are flashing out—
It is the banner of De Chatillon.

[Very slow and mournful military music without.]
Urb. This way! they come this way!

Urb. All holy saints
Grant that they pass us not! Those martial sounds
Have a strange tone of sadness! Hark, they swell
Proudly, yet full of sorrow.

[Knights, soldiers, etc., enter with RAIMER DE CHATILLON.]

Welcome, knights !
 Ye bring us timely aid ! men's hearts were full
 Of doubt and terror, Brave De Chatillon !
 True soldier of the Cross ! I welcome thee ;
 I greet thee with all blessing ! Where thou art
 There is deliverance !

Rai. (bending to receive the Priest's blessing).
 Holy man, I come

From a lost battle,
Urb. And thou bring'st the heart
 Whose spirit yields not to defeat.

Rai. I bring
 My father's bier.

Urb. His bier !—I marvel not
 To see your brow thus darkened !—And he died
 As he had lived, in arms ?

Rai. (gloomily). Not, not in arms—
 His war-cry had been silenced. Have ye place
 Amidst your ancient knightly sepulchres
 For a warrior with his sword ?—He bade me bear
 His dust to slumber here.

Urb. And it shall sleep
 Beside our noblest, while we yet can call
 One holy place our own !—Heard you, my lord,
 That the fierce Kaled's host is on its march
 Against our city ?

Rai. (with sudden exultation). That were joy to know !
 That were proud joy !—who told it ?—there's a weight
 That must be heaved from off my troubled heart
 By the strong tide of battle !—Kaled !—Ay,
 A gallant name !—how heard you ?

Urb. Nay, it seemed
 As if a breeze first bore the rumour in.
 I know not how it rose ; but now it comes
 Like fearful truth, and we were sad, thus left
 Hopeless of aid or counsel—till we saw—

Rai. (hastily). You have my brother here ?

Urb. (with embarrassment). We have—but he—

Rai. But he—but he !—Aymer de Chatillon !
 The fiery knight—the very soul o' the field—
 Rushing on danger with the joyous step
 Of a hunter o'er the hills !—is *that* a tone
 Wherewith to speak of *him* ?—I heard a tale—
 If it be true—nay, tell me !

Urb. He is here ;
 Ask *him* to tell thee—

Rai. If that tale be true—

(*He turns suddenly to his companions.*)
 —Follow me !—give the noble dead his rites,
 And we will have our day of vengeance yet,
 Soldiers and friends !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall of Oriental architecture, opening upon gardens.
A fountain in the centre.*

AYMER DE CHATILLON—MORAIMA.

Mor. (bending over a couch on which her brother is sleeping). He sleeps so calmly now; the soft wind here brings in such lulling sounds!—Nay, think you not this slumber will restore him? See you not his cheek's faint glow?

Aym. (turning away). It was my sword which gave The wound he dies from!

Mor. Dies from! say not so!
The brother of my childhood and my youth,
My heart's first friend!—Oh! I have been too weak,
I have delayed too long!—He could not sue,
He bade me urge the prayer he would not speak,
And I withheld it!—Christian, set us free!
You have been gentle with us! 'tis the weight,
The bitter feeling, of captivity
Which preys upon his life!

Aym. You would go hence?

Mor. For his sake!

Aym. You would leave me! 'tis too late!
You see it not—you know not, that your voice
Hath power in its low mournfulness to shake
Mine inmost soul?—That you but look on me,
With the soft darkness of your earnest eyes,
And bid the world fade from me, and call up
A thousand passionate dreams, which wrap my life,
As with a troubled cloud?—The very sound
Of your light step hath made my heart o'erflow
Even unto aching, with the sudden gush
Of its deep tenderness!—You know it not?
—Moraima!—speak to me!

Mor. (covering herself with her veil). I can but weep!
Is it even so?—this love was born for tears!

Aym. I can but weep! *(Going to leave him, he detains her.)*

Aym. Hear me, yet hear me!—I was reared in arms,
And the proud blast of trumpets, and the shouts
Of bannered armies, these were joy to me,
Enough of joy! Till you—I looked on you—
We met where swords were flashing, and the light
Of burning towers glared wildly on the slain—
And then—

Mor. (hurriedly). Yes! then you saved me!

Aym. Then I knew
At once, what springs of deeper happiness
Lay far within my soul—and they burst forth
Troubled and dashed with fear—yet sweet!—I loved!
Moraima! leave me not!

Mor. For us to love!
Oh! is't not taking sorrow to our hearts,
Binding her there?—I know not what I say!
How shall I look upon my brother? Hark!
Did he not call? *(She goes up to the couch.)*

Aym. Am I beloved? She wept
With a full heart!—I am! and such deep joy
Is found on earth! If I should lose her now!
If aught—*(An attendant enters.)*
(To attendant.) You seek me! why is this?

Att. My lord,
Your brother and his knights.
Aym. Here! are they here?
The knights—my brother—said'st thou?

Att. Yes, my lord;
And he would speak with you.

Aym. I see—I know.
(To attendant.) Leave me! I know why he is come—'tis vain,
They shall not part us! *(looking back on Moraima as he goes out.)* What a silent grace
Floats round her form!—They shall not part us! no!
[Exit—Scene closes.]

SCENE III.—*A square of the City—a Church in the background.*

RAIMER DE CHATILLON.

Raimer (walking to and fro impatiently).

And now, too, now! My father unavenged,
Our holy places threatened, every heart
Tasked to its strength! A knight of Paestine
Now to turn dreamer, to melt down his soul
In love-lorn sighs; and for an infidel!
—Will he lift up his eyes to look on mine?
Will he not—hush!

[AYMER enters. They look on each other for a moment without speaking.]

Rai. (suppressing his emotion). So brothers meet! you know
Wherefore I come?

Aym. It cannot be, 'tis vain.
Tell me not of it!

Rai. How! you have not heard?

(Turning from him.)

He hath so shut the world out with his dreams,
The tidings have not reached him! or perchance
Have been forgotten! You have captives here?

Aym. (hurriedly). Yes, mine! my own—won by the right of arms!
You dare not question it.

Rai. A prince, they say,
And his fair sister—is the maid so fair?

Aym. (turning suddenly upon him). What, you would see her!

Rai. (scornfully). I!—Oh yes! to quell
My soul's deep yearnings!—Let me look on swords.
—Boy, boy! recall yourself!—I come to you
With the last blessing of our father!

Aym. Last!
His last!—how mean you?—Is he—

Rai. Dead?—yes, dead!
He died upon my breast.

Aym. (with the deepest emotion). And I was here!
Dead!—and upon your breast!—You closed his eyes—
While I—he spoke of me?

Rai. With such deep love !
He ever loved you most !—his spirit seemed
To linger for your coming.

Aym. What ! he thought
That I was on my way !—He looked for me ?
And I—

Rai. You came not !—I had sent to you,
And told you he was wounded.

Aym. Yes—but not—
Not mortally !

Rai. 'Twas not that outward wound—
That might have closed ; and yet he surely thought
That you would come to him ! He called on you
When his thoughts wandered !—Ay, the very night,
The very hour he died—some hasty step
Entered his chamber—and he raised his head,
With a faint lightning in his eyes, and asked
If it were yours !—That hope's brief moment passed—
He sank then.—

Aym. (*throwing himself upon his brother's neck*).

Brother ! take me to his grave,
That I may kneel there, till my burning tears,
With the strong passion of repentant love,
Wring forth a voice to pardon me !

Rai. You weep !
—Tears for the garlands on a maiden's grave !
You know not *how* he died !

Aym. Not of his wound ?
Rai. His wound !—it is the silent spirit's wound
We cannot reach to heal !—One burning thought
Preyed on his heart.

Aym. Not—not—he had not heard—
He blessed *me*, Raimor ?

Rai. Have you flung away
Your birthright ?—Yes ! he blessed you !—but he died
—He whose name stood for Victory's—he believed
The ancient honour from his grey head fall'n,
And died—he died of *shame* !

Aym. What feverish dream—
Rai. (*vehemently*). Was it not lost, the warrior's latest field
The noble city held for Palestine
Taken—the Cross laid low ?—I came too late
To turn the tide of that disastrous fight,
But not to rescue him. We bore him thence
Wounded, upon his shield—

Aym. And I was *here* !
Rai. He cast one look back on his burning towers,
Then threw the red sword of a hundred fields
To the earth—and hid his face !—I knew, I knew
His heart was broken !—Such a death for *him* !
—The wasting—the sick loathing of the sun—
Let the foe's charger trample out my life,
Let me not die of *shame* !—But we will have—

Aym. (*grasping his hand eagerly*). Yes ! vengeance !

Rai. Vengeance !—By the dying once,
And once before the dead, and yet once more
Alone with heaven's bright stars, I took that vow
For *both* his sons !—Think of it, when the night

Is dark around you, and in festive halls
Keep your soul hushed, and think of it !

(*A low chaunt of female voices, heard from behind the scenes.*)

Fall'n is the flower of Islam's race,
Break ye the lance he bore,
And loose his war-steed from its place,
He is no more—

(*Single voice.*) No more !
Weep for him, mother, sister, bride !
He died, with all his fame—

(*Single voice.*) He died !

Aym. (*pointing to a palace, and eagerly speaking to his attendant, who enters.*) Came it not thence?—Rudolf, what sounds are these?

Att. The Moslem Prince—your captive—he is dead,
It is the mourners' wail for him.

Aym. And she—
His sister—heard you—did they say she wept? [*Hurrying away.*]

Rai. (*indignantly.*) All the deep-stirring tones of Honour's voice
In a moment silenced ! [*Solemn military music.*]

(*A funeral procession, with priests, etc., crosses the background to enter the church.*)

Rai. (*following AYMER and grasping his arm.*) Aymer ! there, look
there !

It is your father's bier !

Aym. (*returning.*) He blessed me, Raimar?
You heard him bless me?—Yes ! you closed his eyes,
He looked for me in vain !

[*He goes to the bier, and bends over it, covering his face.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Citadel.*

RAIMER, AYMER, *Knights, assembled in Council.*

A Knight. What ! with our weary and distracted hands
To dare another field !—Nay, give them rest.

Rai. (*impatiently.*) Rest ! and that sleepless thought—

Knight. These walls have strength
To baffle siege. Let the foe gird us in—
We must wait aid ; our soldiers must forget
That last disastrous day.

Rai. (*coming forward.*) If they forget it, in the combat's press
May their spears fail them !

Knight. Yet bethink thee, chief.

Rai. When I forget it—how ! you see not, knights !
Whence we must *now* draw strength. Send down your thoughts
Into the very depths of grief and shame,
And bring back courage *thence* ! To talk of *rest* !
How do they rest, unburied on their field,
Our brethren slain by Gaza ? Had we time

To give them funeral rites? and ask we now
Time to *forget* their fall? My father died—
I cannot speak of him! What! and *forget*
The infidel's fierce trampling o'er our dead?
Forget his scornful shout? Give battle now,
While the thought lives as fire lives!—*there* lies strength!
Hold the dark memory fast! Now, now—*this* hour!
Aymer, you do not speak!

Aym. (*starting*). Have I not said?
Battle!—yes, give us battle!—room to pour
The troubled spirit forth upon the winds,
With the trumpet's ringing blast! Way for remorse!
Free way for vengeance!

All the Knights. Arm! Heaven wills it so!

Rai. Gather your forces to the western gate!
Let none forget that day! Our field was lost,
Our city's strength laid low—one mighty heart
Broken! Let none forget it!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Garden of a Palace.

MORAIMA.

Mor. Yes! his last look—my brother's dying look
Reproached me as it faded from his face,
And I deserved it! Had I not given way
To the wild guilty pleadings of my heart,
I might have won his freedom! Now, 'tis past.
He is free now!

[*AYMER enters armed as for battle.*]

Aymer! you look so changed!

Aym. Changed!—it may be. A storm o' the soul goes by
Not like a breeze! There's such a fearful grasp
Fixed on my heart! Speak to me—lull remorse!
Bid me farewell!

Mor. Yes! it *must* be farewell!
No other word but that.

Aym. No other word!

The passionate, burning words that I could pour
From my heart's depths! 'Tis madness! What have I
To do with love? I see it all—the mist
Is gone—the bright mist gone! I see the woe,
The ruin, the despair! And yet I love,
Love wildly, fatally!—But speak to me!
Fill all my soul once more with reckless joy!
That blessed voice again!

Mor. Why, why is this?

Oh! send me to my father! We must part.

Aym. Part!—yes, I know it all! I could not go
Till I had seen you!—Give me one farewell,
The last—perchance the last!—but one farewell,
Whose mournful music I may take with me
Through tumult, horror, death! [*A distant sound of trumpets.*]

Mor. (*starting*). You go to battle!

Aym. Hear you not that sound?

Yes ! I go *there*, where dark and stormy thoughts
Find their free path !

Mor. Aymer ! who leads the foe ?
(*Confused.*) I meant—I mean—my people.—Who is he,
My people's leader ?

Aym. Kaled (*looking at her suspiciously*). How !—you seem—
The name disturbs you !

Mor. My last brother's name !

Aym. Fear not my sword for him !

Mor. (*turning away*). If they should meet !
I know the vow he made.

(*To AYMER.*) If thou—if *thou*
Shouldst fall !

Aym. Moraima ! then your blessed tears
Would flow for me ? then you would weep for me ?

Mor. I must weep tears of very shame—and yet—
if—if your words have been love's own true words,
Grant me one boon !

[*Trumpet sounds again.*]

Aym. Hark ! I must hence—a boon !
Ask it, and hold its memory to your heart,
As the last token, it may be, of love
So deep and sad.

Mor. Pledge me your knightly faith !

Aym. My knightly faith, my life, my honour—all,
I pledge thee all to grant it !

Mor. Then, to-day,
Go not *this* day to battle !—He is there,
My brother Kaled !

Aym. (*wildly*). Have I flung my sword
Down to dishonour ?

[*Going to leave her—she detains him.*]

Mor. Oh ! your name hath stirred
His soul amidst his tents, and he had vowed,
Long ere we met, to cross his sword with yours,
Till one or both should fall. There hath been *death*
Since then, amongst us ; he will seek *revenge*,
And *his* revenge—forgive me !—oh ! forgive !
—I could not bear *that* thought !

Aym. Now must the glance
Of a brave man strike me to the very dust !

Ay, this is *shame*. [Covering his face.]

(*Turning wildly to Moraima.*) You scorn me too ?

Away !—She does not know
What she hath done !

[*Rushes out.*]

SCENE III.—*Before a gateway within the City.*

RAIMER, HERMAN, *Knights, Men-at-arms, etc.*

Her. 'Tis past the hour.

Rai. (*looking out anxiously*). Away ! 'tis *not* the hour !
Not yet !—When was the battle's hour delayed
For a Chatillon ? We must have come too soon !
All are not here.

Her. Yes, all !

Rai. They came too soon !
(*Going up to the Knights.*) Couci, De Foix, Du Mornay—here, all here !

And he the last!—my brother! (*To a soldier*). Where's your lord?
(*Turning away*.) Why should I ask, when that fair Infidel—

[*AYMER enters.*]

The Saracen at our gates—and *you* the last!

Come on, remember all your fame!

Aym. (*coming forward in great agitation*). My fame!

Why did you save me from the Paynim's sword,

In my first battle?

Rai. What wild words are these?

Aym. You should have let me perish *then*—yes, *then*!

Go to your field and leave me!

Knights (*thronging round him*). Leave you!

Rai. Aymer!

Was it *your* voice?

Aym. Now talk to me of fame!

Tell me of all my warlike ancestors,

And of my father's death—that bitter death!

Never did pilgrim for the fountains thirst

As I for this day's vengeance!—To your field!

—I may not go!

Rai. (*turning from him*). The name his race hath borne

Through a thousand battles—lost! [*Returning to AYMER.*]

A Chatillon!

Will you *live* and wed dishonour?

Aym. (*covering his face*). Let the grave

Take me and cover me!—I must go down

To its rest without my sword!

Rai. There's some dark spell upon him! Aymer, brother!

Let me not die of shame!—He that died so

Turn'd sickening from the sun!

Aym. Where should I turn?

[*Going up abruptly to the Knights.*]

Herman—Du Mornay! ye have stood with me

I' the battle's front—ye know me!—ye have seen

The fiery joy of danger bear me on,

As a wind the arrow!—Leave me now—'tis past!

Rai. (*with bitterness*). He comes from *her*!—the infidel hath
smiled,

Doubtless, for this.

Aym. I should have been to-day

Where shafts fly thickest, and the crossing swords

Cannot flash out for blood!—hark! you are called!

(*Wild Turkish music heard without. The background of the scene
becomes more and more crowded with armed men.*)

Lay lance in rest!—wave, noble banners, wave!

[*Throwing down his sword.*]

Go from me!—leave the fallen!—

Her. Nay, but the cause?

Tell us the cause!

Rai. (*approaching him indignantly*). Your sword—your crested
helm

And your knight's mantle—cast them down! your name

Is in the dust!—our father's name!—the cause?—Tell it not, tell it not!

[*Turning to the soldiers and waving his hand.*]

Sound, trumpets, sound!

On, lances, for the Cross!

[*Military music. As the Knights march out, he looks back at AYMER.*]

I would not now
 Call back my noble father from the dead,
 If I could with but a breath!—Sound, trumpets, sound!
 [Exeunt Knights and soldiers.]
Aym. Why should I bear this shame?—'tis not too late!
 [Rushing after them—he suddenly checks himself.]
 My faith!—my knightly faith pledged to my fall!
 [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Before a Church.*

Groups of Citizens passing to and fro. AYMER standing against one of the pillars of the Church in the background, and leaning on his sword.

First Cit. (to second). From the walls?—how goes the battle?
Second Cit. Well, all well,
 Praise to the Saints!—I saw De Chatillon
 Fighting, as if upon his single arm
 The fate o' the day were set.
Third Cit. Shame light on those
 That strike not with him in their place.
First Cit. You mean
 His brother?—Ay, is't not a fearful thing
 That one of such a race—a brave one too—
 Should have thus fallen?
Second Cit. They say the captive girl
 Whom he so loved hath won him from his faith
 To the vile Paynim creed.
Aym. (suddenly coming forward). Who dares say that?
 Show me who dares say that!
 [They shrink back—he laughs scornfully.]
 Ha! ha! ye thought
 To play with a sleeper's name!—to make your mirth
 As low-born men sit by a tomb, and jest
 O'er a dead warrior! Where's the slanderer? Speak!

A CITIZEN enters hastily.

Cit. Haste to the walls!—De Chatillon hath slain
 The Paynim chief! [They all go out.]
Aym. Why should they shrink?—I, I should ask the night
 To cover me!—I that have flung my name
 Away to scorn!—Hush! am I not alone?
 [Listening eagerly.]
 There's a voice calling me—a voice i' the air—
 My father's!—'Twas my father's! Are the dead
 Unseen, yet with us?—fearful!
 [Loud shouts without, he rushes forward exultingly.]
 'Tis the shout
 Of victory!—We have triumphed!
 We!—my place
 Is 'midst the fallen!

[*Music heard, which approaches, swelling into a triumphant march. Knights enter in procession, with banners, torch-bearers, etc. The gates of the church are thrown open, and the altar, tombs, etc., within are seen illuminated. Knights pass over, and enter the church. One of them takes a torch, and lifts it to AYMER's face in passing. He strikes it down with a sword; then seeing RAIMER approach, drops the sword, and covers his face.*]

Aym. (*grasping RAIMER by the mantle, as he is about to pass*).
Brother! forsake me not!

Rai. (*suddenly drawing his sword, and showing it him*).

My sword is red

With victory and revenge!—look—dyed to the hilt!

—We fought—and where were you?

Aym. Forsake me not!

Rai. (*pointing with his sword to the tombs within the church*).

Those are proud tombs!—the dead, the glorious dead,

Think you they sleep, and know not of their sons

In the mysterious grave?—We laid *him* there!

—Before the ashes of your father, speak!

Have you abjured your faith?

Aym. (*indignantly*). Your name is mine—your blood—and you ask *this*!

Wake *him* to hear me answer!—have you—No!

—You have not *dared* to think it.

[*Breaks from him, and goes out.*]

Rai. (*entering the church, and bending over one of the tombs*).

Not yet lost!

Not yet *all* lost!—He shall be thine again!

So shalt thou sleep in peace!

[*Music and chorus of voices from the church.*]

Praise, praise to Heaven!

Sing of the conquered field, the Paynim flying,

Light up the shrines, and bid the banners wave!

Sing of the warrior, for the red-cross dying,

Chaunt a proud requiem o'er his holy grave!

Praise, praise to Heaven!

Praise!—lift the song through night's resounding sky!

Peace to the valiant for the Cross that die!

Sleep soft, ye brave!

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A platform before the Citadel. Knights entering.*

Her. (*to one of the Knights*). You would plead for him?

Knight. Nay, remember all
His past renown!

Her. I had a friend in youth—

This Aymer's father had *him* shamed for less

Than his son's fault—far less!—

We must accuse him—he must have his shield

Reversed—his name degraded.

Knight. He might yet—

All the Knights. Must his shame cleave to us?—We cast him forth—
We will not bear it.

RAIMER enters.

Rai. Knights ! ye speak of him—
My brother—was't not so ?—All silent !—Nay,
Give your thoughts breath !—What said ye ?

Her. That his name
Must be degraded.

Rai. Silence ! ye disturb
The dead—thou hear'st, my father !

[*Going up indignantly to the Knights*
Which of ye

Shall first accuse him ? He whose bold step won
The breach at Ascalon ere Aymer's step
Let him speak first !

He that plunged deeper through the stormy fight,
Thence to redeem the banner of the Cross,
On Cairo's plain, let him speak first ! or he
Whose sword burst swifter o'er the Saracen,
I' the rescue of our king, by Jordan's waves,
I say, let him speak first !

Her. Is he not an apostate ?

Rai. No, no, no !

If he were *that*, had my life's blood that taint,
This hand should pour it out !—He is not *that*.

Her. Not yet.

Rai. Not yet, nor never !—Let me die
In a lost battle first !

Her. Hath he let go
Name—kindred—honour—for an infidel,
And will he grasp his faith ?

Rai. [*after a gloomy pause*]. That which bears poison—should
it not be crushed ?

What though the weed look lovely ?

[*Suddenly addressing one of the Knights.*
You have seen

My native halls, Du Mornay, far away
In Languedoc ?

Knight. I was your father's friend—
I knew them well.

Rai. [*thoughtfully*]. The weight of gloom that hangs—
The very banners seem to drop with it—
O'er some of those old rooms !—Were we there now,
With a dull wind heaving the pale tapestries,
Why, I could tell you—

[*Coming closer to the Knight.*

There's a dark-red spot
Grain'd in the floor of one—you know the tale ?

Knight. I may have heard it by the winter fires,
—Now 'tis of things gone by.

Rai. [*turning from him displeased*]. Such legends give
Some minds a deeper tone.

[*To HERMAN*]. If you had heard
That tale i' the shadowy tower—

Her. Nay, tell it now !

Rai. They say the place is haunted—moaning sounds
Come thence at midnight—sounds of woman's voice.

Her. And you believe—

Rai. I but believe the deed
Done there of old. I had an ancestor—
Bertrand, the Lion-Chief—whose son went forth
(A younger son—I am not of *his* line)
To the wars of Palestine. He fought there well—
Ay, all his race were brave; but he returned,
And with a Paynim bride.

Her. The recreant!—say,
How bore your ancestor?

Rai. Well may you think
It chafed him—but he bore it—for the love
Of that fair son, the child of his old age.
He pined in heart, yet gave the infidel
A place in his own halls.

Her. But did this last?

Rai. How *should* it last? Again the trumpet blew,
And men were summoned from their homes to guard
The city of the Cross. But *he* seemed cold—
That youth! he shunned his father's eye, and took
No armour from the walls.

Her. Had he then fallen?
Was his faith wavering?

Rai. So the father feared.

Her. If I had been that father—

Rai. Ay, *you* come
Of an honoured lineage. What would you have done?

Her. Nay, what did *he*?

Rai. What did the Lion-Chief?

[Turning to DU MORNAY.

Why, *thou* hast seen the very spot of blood
On the dark floor!—He slew the Paynim bride:
Was it not well?
(*He looks at them attentively, and as he goes out exclaims—*)
My brother must not fall!

SCENE II.—*A deserted Turkish burying-ground in the city—tombs and stones over-
thrown—the whole shaded by dark cypress trees.*

Mor. (*leaning over a monumental pillar, which has been lately
raised*). He is at rest—and I—is there no power
In grief to win forgiveness from the dead?
When shall I rest? Hark! a step—Aymer's step!
The thrilling sound!

[*She shrinks back as reproaching herself.*

To feel that joy even here!

Brother! oh, pardon me!

Rai. (*entering, and slowly looking round*). A gloomy scene
A place for—Is she not an infidel?
Who shall dare call it murder?

[*He advances to her slowly, and looks at her.*
She is fair—

The deeper cause! Maid, have you thought of death
Midst these old tombs?

Mor. (*shrinking from him fearfully*). This is my brother's grave.

Rai. Thy brother's!—that a warrior's grave had closed

O'er mine—the free and noble knight he was !—
 Ay, that the desert-sands had shrouded him
 Before he looked on thee !

Mor. If you are his—
 If Aymer's brother—though your brow be dark,
 I may not fear you !

Rai. No? why, thou shouldst fear
 The very dust o' the mouldering sepulchre,
 If it had lived, and borne his name on earth !
 Hear'st thou?—that dust hath stirred, and found a voice,
 And said that thou must die !

Mor. (*clinging to the pillar as he approaches*). Be with me, Heaven !
 You will not murder me ?

Rai. (*turning away*). A goodly word
 To join with a warrior's name !—a sound to make
 Men's flesh creep. What !—for Paynim blood
 Did he stand faltering thus—my ancestor—
 In that old tower ?

[*He again approaches her—she falls on her knees.*]

Mor. So young, and thus to die !
 Mercy—have mercy ! In your own far land,
 If there be love that weeps and watches for you,
 And follows you with prayer—even by that love
 Spare me—for it is woman's ! If light steps
 Have bounded there to meet you, clinging arms
 Hung on your neck, fond tears o'erflowed your cheek,
 Think upon those that loved you thus, for thus
 Doth woman love ! and spare me !—think on them ;
 They, too, may yet need mercy ! Aymer, Aymer !
 Wilt thou not hear and aid me ?

Rai. (*starting*). There's a name
 To bring back strength ! Shall I not strike to save
 His honour and his life ? Were his life all—

Mor. To save his life and honour !—will my death—
 [*She rises and stands before him, covering her face hurriedly.*]
 Do it with one stroke ! I may not live for him !

Rai. (*with surprise*). A woman meet death thus !

Mor. (*uncovering her eyes*). Yet one thing more—
 I have sisters and a father, Christian knight !
 Oh ! by your mother's memory, let them know
 I died with a name unstained.

Rai. (*softened and surprised*). And such high thoughts, from her !—
 an infidel !

And she named my mother !—Once, in early youth,
 From the wild waves I snatched a woman's life ;
 My mother blessed me for it (*slowly dropping his dagger*)—even with tears
 She blessed me. Stay, are there no other means ?
 (*Suddenly recollecting himself.*) Follow me, maiden !
 Fear not now.

Mor. But he—
 But Aymer—

Rai. (*sternly*). Wouldst thou perish?—name him not !—
 Look not as if thou wouldst ! Think'st thou dark thoughts
 Are blown away like dewdrops, or I, like him,
 A leaf to shake and turn i' the changing wind ?
 Follow me, and beware !

[*She bends over the tomb for a moment and follows him. AYMER enters, and slowly comes forward from the background.*

Aym. For the last time—yes ! it must be the last !
Earth and heaven say—the last ! The very dead
Rise up to part us !—But *one* look—and then
She must go hence for ever ! Will she weep ?
It had been little to have *died* for her—
I have borne shame.
She shall know all !—Moraima !—said they not
She would be found here at her brother's grave ?
Where should she go ?—Moraima !—there's the print
Of her step—what gleams beside it ?

[*Seeing the dagger, he takes it up.*
Ha ! men work

Dark deeds with things like this !

[*Looking wildly and anxiously around.*
I see no—blood !

Stained ?—it may be from battle—'tis not—wet.

[*Looks round, intently listening ; then again examine the spot, and suddenly exclaims—*

Ha !—what is this ?—another step in the grass !—
Hers and another's step !

[*He rushes into the cypress-grove.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Citadel, hung with Arms and Banners.*

RAIMER—HERMAN—*Knights in the background, laying aside their armour.*

Her. (coming forward and speaking hurriedly). Is it done ?—Have you done it ?

Rai. (with disgust). What ! you thirst
For blood so deeply ?

Her. (indignantly). Have you struck, and saved
The honour of your house ?

Rai. (thoughtfully to himself). The light 'i' the soul
Is such a wavering thing !—Have I done well ?—

[*To HERMAN.*

Ask me not !—Never shall they meet again.
Is't not enough ?

[*AYMER enters hurriedly with the dagger, and goes up with it to several of the knights, who begin to gather round the front.*

Aym. Whose is this dagger ?

Rai. (coming forward and taking it). Mine.

Aym. Yours ! yours !—and know you where—

Rai. (about to sheathe it, but stopping). Oh ! you do well
So to remind me !—Yes ! it must have lain
In the Moslem burial-ground—and that vile dust—

Hence with it !—'tis defiled. [*Throws it from him.*

Aym. If such a deed—
—Brother ! where is she ?

Rai. Who?—what knight hath lost
A Ladye-love?

Aym. Could he speak thus, and wear
That scornful calm, if—no!—he is not calm—
What have you done?

Rai. (aside). Yes! she shall die to him!

Aym. (grasping his arm). What have you done?—speak!

Rai. You should know the tale
Of our dark ancestor, the Lion-Chief,
And his son's bride.

Aym. Man! man! you murdered her!

[*Sinking back.*

It grows so dark around me! She is dead!
(*Wildly.*) I'll not believe it!—No! she never looked
Like what could die!

[*Coming up to his brother.*

If you have done that deed—

Rai. (sternly). If I have done it, I have flung off shame
From my brave father's house!

Aym. (in a low voice to himself). So young, and dead!—because
I loved her—dead!

[*To RAIMER.*

Where is she, murderer? Let me see her face.
You think to hide it with the dust!—ha! ha!
The dust to cover her! We'll mock you still:
If I call her back, she'll come! Where is she?—speak!
Now, by my father's tomb, but I am calm.

Rai. Never more hope to see her!

Aym. Never more!

[*Sitting down on the ground.*

I loved her, so she perished.—All the earth
Hath not another voice to reach my soul,
Now hers is silent!—Never, never more!
If she had but said—Farewell!—(*Bewildered*). It grows so dark!
This is some fearful dream. When the morn comes I shall wake.—
—My life's bright hours are done!

Rai. I must be firm.

[*Takes a banner from the wall, and brings it to AYMER.*

Have you forgotten *this*? We thought it lost,
But it rose proudly wavering o'er the fight
In a warrior's hand again!—Yours, Aymer, yours!
Brother! redeem your fame!—

Aym. (putting it from him). The worthless thing!
Fame!—she is dead!—give a king's robe to one
Stretched on the rack! Hence with your pageantries
Down to the dust!

Her. The banner of the Cross!
Shame on the recreant!—Cast him from us!

Rai. Boy!

Degenerate boy! *here*, with the trophies won
By the sainted chiefs of old in Paynim war
Above you and around; the very air,
When it but shakes their armour on the walls,
Murmuring of glorious deeds; to sit and weep
Here for an infidel! My father's son,
Shame! shame! deep shame!

Knights. Aymer de Chatillon!
Go from us, leave us!

Aym. (starting up). Leave you! what! ye thought
That I would stay to breathe the air you breathe!—
And fight by you! Murderers! I burst all ties!
[*Throws his sword on the ground before them.*
There's not a thing of the desert half so free!

[*To RAIMER.*

You have no brother! Live to need the love
Of a human heart, and steep your soul in fame
To still its restless yearnings! Die alone!
'Midst all your pomps and trophies—die alone!

[*Going out, he suddenly returns.*

Did she not call on me to succour her?
Kneel to you—plead for life?—The voice of Blood
Follow you to your grave!

[*Exit.*

Rai. (with emotion). Alas! my brother!
The time hath been, when in the face of Death
I have bid him leave me, and he would not!—

[*Turning to the Knights*
Knights!

The Soldan marches for Jerusalem—
We'll meet him on the way.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*Camp of MELECH, the Saracen Emir.*

MELECH—SADI—*Soldiers.*

Mel. Yes! he I mean—Raimer de Chatillon!
Go, send swift riders o'er the mountains forth,
And through the deserts, to proclaim the price
I set upon his life!

Sadi. Thou gav'st the word
Before; it hath been done—they are gone forth.

Mel. Would that my soul could wing them! Didst thou heed
To say his life?—I'll have my own revenge!
Yes! I would save him from another's hand!
Thou said'st he must be brought alive?

Sadi. I heard
Thy will, and I obeyed.

Mel. He slew my son—
That was in battle—but to shed her blood!
My child Moraima's! Could he see and strike her?
A Christian see her face, too! From my house
The crown is gone! Who brought the tale?

Sadi. A slave
Of your late son's, escaped.

Mel. Have I a son
Left? speak, the slave of which? Kaled is gone—
And Octar gone—both, both are fallen—
Both my young stately trees, and she my flower—
—No hand but mine shall be upon him, none!—

[*A sound of festive music without.*
What mean they there? [*An attendant enters.*

Att. Tidings of joy, my chief!

Mel. Joy!—is the Christian taken?

[*MORAIMA enters and throws herself into his arms.*]

Mor. Father! father!

I did not think this world had yet so much

Of aught like happiness!

Mel. My own fair child!

Is it on thee I look indeed, my child?

[*Turning to attendants.*]

Away, there!—gaze not on us!—Do I hold

Thee in my arms?—They told me thou wert slain.

Raimer de Chatillon, they said—

Mor. (*hurriedly*). Oh no!

'Twas he that sent thee back thy child, my father!

Mel. He! why, his brother Aymer still refused

A monarch's ransom for thee!

Mor. (*with a momentary delight*). Did he thus?

[*Suddenly checking herself.*]

—Yes! I knew well!—Oh! do not speak of him!

Mel. What! hath he wronged thee?—Thou hast suffered much

Amongst these Christians! Thou art changed, my child.

There's a dim shadow in thine eye, where once—

—But they shall pay me back for all thy tears

With their best blood.

Mor. (*alarmed*). Father! not so, not so!

They still were gentle with me. But I sat

And watched beside my dying brother's couch

Through many days: and I have wept since then—

Wept much.

Mel. Thy dying brother's couch!—yes, thou

Wert ever true and kind!

Mor. (*covering her face*). Oh! praise me not!

Look gently on me, or I sink to earth;

Not thus!

Mel. No praise! thou'rt faint, my child, and worn:

The length of way hath—

Mor. (*eagerly*). Yes! the way was long,

The desert's wind breathed o'er me. Could I rest?

Mel. Yes! thou shalt rest within thy father's tent.

Follow me, gentle child! Thou look'st so changed.

Mor. (*hurriedly*). The weary way—the desert's burning wind!—

[*Laying her hand on him as she goes out.*]

Think thou no evil of those Christians, father!—

They were still kind.

SCENE II.—*Before a Fortress amongst Rocks, with a Desert beyond—Military Music.*

RAIMER DE CHATILLON—*Knights—Soldiers.*

Rai. They speak of truce?

The Knights. Even so. Of truce between

The Soldan and our King.

Rai. Let him who fears

Lest the close helm should wear his locks away

Cry "Truce!" and cast it off. I have no will
 To change mine armour for a masquer's robe,
 And sit at festivals. Halt, lances, there!
 Warriors and brethren! hear.—I own no truce—
 I hold my life but as a weapon now
 Against the infidel! He shall not reap
 His field, nor gather of his vine, nor pray
 To his false gods—No! save by trembling stealth,
 Whilst I can grasp a sword! Wherefore, noble friends,
 Think not of truce with me!—but think to quaff
 Your wine to the sound of trumpets, and to rest
 In your girt hauberks, and to hold your steeds
 Barbed in the hall beside you.—Now turn back

[He throws a spear on the ground before them.]

Ye that are weary of your armour's load,
 Pass o'er the spear, away!

They all shout, A Chatillon!

We'll follow thee, all! all!

Rai. A soldier's thanks!

[Turns away from them agitated.]

There's one face gone, and that's a brother's! (*Aloud.*) War!—
 War to the Paynim—war! March and set up
 On our stronghold the banner of the Cross,
 Never to sink!—

[Trumpets sound. They march on, winding through the rocks with military music.]

Enter GASTON, an aged vassal of RAIMER'S, as an armed follower—
RAIMER addresses him.

You come at last!—And she—where left you her?
 The Paynim maid?

Gas. I found her guides, my lord,
 Of her own race, and left her on the way
 To reach her father's tents.

Rai. Speak low!—the tale
 Must rest with us. It must be thought she *died*,
 I can trust you.

Gas. Your father trusted me.

Rai. He did, he did!—my father! You have been
 Long absent, and you bring a troubled eye
 Back with you.—Gaston! heard you aught of him?

Gas. Whom means my lord?

Rai. (*impatiently*). Old man, you know too well—
 Aymer, my brother.

Gas. I have seen him.

Rai. How!

Seen him! Speak on.

Gas. Another than my chief
 Should have my life before the shameful tale!

Rai. Speak quickly.

Gas. In the desert, as I journey'd back,
 A band of Arabs met me on the way,
 And I became their captive. Till last night—

Rai. Go on!—Last night?

Gas. They slumbered by their fires—
 I could not sleep, when one—I thought him one

O' the tribe at first, came up and loosed my bonds,
And led me from the shadow of the tents,
Pointing my way in silence.

Rai. Well, and he—
You thought him one of the tribe.

Gas. Ay, till we stood
In the clear moonlight forth—and then, my lord—

Rai. You dare not say 'twas Aymer?

Gas. Woe and shame!
It was, it was!

Rai. In their vile garb, too?

Gas. Yes,
Turbaned and robed like them.

Rai. What!—did he speak?

Gas. No word, but waved his hand,
Forbidding speech to me.

Rai. Tell me no more!—
Lost, lost—for ever lost!—He that was reared
Under my father's roof with me, and grew
Up by my side to glory!—lost—is this
My work?—who dares to call it mine? And yet,
Had I not dealt so sternly with his soul
In its deep anguish—What! he wears their garb
In the face of Heaven? You saw the turban on him!
You should have struck him to the earth, and so
Put out our shame for ever!

Gas. Lift my sword
Against your father's son!

Rai. My father's son!
Ay, and so loved!—that yearning love for him
Was the last thing death conquered! see'st thou there?

[*The banner of the Cross is raised on the fortress.*]

The very banner he redeemed for us
I' the fight at Cairo! No! by yon bright sign,
He shall not perish!—this way—follow me—
I'll tell thee of a thought.

[*Suddenly stopping him.*]

Take heed, old man!
Thou hast a fearful secret in thy grasp:
Let me not see thee wear mysterious looks—
But no! thou lov'st our name!—I'll trust thee, Gaston!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Arab Encampment round a few palm-trees in the Desert—Watch-fires in the background—Night.*

Several Arabs enter with AYMER.

Arab Chief. Thou hast fought bravely, stranger; now, come on
To share the spoil.

Aym. I reck not of it. Go,
Leave me to rest.

Arab. Well thou hast earned thy rest
With a red sabre. Be it as thou wilt.

[*They go out.—He throws himself under a palm-tree.*]

Aym. This were an hour—if they would answer us,
—They from whose viewless world no answer comes—

To hear their whispering voices. Would they but
 Speak once, and say they loved !
 If I could hear thy thrilling voice once more,
 It would be well with me. Moraima, speak !

[RAIMER enters disguised as a dervise.

Moraima, speak !—No ! the dead cannot love !

Rai. What dost the stranger here ?—is there not mirth
 Around the watch-fires yonder ?

Aym. Mirth ?—away !—
 I've nought to do with mirth—begone !

Rai. They tell
 Wild tales by that red light ;—wouldst thou not hear
 Of eastern marvels ?

Aym. Hence !—I heed them not.

Rai. Nay then, hear me !

Aym. Thee !

Rai. Yes ; I know a tale
 Wilder than theirs.

Aym. (raising himself in surprise). Thou knowest !—

Rai. (without minding, continues). A tale of one,
 Who flung in madness to the reckless deep
 A gem beyond all price.

Aym. My day is closed.
 What is aught human unto me ?

Rai. Yet mark !

His name was of the noblest—dost thou heed ?—
 Even in a land of princely chivalry ;
 Brightness was on it—but he cast it down.

Aym. I will not hear—speak'st thou of chivalry ?

Rai. Yes ! I have been upon thy native hills—
 There's a grey cliff juts proudly from their woods,
 Crowned with baronial towers.—Rememberest thou ?
 And there's a chapel by the moaning sea—
 Thou know'st it well—tall pines wave over it,
 Darkening the heavy banners, and the tombs—
 Is not the Cross upon thy fathers' tombs ?—
 Christian ! what dost thou here ?

Aym. (starting up indignantly). Man ! who art thou ?
 Thy voice disturbs my soul. Speak ! I will know
 Thy right to question me.

Rai. (throwing off his disguise, stands before him in the full dress of
 a Crusader). My birthright !—look !

Aym. Brother !

(Retreating from him with horror.)

—Her blood is on your hands !—keep back !

Rai. (scornfully). Nay, keep the Paynim's garb from touching mine—
 Answer me thence !—what dost thou here ?

Aym. You shrink
 From your own work !—You, that have made me thus !
 Wherefore are you here ? Are you not afraid
 To stand beneath the awful midnight sky,
 And you a murderer ? Leave me.

Rai. I lift up
 No murderer's brow to Heaven !

Aym. You dare speak thus !—
 Do not the bright stars, with their searching rays,
 Strike through your guilty soul ? Oh no !—'tis well,
 Passing well ! Murder ! Make the earth's harvests grow

With Paynim blood!—*Heaven* wills it!—The free air,
The sunshine—I forgot—they were not made
For infidels. Blot out the race from day!
Who talks of *murder*? Murder! when you die,
Claim your soul's place and happiness i' the name
Of that good deed!

[In a tone of deep feeling.]
If you had loved a flower,

I would not have destroyed it!

Rai. (with emotion). Brother!

Aym. (impetuously). No!—

No brother now!—she knelt to you in vain;
And that hath set a gulf—a boundless gulf—
Between our souls. Your very face is changed—
There's a red cloud shadowing it: your forehead wears
The marks of blood—*her* blood!

[In a triumphant tone.]
But you prevail not! You have made the dead
The mighty—the victorious! Yes! you thought
To dash her image into fragments down,
And you have given it power—such deep sad power,
I see nought else on earth!

Rai. (aside). I dare not say she lives.

[To AYMER, holding up the cross of his sword.]
You see not *this*!

Once by our father's grave I asked, and here,
I' the silence of the waste, I ask once more,
Have you abjured your faith?

Aym. Why are you come

To torture me? No, no, I have not. No!
But you have sent the torrent through my soul,
And by their deep strong roots torn fiercely up
Things that were part of it—inborn feelings—thoughts—
I know not what I cling to!

Rai. Aymer! yet

Heaven hath not closed its gates! Return, return,
Before the shadow of the palm-tree fades
I' the waning moonlight. Heaven gives time. Return,
My brother! By our early days—the love
That nurtured us!—the holy dust of those
That sleep i' the tomb!—Sleep! no, they cannot sleep!
Doth the night bring no voices from the dead
Back on your soul?

Aym. (turning from him). Yes—*hers*!

Rai. (indignantly turning off). Why should I strive?
Why doth it cost me these deep throes to fling
A weed off?—

[Checking himself.]

Brother, hath the stranger come
Between our hearts for ever? Yet return—
Win back your fame, my brother!

Aym. Fame again!

Leave me the desert!—leave it me! I hate
Your false world's glittering draperies, that press down
The o'erlaboured heart! They have crushed mine. Your vain
And hollow-sounding words are wasted now:
You should adjure me by the name of *him*
That slew his son's young bride!—our ancestor—
That were a spell! Fame! fame!—your hand hath rent

The veil from off your world ! To speak of fame.
 When the soul is parched like mine ! Away !
 I have join'd these men because they war with man
 And all his hollow pomp ! Will you go hence ?
(Fiercely.) Why do I talk thus with a murderer ? Ay,
 This is the desert, where true words may rise
 Up unto Heaven i' the stillness ! Leave it me !—
 The free wild desert !

(Arab Chief enters.)

Stranger, we have shared
 The spoil, forgetting not— A Christian here !
 Ho ! sons of Kedar !—'tis De Chatillon !
 This way !—surround him ! There's an Emir's wealth
 Set on his life ! Come on !

[Several Arabs rush in and surround RAIMER, who, after vainly endeavouring to force his way through them, is made prisoner. As they are leading him away, AYMER, who has stood for a moment as if bewildered, rushes forward, and strikes down one of the Arabs.]

Rai. And he stands there
 To see me bought and sold ! Death, death !—not chains !

Aym. Off from my brother, infidel !
(The others hurry RAIMER away.)
(Recollecting himself.) Why, then, Heaven
 Is just !—So ! now I see it ! Blood for blood !

No ! he shall feel remorse !—I'll rescue him,
 And make him weep for her !
(Again rushing forward.)

[He goes out.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE 1.—*A Hall in the Fortress occupied by DE CHATILLON's followers:—
 Knights listening to a Troubadour.*

Her. No more soft strains of love. Good Vidal, sing
 The imprisoned warrior's lay. There's a proud tone
 Of lofty sadness in it.

TROUBADOUR *sings.*

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound,
 And the knight looked down from the Paynim's tower,
 And a Christian host in its pride and power,
 Through the pass beneath him wound.
 Cease awhile, clarion ! clarion, wild and shrill !
 Cease ! let them hear the captive's voice—be still !

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note !
 And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
 And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
 And their plumes to the glad wind float.
 Cease awhile, clarion ! etc. etc.

"I am here with my heavy chain !
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle-plain !
Cease awhile, clarion ! etc. etc.

"Must I pine in my fetters here,
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear ?
Cease awhile, clarion !" etc. etc.

[AYMER enters hurriedly.

Aym. Silence, thou minstrel, silence !

Her. Aymere here !

And in that garb ! Seize on the renegade !
Knights, he must die !

Aym. (*scornfully*). Die ! die !—the fearful threat !
To be thrust out of this same blessed world,
Your world—all yours ! (*Fiercely*.) But I will *not* be made
A thing to circle with your *pomps* of death,
Your chains, and guards, and scaffolds ! Back ! I'll die
As the free lion dies !—

[Drawing his *sabre*.

Her. What seek'st thou here ?

Aym. Nought but to give your Christian swords a deed
Worthier than—where's your chief ? in the Paynim's bonds !
Made the wild Arabs' prize !—Ay, Heaven is just !
If ye will rescue him, then follow me :
I know the way they bore him !

Her. Follow thee !

Recreant ! deserter of thy house and faith !
To think true knights would follow *thee* again !
'Tis all some snare—away !

Aym. Some snare !—Heaven ! Heaven !
Is my name sunk to this ? Must men first crush
My soul, then spurn the ruin they have made ?
—Why, let him perish !—blood for blood !—must earth cry out
In vain ?—Wine, wine ! we'll revel here !
On, minstrel, with thy song !

[Minstrel continues the song.

"They are gone, they have all passed by !
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die !
Sound again, clarion ! clarion, pour thy blast !
Sound, for the captive's dream of hope is past !"

Aym. (*starting up*). That was the lay he loved in our boyish days—
And he must die forsaken !—No, by Heaven,
He shall not !—Follow me ! I say your chief
Is bought and sold !—Is there no generous trust
Left in your souls ? De Foix, I saved your life
At Ascalon ! Du Mornay, you and I
On Jaffa's wall together set our breasts
Against a thousand spears ! What ! have I fought
Beside you, shared your cup, slept in your tents,
And ye can think—

[Dashing off his turban.

Look on my burning brow !

Read if there's falsehood branded on it—read
The marks of treachery there !

Knights (gathering round him, cry out). No, no ; come on !
To the rescue ! lead us on ! we'll trust thee still !

Aym. Follow, then !—this way !—If I die for him,
There will be vengeance !—He shall think of me
To his last hour !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Pavilion in the Camp of Melech.*

MELECH and SADI.

Mel. It must be that these sounds and sights of war
Shake her too gentle nature. Yes, her cheek
Fades hourly in my sight ! What other cause—
None, none !—She must go hence ! Choose from thy band
The bravest, Sadi ! and the longest tried,
And I will send my child—

Voice without. Where is your chief ?

[*Arab and Turkish Soldiers enter with DE CHATILLON.*]

Arab Chief. The sons of Kedar's tribe have brought to the son
Of the Prophet's house a prisoner !

Mel. (half drawing his sword). Chatillon !
That slew my boy ! Thanks for the avenger's hour !
Sadi, their guerdon—give it them—the gold !
And me the vengeance !

[*Looking at RAIMER, who holds the upper fragment of his sword, and
seems lost in thought.*] This is he
That slew my firstborn !

Rai. (to himself). Surely there leaped up
A brother's heart within him ! Yes, he struck
To the earth a Paynim—

Mel. (raising his voice). Christian ! thou hast been
Our nation's deadliest foe !

Rai. (looking up and smiling proudly). 'Tis joy to hear
I have not lived in vain !

Mel. Thou bear'st thyself
With a conqueror's mien ! What is thy hope from me ?

Rai. A soldier's death.

• *Mel. (hastily).* Then thou wouldst fear a slave's ?

Rai. Fear !—As if man's own spirit had not power

To make his death a triumph ! Waste not words ;

Let my blood bathe thine own sword. Infidel !

I slew thy son ! [*Looking at his broken sword.*] Ay, there's the red mark
here !

Mel. (approaching him). Thou darest to tell me this !

[*A tumult heard without, voices crying—*

A Chatillon !

Rai. My brother's voice ! He is saved !

Mel. (calling). What ho ! my guards !

[*AYMER enters with the Knights, fighting their way through MELECH'S
soldiers, who are driven before them.*]

Aym. On with the war-cry of our ancient house,
For the Cross—De Chatillon !

[*Knights shout.*] For the Cross—De Chatillon !

[RAIMER attempts to break from his guards. SADI enters with more soldiers to the assistance of MELECH. AYMER and the Knights are overpowered. AYMER is wounded, and falls.

Mel. Bring fetters—bind the captives!

Rai. Lost—all lost!

No!—he is saved!

[*Breaking from his guards, he goes up to AYMER.*

Brother, my brother! hast thou pardoned me

That which I did to save thee? Speak!—forgive!

Aym. (turning from him). Thou see'st I die for thee!—She is avenged!

Rai. I am no murderer!—hear me!—turn to me!

We are parting by the grave!

[MORAIMA enters, veiled, and goes up to MELECH.

Mor. Father!—Oh! look not sternly on thy child!—

I came to plead. They said thou hast condemned

A Christian knight to die—

Mel. Hence—to thy tent!

Away—begone!

Aym. (attempting to rise). Moraima!—hath her spirit come

To make death beautiful? Moraima!—speak.

Mor. It was his voice!—Aymer!

[*She rushes to him, throwing aside her veil.*

Aym. Thou livest—thou livest!

I knew thou couldst not die!—Look on me still.

Thou livest!—and makest this world so full of joy—

But I depart!

Mel. (approaching her). Moraima!—hence! is this

A place for thee?

Mor. Away! away!

There is no place but this for me on earth!

Where should I go? There is no place but this!

My soul is bound to it!

Mel. (to the Guards). Back, slaves, and look not on her!

[*They retreat to the background.*

"Twas for this

She drooped to the earth.

Aym. Moraima, fare thee well!

Think on me!—I have loved thee! I take hence

That deep love with my soul! for well I know

It must be deathless!

Mor. Oh! thou hast not known

What woman's love is! Aymer, Aymer, stay!

If I could die for thee! My heart is grown

So strong in its despair!

Rai. (turning from them). And all the past

Forgotten!—our young days!—His last thoughts hers!—

The Infidel's!

Aym. (with a violent effort turning his head round).

Thou art no murderer! Peace

Between us—peace, my brother!—In our deaths
We shall be join'd once more!

Rai. (holding the cross of the sword before him).

Look yet on this!

Aym. If thou hadst only told me that she lived!
—But our hearts meet at last!

[Presses the cross to his lips.

Moraima! save my brother! Look on me!

Joy—there is joy in death!

[He dies on RAIMER'S arm.

Mor. Speak—speak once more!
Aymer! how is it that I call on thee,
And that thou answerest not? Have we not loved?
Death! death!—and this is—death!

Rai. So thou art gone,
Aymer! I never thought to weep again—
But now—farewell!—Thou wert the bravest knight
That e'er laid lance in rest—and thou didst wear
The noblest form that ever woman's eye
Dwelt on with love; and till that fatal dream
Came o'er thee!—Aymer! Aymer!—thou wert still
The most true-hearted brother!—there thou art,
Whose breast was once my shield!—I never thought
That foes should see me weep! but there thou art,
Aymer, my brother!—

Mor. (suddenly rising). With his last, last breath
He bade me save his brother!

[Falling at her father's feet.

Father, spare

The Christian—spare him.

Mel. For thy sake spare him

That slew thy father's son!—Shame to thy race!

[To the soldiers in the background.

Soldiers! come nearer with your levelled spears!
Yet nearer!—Gird him in!—my boy's young blood
Is on his sword.—Christian, abjure thy faith,
Or die—thine hour is come!

Rai. (turning and throwing himself on the weapons of the soldiers).

Thou hast mine answer, Infidel!

[Calling aloud to the Knights as he falls back.
Knights of France!

Herman! De Foix! Du Mornay! be ye strong!

Your hour will come!

Must the old war-cry cease?

[Half raising himself, and waving the Cross triumphantly
For the Cross—De Chatillon!

[He dies.

(The Curtain falls.)

LATER POEMS

WASHINGTON'S STATUE

SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA

YES! rear thy guardian hero's form,
On thy proud soil, thou Western
World!
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurled.

There as before a shrine to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead;
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit reared in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surge's
roar,
So girt with tranquil glory, stand
For ages on thy shore.

Such, through all time, the greetings be,
That with the Atlantic billows sweep,
Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep.

THE STAR OF THE MINE

FROM the deep chambers of a mine,
With heavy gloom o'erspread,
I saw a star at noontide shine
Serenely o'er my head.

I had not seen it 'midst the glow
Of the rich upper day;
But in that shadowy world below
How my heart blessed its ray!

And still, the farther from my sight
Torches and lamps were borne,
The purer, lovelier, seemed the light
That wore its beams unshorn.

Oh! what is like that heavenly spark?
—A friend's kind steadfast eye;
Where, brightest when the world grows
dark,
Hope, cheer, and comfort lie.

TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER-IN-LAW

WE miss thy voice while early flowers
are blowing,
And the first flush of blossom clothes
each bough,
And the Spring sunshine round our home
is glowing,
Soft as thy smile. Thou shouldst be
with us now.

With us? We wrong thee by the earthly
thought.
Could one fond gaze but follow where
thou art,

Well might the glories of this world seem
naught
To the one promise given the pure of
heart.

Yet wert thou blest e'en here—oh, ever
blest
In thine own sunny thoughts and
tranquil faith!

The silent joy that still o'erflowed thy
breast
Needed but guarding from all change
but death.

So is it sealed to peace! on thy clear
brow
Never was care one fleeting shade to
cast;
And thy calm days in brightness were to
flow
A holy stream, untroubled to the last.
Farewell! thy life hath left surviving love,
A wealth of records and sweet "feelings
given;"

From sorrow's heart the faintness to
remove,
By whispers breathing "less of earth
than heaven."

Thus rests thy spirit still on those with
whom
Thy step the paths of joyous duty trod,
Bidding them make an altar of thy tomb,
Where chastened thought may offer
praise to God.

TO AN ORPHAN

THOU hast been reared too tenderly,
Beloved too well and long,
Watched by too many a gentle eye:
Now look on life—be strong!

Kind voices from departed years
Must haunt thee many a day;
Looks that will smite the source of
tears
Across thy soul must play.

Too quiet seemed thy joys for change,
Too holy and too deep;
Bright clouds, through summer skies that
range,
Seem oftentimes thus to sleep:—

Friends—now the altered or the dead,
And music that is gone—
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,
And thou shalt wake—alone.

To sleep in silvery stillness bound,
As things that ne'er may melt;
Yet gaze again—no trace is found,
To show thee where they dwelt.

Alone! it is in that deep word
That all thy sorrow lies;
Hers is the heart to courage stirred
By smiles from kindred eyes!

This world hath no more love to give,
Like that which thou hast known;
Yet the heart breaks not—we survive
Our treasures—and bear on.

And are these lost?—and have I said
To aught like thee, be strong?
—So bid the willow lift its head,
And brave the tempest's wrong!

But oh! too beautiful and blest
Thy home of youth hath been!
Where shall thy wing, poor bird, find
rest,
Shut out from that sweet scene?

Thou reed! o'er which the storm hath
passed—
Thou shaken with the wind!
On one, one Friend thy weakness cast—
There is but One to bind!

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY

WHO DIED IN THE CAUSE, AND LAMENTED BY THE PEOPLE OF GREECE

"Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
When grief's full heart is fed by fame."—BYRON.

THOU shouldst have slept beneath the
stately pines,
And with the ancestral trophies of thy
race;
Thou that hast found, where alien tombs
and shrines

Speak of the past, a lonely dwelling-
place.
Far from thy brethren hath thy couch
been spread,
Thou bright young stranger, 'midst the
mighty dead!

Yet to thy name a noble rite was
given,

Banner and dirge met proudly o'er thy
grave,

Under that old and glorious Grecian
heaven,

Which unto death so oft hath lit the
brave;

And thy dust blends with mould heroic
there,

With all that sanctifies the inspiring
air.

Vain voice of fame! sad sound for those
who weep,

For her, the mother, in whose bosom
lone

Thy childhood dwells—whose thoughts a
record keep

Of smiles departed and sweet accents
gone;

Of all thine early grace and gentle worth—
A vernal promise, faded now from earth.

But a bright memory claims a proud
regret—

A lofty song finds its own deepest springs
Of healing balm; and she hath treasures

yet,
Whose soul can number with love's
holy things

A name like thine! now, past all cloud
or spot,

A gem is hers, laid up where change is not.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

TO VENUS

BOOK I., ODE XXX.

"O Venus, Regina Cnidi Paphique," etc.

OH! leave thine own loved isle,
Bright Queen of Cyprus and the Paphian
shores!

And here in Glycera's fair temple
smile, [pours.
Where vows and incense lavishly she

Waft here thy glowing son;
Bring Hermes; let the Nymphs thy path
surround, [won
And youth, unlovely till thy gifts be
And the light Graces with the zone un
bound.

TO HIS ATTENDANT

BOOK I., ODE XXXVIII.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus," etc.

I HATE the Persian's costly pride:
The wreaths with bands of linden tied—
These, boy, delight me not;
Nor where the lingering roses bide
Seek thou for me the spot.
For me be naught but myrtle twined—
The modest myrtle, sweet to bind
Alike thy brows and mine,
While thus I quaff the bowl, reclined
Beneath th' o'erarching vine.

TO DELIUS

BOOK II., ODE III.

"Æquam memento rebus in arduis," etc.

FIRM be thy soul!—serene in power,
When adverse fortune clouds the sky;
Undazzled by the triumph's hour,
Since, Delius, thou must die—

Alike, if still to grief resigned,
Or if, through festal days, 'tis thine
To quaff, in grassy haunts reclined,
The old Falernian wine—

Haunts where the silvery poplar-boughs
Love with the pine's to blend on high,
And some clear fountain brightly flows
In graceful windings by.

There be the rose with beauty fraught,
So soon to fade, so brilliant now;
There be the wine, the odours brought,
While time and fate allow!

For thou resigning to thine heir
Thy halls, thy bowers, thy treasured
store, [fair,
Must leave that home, those woodlands
On yellow Tiber's shore.

What then avails it, if thou trace
From Inachus thy glorious line?
Or, sprung from some ignoble race,
If not a roof be thine?

Since the dread lot for all must leap
Forth from the dark revolving urn,
And we must tempt the gloomy deep,
Whence exiles ne'er return.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF
BANDUSIA

BOOK III., ODE XIII.

"Oh! Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro," etc.

OH! worthy fragrant gifts of flowers and
wine,
Bandusian fount, than crystal far more
bright!
To-morrow shall a sportive kid be thine,
Whose forehead swells with horns of
infant might:
Ev'n now of love and war he dreams in
vain,
Doomed with his blood thy gelid wave to
stain.

Let the red dog-star burn!—his scorching
beam
Fierce in splendence shall molest not
thee!
Still sheltered from his rays, thy banks,
fair stream!
To the wild flock around thee wander-
ing free,
And the tired oxen from the furrowed
field, [yield.
The genial freshness of their breath shall

Thus to its earthly form the spirit cried,
Then turned to follow its celestial guide;*
But with a downcast mien, a pensive sigh,
A lingering step, and oft reverted eye—
As when a child's reluctant feet obey
Its mother's voice, and slowly leave its
play.

Night o'er the earth her dewy veil had
cast,
When from th' Eternal City's towers they
passed,
And rising in their flight, on that proud
dome,
Whose walls enshrine the guardian saint
of Rome, [towered,
Lo! where a cherub-form sublimely
But dreadful in his glory! Sternly lowered
Wrath in his kingly aspect. One he
seemed
Of the bright seven, whose dazzling splen-
dour beamed
On high amidst the burning lamps of
heaven,
Seen in the dread, o'erwhelming visions
given [fire
To the rapt seer of Patmos. Wheels of
Seemed his fierce eyes, all kindling in
their ire;
And his loose tresses, floating as he stood,
A comet's glare, presaging woe and blood.
He waved his sword—its red, terrific light
With fearful radiance tinged the clouds of
night;
While his left hand sustained a shield so
vast,
Far o'er the Vatican beneath was cast
Its broad, protecting shadow. As the
plume
Of the strong eagle spreads in sheltering
gloom
O'er its young brood, as yet untaught to
soar;
And while, all trembling at the whirl-
wind's roar,
Each humbler bird shrinks cowering in
its nest,
Beneath that wing of power, and ample
breast,
They sleep unheeding: while the storm on
high
Breaks not their calm and proud security.

In the second canto, Basville enters Paris
with his angelic guide, at the moment preced-
ing the execution of Louis XVI.

The air was heavy, and the brooding
skies [nise
Looked fraught with omens, as to harmo-
With his pale aspect. Through the
forest round
Not a leaf whispered—a: and the only sound
That broke the stillness was a streamlet's
moan
Murmuring amidst the rocks with plain-
tive tone,
As if a storm within the woodland bowers
Were gathering. On they moved—and
lo! the towers
Of a far city! Nearer now they drew;
And all revealed, expanding on their view,
The Babylon, the scene of crimes and
woes—
Paris, the guilty, the devoted, rose!
In the dark mantle of a cloud arrayed,
Viewless and hushed, the angel and the
shade
Entered that evil city. Onward passed
The heavenly being first, with brow o'er-
cast
And troubled mien, while in his glorious
eyes [skies
Tears had obscured the splendour of the
Pale with dismay, the trembling spirit saw
That altered aspect, and, in breathless
awe,
Marked the strange silence round. The
deep-toned swell
Of life's full tide was hushed; the sacred
bell,
The clamorous anvil, mute; all sounds
were fled
Of labour or of mirth, and in their stead
Terror and stillness, boding signs of woe,
Inquiring glances, rumours whispered low,
Questions half-uttered, jealous looks that
keep
A fearful watch around, and sadness deep
That weighs upon the heart; and voices,
heard
At intervals, in many a broken word—
Voices of mothers, trembling as they
pressed
Th' unconscious infant closer to their
breast;
Voices of wives, with fond imploring cries,
And the wild eloquence of tears and sighs,
On their own thresholds striving to detain
Their fierce impatient lords; but weak
and vain [hour
Affection's gentle bonds, in that dread
Of fate and fury—Love hath lost his
power!

* An angel conducted Basville.

For evil spirits are abroad, the air
 Breathes of their influence. Druid phan-
 toms there,
 Fired by that thirst for victims which of
 old
 Raged in their bosoms fierce and uncon-
 trolled,
 Rush, in ferocious transport, to survey
 The deepest crime that e'er hath dimmed
 the day.
 Blood, human blood, hath stained their
 vests and hair,
 On the winds tossing, with a sanguine
 glare,
 Scattering red showers around them!
 Flaming brands
 And serpent scourges in their restless
 hands
 Are wildly shaken. Others lift on high
 The steel, th' envenomed bowl; and,
 hurrying by,
 With touch of fire contagious fury darts
 Through human veins, fast kindling to the
 heart.
 Then comes the rush of crowds! restrained
 no more,
 Fast from each home the frenzied inmates
 pour.
 From every heart affrighted mercy flies,
 While her soft voice amidst the tumult
 dies.
 Then the earth trembles, as from street to
 street
 The tramp of steeds, the press of hastening
 feet,
 The roll of wheels, all mingling in the
 breeze,
 Come deepening onward, as the swell of
 seas
 Heard at the dead of midnight; or the
 moan
 Of distant tempests, or the hollow tone
 Of the far thunder! Then what feelings
 pressed,
 O wretched Basville! on thy guilty breast;
 What pangs were thine, thus fated to
 behold
 Death's awful banner to the winds unfold!
 To see the axe, the scaffold, raised on
 high—
 The dark impatience of the murderer's
 eye,
 Eager for crime! And he, the great, the
 good,
 Thy martyr-king, by men athirst for blood

Dragged to a felon's death! Yet still his
 mien,
 'Midst that wild throng, is loftily serene;
 And his step falters not. O hearts un-
 moved!
 Where have you borne your monarch?—
 He who loved—
 Loved you so well! Behold! the sun
 grows pale,
 Shrouding his glory in a tearful veil;
 The misty air is silent, as in dread,
 And the dim sky with shadowy gloom
 o'erspread;
 While saints and martyrs, spirits of the
 blest,
 Look down, all weeping, from their bowers
 of rest.
 * * * * *
 In that dread moment, to the fatal pile
 The regal victim came; and raised the
 while
 His patient glance, with such an aspect
 high,
 So firm, so calm, in holy majesty,
 That e'en th' assassins' hearts a momen
 shook
 Before the grandeur of that kingly look;
 And a strange thrill of pity, half-renewed,
 Ran through the bosoms of the multitude.
 Like Him who, breathing mercy to the
 last,
 Prayed till the bitterness of death was
 it—
 E'en for His murderers prayed, in that
 dark hour
 When His soul yielded to affliction's power,
 And the winds bore His dying cry abroad—
 "Hast Thou forsaken me, my God! my
 God?"—
 E'en thus the monarch stood; his prayer
 arose,
 Thus calling down forgiveness on his foes—
 "To Thee my spirit I commend," he cried;
 "And my lost people, Father! be their
 guide!"
 * * * * *
 But the sharp steel descends—the blow is
 given,
 And answered by a thunder-peal from
 heaven;
 Earth, stained with blood, convulsive
 terrors owns,
 And her kings tremble on their distant
 thrones!

THE ALCESTIS OF ALFIERI

[In the following scene, Alcestis announces to Pheres, the father of Admetus, the terms upon which the oracle of Delphos has declared that his son may be restored.]

ACT I.—SCENE II.

ALCESTIS, PHERES.

Alc. Weep thou no more! O monarch,
dry thy tears!
For know, he shall not die; not now shall
fate

Bereave thee of thy son.

Phs. What mean thy words?
Hath then Apollo—is there then a hope?
Alc. Yes! hope for thee—hope by the
voice announced

From the prophetic cave. Nor would I
yield

To other lips the tidings, meet alone
For thee to hear from mine.

Phs. But say! oh! say,
Shall then my son be spared?

Alc. He shall, to thee.
Thus hath Apollo said—Alcestis thus
Confirms the oracle—be thou secure.

Phs. O sounds of joy! He lives!
Alc. But not for this;
Think not that e'en for *this* the stranger
Joy

Shall yet revisit these devoted walls.
Phs. Can there be grief when from his
bed of death

Admetus rises? What deep mystery lurks
Within thy words? What mean'st thou?
Gracious heaven!

Thou, whose deep love is all his own, who
bear'st

The tidings of his safety, and dost bear
Transport and life in that glad oracle
To his despairing sire; thy cheek is tinged
With death, and on thy pure ingenuous
brow,

To the brief lightning of a sudden joy,
Shades dark as night succeed, and thou
art wrapt

In troubled silence. Speak! oh, speak!
Alc. The gods

Themselves have limitations to their power
Impassable, eternal—and their will
Resists not the tremendous laws of fate:
Nor small the boon they grant thee in the
Of thy restored Admetus. [life

Phs. In thy looks
There is expression more than in thy
words,

Which thrills my shuddering heart. De-
clare, what terms

Can render fatal to thyself and us
The rescued life of him thy soul adores?

Alc. O father! could my silence aught
avail

To keep that fearful secret from thine ear,
Still should it rest unheard, till all fulfilled
Were the dread sacrifice. But vain the
wish;

And since too soon, too well it must be
known,

Hear it from me.

Phs. Throughout my curdling veins
Runs a cold, deathlike horror; and I feel
I am not all a father. In my heart
Strive many deep affections. Thee I love,
O fair and high-souled consort of my son!
More than a daughter; and thine infant
race,

The cherished hope and glory of my age;
And, unimpaired by time, within my breast,
High, holy, and unalterable love
For her, the partner of my cares and joys,
Dwells pure and perfect yet. Bethink
thee, then,

In what suspense, what agony of fear,
I wait thy words; for well, too well, I see
Thy lips are fraught with fatal auguries
To some one of my race.

Alc. Death hath his rights,
Of which not e'en the great Supernal
Powers

May hope to rob him. By his ruthless
hand,

Already seized, the noble victim lay,
The heir of empire, in his glowing prime
And noonday, struck:—Admetus, the
revered,

The blessed, the loved, by all who owned
his sway—

By his illustrious parents, by the realms
Surrounding his—and oh! what need to
add,

How much by his Alcestis!—Such was he,
Already in th' unsparing grasp of death
Withering, a certain prey. Apollo thence
Hath snatched him, and another in his
stead,

Though not an equal—(who can equal
him?)

Must fall a voluntary sacrifice.

Another, of his lineage, or to him
By closest bonds united, must descend
To the dark realm of Orcus in his place,
Who thus alone is saved.

Phe. What do I hear? [be
Woe to us, woe!—what victim?—who shall
Accepted in his stead?

Alc. The dread exchange
E'en now, O father! hath been made; the
prey

Is ready, nor is wholly worthless him
For whom 'tis freely offered. Nor wilt
thou,

O mighty goddess of th' infernal shades!
Whose image sanctifies this threshold
Disdain the victim. [floor,

Phe. All prepared the prey?
And to our blood allied! O heaven!—
and yet

Thou bad'st me weep no more!

Alc. Yes! thus I said,
And thus again I say, thou shalt not weep
Thy son's, nor I deplore my husband's
doom.

Let him be saved, and other sounds of woe
Less deep, less mournful far, shall here be
heard,

Than those *his* death had caused.—With
some few tears,
But brief, and mingled with a gleam of
joy,

E'en while the involuntary tribute lasts,
The victim shall be honoured who re-
signed

Life for Admetus.—Wouldst thou know
the prey,

The vowed, the willing, the devoted one,
Offered and hallowed to th' infernal gods,
Father?—'tis I.

Phe. What hast thou done? O
heaven!

What hast thou done? And think'st thou
he is saved

By such a compact? Think'st thou he
can live

Bereft of thee?—Of thee, his light of life,
His very soul?—Of thee, beloved far more
Than his loved parents—than his children
more— [be!

More than himself? Oh no! it shall not
Thou perish, O Alcestis! in the flower
Of thy young beauty!—perish, and
destroy

Not him, not *him* alone, but us, but all,
Who as a child adore thee! Desolate
Would be the throne, the kingdom, left
of thee.

And think'st thou not of those whose
tender years

Demand thy care?—thy children! think
of them!

O thou, the source of each domestic joy,
Thou, in whose life alone Admetus lives,
His glory, his delight, thou shalt not die
While I can die for thee! Me, me alone,
The oracle demands—a withered stem,
Whose task, whose duty, is for him to die.
My race is run—the fulness of my years,
The faded hopes of age, and all the love
Which hath its dwelling in a father's
heart,

And the fond pity, half with wonder blent,
Inspired by thee, whose youth with
heavenly gifts

So richly is endowed;—all, all unite
To grave in adamant the just decree,
That I must die. But thou, I bid thee
live!

Pheres commands thee, O Alcestis—live!
Ne'er, ne'er shall woman's youthful love
surpass

An aged sire's devotedress.

Alc. I know

Thy lofty soul, thy fond paternal love;
Pheres, I know them well, and not in vain
Strove to anticipate their high resolves.
But if in silence I have heard thy words,
Now calmly list to mine, and thou shalt
own

They may not be withstood.

Phe. What canst thou say
Which I should hear? I go, resolved to
save

Him who with thee would perish;—to
the shrine

E'en now I fly.

Alc. Stay, stay thee! 'tis too late.
Already hath consenting Proserpine,
From the remote abysses of her realms,
Heard and accepted the terrific vow
Which binds me, with indissoluble ties,
To death. And I am firm, and well I know
None can deprive me of the awful right
That vow hath won.

* * * * *
Yes! thou may'st weep my fate,
Mourn for me, father! but thou canst
not blame

My lofty purpose. Oh! the more endeared
My life by every tie—the more I feel
Death's bitterness, the more my sacrifice
Is worthy of Admetus. I descend
To the dim shadowy regions of the dead
A guest more honoured. * * *
In thy presence here

The Alcestis of Alfieri

Again I uttered the tremendous vow,
Now more than half fulfilled. I feel, I
know
Its dread effects. Through all my burn-
ing veins
Th' insatiate fever revels. Doubt is o'er.
The Monarch of the Dead hath heard—
he calls,
He summons me away—and thou art
saved,
O my Admetus!

In the opening of the third act, Alcestis enters, with her son Eumeles, and her daughter, to complete the sacrifice by dying at the feet of Proserpine's statue. The following scene ensues between her and Admetus.

Alc. Here, O my faithful handmaids
at the feet
Of Proserpine's dread image spread my
couch;
For I myself e'en now must offer here
The victim she requires. And you,
meanwhile,
My children! seek your sire. Behold
him there,
Sad, silent, and alone. But through his
veins
Health's genial current flows once more,
as free
As in his brightest days: and he shall
live—
Shall live for you. Go, hang upon his
neck,
And with your innocent encircling arms
Twine round him fondly.

Eum. Can it be, indeed,
Father, loved father! that we see thee
thus

Restored? What joy is ours!

Adm. There is no joy!

Speak not of joy! Away, away! my grief
Is wild and desperate. Cling to me no
more

I know not of affection, and I feel
No more a father.

Eum. Oh! what words are these?
Are we no more thy children? Are we not
Thine own? Sweet sister! twine around
his neck
More close; he must return the fond em-
brace.

Adm. O children! O my children! to
my soul
Your innocent words and kisses are as
darts
That pierce it to the quick. I can no
more

Sustain the bitter conflict. Every sound
Of your soft accents but too well recalls
The voice which was the music of my life.
Alcestis! my Alcestis!—was she not
Of all her sex the flower? Was woman

e'er
Adored like her before? Yet this is she,
The cold of heart, th' ungrateful, who
hath le

Her husband and her infants! This is
she,

O my deserted children! who at once
Bereaves you of your parents.

Alc. Woe is me!

I hear the bitter and reproachful cries
Of my despairing lord. With life's last
powers,

Oh! let me strive to soothe him still.
Approach,

My handmaids, raise me, and support
my steps

To the distracted mourner. Bear me
hence,

That he may hear and see me.

Adm. Is it thou?

And do I see thee still? and com'st thou
thus

To comfort me, Alcestis? Must I hear
Thy dying accents *thus*? Alas! return
To thy sad couch—return! 'tis meet for
me

There by thy side for ever to remain.

Alc. For me thy care is vain. Though
meet for thee—

Adm. O voice! O looks of death!
are these, are these,
Thus darkly shrouded with mortality,
The eyes that were the sunbeams and
the life

Of my fond soul? Alas! how faint a ray
Falls from their faded orbs, so brilliant
once,

Upon my drooping brow! How heavily,
With what a weight of death, thy languid
voice

inks on my heart! too faithful, far too
fond.

Alcestis! thou art dying—and for me!

* Alcestis! * thy feeble hand * supports
* With its last power, supports my sinking
head,

E'en now, while death is on thee! Oh!
the touch

Rekindles tenfold frenzy in my heart.

rush, I fly impetuous to the shrine,

The image of yon ruthless Deity,
mpatient for her prey. Before thy death,

There, there, I too, self-sacrificed, will fall.

Vain is each obstacle—in vain the gods
Themselves would check my fury. I am
lord

Of my own days,—and thus I swear——

Alc. Yes! swear,
Admetus! for thy children to sustain
The load of life. All other impious vows,
Which thou, a rebel to the sovereign will
Of those who rule on high, might'st dare
to form

Within thy breast, thy lip, by them en-
chained,
Would vainly seek to utter. Seest thou
not

It is from them the inspiration flows
Which in my language breathes? They
lend me power,
They bid me through thy strengthened
soul transfuse

High courage, noble constancy. Submit,
Bow down to them thy spirit. Be thou
calm;

Be near me. Aid me. In the dread ex-
treme

To which I now approach, from whom
but thee

Should comfort be derived? Afflict me
not

In such an hour with anguish worse than
death.

O faithful and beloved, support me still!

* * * * *

The choruses with which this tragedy is
interspersed are distinguished for their melody
and classic beauty. The following translation
will give our readers a faint idea of the one by
which the third act is concluded.

Alc. My children! all is finished. Now,
farewell!

To thy fond care, O Pheres! I commit
My widowed lord: forsake him not.

Eum. Alas!

Sweet mother! wilt thou leave us? From
thy side

Are we for ever parted?

Phe. Tears forbid

All utterance of our woes. Bereft of sense,
More lifeless than the dying victim, see
The desolate Admetus. Farther yet,
Still farther, let us bear him from the sight
Of his Alcestis.

Alc. O my handmaids! still

Lend me your pious aid, and thus compose
With sacred modesty these torpid limbs
When death's last pang is o'er.

Chorus.

Alas! how weak

Her struggling voice! that last keen pang
is near.

Peace, mourners, peace!

Be hushed, be silent, in this hour of dread!
Our cries would but increase
The sufferer's pang; let tears unheard be
shed,

Cease, voice of weeping; cease!

Chorus.

Sustain, O friend!

Upon thy faithful breast,
The head that sinks with mortal pain
oppress!

And thou assistance lend

To close the languid eye,

Still beautiful in life's last agony.

Alas, how long a strife!

What anguish struggles in the parting
Ere yet immortal life [breath,

Be won by death!

Death! death! thy work complete!

Let thy sad hour be fleet,

Speed, in thy mercy, the releasing sigh!

No more keen pangs impart

To her, the high in heart,

Th' adored Alcestis, worthy ne'er to die.

Chorus of Admetus.

'Tis not enough, oh no!

To hide the scene of anguish from his
eyes;

Still must our silent band

Around him watchful stand,

And on the mourner ceaseless care bestow,

That his ear catch not grief's funereal cries.

Yet, yet hope is not dead,

All is not lost below,

While yet the gods have pity on our woe.

Oft when all joy is fled,

Heaven lends support to those

Who on its care in pious hope repose.

Then to the blessed skies

Let our submissive prayers in chorus rise.

Pray! bow the knee, and pray!

What other task have mortals born to
tears,

Whom fate controls with adamant
O ruler of the spheres! [sway?

Jove! Jove! enthroned immortally on
high,

Our supplication hear!

Nor plunge in bitterest woes

Him who nor footstep moves nor lifts
his eye

But as a child, which only knows
Its father to revere.

THE BATTLE OF MACLODIO
(OR MACALO). AN ODE

FROM THE CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA
BY ALESSANDRO MANZONI

[FRANCESCO BUSSONE, the son of a peasant in Carmagnola, became a soldier of fortune. He fought for the Milanese, but finding the Duke Philip Visconti ungrateful and treacherous, he left the service of the man who sought to murder him, and went to Venice. The Venetians made him Captain General of their armies, and he fought against Milan and for the Republic. But after he had won the great battle of Maclo dio for them, and had dismissed instead of retaining his prisoners—as was the habit of the Condottieri—they recalled him to Venice, treacherously imprisoned and put him to death. The tragedy comprises his whole life.—*Abbreviated from Mrs. Hemans' note on this translation.*]

HARK! from the right bursts forth a
drum-pet's sound,

A loud shrill trumpet from the left replies!
On every side hoarse echoes from the
ground

To the quick tramp of steeds and warriors
rise,

Hollow and deep—and banners all around
Meet hostile banners waving to the skies;
Here steel-clad bands in marshalled order
shine,

And there a host confronts their glittering
line.

Lo! half the field already from the sight
Hath vanished, hid by closing groups of
foes!

Swords crossing swords flash lightning
o'er the fight,

And the strife deepens and the life-blood
flows!

Oh! who are these? What stranger in
his might

Comes bursting on the lovely land's re-
pose?

What patriot hearts have nobly vowed to
save

Their native soil, or make its dust their
grave?

One race, alas! these foes—one kindred
race,

Were born and reared the same fair scenes
among!

The stranger calls them brothers—and
each face

That brotherhood reveals;—one common
tongue

X

Dwells on their lips—the earth on which
we trace

Their heart's blood is the soil from whence
they sprung.

One mother gave them birth—this chosen
land,
Circled with Alps and seas by Nature's
guardian hand.

Oh, grief and horror! who the first could
dare

Against a brother's breast the sword to
wield?

What cause unhallowed and accursed,
declare,

Hath bathed with carnage this ignoble
field?

Think'st thou they know?—they but inflict
and share

Misery and death, the motive unrevealed!
—Sold to a leader, sold *himself* to die,

With him they strive—they fall—and ask
not why.

But are there none who love them? Have
they none—

No wives, no mothers, who might rush
between,

And win with tears the husband and the
son

Back to his home, from this polluted
scene?

And they whose hearts, when life's bright
day is done,

Unfold to thoughts more solemn and
serene,

Thoughts of the tomb—why cannot *they*
assuage [age?

The storms of passion with the voice of

Ask not!—the peasant at his cabin-door
Sits calmly pointing to the distant cloud

Which skirts th' horizon, menacing to
pour

Destruction down o'er fields he hath not
ploughed.

Thus, where no echo of the battle's roar
Is heard afar, even thus the reckless crowd

In tranquil safety number o'er the slain,
Or tell of cities burning on the plain.

There may'st thou mark the boy, with
earnest gaze

Fixed on his mother's lips, intent to know,
By names of insult, those whom future

days

Shall see him meet in arms their deadliest
foe.

There proudly many a glittering dame
 displays
 Bracelet and zone, with radiant gems that
 glow,
 By lovers, husbands, home in triumph
 borne,
 From the sad brides of fallen warriors torn.

Woe to the victors and the vanquished !
 woe !
 The earth is heaped, is loaded with the
 slain ;
 Loud and more loud the cries of fury
 grow—
 A sea of blood is swelling o'er the plain.
 But from the embattled front, already, lo !
 A band recedes—it flies—all hope is vain,
 And venal hearts, despairing of the strife,
 Wake to the love, the clinging love of life.

As the light grain disperses in the air,
 Borne from the winnowing by the gales
 around,
 Thus fly the vanquished in their wild
 despair,
 Chased, severed, scattered o'er the ample
 ground. [there,
 But mightier bands, that lay in ambush
 Burst on their flight; and hark! the
 deepening sound
 Of fierce pursuit!—still nearer and more
 near, [rear.
 The rush of war-steeds trampling in the

The day is won! They fall—disarmed they
 yield,
 Low at the conqueror's feet all suppliant
 lying!
 'Midst shouts of victory pealing o'er the
 field, [dying?
 Ah! who may hear the murmurs of the
 Haste! let the tale of triumph be revealed!
 E'en now the courier to his steed is flying.
 He spurs—he speeds—with tidings of the
 day,
 To rouse up cities in his lightning way.

Why pour ye forth from your deserted
 homes,
 O eager multitudes! around him pressing?
 Each hurrying where his breathless
 courser foams,
 Each tongue, each eye, infatuate hope
 confessing!
 Know ye not whence th' ill-omened herald
 comes,
 And dare ye dream he comes with words
 of blessing?—

Brothers, by brothers slain, lie low and
 cold,—
 Be ye content! the glorious tale is told.

I hear the voice of joy, th' exulting cry!
 They deck the shrine, they swell the choral
 strains:

E'en now the homicides assail the sky
 With pæans, which indignant heaven dis-
 dains! [eye
 But from the soaring Alps the stranger s
 Looks watchful down on our ensanguined
 plains,
 And, with the cruel rapture of a foe,
 Numbers the mighty, stretched in death
 below.

Haste! form your lines again, ye brave
 and true!

Haste, haste! your triumphs and your
 joys suspending.

Th' invader comes: your banners raise
 anew,

Kush to the strife, your country's call
 attending!

Victors! why pause ye?—Are ye weak
 and few?—

Ay! such he deemed you, and for *this*
 descending,

He waits you on the field ye know too
 well,

The same red war-field where your
 brethren fell.

O thou devoted land, that canst not rear
 In peace thine offspring; thou, the lost
 and won,

The fair and fatal soil, that dost appear
 Too narrow still for each contending son;
 Receive the stranger, in his fierce career
 Parting thy spoils! Thy chastening is
 begun!

And, wresting from thy kings the guardian
 sword,

Foes whom thou ne'er hadst wronged sit
 proudly at thy board.

Are these infatuate too?—Oh! who hath
 known

A people e'er by guilt's vain triumph blest?
 The wronged, the vanquished, suffer not
 alone;

Brief is that joy that swells th' oppressor's
 breast.

What though not yet his day of pride be
 flown,

Though yet Heaven's vengeance spare his
 haughty crest,

Well hath it marked him, and decreed
the hour
When his last sigh shall own the terror
of its power.

Are we not creatures of one hand Divine,
Formed in one mould, to one redemption
born?

Kindred alike where'er our skies may
shine,

Where'er our sight first drank the vital
morn?

Brothers! one bond around our souls
should twine,

And woe to him by whom that bond is
torn!

Who mounts by trampling broken hearts
to earth,

Who bows down spirits of immortal birth!

The first scene of the fifth act opens at Venice in the Hall of the Council of Ten. Carmagnola is consulted by the Doge on the terms of peace offered by the Duke of Milan. His advice is received with disdain, and, after various insults, he is accused of treason. His astonishment and indignation at this unexpected charge are expressed with all the warmth and simplicity of innocence.

Car. A traitor! I!—that name of infamy
Reaches not me. Let him the title bear
Who best deserves such meed—it is not
mine.

Call me a dupe, and I may well submit,
For such my part is here; yet would I
not [still]

Exchange that name, for 'tis the worthiest
A traitor!—I retrace in thought the time
When for your cause I fought! 'tis all
one path

Strewed o'er with flowers. Point out the
day on which

A traitor's bloods were mine; the day
which passed

Unmarked by thanks, and praise, and
promises

Of high reward! What more? Behold
me here!

And when I came to seeming honour
called,

When in my heart most deeply spoke the
voice

Of love, and grateful zeal, and trusting
faith—

Of trusting faith!—Oh no! Doth he who
comes

Th' invited guest of friendship dream of
faith?

I came to be ensnared! Well! it is
done,
And be it so! but since deceitful hate
Hath thrown at length her smiling mask
aside,
Praise be to Heaven! an open field at
least

Is spread before us. Now 'tis yours to
speak,

Mine to defend my cause; declare ye then
My treasons!

Doge. By the secret college soon
All shall be told thee.

Car. I appeal not there.

What I have done for you hath all been
done

In the bright noonday, and its tale shall
not

Be told in darkness. Of a warrior's deeds
Warriors alone should judge; and such I
choose

To be mine arbiters—my proud defence
Shall not be made in secret. All shall
hear.

Doge. The time for choice is past.

Car. What! Is there force
Employed against me?—Guards! (*raising
his voice.*)

Doge. They are not nigh.
Soldiers! (*enter armed men.*) Thy guards
are these.

Car. I am betrayed!

Doge. 'Twas then a thought of wisdom
to disperse

Thy followers. Well and justly was it
deemed

That the bold traitor, in his plots sur-
prised,

Might prove a rebel too.

Car. E'en as ye list.

Now be it yours to charge me.

Doge. Bear him hence,

Before the secret college.

Car. Hear me yet

One moment first. That ye have doomed
my death

I well perceive; but with that death ye
doom

Your own eternal shame. Far o'er these
towers,

Beyond its ancient bounds, majestic floats
The banner of the Lion, in its pride

Of conquering power, and well doth
Europe know

I bore it thus to empire. *Here,* 'tis true,
No voice will speak men's thoughts; but

far beyond
The limits of your sway, in other scenes,

Where that still, speechless terror hath not
reached,
Which is your sceptre's attribute, my
deeds

And your reward will live in chronicles
For ever to endure. Yet, yet, respect
Your annals and the future! Ye will
need

A warrior soon, and who w^{ill} then be
yours?

Forget not, though your captive now I
stand,

I was not born your subject. No! my
birth

Was 'midst a warlike people, one in soul,
And watchful o'er its rights, and used to
deem

The honour of each citizen its own.

Think ye this outrage will be there un-
heard?

There is some treachery here. Our com-
mon foes

Have urged you on to this. Full well ye
know

I have been faithful still. There yet is
time.

Doge. The time is past. When thou
didst meditate

Thy guilt, and in thy pride of heart defy
Those destined to chastise it; then the
hour

Of foresight should have been.

Car. O mean in soul!

And dost thou dare to think a warrior's
breast

For worthless life can tremble? Thou
shalt soon

Learn how to die. Go! When the hour
of fate

On thy vile couch o'ertakes thee, thou wilt
meet

Its summons with far other mien than
such

As I shall bear to ignominious death.

SCENE II.—*The House of Carmagnola.*

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA.

Mat. The hours fly fast, the morn is
risen, and yet
My father comes not!

Ant. Ah! thou hast not learned,
By sad experience, with how slow a pace
Joys ever come; expected long, and oft
Deceiving expectation! while the steps
Of grief o'ertake us e'er we dream them
nigh.

But night is past; the long and lingering
hours

Of hope deferred are o'er, and those of
bliss

Must soon succeed. A few short moments
more,

And he is with us. E'en from this delay
I augur well. A council held so long
Must be to give us peace. He will be
ours,

Perhaps for years our own.

Mat. O mother! thus

My hopes too whisper. Nights enough
in tears,

And days in all the sickness of suspense,
Our anxious love hath passed. It is full
time

That each sad moment, at each rumoured
tale,

Each idle murmur of the people's voice,
We should not longer tremble, that no
more

This thought should haunt our souls—
E'en now, perchance,

He for whom thus your hearts are yearn-
ing—dies!

Ant. Oh! fearful thought—but vain
and distant now!

Each joy, my daughter, must be bought
with grief.

Hast thou forgot the day when, proudly
led

In triumph 'midst the noble and the brave,
Thy glorious father to the temple bore
The banners won in battle from his foes?

Mat. A day to be remembered!

Ant. By his side

Each seemed inferior. Every breath of
air

Swelled with his echoing name; and we,
the while

Stationed on high and severed from the
throng,

Gazed on that one who drew the gaze of
all.

While, with the tide of rapture half o'er-
whelmed,

Our hearts beat high, and whispered—
"We are his."

Mat. Moments of joy.

Ant. What have we done, my child,
To merit such? Heaven, for so high a
fate,

Chose us from thousands, and upon thy
brow

Inscribed a lofty name—a name so bright,
That he to whom thou bear'st the gift,
whate'er

His race, may boast it proudly. What a mark

For envy is the glory of our lot!
And we should weigh its joys against these hours

Of fear and sorrow.

Mat. They are past e'en now.

Hark! 'twas the sound of oars!—it swells
—'tis hushed!

The gates unclose. O mother! I behold
A warrior clad in mail—he comes, 'tis he!

Ant. Whom should it be if not himself?

Mat. —my husband!

(*She comes forward.*)

(*Enter GONZAGA and others.*)

Ant. Gonzaga!—Where is he we looked for? Where?

Thou answer'st not? Oh, Heaven! thy looks are fraught

With prophecies of woe!

Gon. Alas! too true

The omens they reveal!

Mat. Of woe to whom?

Gon. Oh! why hath such a task of bitterness

Fallen to my lot?

Ant. Thou wouldest be pitiful,
And thou art cruel. Close this dread suspense;

Speak! I adjure thee, in the name of God!

Where is my husband?

Gon. Heaven sustain your souls
With fortitude to bear the tale! My chief—

Mat. Is he returned unto the field?

Gon. Alas!

Thither the warrior shall return no more.
The senate's wrath is on him. He is now
A prisoner!

Ant. He is a prisoner!—and for what?

Gon. He is accused of treason.

Mat. Treason! He

A traitor!—Oh! my father!

Ant. Haste! proceed,

And pause no more. Our hearts are
nerved for all.

Say, what shall be his sentence?

Gon. From my lips

It shall not be revealed.

Ant. Oh! he is slain!

Gon. He lives, but yet his doom is fixed.

Ant. He lives!

Weep not, my daughter! 'tis the time to
act.

For pity's sake, Gonzaga, be thou not

Wearied of our afflictions. Heaven to thee

Intrusts the care of two forsaken ones.

He was thy friend—ah! haste, then, be our guide;

Conduct us to his judges. Come, my child!

Poor innocent, come with me. There yet is left

Mercy upon the earth. Yes! they themselves

Are husbands, they are fathers! When they signed

The fearful sentence, they remembered not
He was a father and a husband too.

But when their eyes behold the agony
One word of theirs hath caused, their hearts will melt:

They will, they must revoke it. Oh! the sight

Of mortal woe is terrible to man!
Perhaps the warrior's lofty soul disdained

To vindicate his deeds, or to recall
His triumphs won for them. It is for us

To wake each high remembrance. Ah! we know

That he implored not, but our knees shall bend,

And we will pray.

Gon. Oh, Heaven! that I could leave
Your hearts one ray of hope! There is no ear,

No place for prayers. The judges here are deaf,

Implacable, unknown. The thunderbolt
Falls heavy, and the hand by which 'tis launched

Is veiled in clouds. There is one comfort still,

The sole sad comfort of a parting hour,
I come to bear. Ye may behold him yet.

The moments fly. Arouse your strength of heart.

Oh! fearful is the trial, but the God
Of mourners will be with you.

Mat. Is there not

One hope?

Ant. Alas! my child!

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

CARMAGNOLA.

They must have heard it now.—Oh! that at least

I might have died far from them! Though their hearts

Had bled to hear the tidings, yet the hour,

The solemn hour of nature's parting pangs
 Had then been past. It meets us darkly
 now,
 And we must drain its draught of bitter-
 ness
 Together drop by drop. O ye wide fields,
 Ye plains of fight, and thrilling sounds of
 arms!
 O proud delights of danger! Battle-cries,
 And thou, my war-steed! and ye trumpet-
 notes
 Kindling the soul! 'Midst your tumultu-
 ous joys
 Death seemed all beautiful.—And must I
 then,
 With shrinking cold reluctance, to my fate
 Be dragged, e'en as a felon, on the winds
 Pouring vain prayers and impotent com-
 plaints?
 And Marco! hath he not betrayed me
 too?
 Vile doubt! That I could cast it from
 my soul
 Before I die!—But no! What boots it
 now
 Thus to look back on life with eye that
 turns
 To linger where my footstep may not
 tread?
 Now, Philip! thou wilt triumph! Be it
 so!
 I too have proved such vain and impious
 joys,
 And know their value now. But oh!
 again
 To see those loved ones, and to hear the
 last,
 Last accents of their voices! By those
 arms
 Once more to be encircled, and from
 thence
 To tear myself for ever!—Hark! they
 come!—
 O God of mercy, from Thy throne look
 down
 In pity on their woes!

SCENE V.

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA, GONZAGA, and
 CARMAGNOLA.

Ant. My husband!

Mat. O my father!

Ant. Is it thus

That thou return'st? and is this the hour
 Desired so long?

Car. O ye afflicted ones,
 Heaven knows I dread its pangs for you
 alone.
 Long have my thoughts been used to look
 on Death,
 And calmly wait his time. For you alone
 My soul hath need of firmness; will ye,
 then,
 Deprive me of its aid? When the Most
 High
 On virtue pours afflictions, He bestows
 The courage to sustain them. Oh! let
 yours
 Equal your sorrows! Let us yet find joy
 In this embrace: 'tis still a gift of
 Heaven.
 Thou weep'st, my child! and thou, be-
 loved wife!
 Ah! when I made thee mine, thy days
 flowed on
 In peace and gladness; I united thee
 To my disastrous fate, and now the
 thought
 Embitters death! Oh! that I had not
 seen
 The woes I cause thee!
Ant. Husband of my youth!
 Of my bright days, thou who didst make
 them bright,
 Read thou my heart! the pangs of death
 are there,
 And yet e'en now—I would not but be
 thine.
Car. Full well I know how much I lose
 in thee;
 Oh! make me not too deeply feel it now.
Mat. The homicides!
Car. No, sweet Matilda, no!
 Let no dark thought of rage or vengeance
 rise
 To cloud thy gentle spirit, and disturb
 These moments—they are sacred. Yes!
 my wrongs
 Are deep; but thou, forgive them, and
 confess
 That, e'en 'midst all the fulness of our
 woe,
 High, holy joy remains. Death! death!
 —our foes,
 Our most relentless foes, can only speed
 Th' inevitable hour. Oh! man hath not
 Invented death for man; it would be then
 Madd'ning and insupportable: from
 heaven
 'Tis sent, and heaven doth temper all its
 pangs
 With such blest comfort as no mortal
 power

Can give or take away. My wife! my child!

Hear my last words—they wring your bosoms now

With agony, but yet, some future day,
'Twill soothe you to recall them. Live, my wife!

Sustain thy grief, and live! this ill-starred girl

Must not be rest of all. Fly swiftly hence,
Conduct her to thy kindred: she is theirs,
Of their own blood—and they so loved thee once!

Then, to their foe united, thou becam'st
Less dear; for feuds and wrongs made warring sounds

Of Carmagnola's and Visconti's names.
But to their bosoms thou wilt now return
A mourner; and the object of their hate
Will be no more.—Oh! there is joy in death!

And thou, my flower! that, 'midst the din of arms,

Wert born to cheer my soul, thy lovely head

Droops to the earth! Alas! the tempest's rage

Is on thee now. Thou tremblest, and thy Can scarce contain the heavings of its woe.
I feel thy burning tears upon my breast—I feel, and cannot dry them. Dost thou claim

Pity from me, Matilda? Oh! thy sire
Hath now no power to aid thee, but thou know'st

That the forsaken have a Father still
On high. Confide in Him, and live to days

Of peace, if not of joy; for such to thee
He surely destines. Wherefore hath He poured

The torrent of affliction on thy youth,
If to thy future years be not reserved
All His benign compassion? Live! and soothe

Thy suffering mother. May she to the arms

Of no ignoble consort lead thee still!—
Gonzaga! take the hand which thou hast pressed

Oft in the morn of battle, when our hearts
Had cause to doubt if we should meet at eve.

Wilt thou yet press it, pledging me thy faith

To guide and guard these mourners, till they join

Their friends and kindred?

Gon. Rest assured, I will.

Car. I am content. And if, when this is done,

Thou to the field returnest, there for me
Salute my brethren; tell them that I died
Guiltless; thou hast been witness of my deeds,

Hast read my inmost thoughts—and know'st it well.

Tell them I never with a traitor's shame
Stained my bright sword. Oh, never!—I myself

Have been ensnared by treachery. Think of me

When trumpet-notes are stirring every heart,

And banners proudly waving in the air,
Think of thine ancient comrade!—And the day

Following the combat, when upon the
Amidst the deep and solemn harmony
Of dirge and hymn, the priest of funeral rites,

With lifted hands, is offering for the slain
His sacrifice to Heaven; forget me not!
For I, too, hoped upon the battle-plain
E'en so to die.

Ant. Have mercy on us, Heaven!

Car. My wife! Matilda! Now the hour is nigh,

And we must part.—Farewell!

Mat. No, father! no!

Car. Come to this breast, yet, yet once more, and then,

For pity's sake, depart!

Ant. No! force alone

Shall tear us hence.

(*A sound of arms is heard.*)

Mat. Hark! what dread sound!

Ant. Great God!

(*The door is half opened, and armed men enter, the chief of whom advances to the Count. His wife and daughter fall senseless.*)

Car. O God! I thank Thee. O most merciful!

Thus to withdraw their senses from the pangs

Of this dread moment's conflict!

Thou, my friend,
Assist them, bear them from this scene of woe,

And tell them, when their eyes again unclose

To meet the day—that naught is left to fear.

CAIUS GRACCHUS

A TRAGEDY

BY MONTI

[The tragedy opens with the soliloquy of Caius Gracchus, who is returned in secret to Rome, after having been employed in rebuilding Carthage, which Scipio had utterly demolished.]

CAIUS, in Rome behold thyself! The night
Hath spread her favouring shadows o'er
thy path:
And thou, be strong, my country! for thy
son
Gracchus is with thee! All is hushed
around,
And in deep slumber; from the cares of
day
The worn plebeians rest. Oh! good and
true,
And only Romans! your repose is sweet,
For toil hath given it zest; 'tis calm and
pure,
For no remorse hath troubled it. Mean-
while,
My brother's murderers, the patricians,
hold
Inebriate vigils o'er their festal boards,
Or in dark midnight councils sentence me
To death, and Rome to chains. They
little deem
Of the unlooked-for and tremendous foe
So near at hand!—It is enough. I tread
In safety my paternal threshold.—Yes!
This is my own! O mother! O my wife!
My child!—I come to dry your tears. I
come
Strengthened by three dread furies:—One
is wrath,
Fired by my country's wrongs; and one
deep love,
For those, my bosom's inmates; and the
third—
Vengeance, fierce vengeance, for a
brother's blood!

His soliloquy is interrupted by the entrance of Fulvius, his friend, with whose profligate character and unprincipled designs he is represented as unacquainted. From the opening speech made by Fulvius (before he is aware of the presence of Caius) to the slave by whom he is attended, it appears that he is just returned from the perpetration of some crime, the nature of which is not disclosed until the second act. The suspicions of Caius are, however, awak-

ened, by the obscure allusions to some act of signal but secret vengeance which Fulvius throws out in the course of the ensuing discussion.

Ful. This is no time for grief and feeble tears,

But for high deeds.

Caius. And we will make it such.
But prove we first our strength. Declare,
what friends

(If yet misfortune hath her friends) remain
True to our cause?

Ful. Few, few, but valiant hearts! • •

Oh! what a change is here! There was a
time

When, over all supreme, thy word gave
law

To nations and their rulers; in thy presence
The senate trembled, and the citizens
Flocked round thee in deep reverence.

Then a word,
A look from Caius—a salute, a smile,
Filled them with pride. Each sought to
be the friend,

The client, ay, the very slave, of him,
The people's idol; and beholding them
Thus prostrate in thy path, thou, thou,
thyself,

Didst blush to see their vileness! But thy
fortune

Is waning now, her glorious phantoms
melt

Into dim vapour; and the earthly god,
So worshipped once, from his forsaken
shrines

Down to the dust is hurled.

Caius. And what of this?

There is no power in fortune to deprive
Gracchus of Gracchus. Mine is such a
heart

As meets the storm exultingly—a heart
Whose stern delight it is to strive with
fate,

And conquer. Trust me, fate is terrible
But because man is vile. A coward first
Made her a deity.

But say, what thoughts
Are fostered by the people? Have they
lost

The sense of their misfortunes? Is the
name

Of Gracchus in their hearts—reveal the
truth—

Already numbered with forgotten things?

Ful. A breeze, a passing breeze, now
here, now there,

Borne on light pinion—such the people's love!

Yet have they claims on pardon, for their faults

Are of their miseries; and their feebleness
Is to their woes proportioned. Haply still
The secret sigh of their full hearts is thine,
But their lips breathe it not. Their grief is mute:

And the deep paleness of their timid mien,
And eyes in fixed despondence bent on earth,

And sometimes a faint murmur of thy name,

Alone accuse them. They are hushed—for now

Not one, nor two, their tyrants; but a host

Whose numbers are the numbers of the rich,

And the patrician Romans. Yes! and well

May proud oppression dauntlessly go forth.

For Rome is widowed! Distant wars engage

The noblest of her youth, by Fabius led,
And but the weak remain. Hence every heart

Sickens with voiceless terror; and the people,

Subdued and trembling, turn to thee in thought,

But yet are silent.

Caius. I will make them heard.
Rome is a slumbering lion, and my voice
Shall wake the mighty. Thou shalt see I came

Prepared for all; and as I tracked the deep

For Rome, my dangers to my spirit grew
Familiar in its musings. With a voice
Of wrath the loud winds fiercely swelled;
the waves

Muttered around; heaven flashed in lightning forth,

And the pale steersman trembled: I the while

Stood on the tossing and bewildered bark,
Retired and shrouded in my mantle's folds,
With thoughtful eyes cast down, and all absorbed

In a far deeper storm! Around my heart,
Gathering in secret then, my spirit's powers
Held council with themselves; and on my thoughts

My country rose,—and I foresaw the snares,

The treacheries of Opimius, and the senate,
And my false friends, awaiting my return.

Fulvius! I wept; but they were tears of rage!

For I was wrought to frenzy by the thought
Of my wronged country, and of him, that brother

Whose shade through ten long years hath sternly cried

"Vengeance!"—nor found it yet.

Ful. It is fulfilled.

Caius. And how?

Ful. Thou shalt be told.

Caius. Explain thy words.

Ful. Then know—(incautious that I am!)

Caius. Why thus

Falters thy voice? Why speak'st thou not?

Ful. Forgive!

E'en friendship sometimes hath its secrets.

Caius. No!

True friendship never!

Caius afterwards inquires what part his brother-in-law, Scipio Emilianus, is likely to adopt in their enterprises.

His high renown—
The glorious deeds, whereby was earned his name

Of second Africanus; and the blind,
Deep reverence paid him by the people's hearts,

Who, knowing him their foe, respect him still—

All this disturbs me: hardly will be won
Our day of victory, if by him withstood.

Ful. Yet won it *shall* be. If but this thou fear'st,

Then be at peace.

Caius. I understand thee not.

Ful. Thou wilt ere long. But here we vainly waste

Our time and words. Soon will the morning break,

Nor know thy friends as yet of thy return; I fly to cheer them with the tidings.

Caius. Stay!

Ful. And wherefore?

Caius. To reveal thy meaning.

Ful. Peace!

I hear the sound of steps.

This conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Cornelia with the wife and child of Caius. They are about to seek an asylum in the house of Emilianus, by whom Cornelia has been warned of the imminent danger that menaces the family of her son from the fury of

the Palsicians * * * The first act concludes with the parting of Caius and Fulvius in wrath and suspicion, Cornelia having accused the latter of an attempt to seduce her daughter, the wife of Scipio, and of concealing the most atrocious designs under the mask of zeal for the cause of liberty.

In the second act, the death of Emilianus is announced to Opimius the consul, in the presence of Gracchus, and the intelligence is accompanied by a rumour of his having perished by assassination. The mysterious expressions of Fulvius, and the accusation of Cornelia, immediately recur to the mind of Caius. The following scene, in which his vehement emotion, and high sense of honour, are well contrasted with the cold-blooded sophistry of Fulvius, is powerfully wrought up.

Caius. Back on my thoughts the words
of Fulvius rush,
Like darts of fire. All hell is in my heart!
(*Fulvius enters.*)

Thou comest in time. Speak, thou perfidious friend!

Scipio lies murdered on his bed of death!—
Who slew him?

Ful. Ask'st thou me?

Caius. Thee! thee, who late
Didst in such words discourse of him as
now

Assure me thou'rt his murderer. Traitor,
speak!

Ful. If thus his fate doth weigh upon
thy heart,

Thou art no longer Gracchus, or thou
ravest!

More grateful praise and warmer thanks
might well

Reward the generous courage which hath
freed

Rome from a tyrant, Gracchus from a foe.

Caius. Then he was slain by thee?

Ful. Ungrateful friend!

Why dost thou tempt me? Danger men-
aces

Thy honour. Freedom's wavering light
is dim;

Rome wears the fetters of a guilty senate;
One Scipio drove thy brother to a death

Of infamy, another seeks thy fall;
And when one noble, one determined

stroke

To thee and thine assures the victory,
wrecks

The people's vengeance, gives thee life
and fame,

And pacifies thy brother's angry shade,
Is it a cause for wailing? Am I called

For *this* a murderer? Go!—I say once
more,

Thou art no longer Gracchus, or thou
ravest!

Caius. I know thee now, barbarian!
Wouldst thou serve

My cause with crimes?

Ful. And those of that proud man

Whom I have slain, and thou dost mourn,
are *they*

To be forgotten? Hath oblivion then
Shrouded the stern destroyer's ruthless

work,

The famine of Numantia? Such a deed
As on our name the world's deep curses

drew!

Or the four hundred Lusian youths be-
trayed,

And with their bleeding, mutilated limbs
Back to their parents sent? Is this forgot?

Go, ask of Carthage!—bid her wasted
shores

Of him, this reveller in blood, recount
The terrible achievements! At the cries,

The groans, th' unutterable pangs of those,
The more than hundred thousand wretches

doomed

(Of every age and sex) to fire, and sword,
And fetters, I could marvel that the earth

In horror doth not open! They were foes,
They were barbarians, but unarmed,

subdued,

Weeping, imploring mercy! And the law
Of Roman virtue is, to spare the weak,

To tame the lofty! But in other lands
Why should I seek for records of his

crimes,

If here the suffering people ask in vain
A little earth to lay their bones in peace?

If the decree which yielded to their claims
So brief a heritage, and the which to seal

Thy brother's blood was shed—if this
remain

Still fruitless, still delusive, who was he
That mocked its power?—Who to all

Rome declared [—Who

Thy brother's death was just, was needful?
But Scipio? And remember thou the

words [then,

Which burst in thunder from thy lips e'en
Heard by the people! Caius, in my heart

They have been deeply treasured. He
must die, [have need

(Thou didst thou speak) this tyrant! We
That he should perish! I have done the

deed;

And call'st thou *me* his murderer? If the
blow

Was guilt, then *thou* art guilty. From
thy lips [alone]
The sentence came—the crime is thine
I, thy devoted friend, did but obey
Thy mandate.

Caius. Thou my friend! I am not one
To call a villain friend. Let thunders,
fraught

With fate and death, awake to scatter those
Who, bringing liberty through paths of
blood, [self

Bring chains!—degrading Freedom's lofty
Below e'en Slavery's level!—Say thou not,
Wretch! that the sentence and the guilt
were mine!

I wished him slain!—'tis so—but by the axe
Of high and public justice—that whose
stroke [graced

On thy vile head will fall. Thou hast dis-
Unutterably my name: I bid thee tremble!

Ful. Caius, let insult cease, I counsel
thee: [guilty,

Let insult cease! Be the deed just or
Enjoy its fruits in silence. Force me not
To utter more.

Caius. And what hast thou to say?

Ful. That which I now suppress.

Caius. How! are there yet,
Perchance, more crimes to be revealed:

Ful. I know not.

Caius. Thou know'st not!—Horror
chills my curdling veins;

I dare not ask thee further.

Ful. Thou dost well.

Caius. What saidst thou?

Ful. Nothing.

Caius. On my heart thy words

Press heavily. Oh! what a fearful light

Bursts o'er my soul!—Hast thou accom-

Ful. Insensate! ask me not. [plices?

Caius. I must be told.

Ful. Away!—thou wilt repent.

Caius. No! more of this, for I will

Ful. Thou wilt? [know.

Ask then thy sister.

Caius (alone). Ask my sister! What!

Is she a murderess? Hath my sister slain

Her lord? Oh! crime of darkest dye!

Oh! name [thus

Till now unstained, name of the Gracchi,

Consigned to infamy!—to infamy?

The very hair doth rise upon my head,

Thrilled by the thought! Where shall I

find a place

To hide my shame, to lave the branded

stains

From this dishonoured brow? What

should I do?

There is a voice whose deep tremendous
tones

Murmur within my heart, and sternly cry,
"Away!—and pause not—slay thy guilty
sister!"

Voice of lost honour, of a noble line
Disgraced, I will obey thee!—terribly
Thou call'st for blood, and thou shalt be
appeased.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA

"Quando già dai gran monti bruna bruma," etc.

WHEN from the mountain's brow the
gathering shades [dwell:

Of twilight fall, on one deep thought I
Day beams o'er other lands, if here she
fades,

Nor bids the universe at once farewell.

But thou, I cry, my country! what a night
Spreads o'er thy glories one dark sweep-
ing pall! [might

Thy thousand triumphs, won by valour's
And wisdom's voice—what now remains
of all? [war

And seest thou not th' ascending flame of
Burst through thy darkness, reddening
from afar?

Is not thy misery's evidence complete?

But if endurance can thy fall delay,

Still, still endure, devoted one! and say,

If it be victory thus but to retard defeat.

CARLO MARIA MAGGI

"Io grido e griderò finché mi senta," etc.

I CRY aloud, and ye shall hear my call,

Arno, Sessino, Tiber, Adrian deep,

And blue Tyrrhene! Let him first

roused from sleep

Startle the next! one peril broods o'er all.

It nought avails that Italy should plead,

Forgetting valour, sinking in despair,

At strangers' feet!—our land is all too

fair; [bition's speed;

Nor tears, nor prayers, can check am-

In vain her faded cheek, her humbled eye,

For pardon sue; 'tis not her agony,

Her death alone may now appease her

foes.

Be theirs to suffer who to combat shun!

But oh, weak pride! thus feeble and

undone,

Nor to wage battle nor endure repose!

ALESSANDRO MARCHETTI

"Italia! Italia! ah! non più Italia! appena," etc.

ITALIA! oh, no more Italia now!

Scarce of her form a vestige dost thou wear;

She was a queen with glory mantled—thou,
A slave, degraded, and compelled to bear.

Chains gird thy hands and feet; deep
clouds of care [skies;

Darken thy brow, once raidant as thy
And shadows, born of terror and despair— [ous eyes.

Shadows of death have dimmed thy glory—
Italia! oh, Italia now no more! [flow;

For thee my tears of shame and anguish
And the glad strains my lyre was wont to pour

Are changed to dirge-notes: but my
deepest woe [while
Is, that base herds of thine own sons the
Behold thy miseries with insulting smile.

ALESSANDRO PEGOLOTTI

"Quella, ch'ambi le mani entro la chioma," etc.

SHE that cast down the empires of the
world,

And, in her proud triumphal course
through Rome

Dragged them, from freedom and dominion
hurled,

Bound by the hair, pale, humbled, and
o'ercome:

I see her now, dismantled of her state,
Spoiled of her sceptre, crouching to the
ground

Beneath a hostile cal—and lo! the weight
Of fetters, her imperial neck around!

Oh! that a stranger's envious hands had
wrought

This desolation! for I then would say,
"Vengeance, Italia!"—in the burning
thought

Losing my grief: but 'tis th' ignoble sway
Of vice hath bowed thee! Discord,
slothful ease,

Theirs is that victor's car; thy tyrant
lords are these.

FRANCESCO MARIA DE CONTI

THE SHORE OF AFRICA

"O peregrin, che muovi erranti il passo," etc.

PILGRIM! whose steps those desert sands
explore, [array;

Where verdure never spreads its bright
Know, 'twas on this inhospitable shore
From Pompey's heart the life-blood
ebbed away.

'Twas here betrayed he fell, neglected
lay;

Nor found his relics a sepulchral stone,
Whose life, so long a bright triumphal
day,

O'er Tiber's wave supreme in glory shone!
Thou, stranger! if from barbarous climes
thy birth,

Look round exultingly, and bless the earth
Where Rome, with him, saw power and
virtue die;

But if 'tis Roman blood that fills thy veins,
'Then, son of heroes! think upon thy
chains,

And bathe with tears the grave of liberty.

1818

*A FEW SELECTED TRANSLATIONS FROM
CAMOENS*

[“ Siamo nati veramente in un secolo in cui gl'ingegni e gli studj degli uomini sono rivolti all'utilità. L'Agricoltura, le Arti, il Commercio acquistano tutto di novi lumi dalle ricerche de' Saggi; e il voler farai un nome *tentando di dilettere*, quand' altri v'aspira con più giustizia giovando, sembra impresa dura e difficile.”—SAVIOLLI]

SONNET 70

“Na metade do Ceo subido ardia.”

HIGH in the glowing heavens, with cloudless beam,
The sun had reached the zenith of his reign,
And for the living fount, the gelid stream,
Each flock forsook the herbage of the plain :

Midst the dark foliage of the forest-shade,
The birds had sheltered from the scorching ray ;
Hushed were their melodies—and grove and glade
Resounded but the shrill cicada's lay :

When, through the grassy vale, a love-lorn swain,
To seek the maid who but despised his pain,
Breathing vain sighs of fruitless passion, roved :
“ Why pine for her,” the slighted wanderer cried,
“ By whom thou art not loved ? ” and thus replied
An echo's murmuring voice—“ *Thou art not loved !* ”

SONNET 282

FROM PSALM CXXXVII

“ Na ribeira do Euprates assentado. ”

WRAPT in sad musings, by Euphrates' stream
I sat, retracing days for ever flown,
While rose thine image on the exile's dream,
O much-loved Salem ! and thy glories gone :

When they, who caused the ceaseless tears I shed,
Thus to their captive spoke,—“ Why sleep thy lays ?
Sing of thy treasures lost, thy splendour fled,
And all thy triumphs in departed days !

“ Know'st thou not, Harmony's resistless charm
Can soothe each passion, and each grief disarm ?
Sing then, and tears will vanish from thine eye. ”
With sighs I answered,—When the cup of woe
Is filled, till misery's bitter draught o'erflow,
The mourner's cure is not to sing—but die.

PART OF ECLOGUE 15

"Se lá no assento da maior alteza."

IF in thy glorious home above
Thou still recallest earthly love,
If yet retained a thought may be
Of him, whose heart hath bled for thee ;

Remember still how deeply shrined
Thine image in his joyless mind :
Each well-known scene, each former care,
Forgotten—thou alone art there !

Remember that thine eye-beam's light
Hath fled for ever from his sight,
And, with that vanished sunshine lost
Is every hope he cherished most.

Think that his life, from thee apart,
Is all but weariness of heart ;
Each stream, whose music once was dear,
Now murmurs discord to his ear.

Through thee, the morn, whose cloudless rays
Woke him to joy in other days,
Now, in the light of beauty drest,
Brings but new sorrows to his breast.

Through thee, the heavens are dark to him,
The sun's meridian blaze is dim ;
And harsh were e'en the bird of eve,
But that her song still loves to grieve.

All it hath been, his heart forgets,
So altered by its long regrets ;
Each wish is changed, each hope is o'er,
And joy's light spirit wakes no more.

SONNET 271

"A formosura desta fresca serra."

THIS mountain-scene with sylvan grandeur crowned -
These chestnut-woods, in summer verdure bright ;
These founts and rivulets, whose mingling sound
Lulls every bosom to serene delight ;

Soft on these hills the sun's declining ray ;
This clime, where all is new ; these murmuring seas :
Flocks, to the fold that bend their lingering way ;
Light clouds, contending with the genial breeze ;

And all that Nature's lavish hands dispense,
In gay luxuriance, charming every sense,

Ne'er, in thy absence, can delight my breast :
 Nought, without thee, my weary soul beguiles :
 And joy may beam, yet, 'midst her brightest smiles,
 A secret grief is mine, that will not rest.

SONNET 186.

"Os olhos onde o casto Amor ardeia"

THOSE eyes, whence Love diffused his purest light,
 Proud in such beaming orbs his reign to show;
 That face, with tints of mingling lustre bright,
 Where the rose mantled o'er the living snow;

The rich redundancy of that golden hair,
 Brighter than sunbeams of meridian day;
 That form so graceful, and that hand so fair,
 Where now those treasures?—mouldering into clay!

Thus, like some blossom prematurely torn,
 Hath young Perfection withered in its morn,
 Touched by the hand that gathers but to blight!
 Oh! how could Love survive his bitter tears?
 Shed, not for her, who mounts to happier spheres,
 But for his own sad fate, thus wrapt in starless night!

SONNET 108

"Brandas aguas do Tejo que passando."

FAIR Tajo! thou whose calmly-flowing tide
 Bathes the fresh verdure of these lovely plains,
 Enlivening all where'er thy waves may glide,
 Flowers, herbage, flocks, and sylvan nymphs and swains:

Sweet stream! I know not when my steps again
 Shall tread thy shores; and while to part I mourn
 I have no hope to meliorate my pain,
 No dream that whispers—I may yet return!

My frowning destiny, whose watchful care
 Forbids me blessings, and ordains despair,
 Commands me thus to leave thee, and repine:
 And I must vainly mourn the scenes I fly,
 And breathe on other gales my plaintive sigh,
 And blend my tears with other waves than thine!

SONNET 23

TO A LADY WHO DIED AT SEA

"Chara minha inimiga, em cuja mao."

THOU to whose power my hopes, my joys, I give,
 O fondly loved! my bosom's dearest care!
 Earth, which denied to lend thy form a grave,
 Yields not one spell to soothe my deep despair!

Yes ! the wild seas entomb those charms divine
 Dark o'er thy head th' eternal billows roll ;
 But while one ray of life or thought is mine,
 Still shalt thou live, the inmate of my soul.

And if the tones of my uncultured song
 Have power the sad remembrance to prolong
 Of love so ardent, and of faith so pure ;
 Still shall my verse thine epitaph remain,
 Still shall thy charms be deathless in my strain,
 While Time, and Love, and Memory shall endure.

SONNET 19

"Alma minha gentil, que te partiste."

SPIRIT beloved ! whose wing so soon hath flown
 The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,
 How is yon Heaven eternally thine own,
 Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here !

Oh ! if allowed in thy divine abode
 Of aught on earth an image to retain,
 Remember still the fervent love which glowed
 In my fond bosom, pure from every stain.

And if thou deem that all my faithful grief,
 Caused by thy loss, and hopeless of relief,
 Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies !
 Oh ! ask of Heaven, which called thee soon away,
 That I may join thee in those realms of day,
 Swiftly as *thou* hast vanished from mine eyes.

"Que estranho caso de amor !"

How strange a fate in love is mine !
 How dearly prized the pains I feel !
 Pangs, that to rend my soul combine,
 With avarice I conceal :
 For did the world the tale divine,
 My lot would then be deeper woe,
 And mine is grief that none must know.

To mortal ears I may not dare
 Unfold the cause, the pain I prove ;
 'Twould plunge in ruin and despair
 Or me, or her I love.
 My soul delights alone to bear
 Her silent, unsuspected woe,
 And none shall pity, none shall know.

Thus buried in my bosom's urn,
 Thus in my inmost heart concealed,
 Let me alone the secret mourn,
 In pangs unsoothed and unrevealed,

For whether happiness or woe,
Or life or death its power bestow,
It is what none on earth must know.

SONNET 58

"Se as penas com que Amor tao mal me trata."

SHOULD Love, the tyrant of my suffering heart,
Yet long enough protract his votary's days,
To see the lustre from those eyes depart,
The load-stars now that fascinate my gaze ;

To see rude Time the living roses blight,
That o'er thy cheek their loveliness unfold,
And, all unpitying, change thy tresses bright,
To silvery whiteness, from their native gold ;

Oh ! then thy heart an equal change will prove,
And mourn the coldness that repelled my love,
When tears and penitence will all be vain ;
And I shall see thee weep for days gone by,
And in thy deep regret and fruitless sigh
Find amplest vengeance for my former pain.

SONNET 178

"Já cantei, já chorei a dura guerra."

OFt have I sung and mourned the bitter woes
Which Love for years hath mingled with my fate,
While he the tale forbade me to disclose,
That taught his votaries their deluded state.

Nymphs ! who dispense Castalia's living stream,
Ye who from Death oblivion's mantle steal,
Grant me a strain in powerful tone supreme,
Each grief by love inflicted to reveal :

That those whose ardent hearts adore his sway,
May hear experience breathe a warning lay,
How false his smiles, his promises how vain !
Then, if ye deign this effort to inspire,
When the sad task is o'er, my plaintive lyre,
For ever hushed, shall slumber in your fane.

JUVENILE AND EARLY POEMS

SELECTED AS SPECIMENS OF MRS. HEMANS' EARLY TALENT

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

WRITTEN AT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE

CLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm.
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN

THE infant muse, Jehovah! would aspire
To swell the adoration of the lyre!
Source of all good, oh! teach my voice to sing

Thee, from whom Nature's genuine
beauties spring.

Thou God of truth, omnipotent and wise,
Who saidst to Chaos, Let the earth arise!
Oh! author of the rich luxuriant year,
Love, Truth, and Mercy in Thy works
appear;

Within their orbs the planets dost Thou
And e'en hast limited the mighty deep.

Oh! could I number Thy inspiring ways,
And wake the voice of animated praise!
Ah no! the theme shall swell a cherub's
note;

To Thee celestial hymns of rapture float.
'Tis not for me in lowly strains to sing
Thee, God of Mercy—heaven's Immortal
King.

Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire;
Oh! fill my heart with elevated fire.
With angel songs an artless voice shall
blend,

The grateful offering shall to Thee ascend.
Yes, Thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er my
lyre, [fire];
And "fill my beating heart with sacred

And when to Thee my youth, my life I've
given,
Raise me to join Eliza * blest in heaven.

TO MY MOTHER

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

If e'er for human bliss or woe
I feel the sympathetic glow;
If e'er my heart has learned to know
The generous wish or prayer;
Who sowed the germ, with tender hand?
Who marked its infant leaves expand?
My mother's fostering care.

And if *one* flower of charms refined
May grace the garden of my mind,
'Twas she who nursed it there;
She loved to cherish and adorn
Each blossom of the soil;
To banish every weed and thorn,
That oft opposed her toil.

And oh! if e'er I've sighed to claim
The palm, the living palm of fame,
The glowing wreath of praise;
If e'er I've wished the glittering stores
That fortune on her favourite pours;
'Twas but that wealth and fame, if mine,
Round *thee* with streaming rays might
shine,
And gild thy sun-bright days.

Yet not that splendour, pomp, and power
Might then irradiate every hour;
For these, my mother, well I know,
On thee no raptures could bestow;
But could thy bounty, warm and kind,
Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined*,
And fall, as manna from the skies,
And bid a train of blessings rise,
Diffusing joy and peace;
The tear-drop, grateful, pure and bright,
For thee would beam with softer light
Than all the diamond's crystal rays,
Than all the emerald's lucid blaze;
And joys of heaven would thrill thy heart,
To bid one bosom-grief depart,
One tear, one-sorrow cease!

* A sister the writer had lost.

Then oh! may Heaven, that loves to
 bless,
 Bestow the power to cheer distress;
 Make *thee* its minister below,
 To light the cloudy path of woe;
 To visit the deserted cell;
 Where indigence is doomed to dwell;
 To raise, when drooping to the earth,
 The blossoms of neglected worth;
 And round, with liberal hand, dispense
 The sunshine of beneficence.

But ah, if fate should still deny
 Delights like these, too rich and high;
 If grief and pain thy steps assail,
 In life's remote and wintry vale;
 Then, as the wild Æolian lyre,
 Complains with soft, entrancing number,
 When the loud storm awakes the wire,
 And bids enchantment cease to slumber;
 So filial love, with soothing voice,
 E'en then shall teach thee to rejoice:
 E'en *then* shall sweeter, milder sound,
 When sorrow's tempest raves around;
 While dark misfortune's gales destroy
 The frail mimosa-buds of hope and joy!

RURAL WALKS

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

Oh! may I ever pass my happy hours
 In Cambrian valleys and romantic bowers;
 For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
 And every landscape charms my youthful
 breast.
 And much I love to hail the vernal morn,
 When flowers of spring the mossy seat
 adorn;
 And sometimes through the lonely wood I
 stray,
 To cull the tender rosebuds in my way;
 And seek in every wild secluded dell
 The weeping cowslip and the azure bell;
 With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,
 To form the gay festoon of varied hue.
 And oft I seek the cultivated green,
 The fertile meadow, and the village scene;
 Where rosy children sport around the cot,
 Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.
 And there I wander by the cheerful rill,
 That murmurs near the osiers and the mill;
 To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,
 And listen to their pleasing festive lay.
 I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
 Or in the mountain scenery to rove;

Where summits rise in awful grace around,
 With hoary moss and tufted verdure
 crowned;
 Where cliffs in solemn majesty are piled,
 "And frown upon the vale" with grandeur
 wild:
 And there I view the mouldering tower
 Arrayed in all the blending shades of time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,
 The valley, and romantic mountain scene;
 The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
 The dell retired, or willow-shaded lane;
 "And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
 And every landscape charms my youthful
 breast."

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER

ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN, AFTER
 THE FATAL RETREAT UNDER SIR JOHN MOORE,
 AND THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA

THOUGH dark are the prospects, and heavy
 the hours,
 Though life is a desert, and cheerless
 the way;
 Yet still! shall affection adorn it with flowers;
 Whose fragrance shall never decay.

And lo! to embrace thee, my Brother! she
 flies,
 With artless delight, that no words can
 With a sunbeam of transport illumine her
 eyes,
 With a smile and a glow on her cheek.

From the trophies of war, from the spear
 and the shield,
 From the scenes of destruction, from
 perils unblest;
 Oh! welcome again to the grove and the
 field,
 To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse! with the lyre
 and the voice,
 Oh! gay be the measure and sportive the
 For light is my heart, and my spirits rejoice,
 To meet thee, my Brother, again.

When the heroes of Albion, still valiant and
 true,
 Were bleeding, were falling, with victory
 How often would Fancy present to my view
 The horrors that waited thee round.

How constant, how fervent, how pure was
 my prayer,
 That Heaven would protect thee from
 danger and harm;
 'That angels of mercy would shield thee
 with care
 In the heat of the combat's alarm.

How sad and how often descended the tear,
 (Ah! long shall remembrance the image
 retain!) [with fear
 How mournful the sigh, when I trembled
 I might never behold thee again.

But the prayer was accepted, the sorrow is
 o'er, [the rose;
 And the tear-drop is fled, like the dew on
 Thy dangers, our fears, have endeared thee
 the more,
 And my bosom with tenderness glows.

And oh! when the dreams, the enchant-
 ments of youth, [rainbow, away,
 Bright and transient, have fled, like the
 My affection for thee, still unfading in
 truth,
 Shall never, oh! never, decay.

No time can impair it, no change can
 destroy, [share;
 Whate'er be the lot I am destined to
 It will smile in the sunshine of hope and
 of joy,
 And beam through the cloud of despair!

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH
 SMITH

OH thou, whose pure, exalted mind
 Lives in this record, fair and bright;
 Oh thou, whose blameless life combined
 Soft female charms and grace refined
 With science and with light.
 Celestial maid! whose spirit soared
 Beyond this vale of tears;
 Whose clear, enlightened eye explored
 The lore of years!

Daughter of heaven! if *here*, e'en *here*,
 The wing of towering thought was thine;
 If, on this dim and mundane sphere,
 Fair truth illumed thy bright career
 With morning star divine;
 How must thy blest, ethereal soul,
 Now kindle in her noon-tide ray;
 And hail, unfettered by control,
 The fount of day.

E'en now, perhaps, thy seraph-eyes,
 Undimmed by doubt, nor veiled by fear,
 Behold a chain of wonders rise,
 Gaze on the noonbeam of the skies,
 Transcendent pure, and clear.
 E'en now the fair, the good, the true,
 From mortal sight concealed,
 Bless in one blaze thy raptured view,
 In light revealed!

If here, the lore of distant time
 And learning's flowers were all, thine
 own;
 How must thy mind ascend, sublime,
 Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,
 To light's unclouded throne.
 Perhaps, e'en now, thy kindling glance
 Each orb of living fire explores;
 Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,
 Admires—adores.

Oh! if that lightning-eye surveys
 This dark and sublunary plain;
 How must the wreath of human praise
 Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,
 So dim, so pale, so vain.

How like a faint and shadowy dream
 Must quiver learning's brightest ray;
 While on thy eyes, with lucid stream,
 The sun of glory pours his beam,
 Perfection's day.

THE SILVER LOCKS

TO JOHN FOULKES, ESQ.—18TH AUGUST 1809
 THOUGH youth may boast the curls that
 flow

In sunny waves of auburn glow;
 As graceful on thy hoary head
 Has time the robe of honour spread,
 And there, oh! softly, softly, shed
 His wreath of snow.

As frost-work on the trees displayed,
 When weeping Flora leaves the shade,
 E'en more than Flora, charms the sight;
 E'en so thy locks, of purest white,
 Survive, in age's frost-work bright,
 Youth's vernal rose decayed.

To grace the nymph, whose tresses play
 Light on the sportive breeze of May,
 Let other bards the garland twine,
 Where sweets of every hue combine;
 Those locks revered, that silvery shine,
 Invite my lay.

Less white the summer-cloud sublime,
Less white the winter's fringing rime;
Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem,
(A poet's blest, immortal theme,
Than thine, which wear the moonlight
beam
Of reverend time!

Long may the graceful honours smile,
Like moss on some declining pile;
Oh, much revered! may filial care,
Around thee, duteous, long repair,
Thy joys with tender bliss to share,
Thy pains beguile!

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave,
Long, long, your much-loved beauty save;
May bliss your latest evening crown,
Disarm life's winter of its frown,
And soft, ye hoary hairs, go down
In gladness to the grave.

And as the parting beams of day
On mountain-snows reflected play;
And tints of roscate lustre shed;
Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,
May joy, with evening planet, shed
His mildest ray.

THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS

SWEETS of the wild! that breathe and bloom

On this lone tower, this ivied wall;
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
And grace the ruin in its fall;
Though doomed, remote from careless eye,
To smile, to flourish, and to die
In solitude sublime,
Oh! ever may the Spring renew
Your balmy scent and glowing hue,
To deck the robe of Time!

Breathe, fragrance! breathe, enrich the air,

Though wasted on its wing unknown!
Blow, flow'rets! blow, though vainly fair,
Neglected and alone!

These towers that long withstood the blast,

These mossy towers, are mouldering fast,
While Flora's children stay
To mantle o'er the lonely pile,
To gild destruction with a smile,
And beautify decay!

Sweets of the wild! uncultured blowing,
Neglected in luxuriance glowing;
From the dark ruins frowning near,
Your charms in brighter tints appear,
And richer blush assume;
You smile with softer beauty crowned,
Whilst all is desolate around,
Like sunshine on a tomb!

Thou hoary pile! majestic still,
Memento of departed fame!
While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,
I ponder on thine ancient name!

Here grandeur, beauty, valour sleep,
That here so oft have shone supreme;
While glory, honour, fancy weep,
That vanished is the golden dream!

Where are the banners, waving proud
To kiss the summer-gale of even?
All purple as the morning-cloud,
All streaming to the winds of heaven?

Where is the harp, by rapture strung
To melting song or martial story?
Where are the lays the minstrel sung
To loveliness, or glory?

Lorn echo of these mouldering walls,
To thee no festal measure calls;
No music through the desert-halls
Awakes thee to rejoice!
How still thy sleep! as death profound,
As if, within this lonely round,
A step—a note—a whispered sound
Had ne'er aroused thy voice!

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring, dying
Thou hear'st the foliage waving, sighing;
But ne'er again shall harp or song,
These dark, deserted courts along,
Disturb thy calm repose;
The harp is broke, the song is fled,
The voice is hushed, the bard is dead;
And never shall thy tones repeat
Or lofty strain or carol sweet,
With plaintive close!

Proud castle! though the days are flown
When once thy towers in glory shone;
When music through thy turrets rung,
When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,
Though 'midst thine arches, frowning lone,
Stern desolation rear his throne;
And silence, deep and awful, reign
Where echoed once the choral strain;

Yet oft, dark ruin ! lingering here,
The Muse will hail thee with a tear ;
Here, when the moonlight, quivering,
beams,

And through the fringing ivy streams,
And softens every shade sublime,
And mellowes every tint of time—
Oh ! here shall Contemplation love,
Unseen and undisturbed, to rove ;
And bending o'er some mossy tomb,
Where valour sleeps or beauty's bloom
Shall weep for glory's transient day,
And grandeur's evanescent ray !
And listening to the swelling blast,
Shall wake the spirit of the past—
Call up the forms of ages fled,
Of warriors and of minstrels dead ;
Who sought the field, who struck the lyre,
With all ambition's kindling fire !

Nor wilt thou, Spring ! refuse to breathe
Soft odours on this desert-air ;
Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,
And fringe these towers with garlands
fair !

Sweets of the wild, oh ! ever bloom
Unheeded on this ivied wall !
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
And grace the ruin in its fall !

Thus round Misfortune's holy head
Would Pity wreaths of honour spread ;
Like you, thus blooming on this lonely pile,
She seeks despair, with heart-reviving
smile !

CHRISTMAS CAROL

FAIR Gratitude ! in strain sublime,
Swell loud to heaven thy tuneful zeal ;
And, hailing this auspicious time,
Kneel, Adoration ! kneel !

CHORUS.

For lo ! the day, th' immortal day,
When Mercy's full, benignant ray
Chased every gathering cloud away,
And poured the noon of light !
Rapture ! be kindling, mounting, glowing,
While from thine eye the tear is flowing,
Pure, warm, and bright !

*Twas on this day, oh, Love Divine !
The Orient Star's effulgence rose ;
Then waked the moon, whose eye benign
Shall never, never close !

CHORUS.

Messiah ! be Thy Name adored,
Eternal, high, redeeming Lord !
By grateful worlds be anthems poured—
Emanuel ! Prince of Peace !
This day, from heaven's empyreal dwell-
ing,
Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert swelling,
Bade discord cease !

Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,
Children of heaven and sons of earth !
Scraps and men ! exult, rejoice,
To bless the Saviour's birth !

CHORUS.

Devotion ! light thy purest fire !
Transport ! on cherub-wing aspire !
Praise ! wake to Him thy golden lyre,
Strike every thrilling chord !
While, at the ark of mercy kneeling,
We own Thy grace, reviving, healing,
Redeemer ! Lord !

SONNET TO MY MOTHER

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,
I pour the genuine numbers, free from
art ;
The lays inspired by gratitude and truth,
For thou wilt prize the effusion of the
heart.
Oh ! be it mine, with sweet and pious care
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief ;
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
With fond endearments to impart relief.
Be mine thy warm affection to repay
With duteous love in thy declining hours ;
My filial hand shall strew unfading
flowers,
Perennial roses to adorn thy way :
Still may thy grateful childreng round thee
smile,
Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

SONNET

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest
May hover round the virtuous man's
repose ;
And oft in visions animate his breast,
And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.
The ministers of Heaven, with pure control,
May bid his sorrow and emotion cease ;
Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
And whisper to his bosom hallowed
peace.

Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet
 relief
 May charm the bosom of a weeping
 friend;
 Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
 And pensive pleasure with devotion
 blend;
 While oft he fancies music sweetly faint,
 The airy lay of some departed saint.

SONNET

• WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

I LOVE to hail the mild, the balmy hour,
 When evening spreads around her twilight veil;

When dews descend on every languid
 flower,
 And sweet and tranquil is the summer
 gale.
 Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,
 While o'er the wave the breezes lightly
 play;
 To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
 To mark the fading smile of closing day.
 There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the
 seas;
 While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.
 For still, when evening sheds the genial
 dews,
 That pensive hour is sacred to the Muse.

ENGLAND AND SPAIN

OR

VALOUR AND PATRIOTISM

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN

"His sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause."—POPE.

Too long have Tyranny and Power combined
 To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind;
 Long has Oppression worn the imperial
 robe, [globe!
 And Rapine's sword has wasted half the
 O'er Europe's cultured realms, and climes
 afar, [war;
 Triumphant Gaul has poured the tide of
 To her fair Austria veiled the standard
 bright; [might;
 Ausonia's lovely plains have owned her
 While Prussia's eagle, never taught to
 yield, [field!
 Forsook her towering height on Jena's

Oh! gallant Fred'ric! could thy parted
 shade [trayed;
 Have seen thy country vanquished and be-
 How had thy soul indignant mourned her
 shame, [fame!
 Her sullied trophies and her tarnished
 When Valour wept lamented Brunswick's
 doom, [tomb;
 And nursed with tears the laurels on his
 When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's
 ve,
 Invoked his spirit to descend and save,

Then set her glories—then expired her sun,
 And fraud achieved—e'en more than con-
 quest won!

O'er peaceful realms, that smiled with
 plenty gay,
 Has desolation spread her ample sway;
 Thy blast, O Ruin! on tremendous wings,
 Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations,
 kings!

Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force
 With dark destruction marks its whelming
 course; [ing plain,
 Despoils the woodland's pomp, the bloom-
 Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!

Rise, Freedom, rise! and, breaking from
 thy trance, [lance!
 Wave the dread banner, seize the glittering
 With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,
 And call thy champions to defend thy laws!
 How long shall tyrant power her throne
 maintain? [reign?

How long shall despots and usurpers
 Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled?
 Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead?
 Is there no heart where worth and valour
 dwell,
 No patriot Wallace, no undaunted Tell?

Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band,
 Around thy banner firm exulting stand;
 Once more 'tis thine, invincible, to wield
 The beamy spear and adamantine shield!
 Again thy cheek with proud resentment
 glows,
 Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes;
 Thy kindling eye-beam darts unconquered
 fires, [spires:
 Thy look sublime the warrior's heart in-
 And while, to guard thy standard and thy
 right,
 Castilians rush, intrepid to the fight;
 Lo! Britain's generous host their aid
 supply,
 Resolved for thee to triumph or to die!
 And Glory smiles to see Iberia's name
 Enrolled with Albion's in the book of fame!

Illustrious names! still, still united beam,
 Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme:
 So when two radiant gems together shine,
 And in one wreath their lucid light com-
 bine; [rays,
 Each, as it sparkles with transcendent
 Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze!

Descend, O Genius! from thy orb de-
 scend! [lend!
 Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit
 As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say)
 With sweet vibration meets the morning
 ray, [own,
 So let the chords thy heavenly presence
 And swell a louder note, a nobler tone;
 Call from the sun, her burning throne on
 high,
 The seraph Ecstasy, with lightning eye;
 Steal from the source of day empyreal fire,
 And breathe the soul of rapture o'er the
 lyre!

Hail, Albion! hail, thou land of Free-
 dom's birth! [earth!
 Pride of the main, and Phoenix of the
 Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice,
 dwell,
 Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel!
 Thine are the dauntless bands like Spar-
 tans brave,
 Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave,
 In classic elegance and arts divine,
 To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine;
 For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly,
 And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky,
 Where science mounts, in radiant car
 sublime, [time;
 To other worlds beyond the sphere of

Hail, Albion, hail! to thee has fate denied
 Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's
 pride; [boast,
 The gems that Ormuz and Golconda
 And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast;
 For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine;
 No glowing suns, nature the blushing vine;
 No light Arabian gales their wings expand
 To waft Sabæan incense o'er the land;
 No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills,
 No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils;
 Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows,
 And far from thee the scented cassia blows;
 Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throne,
 Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy
 own;
 From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid
 reign,
 She bids thy ensigns float above the main;
 Unfurls her streamers to the favouring
 gale, [sail;
 And shows to other worlds her quivering
 Then wafts their gold, their varied stores
 to thee,
 Queen of the trident! empress of the sea!

For this thy noble sons have spread
 alarms, [arms!
 And bade the zones resound with Britain's
 Calpe's proud rock, and Syria's palmy
 shore, [roar!
 Have heard and trembled at their battle's
 The sacred waves of fertilising Nile
 Have seen the triumphs of the conquering
 isle!
 For this, for this, the Samiel-blast of war
 Has rolled o'er Vincent's cape and Tra-
 falgar! [sound,
 Victorious RODNEY spread thy thunder's
 And NELSON fell, with fame immortal
 crowned! [gain—
 Blest if their perils and their blood could
 To grace thy hand—the sceptre of the
 main!
 The milder emblems of the virtues calm,
 The poet's verdant bay, the sage's palm;
 These in thy laurel's blooming foliage
 twine, [combine;
 And round thy brows a deathless wreath
 Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic tide,
 Are hallowed more than Avon's haunted
 side:
 Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring theme
 Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's stream.

Bright in the annals of the impartial
 page
 Britannia's heroes live from age to age!

From ancient days, when dwelt her savage
race,
Her painted natives, foremost in the chase,
Free from all cares for luxury or gain,
Lords of the wood, and monarchs of the
plain ;
To these Augustan days, when social arts
Refine and meliorate her manly hearts ;
From doubtful Arthur, hero of romance,
King of the circled board, the spear, the
lance, [shield,
To those whose recent trophies grace her
The gallant victors of Vimiera's field ;
Still have her warriors borne the unfading
crown,
And made the British flag the ensign of
renown.

Spirit of Alfred ! patriot soul sublime !
Thou morning-star of error's darkest time !
Prince of the Lion-Heart ! whose arm in
fight

On Syria's plains repelled Saladin's might.
Edward ! for bright heroic deeds revered,
By Cressy's fame to Britain still endeared !
Triumphant Henry ! thou whose valour
proud

The lofty plume of crested Gallia bowed !
Look down, look down, exalted Shades !
and view

✓ Your Albion still to Freedom's banner true !
Behold the land, ennobled by your fame,
Supreme in glory, and of spotless name ;
And, as the Pyramid indignant rears
Its awful head, and mocks the waste of
years ;
See her secure in pride of virtue tower,
While prostrate nations kiss the rod of
power.

Lo ! where her pinions, waving high,
aspire, [fire !"
Bold victory hovers near, "with eyes of
While Lusitania hails, with just applause,
The brave defenders of her injured cause ;
Bids the full song, the note of triumph rise,
And swells the exulting pæan to the skies !

And they, who late with anguish, hard
to tell, [farewell !
Breathed to their cherished realms a sad
Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,
Still fondly lingered on its deck, and sighed ;
Gazed on the shore, till tears obscured their
sight,
And the blue distance melted into light ;
The Royal Exiles, forced by Gallia's hate
To fly for refuge to a foreign state :

They, soon returning o'er the western main,
Ere long may view their clime beloved
again :

And as the blazing pillar led the host
Of faithful Israel o'er the desert coast ;
So may Britannia guide the noble band,
O'er the wild ocean, to their native land.
Oh ! glorious isle ! oh ! sovereign of the
waves !

[slaves !
Thine are the sons who never will be
See them once more, with ardent hearts.
advance

And rend the laurels of insulting France ;
To brave Castile their potent aid supply,
And wave, O Freedom ! wave thy sword
on high !

Is there no bard of heavenly power
posset,

To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast !
Like Shakspeare o'er the secret mind to
sway

And call each wayward passion to obey ?
Is there no bard imbued with hallowed fire,
To wake the chords of Ossian's magic-
lyre ;

Whose numbers breathing all his flame-
divine,

The patriot's name to ages might consign ?
Rise, Inspiration, rise, be this thy theme,
And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam !

Oh, could my muse on seraph pinion
spring,

And sweep with rapture's hand the trem-
bling string ;

Could she the bosom energies control,
And pour impassioned fervour o'er the soul ;
Oh ! could she strike the harp to Milton
given,

Brought by a cherub from th' empyrean
heaven !

Ah ! fruitless wish ! ah ! prayer preferred
in vain,

For her ! the humblest of the woodland
train :

Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise
The hymn of liberty, the song of praise !

Iberian bands ! whose noble ardour
glows

To pour confusion on oppressive foes ;
Intrepid spirits, hail ! 'tis yours to feel
The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal !
Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,
Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain ;
No cruel rapine leads you to the war,
Nor mad ambition whirled in crimson car ;

No, brave Castilians! yours a nobler end,
Your land, your laws, your monarch to
defend! [rear

For these, for these, your valiant legions

The floating standard and the lofty spear;

The fearless lover wields the conquering

sword,

Fired by the image of the maid adored;

His best-beloved, his fondest ties to aid,

The father's hand unsheaths the glittering

blade;

For each, for all, for every sacred right,

The daring patriot mingles in the fight!

And e'en if love or friendship fail to warm,

His country's name alone can nerve his

dauntless arm.

He bleeds! he falls! his death-bed is

the field! [shield;

His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the

His closing eyes the beam of valour speak,

The flush of ardour lingers on his cheek;

Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes,

Then for his country breathes a prayer—

and dies!

Oh! ever hallowed be his verdant grave,

There let the laurel spread, the cypress

wave!

Thou, lovely Spring! bestow, to grace his

tomb, [bloom;

Thy sweetest fragrance and thy earliest

There let the tears of heaven descend in

balm,

There let the poet consecrate his palm!

Let honour, pity, bless the holy ground,

And shades of sainted heroes watch around!

'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling

knell,

Thy chief, O Thebes! at Mantinea fell;

Smiled undismayed within the arms of

Death,

While Victory, weeping nigh, received his

breath!

O thou, the sovereign of the noble

soul!

Thou source of energies beyond control!

Queen of the lofty thought, the gen'rous

deed, [bleed,

Whose sons unconquered fight, undaunted

Inspiring Liberty! thy worshipped name

The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame;

Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony,

Thy charms inspire him to achievements

high;

More blest with thee to tread perennial

snows, [blows,

Where ne'er a flower expands, a zephyr

Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,

In frost-work palace holds perpetual reign;

Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove

The green savannas and the spicy grove;

Scent the rich balms of India's perfumed

gales,

In citron-woods and aromatic vales;

For oh! fair Liberty, when thou art near,

Elysium blossoms in the desert drear!

Where'er thy smile its magic power

bestows,

There arts and taste expand, these fancy

glows;

The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,

And every chord to swelling transport lives;

There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace

The soul of beauty and the lines of grace;

With bold Promethean hand the canvas

warms, [forms,

And calls from stone expression's breathing

Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its

bound,

Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,

Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile

sands!

And rich profusion clothe deserted lands!

Immortal Freedom! daughter of the

skies! [rise!

To thee shall Britain's grateful incense

Ne'er, goddess! ne'er forsake thy favourite

isle, [smile,

Still be thy Albion brightened with thy

Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose,

While proudly triumphed thine insulting

foes;

Yet though a cloud may veil Apollo's light,

Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to

sight;

Once more we see thy kindling soul return,

Thy vestal-flame with added radiance burn;

Lo! in Iberian hearts thine ardour lives;

Lo! in Iberian hearts thy spark revives!

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted

band!

Still sure to conquer, if combined ye stand!

Though myriads, flashing in the eye of day,

Streamed o'er the smiling land in long

array; [foes,

Though tyrant Asia poured unnum'

Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose;

For every state in sacred union stood,

Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood:

Each heart was glowing in the general

cause, [laws,

Each hand prepared to guard their hallowed

Athenian valour joined Laconia's might,
And but contended to be first in fight;
From rank to rank the warm contagion ran,
And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van;

[glories lost,
Then Persia's monarch mourned his
As wild confusion winged his flying host;
Then Attic bards the hymn of victory sung,
And Grecian harp to notes exulting rung!
Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone
record

The high achievements of the conquering
sword, [renown

Thus, brave Castilians! thus may bright
And fair success your valiant efforts crown!

Genius of chivalry! whose early days
Tradition still recounts in artless lays;
Whose faded splendours fancy oft recalls,
The floating banners and the lofty halls;
The gallant feats thy festivals displayed,
The tila, the tournament, the long crusade,
Whose ancient pride Romance delights to
hail,

In fabled numbers or heroic tale:
Those times are fled, when stern thy castles
frowned, [crowned;

Their stately towers with feudal grandeur
Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's
clime [time;

Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp sub-
And all thy glories, all thy deeds of yore,
Live but in legends wild and poet's lore.
Lo! where thy silent harp neglected lies,
Light o'er its chords the murmuring zephyr
sighs;

Thy solemn courts, where once the minstrel
sung,

The choral voice of mirth and music rung;
Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone,
Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan:
Thy lonely towers deserted fall away,
Thy broken spire is mouldering in decay.
Yet though thy transient pageantries are
gone,

Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown;
Genius of chivalry! thy noble train,
Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain.

Fair truth arrayed in robes of spotless white,
Her eye a sunbeam, and her zone of light;
Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,
Still darting forward to the wreath of fame;
And purest love, that waves his torch divine
At awful honour's consecrated shrine;
Arduous with eagle wing, and fiery glance;
And generous courage, resting on his lance;
And loyalty, by perils unsubdued;
Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude;

And patriot energy, with heart of flame:
These in Iberia's sons are yet the same!

These from remotest days their souls have
fired, [inspired!

"Nerved every arm," and every breast
When Moorish bands their suffering land
possest, [crest;

And fierce oppression reared her giant
The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,
In eastern gems and purple splendour
shone; [vied

Theirs was the proud magnificence, that
With stately Bagdat's oriental pride;

Theirs were the courts in regal pomp
arrayed,

Where arts and luxury their charm dis-
played; [towers,

'Twas theirs to rear the Zehra's costly
Its fairy palace and enchanted bowers;

There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell,
Of potent genii or of wizard spell;

All that a poet's dream could picture bright,
Onewest Elysium, charmed the wondering
sight!

Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,
It seemed an Eden from Armida's wand!

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and
radiant state, [fate!

When freedom waved on high the sword of
When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear,
Stern retribution frowning on his spear;

And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,
O'erwhelmed with shame, confessed the
Christians' might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose,
Burning with zeal against his country's
foes;

His victor-arm Alphonso's throne main-
tained, [gained!

His laureate brows the wreath of conquest
And still his deeds Castilian bards re-
hearse,

Inspiring theme of patriotic verse!
High in the temple of recording fame,
Iberia points to great Gonsalvo's name;

Victorious chief! whose valour still defined
The arms of Gaul, and bowed her crested
pride; [reign's throne,

With splendid trophies graced his sove-
And bade Granada's realms his prowess
own. [Spain!

Nor were his deeds thy only boast, O
In mighty Ferdinand's illustrious reign;

'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the
sail,

Unfurled his flag before the eastern gale!

Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventured to explore
 Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown
 Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,
 Sweet hope, exulting, steered the daring
 helm;
 While on the mast, with ardour-flashing
 Courageous enterprise still hovered nigh:
 The hoary genius of th' Atlantic main
 Saw man invade his wide majestic reign;
 His empire yet by mortal unsubdued,
 The throne, the world, of awful solitude.
 And e'en when shipwreck seemed to rear
 his form,
 And dark destruction menaced in the
 In every shape, when giant-peril rose,
 To daunt his spirit and his course oppose;
 O'er every heart when terror swayed alone,
 And hope forsook each bosom, but his
 own:
 Moved by no dangers, by no fears re-
 His glorious track the gallant sailor held.
 Attentive still to mark the sea-birds lave,
 Or high in air their snowy pinions wave:
 Thus princely Jason, launching from the
 steep,
 With dauntless prow explored th' un-
 Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful
 sight
 Viewed every star and planetary light.
 Sublime Columbus! when, at length
 descried,
 The long-sought land arose above the
 How every heart with exultation glowed,
 How from each eye the tear of transport
 flowed:
 Not wilder joys the sons of Israel knew,
 When Canaan's fertile plains appeared in
 view;
 Then rose the choral anthem on the
 Then martial music floated o'er the seas;
 Their waving streamers to the sun dis-
 played,
 In all the pride of warlike pomp arrayed;
 Advancing nearer still, the ardent band
 Hailed the glad shore, and blessed the
 stranger land,
 Admired its palmy groves and prospects
 With rapture breathed its pure ambrosial
 air!
 Then crowded round its free and simple
 race,
 Amazement pictured wild on every face:
 Who deemed that beings of celestial birth,
 Sprung from the sun, descended to the
 earth!
 Then first another world, another sky,
 Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high!

Still prouder glories beam on history's
 page,
 Imperial Charles! to mark thy prosperous
 Those golden days of arts and fancy
 bright,
 When Science poured her mild refulgent
 When Painting bade the glowing canvas
 breathe,
 Creative Sculpture claimed the living
 When roved the Muses in Ausonian
 bowers,
 Waving immortal crowns of fairest
 When angel truth dispersed with beam
 divine,
 The clouds that veiled religion's hallowed
 Those golden days beheld Iberia tower
 High on the pyramid of fame and power:
 Vain all the efforts of her numerous foes,
 Her might, superior still, triumphant rose.
 Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted brow,
 The cedar, frowning o'er the plains below,
 Though storms assail, its regal pomp to
 rend,
 Majestic still aspires, disdaining e'er to

When Gallia poured, to Pavia's trophied
 plain,
 Her youthful knights, a bold, impetuous
 When, after many a toil and danger past,
 The fatal morn of conflict rose at last;
 That morning saw her glittering host
 combine,
 And form in close array the threatening
 Fire in each eye, and force in every arm,
 With hope exulting, and with ardour
 warm,
 Saw to the gale their streaming ensigns
 Their armour flashing to the beam of day;
 Their generous chargers panting, spurn
 the ground,
 Roused by the trumpet's animating sound;
 And heard in air their warlike music float,
 The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring
 note!

Pale set the sun—the shades of evening
 fell,
 The mournful night—wind rung their
 And the same day beheld the warriors
 dead,
 Their sovereign captive, and their glories
 Fled, like the lightning's evanescent fire,
 Bright, blazing, dreadful—only to expire!
 Then, then, while prostrate Gaul con-
 fessed her might,
 Iberia's planet shed meridian light!
 Nor less, on famed St. Quintin's deathful
 Castilian spirit bore the prize away;

Laurels that still their verdure shall retain,
 And trophies beaming high in glory's fane!
 And lo! her heroes, warm with kindred
 flame,
 Still proudly emulate their fathers' fame;
 Still with the soul of patriot-valour glow,
 Still rush impetuous to repel the foe!
 Wave the bright falchion, lift the beamy
 spear,
 And hid oppressive Gallia learn to fear!
 Be theirs, be theirs unfading honour's
 crown,
 The living amaranths of bright renown!
 Be theirs th' inspiring tribute of applause,
 Due to the champions of their country's
 cause!
 Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue loves,
 The joy when conscience whispers and
 approves, [high,
 When every heart is fired, each pulse beats
 To fight, to bleed, to fall for Liberty;
 Where every hand is dauntless and pre-
 pared
 The sacred charter of mankind to guard;
 When Britain's valiant sons their aid
 unite, [right,
 Fervent and glowing still for Freedom's
 Bid ancient enmities for ever cease,
 And ancient wrongs, forgotten, sleep in
 peace; [patriot band,
 When firmly leagued, they joined the
 Can venal slaves their conquering arms
 withstand?
 Can fame refuse their gallant deeds to
 bless? [success?
 Can victory fail to crown them with
 Look down, O Heaven! the righteous
 cause maintain,
 Defend the injured, and avenge the slain!
 Despot of France! destroyer of mankind!
 What spectre-cares must haunt thy sleep-
 less mind!
 Oh! if at midnight round thy regal bed,
 When soothing visions fly thine aching
 head: [calm,
 When sleep denies thy anxious cares to
 And lull thy senses in his opiate-balm:
 Invoked by guilt, if airy phantoms rise,
 And murdered victims bleed before thine
 eyes: [ear,
 Loud let them thunder in thy troubled
 "Tyrant! the hour, the avenging hour is
 near!
 It is, it is! thy star withdraws its ray;
 Soon will its parting lustre fade away;
 Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its
 light,
 And veil thy splendours in eternal night!

Oh! when accusing conscience wakes thy
 soul, [trol
 With awful terrors, and with dread con-
 bids threatening forms, appalling, round
 thee stand,
 And summons all her visionary band;
 Calls up the parted shadows of the dead,
 And whispers, peace and happiness are
 fled;
 E'en at the time of silence and of rest,
 Paints the dire poniard menacing thy
 breast; [pale?
 Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror
 Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit
 fail? [provoke
 And wouldst thou yet by added crimes
 The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal
 stroke?
 Bereave a nation of its rights revered,
 Of all to mortals sacred and endeared?
 And shall they tamely liberty resign,
 The soul of life, the source of bliss divine?
 Canst thou, supreme destroyer! hope to
 bind,
 In chains of adamant, the noble mind?
 Go bid the royal orbs thy mandate hear,
 Go, stay the lightning in its winged
 career! [vain,
 No, Tyrant! no, thy utmost force is
 The patriot-arm of Freedom to restrain:
 Then bid thy subject-bands in armour
 shine, [bine.
 Then bid thy legions all their power com-
 Yet couldst thou summon myriads at
 command, [hand,
 Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred
 E'en then her soul thy lawless might
 would spurn, [nation burn.
 E'en then, with kindling fire, with indig-

Ye Sons of Albion! first in danger's
 field, [wield!
 The sword of Britain and of truth to
 Still prompt the injured to defend and
 save,
 Appal the despot, and assist the brave;
 Who now intrepid lift the generous blade,
 The cause of Justice and Castile to aid!
 Ye Sons of Albion! by your country's
 name,
 Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame,
 Oh! by the shades of Cressy's martial
 dead, [bled:
 By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who
 By honours gained on Blenheim's fatal
 plain,
 By those in Victory's arms at Minden
 slain:

*Return! thou son of man, from exile
 'Tis Britain's heroes! away your trophies! / *Warre the festal palm, and swell the choral* [solo]
 Then shall the shepherd's flute, the wood-*

land reed,
 A deathless monument to future days!
 Oh! may your courage still triumphant
 rise,
 Exalt the "lion-banner" to the skies!
 Transcend the fairest names in history's
 page,
 The brightest actions of a former age;
 The reign of Freedom let your arms
 restore,
 And bid Oppression fall—to rise no more!
 Then, soon returning to your native isle,
 May love and beauty hail you with their
 smile; [wreath,
 For you may conquest weave th' undying
 And fame and glory's voice the song of
 rapture breathe!

Ah! when shall mad ambition cease to
 rage? [assuage?
 Ah! when shall war his demon-wrath
 When, when, supplanting discord's iron
 reign,
 Shall mercy wave her olive-wand again?
 Not till the despot's dread career is closed,
 And might restrained, and tyranny de-
 posed!

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form
 benign!
 Fair blue-eyed seraph! balmy power
 divine,
 Descend once more, thy hallowed blessings
 bring,
 Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy
 downy wing;
 Luxuriant plenty laughing in thy train,
 Shall crown with glowing stores the desert
 plain;
 Young smiling hope, attendant on thy way,
 Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray.
 Descend once more, thou daughter of the
 sky!
 Cheer every heart and brighten every eye!
 Justice, thy harbinger, before thee send,
 Thy myrtle-sceptre o'er the globe extend:
 Thy cherub-look again shall soothe man-
 kind; [bind;
 Thy cherub-hand the wounds of discord
 Thy smile of heaven shall every muse
 inspire;
 To thee the bard shall strike the silver lyre.

The martial clarion, and the drum succeed;
 Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers,
 And music warble in Idalian bowers;
 Where war and carnage blew the blast of
 death,
 The gale shall whisper with Favonian
 breath!
 And golden Ceres bless the festive swain,
 Where the wild combat reddened o'er the
 plain:
 These are thy blessings, fair benignant
 maid!
 Return, return, in vest of light arrayed!
 Let angel-forms and floating sylphs bear
 Thy car of sapphire through the realms of
 air,
 With accents milder than Æolian lays,
 When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr
 plays;
 Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,
 Diffusing round the heaven that glows
 within thy breast!

O Thou! whose fiat lulls the storm
 asleep! [deep!
 Thou! at whose nod subsides the rolling
 Whose awful word restrains the whirl-
 wind's force, [course;
 And stays the thunder in its vengeful
 Fountain of life! Omnipotent Supreme!
 Robed in perfection! crowned with glory's
 beam!
 Oh! send on earth Thy consecrated dove,
 To bear the sacred olive from above;
 Restore again the blest, the halcyon time
 The festal harmony of nature's prime:
 Bid truth and justice once again appear,
 And spread their sunshine o'er this mun-
 dane sphere;
 Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading
 bloom, [illumine;
 Transcendent light their hallowed fane
 Bid war and anarchy for ever cease,
 And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of
 peace; [own,
 Brothers once more, let men her empire
 And realms and monarchs bend before the
 throne,
 While circling rays of angel-mercy shed
 Eternal haloes round her sainted head.

1816

THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY

"Italia, Italia! O tu cui die la sorte
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
 Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
 Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte;
 Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte."—FILICAJA.

["The French, who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy, and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its masterpieces from their pedestals, and, dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull sullen halls, or rather stables, of the Louvre. . . . But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory."—EUSTACE'S *Classical Tour through Italy*, vol. ii. p. 60.]

LAND of departed fame! whose classic
 plains
 Have proudly echoed to immortal strains;
 Whose hallowed soil hath given the great
 and brave,
 Day-stars of life, a birthplace and a grave;
 Home of the Arts! where glory's faded
 smile
 Sheds lingering light o'er many a moulder-
 Proud wreck of vanished power, of splen-
 dour fled,
 Majestic temple of the mighty dead!
 Whose grandeur, yet contending with
 decay,
 Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious
 Though dimmed thy brightness, riveted
 thy chain,
 Yet, fallen Italy! rejoice again!
 Lost, lovely Realm! once more 'tis thine
 to gaze
 On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,
 Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades;
 Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery
 gloom
 Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's tomb;
 Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga's lonely wave,
 Swelled the deep echoes of the fountain's
 cave,
 Or thrilled the soul in Tasso's numbers
 high,
 Those magic strains of love and chivalry;
 If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,
 Haunting the myrtle-vale, the laurel-
 grove;
 Oh! rouse once more the daring soul of
 song,
 Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so
 And hail, with wonted pride, those works
 revered,
 Hallowed by time, by absence more en-

And breathe to Those the strain, whose
 warrior-might
 Each danger stemmed, prevailed in every
 [fight;
 Souls of unyielding power, to storms in-
 ured,
 Sublimed by peril, and by toil matured,
 Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant
 mind
 Could rouse the slumbering spirit of man-
 Whose banners tracked the vanquished
 Eagle's flight
 O'er many a plain, and dark Sierra's.
 Who bade once more the wild, heroic lay
 Record the deeds of Roncesvalles' day;
 Who, through each mountain-pass of rock
 and snow,
 An Alpine Huntsman chased the fear-
 Waved his proud standard to the balmy
 gales,
 Rich Languedoc! that fan thy glowing
 And 'midst those scenes renewed th'
 achievements high,
 Bequeathed to fame by England's ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seemed hushed, the
 conflict past,
 One strife remained—the mightiest and the
 [last!
 Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour
 Untamed Ambition summoned all his
 power:
 Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy roused,
 And the stern might of resolute Despair.
 Isle of the free! 'twas then thy champions
 stood,
 Breasting unmoved the combat's wildest
 [flood;
 Sunbeam of Battle! then thy spirit shone,
 Glowed in each breast, and sunk with life
 alone.

O hearts devoted! whose illustrious
 doom
 Gave there at once your triumph and your
 [tomb;

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Ye, firm and faithful, in th' ordeal tried
Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified;
Shrined, not entombed, ye rest in sacred
earth, [worth.
Hallowed by deeds of more than mortal
What though to mark where sleeps heroic
dust, [bust,
No sculptured trophy rise, or breathing
Yours, on the scene where valour's race
was run,
A prouder sepulchre—the field ye won!
There every mead, each cabin's lowly
name, [fame;
Shall live a watchword blended with your
And well may flowers suffice those graves
to crown
That ask no urn to blazon their renown!
There shall the Bard in future ages tread,
And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er
the dead; [wave
Revere each tree, whose sheltering branches
O'er the low mounds, the altars of the
brave;
Pause o'er each Warrior's grass-grown bed,
and hear
In every breeze some name to glory dear,
And as the shades of twilight close around,
With martial pageants people all the
ground.
Thither unborn descendants of the slain
Shall throng, as pilgrims, to some holy fane,
While, as they trace each spot, whose
records tell [and fell,
Where fought their fathers, and prevailed,
Warm in their souls shall loftiest feelings
glow, [below!
Claiming proud kindred with the dust
And many an age shall see the brave repair,
To learn the Hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia! may that field of
fame [claim.
From thee one song of echoing triumph
Land of the lyre! 'twas there th' avenging
sword [restored;
'Won the bright treasures to thy fanes
'Those precious trophies o'er thy realms
that throw
A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,
And bid the stranger for awhile forget
How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious
yet.

Yes! fair creations, to perfection
wrought,
Embodied visions of ascending thought!
Forms of sublimity! by Genius traced,
In tints that vindicate adoring taste;

Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,
Live in the spheres encircling glory's
throne;
Models of art, to deathless fame consigned,
Stamped with the high-born majesty of
mind; [restore
Yes, matchless works! your presence shall
One beam of splendour to your native shore.
And her sad scenes of lost renown illumine,
As the bright sunset gilds some hero's
tomb.

Oh! ne'er, in other climes, though many
an eye
Dwelt on your charms, in beaming ecstasy,
Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly
grand, [moan
As in that realm, where each faint breeze's
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone;
Where, midst the ruined shrines of many
a vale,
E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,
And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,
But its proud name with song eternal
blends!

Yes! in those scenes where every ancient
stream
Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme;
Where every marble deeds of fame records,
Each ruin tells of Earth's departed lords,
And the deep tones of inspiration swell
From each wild olive-wood and Alpine
dell; [plains,
Where heroes slumber, on their battle
'Midst prostrate altars, and deserted fanes,
And Fancy communes, in each lonely spot,
With shades of those who ne'er shall be
forgot; [imprest,
There was your home, and there your power
With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glowing
breast; [sighs
And, as the wind's deep thrills and mystic
Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,
Thus at your influence, starting from
repose, [rose,
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur

Fair Florence! Queen of Arno's lovely
vale!
Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,
And sternly smiled in retribution's hour,
To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's
power.
Too long the spirits of thy noble dead
Mourned o'er the domes they reared in
ages fled.

Those classic scenes their pride so richly
graced,
Temples of geniys, palaces of taste,
Too long, with sad and desolated mien,
Revealed where conquest's lawless track
had been;
Reft of each form with brighter light
imbued,
Lonely they frowned, a desert solitude.
Florence! th' Oppressor's noon of pride is
o'er,
Rise in thy pomp again, and weep no more!

As one who, starting at the dawn of day
From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,
With transport heightened by those ills of
night,
Hails the rich glories of expanding light;
E'en thus, awakening from thy dream of
woe,
While heaven's own hues in radiance
round thee glow,
With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to trace
Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace;
More bright, more prized, more precious,
since deplored
As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be restored,
Thy grief as hopeless as the tear-drop shed
By fond affection bending o'er the dead.

Athens of Italy! once more are thine,
Those matchless gems of Art's exhaustless
mine. [beam,
For thee bright Genius darts his living
Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of glory
stream,
And forms august as natives of the sky
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty,
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair Art, with eagle
glance, [trance;
Burst in full splendour from her deathlike
Whose rallying call bade slumbering
nations wake,
And daring Intellect his bondage break;
Beneath whose eye the Lords of song arose,
And snatched the Tuscan lyre from long
repose,
And bade its pealing energies resound,
With power electric, through the realms
around;
Oh! high in thought, magnificent in soul!
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control;
Cosmo, Lorenzo! view your reign once
more,
The shrine where nations mingle to adore!

Again th' Enthusiast there, with ardent
aze,
Shall hail the mighty of departed days:
Those sovereign spirits, whose command-
ing mind [enshrined;
Seemed in the marble's breathing mould
Still, with ascendant power, the world to
awe,
Still the deep homage of the heart to draw;
To breathe some spell of holiness around,
Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,
And from the stone, by Inspiration wrought,
Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There thou, fair offspring of immortal
Mind!
Love's radiant Goddess, Idol of mankind!
Once the bright object of devotion's vow,
Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship
now. [light,
Oh! who can tell what beams of heavenly
Flashed o'er the sculptor's intellectual
sight,
How many a glimpse, revealed to him
alone, [own;
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds his
Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,
Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness!

Young Genius there, while dwells his
kindling eye
On forms instinct with bright divinity,
While new-born powers, dilating in his
heart,
Embrace the full magnificence of Art;
From scenes, by Raphael's gifted hand
arrayed, [trayed;
From dreams of heaven by Angelo por-
From each fair work of Grecian skill
sublime, [time";
Sealed with perfection, "sanctified by
Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly
feel
His spirit burn with emulative zeal: [rise,
Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall
Imbued at once with nobler energies;
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinion soar,
And worlds of visionary grace explore,
Till his bold hand give glory's day-dreams
birth, [earth.
And with new wonders charm admiring

Venice, exult! and o'er thy moonlight
seas [breeze!
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic
What though long fled those years of
martial fame,
That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name:

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Though to the winds thy streamers idly
 play,
 And the wild waves another Queen obey ;
 Though quenched the spirit of thine ancient
 race,
 And power and freedom scarce have left a
 Yet still shall Art her splendours round
 thee cast,
 And gild the wreck of years for ever past.
 Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,
 Whose clear soft brilliance emulates thy
 skies,
 And scenes that glow in colouring's richest
 With life's warm flush Palladian halls
 illumine.
 From thy rich dome again th' unrivalled
 Starts to existence, rushes into speed,
 Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,
 Panting with ardour, vivified with flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun ! to fancy's
 thought,
 Burning with spirit, from his essence
 No mortal birth ye seem—but formed to
 bear
 Heaven's car of triumph through the realms
 To range uncurbed the pathless fields of
 space,
 The winds your rivals in the glorious race ;
 Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant
 feet,
 Free as the zephyr, as the shot-star fleet ;
 And waft through worlds unknown the
 vital ray,
 The flame that wakes creations into day.
 Creatures of fire and ether ! winged with
 light,
 To track the regions of the Infinite !
 From purer elements whose light was
 drawn,
 Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of
 the dawn,
 What years on years, in silence gliding by,
 Have spared those forms of perfect
 symmetry !
 Moulded by Art to dignify alone
 Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,
 Since first her skill their fiery grace be-
 stowed,
 Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode,
 How many a race, whose tales of glory
 seem
 An echo's voice—the music of a dream,
 Whose records feebly from oblivion save
 A few bright traces of the wise and brave :
 How many a state, whose pillared strength
 sublime
 Defied the storms of war, the waves of

Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,
 Fortress of power, has flourished and is
 gone !
 And they, from clime to clime by conquest
 Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn,
 They, that of powers and kingdoms lost
 and won
 Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,
 Consummate still in every grace remain,
 As o'er their heads had ages rolled in vain !
 Ages, victorious in their ceaseless flight
 O'er countless monuments of earthly
 might !
 While she, from fair Byzantium's lost
 domain,
 Who bore those treasures to her ocean-
 'Midst the blue deep, who reared her
 island-throne,
 And called th' infinitude of waves her own ;
 Venice the proud, the Regent of the sea,
 Welcomes in chains the trophies of the
 Free !

And thou, whose Eagle's towering
 plume unfurled,
 Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,
 Eternal city ! round whose Curule throne
 The Lords of nations knelt in ages flown ;
 Thou, whose Augustan years have left to
 time
 Immortal records of their glorious prime,
 When deathless bards, thine olive shades
 among,
 Swelled the high raptures of heroic song ;
 Fair, fallen Empress ! raise thy languid
 head
 From the cold altars of th' illustrious dead,
 And once again with fond delight survey
 The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

Lo ! where thy sons, O Rome ! a god-
 like train,
 In imaged majesty return again !
 Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with
 mien august
 O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust.
 Those forms, those features, luminous
 with soul,
 Still o'er thy children seem to claim control ;
 With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's
 glance,
 Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,
 And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,
 From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

Souls of the lofty ! whose undying names
 Rouse the young bosom still to noblest
 aims ;

Oh! with your images could fate restore
Your own high spirits to your sons once
more;
Patriots and Heroes could those flames
return, [ardours burn;
That bade your hearts with freedom's
Then from the sacred ashes of the first
Might a new Rome in phoenix-grandeur
burst!
With one bright glance dispel th' horizon's
gloom,
With one loud call wake Empire from the
lofth;
Bind round her brows her own triumphal
crown,
Lift her dread Ægis, with majestic frown,
Unchain her Eagle's wing, and guide his
flight
To bathe its plumage in the fount of light.

Vain dream! degraded Rome; thy noon
is over;
Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more.
It sleeps with those, the sons of other days,
Who fixed on thee the world's adoring
gaze;
Those, blest to live while yet thy star
was high, [beam, to die!
More blest, ere darkness quenched its

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary powers
Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy
towers, [way,
Still, still to thee shall nations bend their
Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay!
Oh! what can realms, in fame's full zenith,
boast,
To match the relics of thy splendour lost!
By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill,
Genius and Taste shall love to wander still,
For there has Art survived an Empire's
doom, [trophyed tomb:
And reared her throne o'er Latium's
She from the dust recalls the brave and
free,
Peopling each scene with beings worthy
thee!

Oh! ne'er again may War, with light-
ning stroke, [oak!
Rend its last honours from the shattered
Long be those works, revered by ages,
thine,
To lend one triumph to thy dim decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breathing
wrathful fire,
In all the grandeur of celestial ire,

Once more thine own, th' immortal
Archer's form [being warm!
Sheds radiance round, with more than
Oh! who could view, nor deem that per-
fect frame
A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the day-star! how many words
portray
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand
could trace,
Of real dignity and heavenly grace,
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal
sight;
Each bold idea, borrowed from the sky
To vest th' embodied form of Deity;
All, all in thee, ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant, transcendently
combined!
Son of Elysium! years and ages gone,
Have bowed, in speechless homage, at
thy throne;
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorbed in ecstasy, on thee!

And thou, triumphant wreck,* e'en yet
sublime,
Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and Time:
Hail to that scene again, where Genius
caught
From thee its fervours of diviner thought!
Where he, th' inspired one, whose gigan-
tic mind [assigned;
Lived in some sphere, to him alone
Who from the past, the future, and th'
unseen, [mien:
Could call up forms of more than earthly
Unrivalled Angelo on thee would gaze,
Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze!
And who but he, that Prince of Art, might
dare [despair?
Thy sovereign greatness view without
Emblem of Rome! from power's meridian
hurled,
Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

What hadst thou been, ere barbarous
hands defaced
The work of wonder, idolised by taste?
Oh! worthy still of some divine abode,
Mould of a Conqueror! ruin of a God!

* The Belvidere Torso, the favourite study
of Michael Angelo, and of many other distin-
guished artists.

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Still, like some broken gem, whose quench-
less beam [stream,
From each bright fragment pours its vital
'Tis thine, by fate unconquered, to dispense
From every part, some ray of excellence !
E'en yet, informed with essence from on
high,
Thine is no trace of frail mortality !
Within that frame a purer being glows,
Through viewless veins a brighter current
flows ; [swells,
Filled with immortal life each muscle
In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

Consummate work ! the noblest and the
last, [past ;
Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign was
Nurse of the mighty, she, while lingering
still,
Her mantle flowed o'er many a classic hill,
Ere yet her voice its parting accents
breathed,
A Hero's image to the world bequeathed ;
Enshrined in thee th' imperishable ray
Of high-souled Genius, fostered by her
sway,
And bade thee teach, to ages yet unborn,
What lofty dreams were hers—who never
shall return !

And mark yon group, transfixed with
many a throe,
Sealed with the image of eternal woe :
With fearful truth, terrific power, exprest,
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonise the breast,
And the stern combat picture to mankind,
Of suffering nature, and enduring mind.
Oh, mighty conflict ! though his pains
intense
Distend each nerve, and dart through
every sense ;
Though, fixed on him, his children's sup-
pliant eyes
Implore the aid avenging fate denies ;
Though with the giant-snake in fruitless
strife,
Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,
And in each limb Existence writhes,
enrolled [fold ;
'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd
Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a cry
Shall own the might of Nature's agony !
That furrow'd brow unconquered soul
reveals,
That patient eye to angry Heaven appeals,
That struggling bosom concentrates its
breath,
Nor yields one moan to torture or to death !

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art !
With speechless horror to congeal the
heart,
To freeze each pulse, and dart through
every vein, [pain ;
Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of
Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power
May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured
gaze [plays :
On scenes where Painting all her skill dis-
Landscapes, by colouring drest in richer
dyes, [skies,
More mellowed sunshine, more unclouded
Or dreams of bliss to dying Martyrs given,
Descending Seraphs robed in beams of
heaven.

Oh ! sovereign Masters of the Pencil's
might,
Its depth of shadow, and its blaze of light,
Ye whose bold thought, disdainful every
bound,
Explored the worlds above, below, around,
Children of Italy ! who stand alone
And unapproach'd, 'midst regions all your
own ; [favoured sight,
What scenes, what beings blest your
Severely grand, unutterably bright !
Triumphant spirits ! your exulting eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, uncon-
trolled,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms their
splendour shed
As burst on Prophet-bards in ages fled :
Forms that to trace, no hand but yours
might dare,
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair ;
These o'er the walls your magic skill
arrayed, [ing shade,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melt-
Float in light grace, in awful greatness
tower, [power,
And breathe and move, the records of your
Inspired of heaven ! what heightened pomp
ye cast
O'er all the deathless trophies of the past !
Round many a marble fane and classic
dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome ;
Round many a work that bids the world
believe
What Grecian Art could image and
achieve ;

Again, creative minds, your visions throw,
Life's chastened warmth and Beauty's
mellowest glow.
And when the morn's bright beams and
mantling dyes
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,
Or evening suns illumine, with purple smile,
The Parian altar and the pillared aisle,
Then, as the full, or softened radiance falls
On Angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,
Well may those temples, where your hand
has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round the
Seem like some world, so perfect and so
fair,
That nought of earth should find admit-
tance there;
Some sphere, where beings, to mankind
unknown,
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp

Hence, ye vain fictions! fancy's erring
theme!

Gods of illusion! phantoms of a dream!
Frail, powerless idols of departed time,
Fables of song, delusive, though sublime!
To loftier tasks has Roman Art assigned
Her matchless pencil, and her mighty
mind!
From brighter streams her vast ideas
With purer fire her ardent spirit glowed.
To her 'twas given in fancy to explore
The land of miracles, the holiest shore;
That realm where first the light of life was
sent,
The loved, the punished, of th' Omnipot-
ent Judah's hills her thoughts inspired
would stray,
Through Jordan's valleys trace their lonely
By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's deep,
Chained in dead silence and unbroken
sleep;
Scenes, whose cleft rocks and blasted
Where passed th' Eternal, where His anger
fell!
Where oft His voice the words of fate re-
swelled in the whirlwind, in the thunder
pealed;
Or heard by prophets in some palmy vale,
Breathed "still small" whispers on the
midnight gale.
There dwelt her spirit—there her hand
Midst the lone wilderness or cedar-shade,

* *Almotana*. The name given by the Arabs
to the Dead Sea.

Ethereal forms with awful missions fraught,
Or Patriarch-seers absorbed in sacred
thought,
Bards, in high converse with the world of
Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest,
But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the
grave,
Who lived to guide us, and who died to
Him, at whose glance the powers of evil
fled,
And soul returned to animate the dead;
Whom the waves owned—and sunk be-
neath His eye,
Awed by one accent of Divinity;
To Him she gave her meditative hours,
Hallowed her thoughts, and sanctified her
powers.
O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she
threw,
As all around the Godhead's presence
knew,
And robbed the Holy One's benignant mien
In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh! mark, where Raphael's pure and
perfect line
Portrays that form ineffably divine!
Where with transcendent skill his hand
has shed
Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's
head;
Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued
With all the fulness of beatitude,
And traced the sainted group, whose
mortal sight
Sinks overpowered by that excess of light!

Gaze on that scene, and own the might
of Art,
By truth inspired, to elevate the heart!
To bid the soul exultingly possess,
Of all her powers, a heightened conscio-
usness;
And strong in hope, anticipate the day,
The last of life, the first of freedom's ray;
To realise, in some unclouded sphere,
Those pictured glories feebly imaged
here!
Dim, cold reflections from her native sky,
Faint effluence of "the Day-spring from
on high!"

* *The Transfiguration*, thought to be such
a perfect specimen of Art, that in honour of
Raphael it was carried before his body to the
grave.

1816

MODERN GREECE

"O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excelled,
Crowned with the laurel of assenting Time."—THOMSON.

I.

OH! who hath trod thy consecrated
clime, [strains!
Fair land of Phidias! theme of lofty
And traced each scene, that, 'midst the
wrecks of time,
The print of Glory's parting step
retains;
Nor for awhile, in high-wrought dreams,
forgot, [there,
Musing on years gone by in brightness
The hopes, the fears, the sorrows of his
lot, [wear;
The hues his fate hath worn, or yet may
As when, from mountain-heights, his
ardent eye [infinity?
Of sea and heaven hath tracked the blue

II.

Is there who views with cold unaltered
mien, [fraught,
His frozen heart with proud indifference
Each sacred haunt, each unforgotten
scene, [Wisdom taught?
Where Freedom triumphed, or where
Souls that too deeply feel! oh, envy not
The sullen calm your fate hath never
known: [lot
Through the dull twilight of that wintry
Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's sun-
beam shone, [Glory's trace,
Nor those high thoughts that, hailing
Glow with the generous flames of every
age and race.

III.

But blest the wanderer, whose enthusiast
mind [imbued
Each muse of ancient days hath deep
With lofty lore; and all his thoughts
refined
In the calm school of silent solitude:

Poured on his ear, 'midst groves and
glens retired, [clime,
The mighty strains of each illustrious
All that hath lived, while empires have
expired,
To float for ever on the winds of Time;
And on his soul indelibly portrayed!
Fair visionary forms, to fill each classic
shade.

IV.

Is not his mind, to meaner thoughts
unknown,
A sanctuary of beauty and of light?
There he may dwell, in regions all his
own, [bright.
A world of dreams, where all is pure and
For him the scenes of old renown possess
Romantic charms, all veiled from other
eyes;
There every form of nature's loveliness
Wakes in his breast a thousand ~~of~~ ^{new}
pathies; [dell
As music's voice, in some lone mountain-
From rocks and caves around calls forth
each echo's swell.

V.

For him Italia's brilliant skies illumine
The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's
combat-plains, [and bloom
And the wild-rose yet lives to breathe
Round Doric Paestum's solitary fanes.
But most, fair Greece! on thy majestic
shore
He feels the fervours of his spirit rise;
Thou birthplace of the Muse! whose
voice, of yore, [monies;
Breathed in thy groves immortal har-
And lingers still around the well-known
coast,
Murmuring a wild farewell to fame and
freedom lost.

VI.

By seas, that flow in brightness as they
 lave [may stray,
 Thy rocks, th'enthusiast, rapt in thought,
 While roves his eye o'er that deserted
 wave, [array.
 Once the proud scene of battle's dread
 —O ye blue waters! ye, of old that bore
 The free, the conquering, hymned by
 choral strains, [shore,
 How sleep ye now around the silent
 The lonely realm of ruins and of chains!
 How are the mighty vanished in their
 pride!
 E'en as their barks have left no traces on
 your tide.

VII.

Hushed are the pæans whose exulting
 tone [sleep—
 Swelled o'er that tide—the sons of battle
 The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's
 voice, alone [deep.
 Blend with the plaintive murmur of the
 Yet when those waves have caught the
 splendid hues
 Of morn's rich firmament, serenely
 bright,
 Or setting suns the lovely shore suffuse
 With all their purple mellowness of light,
 Oh! who could view the scene, so calmly
 fair,
 Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty
 were there?

VIII.

Where soft the sunbeams play, the
 zephyrs blow, [nigh;
 'Tis hard to dream that misery can be
 Where the clear heavens in blue trans-
 parence glow,
 Life should be calm and cloudless as the
 sky; [dead,
 —Yet, o'er the low, dark dwellings of the
 Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom
 may smile, [spread
 And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery
 In green luxuriance o'er the ruined pile;
 And mantling woodbine veil the withered
 tree; [with thee.
 And thus it is, fair land, forsaken Greece!

* In the naval engagements of the Greeks
 "it was usual for the soldiers before the fight
 to sing a pæan or hymn to Mars, and after the
 fight to Apollo."—See PORTER'S *Antiquities*
of Greece, vol. ii. p. 255.

IX.

For all the loveliness, and light, and
 bloom
 That yet are thine, surviving many a
 storm, [the tomb,
 Are but as heaven's warm radiance on
 The rose's blush that masks the canker-
 worm:— [passed
 And thou art desolate—thy morn hath
 So dazzling in the splendour of its way,
 That the dark shades the night hath o'er
 thee cast [decay.
 Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep
 Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,
 Thy fate hath been unmatched—in glory
 and despair.

X.

For thee, lost land! the hero's blood
 hath flowed, [died;
 The high in soul have brightly lived and
 For thee the light of soaring genius
 glowed
 O'er the fair arts it formed and glorified.
 Thine were the minds whose energies
 sublime
 So distanced ages in their lightning-race,
 The task they left the sons of later time
 Was but to follow their illumined trace.
 —Now, bowed to earth, thy children, to
 be free, [hearts to thee.
 Must break each link that binds their filial

XI.

Lo! to the scenes of fiction's wildest
 tales,
 Her own bright East, thy son, Morea!
 flies, [vales,
 To seek repose 'midst rich, romantic
 Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid
 skies. [vain
 There shall he rest?—Alas! his hopes in
 Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm,
 Peace dwells not now on oriental plain,
 Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is
 balm; [foes,
 And the sad wanderer finds but lawless
 Where patriarchs reigned of old, in
 pastoral repose.

XII.

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Ye-
 men's groves,
 Or Tigris rolls his genii-haunted wave,
 Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,
 Wears but two forms—the tyrant and
 the slave!

There the fierce Arab leads his daring
 horde,
 Where sweeps the sandstorm o'er the
 burning wild;
 There stern Oppression waves the
 wasting sword,
 O'er plains that smile, as ancient Eden
 smiled; [gloom,
 And the vale's bosom, and the desert's
 Yield to the injured there no shelter save
 the tomb.

XIII.

But thou, fair world! whose fresh un-
 sullied charms [wave,
 Welcomed Columbus from the western
 Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine
 arms, [brave?
 The lost descendant of the immortal
 Amidst the wild magnificence of shades
 That o'er thy floods their twilight-
 grandeur cast, [glades,
 In the green depth of thine untrodden
 Shall he not rear his bower of peace at
 last? [scene,
 Yes! thou hast many a lone, majestic
 Shrined in primæval woods, where despot
 ne'er hath been.

XIV.

There, by some lake, whose blue expan-
 sive breast
 Bright from afar, an inland-ocean,
 gleams,
 Girt with vast solitudes, profusely drest
 In tints like those that float o'er poet's
 dreams; [mountain pours
 Or where some flood from pine-clad
 its might of waters, glittering in their
 foam, [shores,
 'Midst the rich verdure of its wooded
 The exiled Greek hath fixed his sylvan
 home: [retreat
 So deeply lone, that round the wild
 Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian
 huntsman's feet.

XV.

The forests are around him in their
 pride,
 The green savannas, and the mighty
 waves; [the tide,
 And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er
 That images the fairy worlds it laves,
 And stillness and luxuriance—o'er his
 head [bowers,
 The ancient cedars wave their peopled

On high the palms their graceful foliage
 spread,
 Cinctured with roses ^{the} magnolia
 towers, [sand tones
 And from those green arcades a
 Wake with each breeze, whose
 through Nature's temple moans.

XVI.

And there, no traces left by brighter
 days,
 For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,
 Some grassy mound perchance may
 meet his gaze,
 The lone memorial of an Indian chief.
 There man not yet hath marked the
 boundless plain [power
 With marble records of his fame and
 The forest is his everlasting fane,
 The palm his monument, the rock his
 tower:
 Th' eternal torrent and the giant tree
 Remind him but that they, like him, are
 wildly free.

XVII.

But doth the exile's heart serenely there
 In sunshine dwell?—Ah! when was
 exile blest?
 When did bright scenes, clear heavens,
 or summer air,
 Chase from his soul the fever of unrest?
 —There is a heart-sick weariness of
 mood, [glow,
 That like slow poison wastes the vital
 And shrines itself in mental solitude,
 An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,
 That coldly smiles 'midst pleasure's
 brightest ray, [of day.
 As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush

XVIII.

Such grief is theirs, who, fixed on foreign
 shore,
 Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,
 As pines the seaman, 'midst the ocean's
 roar, [and vales.
 For the green earth, with all its woods
 Thus feels thy child, whose memory
 dwells with thee, [thou art;
 Loved Greece! all sunk and blighted as
 Though thought and step in western
 wilds be free, [heart;
 Yet thine are still the day-dreams of his
 The deserts spread between, the billows
 foam, [spirit's home.
 Thou, distant and in chains, art yet his

XIX

In vain for him the gray lianthes entwine,
Or the green firefly sparkles through the
 breaks, [pine,
As summer winds waft odours from the
As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.
Through thy fair vales his fancy roves
the while, [height,
or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's
Or dreams how softly Athens' towers
would smile,
Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light ;
On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may
sleep, [Ægean deep !

Nr., at that placid hour, how calm th'

XX.

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to
him like thine? [stroy!]
(The all of thine no tyrant could de-
E to the stranger's roving eye they
shine,
Soft as a vision of remembered joy.
And he who comes, the pilgrim of a
day,
A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,
Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy
decay,
To laughing climes, where all is splen-
dour still; [shore,
And views with fond regret thy lessening
As he would watch a star that sets to rise
no more.

XXI.

Realm of sad beauty! thou art as a
 shrine
 That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,
 To catch high thoughts and impulses
 divine,
 And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel
 Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the
 brave [thy soil,
 Whose dust, so many an age, hath been
 Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to
 save [their toil ;
 The land redeemed and hallowed by
 And there is language in thy lightest
 gale,
 That o'er the plains they won, seems mur-
 muring yet their tale.

XXII.

And he whose heart is weary of the
strife [gaze
Of meaner spirits, and whose mental

**Would shun the dull cold littleness of
life,
Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,
Must turn to thee, whose every valley
 teems [die.
With proud remembrances that cannot
Thy glens are peopled with inspiring
dreams,
Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by :
And 'midst thy laurel shades the wan-
derer hears [vanished years.**

XXIII.

Through that deep solitude be his to
stray,
By Faun and Oread loved in ages past,
Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way
Through the cleft heights, in antique
grandeur vast.
Romantic Tempe! thou art yet the
same— [time:]
Wild, as when sung by bards of elder
Years, that have changed thy river's
classic name.* [time:]
Have left thee still in savage pomp sub-
And from thine Alpine clefts and marble
caves, [tain-waves,
In living lustre still break forth the foun-

XXIV.

Beneath thy mountain battlements and
towers, [glow,
Where the rich arbute's coral berries
Or 'midst th' exuberance of thy forest
bowers, [flow,
Casting deep shadows o'er the current's
Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone
recess,
As rock and stream some glancing light
have caught,
And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms
impress
His soul with deep sublimity of thought ;
And linger oft, recalling many a tale,
That breeze, and wave, and wood seem
whispering through thy dale.

XXV.

He, thought-entranced, may wander
 where of old [rose,
 From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapour
 And trembling nations heard their doom
 foretold [and snows.
 By the dread spirit throned 'midst rocks

* The Peneus is now called Salymphria.

Though its rich fanes be blended with
the dust, [possess,
And silence now the hallowed haunt
Still is the scene of ancient rites august,
Magnificent in mountain loneliness;
Still Inspiration hovers o'er the ground,
Where Greece her councils held, her
Pythian victors crowned.

XXVI.

Or let his steps the rude grey cliffs ex-
plore
Of that wild pass, once dyed with
Spartan blood, [shore,
When by the waves that break on Cæta's
The few, the fearless, the devoted stood!
Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's
plain,
Bloom the wild laurels o'er the war-
like dead,
Or lone Platæa's ruins yet remain
To mark the battle-field of ages fled:
Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred
power,
Though Fiction's gods have fled from
fountain, grot, and bower.

XXVII.

Oh! still unblamed may fancy fondly
deem [dwell,
That, lingering yet, benignant genii
Where mortal worth has hallowed grove
or stream, [spell;
To sway the heart with some ennobling
For mightiest minds have felt their blest
control, [sigh,
In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's
And these are dreams that lend a voice
and soul,
And a high power, to Nature's majesty!
And who can rove o'er Grecian shores,
nor feel, [magic steal?
Soft o'er his inmost heart, their secret

Yet many a sad reality is there,
That Fancy's bright illusions cannot veil.
Pure laughs the light, and balmy
breathes the air,
But Slavery's mien will tell its bitter tale;
And there not Peace, but Desolation,
throws
Delusive quiet o'er full many a scene,
Deep as the brooding torpor of repose
That follows where the earthquake's
track hath been;

Or solemn calm, of Ocean's breast that
lies,
When sinks the storm, and death has
hushed the seaman's cries

XXIX.

Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit,
hurled [sphere,
By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant
Doomed to resign the homage of a world,
For Piety's deepest sigh, and saddest tear?
Oh! hast thou watched the awful wreck
of mind,
That weareth still a glory in decay?
Seen all that dazzles and delights man-
kind— [a prey,
Thought, science, genius, to the storm
And o'er the blasted tree, the withered
ground, [darkly flourish round?
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and

XXX.

So mayst thou gaze, in sad and awe-
struck thought,
On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime:
Such there the ruin Time and Fate have
wrought,
So changed the bright, the splendid, the
sublime.
There the proud monuments of Valour's
name, [high,
The mighty works Ambition piled on
The rich remains by Art bequeathed to
Fame— [symmetry,
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and
Blend in decay: while all that yet is fair
Seems only spared to tell how much
hath perished there!

XXXI.

There, while around lie mingling in the
dust [o'ergrown,
The column's graceful shaft, with weeds
The mouldering torso, the forgotten
bust, [stone;
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy
Amidst the loneliness of shattered fanes,
Still matchless monuments of other
years,
O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,
Its eastern form the minaret proudly
rears:
As on some captive city's ruined wall
The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er
its fall.

XXXII.

Still, where that column of the mosque
 aspires, [waste,
 Landmark of slavery, towering o'er the
 There Science droops, the Muses hush
 their lyres,
 And o'er the blooms of fancy and of taste
 Spreads the chill blight,—as in that
 orient isle, [around,
 Where the dark upas taints the gale
 Within its precincts not a flower may
 smile,
 Nor dew nor sunshine fertilise the
 ground;
 Nor wild birds' music float on zephyr's
 breath, [death.
 But all is silence round, and solitude, and

XXXIII.

Far other influence poured the Crescent's
 light [away,
 O'er conquered realms, in ages passed
 Full and alone it beamed, intensely
 bright,
 While distant climes in midnight dark-
 ness lay. [and shades,
 Then rose th' Alhambra, with its founts
 Fair marble halls, alcoves, and orange
 bowers: [arcades,
 Its sculptured lions, richly wrought
 Aërial pillars, and enchanted towers;
 Light, splendid, wild, as some Arabian
 tale [the gale.
 Would picture fairy domes, that fleet before

XXXIV.

Then fostered genius lent each Caliph's
 throne
 Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er attain;
 And stars unnumbered o'er the orient
 shone, [fane,†
 Bright as that Pleiad, sphered in Mecca's
 From Bagdat's palaces the choral strains
 Rose and re-echoed to the desert's bound,
 And Science, wooed on Egypt's burning
 plains,
 Reared her majestic head with glory
 crowned;
 And the wild Muses breathed romantic
 lore [shore.
 From Syria's palmy groves to Andalusia's

* Java.

† The works of the seven most famous
 Arabian poets are hung round the mosque at
 Mecca, and are called the Arabian Pleiades.

XXXV.

Those years have passed in radiance—
 they have past
 As sinks the day-star in the tropic main;
 His parting beams no soft reflection cast,
 They burn—are quenched—and deepest
 shadows reign. [trace,
 And Fame and Science have not left a
 In the vast regions of the Moslem's
 power,—
 Regions, to intellect a desert space,
 A wild without a fountain or a flower,
 Where towers oppression 'midst the
 deepening glooms, [the tombs.
 As dark and lone ascends the cypress 'midst

XXXVI.

Alas for thee, fair Greece! when Asia
 poured
 Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's wall;
 When Europe sheathed, in apathy, her
 sword,
 And heard unmoved the fated city's call.
 No bold crusaders ranged their serried
 line [throne;
 Of spears and banners round a falling
 And thou, O last and noblest Constan-
 tine! [alone.
 Didst meet the storm unshrinking and
 Oh! blest to die in freedom, though in
 vain, [and not the chain!
 Thine empire's proud exchange the grave,

XXXVII.

Hushed is Byzantium—'tis the dead of
 night—
 The closing night of that imperial race!
 And all is vigil—but the eye of light
 Shall soon unfold, a wider scene to trace!
 There is a murmuring stillness on the
 train
 Thronging the midnight streets, at morn
 to die;
 And to the cross, in fair Sophia's fane,
 For the last time is raised Devotion's eye;
 And, in his heart while faith's bright
 visions rise,
 There kneels the high-souled prince, the
 summoned of the skies.

XXXVIII.

Day breaks in light and glory—'tis the
 hour [calls—
 Of conflict and of fate—the war-note
 Despair hath lent a stern, delirious power
 To the brave few that guard the rampart
 walls.

Far over Marmora's waves th' artillery:
 peal
 Proclaims an empire's doom in every
 note; [of steel,
 Tambour and trumpet swell the clash
 Round spire and dome the clouds of
 battle float; [cent's host,
 From camp and wave rush on the Cres-
 And the Seven Towers are scaled, and all
 is won and lost.

XXXIX.

Then, Greece! the tempest rose, that
 burst on thee, [sage!
 Land of the bard, the warrior, and the
 Oh! where were then thy sons, the
 great, the free, [to age?
 Whose deeds are guiding-stars from age
 Though firm thy battlements of crags
 and snows, [pride,
 And bright the memory of thy days of
 In mountain might though Corinth's
 fortress rose,
 On, unresisted, rolled th' invading tide!
 Oh! vain the rock, the rampart, and
 the tower, [unconquered power.
If Freedom guard them not with Mind's

XL.

Where were th' avengers then, whose
 viewless might
 Preserved inviolate their awful fane,
 When through the steep defiles, to
 Delphi's height, [sian's train?
 In martial splendour poured the Per-
 Then did those mighty and mysterious
 Powers, [wake,
 Armed with the elements, to vengeance
 Call the dread storms to darken round
 their towers, [thunders break;
 Hurl down the rocks, and bid the
 Till far around, with deep and fearful
 clang, [Parnassus rang.
 Sounds of unearthly war through wild

XLI.

[Where was the spirit of the victor-throng
 Whose tombs are glorious by Scaman-
 der's tide, [song,
 Whose names are bright in everlasting
 The lords of war, the praised, the deified?
 Where he,* the hero of a thousand lays,
 Who from the dead at Marathon arose

* Theseus. The Greeks believed that he appeared at Marathon completely armed and "bearing down before them upon the Barbarians."—PLUTARCH.

All armed; and beaming on the Athe-
 nians' gaze,
 A battle-meteor, guided to their foes?
 Or they whose forms, to Alaric's awe-
 struck eye, [panop?
 Hovering o'er Athens, blazed in air

XLII.

Ye slept, O heroes! chief ones of the
 earth! [slept.
 High demi-gods of ancient days! ye
 There lived no spark of your
 worth, [wrest;
 When o'er your land the victor Modern
 No patriot then the sons of freedom led,
 In mountain-pass devotedly to die;
 The martyr-spirit of resolve was fled,
 And the high soul's unconquered buoy-
 ancy; [plains,
 And by your graves, and on your battle-
 Warriors! your children knelt, to wear
 the stranger's chains.

XLIII.

Now have your trophies vanished, and
 your homes [scarce remain
 Are moulded from the earth, while
 E'en the faint traces of the ancient tombs
 That mark where sleep the slayers or
 the slain. [flown,
 Your deeds are with the days of glory
 The lyres are hushed that swelled your
 fame afar, [gone,
 The halls that echoed to their sounds are
 Perished the conquering weapons of
 your war;
 And if a mossy stone your names retain,
 'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye died
 in vain.

XLIV.

Yet, where some lone sepulchral relic
 stands, [yet,
 That with those names tradition hallows
 Oft shall the wandering son of other
 lands
 Linger in solemn thought and hushed
 regret. [spot
 And still have legends marked the lonely
 Where low the dust of Agamemnon lies;
 And shades of kings and leaders un-
 forgot,
 Hovering around, to Fancy's visions rise.

* "The goddess Minerva and the angry phantom of Achilles, and the conqueror was dismayed by the presence of the hostile deities of Greece."—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*.

Souls of the heroes I seek your rest again,
Nor mark how changed the realms that
saw your glory's reign.

XLV.

Lo, where th' Albanian spreads his
despot sway [plains,
O'er Thessaly's rich vales and glowing
Whose sons in sullen abjectness obey,
Nor lift the hand indignant at its chains :
Oh ! doth the land that gave Achilles
birth,
And many a chief of old illustrious line,
Yield not one spirit of unconquered
worth,
To kindle those that now in bondage
pine ? [breath,
No ! on its mountain-air is slavery's
And terror chills the hearts whose uttered
plaints were death.

XLVI.

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom, rested
there, [clime,
How rich in charms were that romantic
With streams, and woods, and pastoral
valleys fair, [sublime !
And walled with mountains, haughtily
Heights that might well be deemed the
Muses' reign, [skies,
Since, claiming proud alliance with the
They lose in loftier spheres their wild
domain.
Meet home for those retired divinities
That love, where nought of earth may
e'er intrude, [tude.
Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely sancti-

XLVII.

There in rude grandeur daringly ascends
Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad
height ; [blends,
He with the clouds his bleak dominion
Frowning o'er vales in woodland verdure
bright.
Wild and august in consecrated pride,
There through the deep-blue heaven
Olympus towers, [hide
Girdled with mists, light-floating as to
The rock-built palace of immortal
powers ;
Where far on high the sunbeam finds
repose, [snows.
Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of

XLVIII.

Those savage cliffs and solitudes might
seem [would roam ;
The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot
She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-
stream,
And make the rocky fastnesses her home.
And in the rushing of the mountain flood,
In the wild eagle's solitary cry,
In sweeping winds that peal through
cave and wood,
There is a voice of stern sublimity,
That swells her spirit to a loftier mood
Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude.

XLIX.

But from those hills the radiance of her
smile [afar ;
Hath vanished long, her step hath fled
O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused
awhile, [tain-war.
Kindling the watch-fires of the moun-
And brightly glowed her ardent spirit
there, [tress
Still brightest 'midst privation : o'er dis-
It cast romantic splendour, and despair
But nann that beacon of the wilder-
ness ;
And rude ravine, and precipice, and dell,
Sent their deep echoes forth, her rallying
voice to swell.

Dark children of the hills ! 'twas then
ye wrought [grand ;
Deeds of fierce daring, rudely, sternly
As 'midst your craggy citadels ye fought,
And women mingled with your warrior-
band.

Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood
High o'er the river's darkly-rolling wave,
And hurled, in dread delirium, to the
flood,
Her free-born infant, ne'er to be a slave.
For all was lost—all, save the power to
die
The wild indignant death of savage liberty.

LI.

Now is that strife a tale of vanished days,
With mightier things forgotten soon to
lie ;
Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty lays,
Deeds less adventurous, energies less
high.

And the dread struggle's fearful memory
still
O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect
throws; [hill,
Sheds darker shadows o'er the frowning
More solemn quiet o'er the glen's repose;
Lends to the rustling pines a deeper
moan,
And the hoarse river's voice a murmur
not its own.

For stillness now—the stillness of the
dead— [scene,
Hath wrapt that conflict's lone and awful
And man's forsaken homes, in ruin
spread, [been,
Tell where the storming of the cliffs hath
And there, o'er wastes magnificently
rude,
What race may rove, unconscious of
the chain? [dued,
Those realms have now no desert unsub-
Where Freedom's banner may be reared
again: [fame,
Sunk are the ancient dwellings of her
The children of her sons inherit but their
name.

LIII.

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments
and fanes! [lie;
In scattered fragments o'er the vale they
Of all they were not e'en enough remains
To lend their fall a mournful majesty.
Birthplace of those whose names we
first revered
In song and story—temple of the free!
O thou, the stern, the haughty, and the
feared,
Are such thy relics, and can this be thee?
Thou shouldst have left a giant wreck
behind, [mankind,
And e'en in ruin claimed the wonder of

LIV.

For thine were spirits cast in other mould
Than all beside—and proved by ruder
test;
They stood alone—the proud, the firm,
the bold,
With the same seal indelibly imprest.
Theirs were no bright varieties of mind,
One image stamped the rough, colossal
race, [kind,
In rugged grandeur frowning o'er man-
Stern, and disdainful of each milder
grace;

As to the sky some mighty rock may
tower—
Whose front can brave the storm, but will
not rear the flower.

Such were thy sons—their life a battle-
day! [die!
Their youth one lesson how for thee to
Closed is that task, and they have passed
away, [high.
Like softer beings trained to aims less
Yet bright on earth their fame who
proudly fell, [thy cause,
True to their shields, the champions of
Whose funeral column bade the stranger
tell [laws!
How died the brave, obedient to thy
O lofty mother of heroic worth,
How couldst thou live to bring a meaner
offspring forth?

LVI.

Hadst thou but perished with the free,
nor known [by,
A second race, when Glory's noon went
Then had thy name in single brightness
shone
A watch-word on the helm of liberty!
Thou shouldst have passed, with all thy
light of fame,
And proudly sunk in ruins, not in chains.
But slowly set thy star midst clouds of
shame, [fane,
And tyrants rose amidst thy falling;
And thou, surrounded by thy warriors'
graves, [for thy slaves.
Hast draped the bitter cup once mingled

LVII.

Now all is o'er—for thee alike are flown
Freedom's bright noon, and Slavery's
twilight cloud;
And in thy fall, as in thy pride, alone,
Deep solitude is round thee, as a shroud.
Home of Leonidas! thy halls are low,
From their cold altars have thy Lares
fled; [or glow,
O'er thee unmarked the sunbeams fade
And wild-flowers wave, unbent by
human tread;
And 'midst thy silence, as the grave's
profound,
A voice, a step, would seem as some un-
earthly sound.

LVIII.

Taygetus still lifts his awful brow,
High o'er the mouldering city of the
dead,
 sternly sublime; while o'er his robe of
snow [fusions spread.
Heaven's floating tints their warm suf-
And yet his rippling wave Eurotas leads
By tombs and ruins o'er the silent plain,
While, whispering there, his own wild
graceful reeds [strain;
Rise as of old, when hailed by classic
There the rose-laurels still in beauty
wave,
And a frail shrub survives to bloom o'er
Sparta's grave.

LIX.

Oh, thus it is with man—a tree, a
flower, [race,
While nations perish, still renews its
And o'er the fallen records of his power
Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy
grace. [away,
The laurel shoots when those have passed
Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the
free;
The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's
clay,
The myrtle blows when love hath ceased
to be;
Green waves the bay when song and
bard are fled,
And all that round us blooms, is blooming
o'er the dead.

LX.

And still the olive spreads its foliage
round
Morea's fallen sanctuaries and towers.
Once its green boughs Minerva's votaries
crowned, [powers.
Deemed a meet offering for celestial
The suppliant's hand its holy branches
bore; [head;
They waved around th' Olympic victor's
And, sanctified by many a rite of yore,
Its leaves the Spartan's honoured bier
o'erspread. [and hill
Those rites have vanished—but o'er vale
Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hal-
lowed still.

LXI.

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis! where
thy fane [high?
Of fearful visions, mysteries wild and

The pomp of rites, the sacrificial train,
The long procession's awful pageantry?
Quenched is the torch of Ceres*—all
around [reign;
Decay hath spread the stillness of her,
There never more shall choral hymns
resound
O'er the hushed earth and solitary main,
Whose wave from Salamis deserted
flows,
To bathe a silent shore of desolate repose.

LXII.

And oh! ye secret and terrific powers,
Dark oracles! in depth of groves that
dwelt, [bowers,
How are they sunk, the altars of your
Where superstition trembled as she
kneelt!
Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones!
that made [wave;
The elements your voice, the wind and
Spirits! whose influence darkened many
a shade,
Mysterious visitants of fount and cave!
How long your power the awe-struck
nations swayed,
How long earth dreamt of you, and shud-
deringly obeyed!

LXIII.

And say, what marvel, in those early
days,
While yet the light of heaven-born truth
was not;
If man around him cast a fearful gaze,
Peopling with shadowy powers each
tell and grot?
Awful is nature in her savage forms,
Her solemn voice commanding in its
might, [storms,
And mystery then was in the rush of
The gloom of woods, the majesty of
night;
And mortals heard fate's language in
the blast, [toms of the past!
And reared your forest-shrines, ye phan-

* It was customary at Eleusis, on the fifth day of the festival, for men and women to run about with torches in their hands, and also to dedicate torches to Ceres, and to contend who should present the largest. This was done in memory of the journey of Ceres in search of Proserpine, during which she was lighted by a torch kindled in the flames of Etna.—PORTER'S *Antiquities of Greece*.

LXIV.

Then through the foliage not a breeze
might sigh [tree,
But with prophetic sound—a waving
A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,
A bird's wild flight, revealed the things
to be. [veyed
All spoke of unseen natures, and con-
Their inspiration; still they hovered
round, [the shade,
Hallowed the temple, whispered through
Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound;
Of them the fount, the forest, murmured
still, [step on the hill.
Their voice was in the stream, their foot-

LXV.

Now is the train of superstition flown,
Unearthly beings walk on earth no
more; [tone,
The deep wind swells with no portentous
The rustling wood breathes no fatidic
lore. [cave,
Fled are the phantoms of Livadia's
There dwell no shadows, but of crag
and steep;
Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave,
That murmurs nigh, those powers of
terror sleep. [that clime,
Oh! that such dreams alone had fled
But Greece is changed in all that could
be changed by time!

LXVI.

Her skies are those whence many a
mighty bard [beams;
Caught inspiration, glorious as their
Her hills the same that heroes died to
guard; [dreams!
Her vales, that fostered Art's divinest
But that bright spirit o'er the land that
shone, [poured,
And all around pervading influence
That lent the harp of Æschylus its tone,
And proudly hallowed Lacedæmon's
sword, [stone,
And guided Phidias o'er the yielding
With them its ardours lived—with them
its light is flown.

LXVII.

Thebes, Corinth, Argos!—ye, renowned
of old, [name?
Where are your chiefs of high romantic
How soon the tale of ages may be told!
A page, a verse, records the fall of fame.

The work of centuries—we gaze on you,
O cities! once the glorious and the free,
The lofty tales that changed our youth
renew,
And wondering ask, if these their scenes
could be? [tooth,
Search for the classic face, the regal
And find the mosque alone—a record of
their doom!

LXVIII.

How oft hath war his host of spoilers
poured,
Fair Elis! o'er thy consecrated vales?
There have the sunbeams glanced on
spear and sword,
And banners floated on the balmy gales.
Once didst thou smile, secure in sancti-
tude,
As some enchanted isle 'mid stormy
seas; [grude,
On thee no hostile footstep might in-
And pastoral sounds alone were on thy
breeze.
Forsaken home of peace! that spell is
broke,
Thou too hast heard the storm, and bowed
beneath the yoke.

LXIX.

And through Arcadia's wild and lone
retreats [strain
Far other sounds have echoed than the
Of faun and dryad, from their woodland
seats,
Or ancient reed of peaceful mountain-
swain!
There, though at times Alpheus yet
surveys, [dance,
On his green banks renewed, the classic
And nymph-like forms, and wild
melodious lays,
Revive the sylvan scenes of old romance;
Yet brooding fear and dark suspicion
dwell, [cave, and dell,
'Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by fountain,

LXX.

But thou, fair Attica! whose rocky
bound
All art and nature's richest gifts en-
shrined,
Thou little sphere, whose soul-illuminated
round [mind;
Concentrated each sunbeam of the

Who, as the summit of some Alpine
 height
 Glows earliest, latest with the blush of
 Didst first imbibe the splendours of the
 light,
 And smile the longest in its lingering
 Oh! let us gaze on thee, and fondly
 deem
 The past awhile restored, the present but a

LXXI.

Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile pre-
 vail— [once more!
 Wake at her call—be all thou wert
 Hark, hymns of triumph swell on every
 gale! [shore!
 Lo, bright processions move along thy
 Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-
 shade,
 Lovely in chaste simplicity arise;
 And graceful monuments, in grove and
 glade, [skies;
 Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent
 And sculptured forms, of high and
 heavenly mien, [sunbright scene.
 In their calm beauty smile, around the

LXXII.

Again renewed by thought's creative
 spells, [towers:
 In all her pomp thy city, Thesus!
 Within, around, the light of glory dwells
 On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy
 bowers. [ascend,
 There marble fancies in finished grace
 The pencil's world of life and beauty
 glows; [blend,
 Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur
 Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes;
 'And groves of platane wave in verdant
 pride, [tide.
 The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus'

LXXIII.

Bright as that fairy vision of the wave,
 Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand,
 On summer seas that undulating lave
 Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand;
 That pictured scene of airy colonnades,
 Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,
 Enchanted groves, and temples, and
 arcades, [breast;
 Gleaming and floating on the ocean's
 Athens! thus fair the dream of thee
 appears,
 As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling cloud
 of years.

Y 2

LXXIV.

Still be that cloud withdrawn—on
 mark on high,
 Crowning yon hill with
 That line, august
 The purest model of
 Fair Phidias! the
 In clouds
 Unchanged
 That round
 And art o'er all
 throws
 The harmony of gods, the

LXXV.

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the glory
 glow, [splendour
 When morn and eve in transit
 And on thy sculptures, as they smile,
 bestow
 Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.
 Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought,
 unfold
 Each latent grace, developing in light;
 Catch from soft clouds of purple and of
 gold, [bright;
 Each tint that passes, tremulously
 And seem indeed whate'er devotion
 deems, [with its beams.
 While so suffused with heaven, so mingling

LXXVI.

But oh! what words the vision may
 portray, [shrine?
 The form of sanctitude that guards thy
 There stands thy goddess, robed in
 war's array,
 Supremely glorious, awfully divine!
 With spear and helm she stands, and
 flowing vest, [wrought,
 And sculptured ægis, to perfection
 And on each heavenly lineament
 imprest,
 Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought;
 The pure intelligence, the chaste repose,
 All that a poet's dream around Minerva
 throws.

LXXVII.

Bright age of Pericles! let fancy still
 Through time's deep shadows all thy
 splendour trace,
 And in each work of art's consummate
 skill
 Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race.

That spirit, roused by every proud
reward [bestow,

That hope could picture, glory could
Fostered by all the sculptor and the
bard

Could give of immortality below.

Thus were thy heroes formed, and o'er
their name, [fame,

Thus did thy genius shed imperishable

LXXVIII.

Mark in the thronged Ceramicus, the
train [brave :

Of mourners weeping o'er the martyred
Proud be the tears devoted to the slain,

Holy the amaranth strewed upon their
grave ! [claims

And hark—unrivalled eloquence pro-
Their deeds, their trophies with trium-
phant voice ! [names !

Hark—Pericles records their honoured
Sons of the fallen, in their lot rejoice :

What hath life brighter than so bright
a doom ? [of the tomb ?

What power hath fate to soil the garlands

LXXIX.

Praise to the valiant dead ! for them
doth art [ing forth ;

Exhaust her skill, their triumphs body-
Theirs are enshrined names, and every
heart [worth.

Shall bear the blazoned impress of their
Bright on the dreams of youth their
fame shall rise, [record ;

Their fields of fight shall epic song
And, when the voice of battle rends the
skies, [rallying word !

Their name shall be their country's
While fane and column rise august to
tell [proudly fell.

How Athens honours those for her who

LXXX.

City of Theseus ! bursting on the mind,
Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory
fled ! [kind,

Thus guarded by the mighty of man-
Thus hallowed by the memory of the
dead :

Alone in beauty and renown—a scene
Whose tints are drawn from freedom's
loveliest ray. [been

'Tis but a vision now—yet thou hast
More than the brightest vision might
portray ;

And every stone, with but a vestige
fraught

Of thee, hath latent power to wake some
lofty thought.

LXXXI.

Fallen are thy fabrics, that so oft have
rung

To choral melodies, and tragic lore ;
Now is the lyre of Sophocles unstrung,

The song that hailed Harmodius peals
no more.

Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,
Thy stately shrines are mouldering on
their hill, [hand,

Closed are the triumphs of the sculptor's
The magic voice of eloquence is still ;

Minerva's veil is rent—her image gone,
Silent the sage's bower—the warrior's
tomb o'erthrown.

LXXXII.

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains
Wondering we view, and silently revere,

As traces left on earth's forsaken plains
By vanished beings of a nobler sphere !

Not all the old magnificence of Rome,
All that dominion there hath left to
time,

Proud Coliseum, or commanding dome,
Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,

Can bid such reverence o'er the spirit
steal, [plastic seal.

As aught by thee impress by beauty's

LXXXIII.

Though still the empress of the sun-
burnt waste,

Palmyra rises, desolately grand—
Though with rich gold and massy sculp-
ture graced,

Commanding still, Persepolis may stand
In haughty solitude—though sacred
Nile [veys,

The firstborn temples of the world sur-
And many an awful and stupendous
pile

Thebes of the hundred gates e'en yet
displays ;

City of Pericles ! oh who, like thee,
Can teach how fair the works of mortal
hand may be ?

LXXXIV.

Thou led'st the way to that illumined
sphere [thence didst bear,

Where sovereign beauty dwells ; and

Oh, still triumphant in that high career!
 Bright archetype of all the grand and
 fair. [hath flown
 And still to thee th' enlightened mind
 As to her country,—thou hast been to
 earth [throne,
 A cynosure,—and, e'en from victory's
 Imperial Rome gave homage to thy
 worth;
 And nations, rising to their fame afar,
 Still to thy model turn, as seamen to their
 star.

LXXXV.

Glory to those whose relics thus arrest
 The gaze of ages! Glory to the free!
 For they, they only, could have thus
 imprest
 Their mighty image on the years to be!
 Empires and cities in oblivion lie,
 Grandeur may vanish, conquest be for-
 got,— [die,
 To leave on earth renown that cannot
 Of high-souled genius is th' unrivalled
 lot. [shown
 Honour to thee, O Athens! thou hast
 What mortals may attain, and seized the
 palm alone.

LXXXVI.

Oh! live there those who view with
 scornful eyes [prime?
 All that attests the brightness of thy
 Yes; they who dwell beneath thy lovely
 skies, [clime!
 And breathe th' inspiring ether of thy
 Their path is o'er the mightiest of the
 dead, [noblest arts;
 Their homes are 'midst the works of
 Yet all around their gaze, beneath their
 tread, [imparts.
 Not one proud thrill of loftier thought
 Such are the conquerors of Minerva's
 land, [of his hand!
 Where Genius first revealed the triumphs

LXXXVII.

For them in vain the glowing light may
 smile [to shed,
 O'er the pale marble, colouring's warmth
 And in chaste beauty many a sculptured
 pile
 Still o'er the dust of heroes lift its head.
 No patriot feeling binds them to the
 soil,
 Whose tombs and shrines their fathers
 have not reared;

Their glance is cold indifference, and
 their toil
 But to destroy what ages have revered,
 As if exulting sternly to erase
 Whate'er might prove that land had nursed
 a nobler race

LXXXVIII.

And who may grieve that, rescued from
 their hands,
 Spoilers of excellence and foes to art,
 Thyrelies, Athens! borne to other lands,
 Claim homage still to thee from every
 heart? [stranger's sight,
 Though now no more th' exploring
 Fixed in deep reverence on Minerva's
 fane, [of light,
 Shall hail, beneath their native heaven
 All that remained of forms adored in
 vain; [the scene,
 A few short years—and, vanished from
 To blend with classic dust their proudest
 lot had been.

LXXXIX.

Fair Parthenon! yet still must Fancy
 weep [flown.
 For thee, thou work of nobler spirits
 Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee
 sleep [gone!
 In all their beauty still—and thine is
 Empires have sunk since thou wert first
 revered, [shrine.
 And varying rites have sanctified thy
 The dust is round thee of the race that
 reared [soon be thine!
 Thy walls; and thou—their fate must
 But when shall earth again exult to see
 Visions divine like theirs renewed in aught
 like thee?

XC.

Lone are thy pillars now—each passing
 gale [moaned
 Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which
 That loneliness, and told the plaintive
 tale
 Of the bright synod once above them
 throned. [hill,
 Mourn, graceful ruin! on thy sacred
 Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have
 shared; [still
 Yet art thou honoured in each fragment
 That wasting years and barbarous hands
 have spared; [borne,
 Each hallowed stone, from rapine's fury
 Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages
 yet unborn.

XCi.

Yes! in those fragments, though by time
defaced, [mains
And rude insensate conquerors, yet re-
All that may charm th' enlightened eye
of taste, [reigns.
On shores where still inspiring freedom
As vital fragrance breathes from every
part
Of the crushed myrtle, or the bruised
rose,
E'en thus th' essential energy of art
There in each wreck imperishably glows!
The soul of Athens lives in every line,
Pervading brightly still the ruins of her
shrine.

XCII.

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful
train,
The holy festival's triumphal throng,
In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
With many a sacred symbol, move
along.
There every shade of bright existence
trace,
The fire of youth, the dignity of age;
The matron's calm austerity of grace,
The ardent warrior, the benignant sage;
The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's
proud mien—
Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in
the scene.

XCIII.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form,
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely
flows;
There e'en the steed, with bold expres-
sion warm,
Is clothed with majesty, with being
glows.
One mighty mind hath harmonised the
whole; [impress bear;
Those varied groups the same bright
One beam and essence of exalting soul
Lives in the grand, the delicate, the fair;
And well that pageant of the glorious
dead [spirits fled.
Blends us with nobler days, and loftier

XCIV.

O conquering Genius! that couldst thus
detrain
The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
Eternalise expression's fleeting reign,
Arrest warm life in all its energies,

And fix them on the stone—thy glorious
lot
Might wake ambition's envy, and create
Powers half divine: while nations are
forgot, [quished fate!
A thought, a dream of mine hath van-
And when thy hand first gave its
wonders birth,
The realms that hail them now scarce
claimed a name on earth.

XCv.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
But once beheld, and never to return?
No—we may hail again thy bright
career, [burn!
Again on earth a kindred fire shall
Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin,
bear
A stamp of Heaven, that ne'er hath been
renewed—
A light inherent—let not man despair:
Still be hope ardent, patience unsub-
dued;
For still is nature fair, and thought
divine,
And art hath won a world in models pure
as thine.

XCvi.

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and de-
faced—
Yet there the germ of future glory lies!
Their virtual grandeur could not
erased;
It clothes them still, though veiled from
common eyes.
They once were gods and heroes—and
beheld [scene;
As the blest guardians of their native
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards,
have swelled [of mien.
With awe that owned their sovereignty
—Ages have vanished since those hearts
were cold, [godlike mould.
And still those shattered forms retain their

XCvII.

'Midst their bright kindred, from their
marble throne
They have looked down on thousand
storms of time;
Surviving power, and fame, and freedom
flown, [sublime!
They still remained, still tranquilly

Till mortal hands the heavenly conclave
 marred. [are forgot ;
 Th' Olympian groups have sunk, and
 Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens
 guard—

But these were destined to a nobler lot !
 And they have borne, to light another
 land, [riously expand.
 The quenchless ray that soon shall glo-

XCVIII.

Phidias, supreme in thought, what
 hand but thine, [heaven,
 In human works thus blending earth and
 O'er nature's truth hath shed that grace
 divine, [given ?
 To mortal form immortal grandeur
 What soul but thine, infusing all its
 power, [days,
 In these last monuments of matchless
 Could, from their ruins, bid young
 Genius tower,
 And Hope aspire to more exalted
 praise ?

And guide deep Thought to that se-
 cluded height, [light ?
 Where Excellence is throned, in purity of

XCIX.

And who can tell how pure, how bright
 a flame, [the west ?
 Caught from these models, may illumine
 What British Angelo may rise to fame,
 On the free isle what beams of art may
 rest ?

Deem not, O England ! that, by climes
 confined,
 Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray ;
 Deem not th' eternal energies of mind
 Swayed by that sun whose doom is but
 decay !

Shall thought be fostered but by skies
 serene ? [e'er hath been,
 No ! thou hast power to be what Athens

C.

But thine are treasures oft unprized, un-
 known, [mind,
 And cold neglect hath blighted many a
 O'er whose young ardours, had thy
 smile but shone,
 Their soaring flight had left a world
 behind !
 And many a gifted hand that might have
 wrought
 To Grecian excellence the breathing
 stone,
 Or each pure grace of Raphael's pencil
 caught,
 Leaving no record of its power, is gone !
 While thou hast fondly sought, on dis-
 tant coast, [and thus lost,
 Gems far less rich than those thus precious,

CI.

Yet rise, O Land, in all but art alone,
 Bid the sole wreath that is not thine be
 won !
 Fame dwells around thee—Genius is
 thine own ;
 Call his rich blooms to life—be thou
 their Sun ! [sweep,
 So, should dark ages o'er thy glory
 Should *thine* e'er be as now are Grecian
 plains,
 Nations unborn shall track thine own
 blue deep,
 To hail thy shore, to worship thy re-
 mains ; [trace,
 Thy mighty monuments with reverence
 And cry, " This ancient soil hath nursed
 a glorious race ! "

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